WILLIAM
COLLINS
AND
SONS

Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by

Miss Freya Hahn

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/n53howittsjourna03howiuoft

21

P
LE
H

defective: pp. 263-266

HOWITT'S JOURNAL.

of literature and popular progress. edited by
William and Mary Howitt.

3

1848

+54169
26.11.66

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

In most countries New Year's Eve is a festival. In our country the great custom seems to have been drinking from the Wassail Bowl, which was handed down from our Saxon ancestors. This bowl filled with spiced ale, adorned with ribbons and a golden apple at the top, was carried from house to house by young maidens, who sang a wassail song, which may be found in "Brand's Antiquities," or "Hone's Every Day Book." Sir Henry Ellis says in his notes to Brand that this cup in the great monasteries was placed on

No. 53.—Vol. III. January 1, 1848.

the Abbot's table, at the upper end of the Refectory or Eating-hall, to be circulated among the community at his discretion, and received the honourable appellation of *Poculum Charitatis*. This in our Universities is called the Grace-cup. The *Poculum Charitatis* is well translated by the toast-master of most of the public companies of the city of London by the words "a loving cup-" After dinner the Master and Wardens drink "to their visitors in a loving cup, and bid them all heartily welcome." The cup then circulates round the table, the person who pledges standing up whilst his neighbour drinks to him.

In general society the New Year's Eve is principally marked by social parties, which dance the old year out and the new year in, and drink to each other's health and prosperity through the coming year. The Methodists in their "Watch Night" have seized upon a custom of the ancient church, and have engrafted on modern life one of its most picturesque and solemn practices. They crowd into their chapels for a midnight service, and as the hour of twelve approaches they all kneel down and remain in silence, watching the departing moments of the year, and the instant the clock strikes twelve, they all rise to their feet, and burst forth with a hymn of thanksgiving. From the steeples and towers of all the churches, the whole land over, peal forth the bells ringing the old year out and the new year in. There is something poetically beautiful in the idea, that at the same moment the bells from the proud towers of gay cities and the humble turrets of rural village churches are all ringing forth the great fact of the end of one and the beginning of another year of our lives. There is something still more solemn in the thought of the many thousands of our fellow creatures who, are at the same moment, listening to these bells either amidst the gay scenes of evening festivities, or awoke from their early slumbers, are reflecting on what the past year has brought them of good or evil, and anticipations of what the coming year shall bring. Happy are they who are prepared to solemnize this ancient custom with the great and beautiful sentiment of our ancestors of leaving all the animosities of the past to perish with the past, and to begin the new year with new heart as well as new hope.

New Year's Day is kept in Germany as a thorough holiday; there is service at the churches; business is at a stand; and, like Christmas-day, it is far more observed than a Sunday. New-year's eve is perhaps the most merry time of the German year. In almost every house are parties met to conduct the old year out with dance and sport. About five o'clock in the evening, the church bells ring, and guns are fired off in all directions. In this respect every town is filled with as much noise of firing and smell of gunpowder as the night of the fifth of November used to be in England. The practice has been forbidden by the authorities; but, except in the chief cities, the authorities are not over active, and the prohibition is little regarded. The police go about the streets; but in all ordinary towns these are so fat and sleepy, that it is only necessary to be quiet just where they are, and everywhere where they are not are guns and pistols discharging.

It is considered a compliment for young men to go and fire a salute in front of the houses of their friends. In the University towns, the students, a little before twelve o'clock, headed by their clubs, proceed with torches to the house of the Prorector, and by a volley of fire-arms, and a loud *vivat*, announce the termination of the year, and wish him a happy new one. The Prorector appears at his window, makes there a short speech in acceptance of their compliments, drinks a happy new year to them, and frequently concludes by flinging the glass down upon the pavement, that it may never be used on any other occasion. With loud *vivats* they echo his good wishes, and march away to pay the same compliment to a few others of their most popular Professors. The scene is wild and peculiar, the troop of students, every one with his torch, forming a train, headed by the seniors of their clubs, in their respective costumes, joined by as many other students as please, with wild looks, flying hair, and torches flaming in the stormy winds, and followed by a crowd of the miscellanea of the city, marching through the wintry streets at midnight, with shouts and scattered discharges of fire-arms—is strange and picturesque. At a distance you see the light of their torch-train, confined by the narrow streets, stream up into the air like the tail of a comet, while the successive discharges of guns flash across it like lightning.

Within doors all is mirth and enjoyment. There are games played peculiar to this eve. New Year's-eve is probably acted in a witty and ludicrous charade, which occasions much merriment. In one party where we were, the young men made the charade New Year's-night. They represented the students drinking and singing, from the Burschen Song-book, a New Year's-night song. They then acted them, as pretty well primed with punch and glee-wine, they rushed into the streets. The watchman, against whom they ran, raised his staff, and blew his horn, and said his rhyme, but in vain, being glad to get away from them. Then the scene changed to the room of one of the Professors, who sat at his table waiting for the arrival of the student's torch-train, pretending to be very calm and philosophical, taking up a book to read, but all the while very fidgetty, lest the Burschen should not pay him that compliment, or should go to others before him. At length a volley was discharged before the house. He started up joyfully, exclaiming, "Aha! they are there!" threw up the window, made his speech, and pledging the youngsters, flung his glass into the street.

There is plenty of dancing going on. Glee wine, a sort of negus, and punch, are brought in after supper, and just before twelve o'clock. Every one is on the watch to win the new year from the others; that is, to announce the New Year first. Accordingly, the instant the city bell is heard to commence tolling. "Prosst Neu Jahr!" starts from every one's lips; and happy is he who is acknowledged to have made the exclamation first, and to have won from all others the New Year. In every house, at that moment, all over the country, is shouted "Prosst Neu Jahr!" prosst being no German word, but a contraction of the Latin *prosit*. On one occasion, having retired to rest, our servants assembled at our room-door, and awoke us, in order to cry "Prosst Neu Jahr!" On the following morning, every one that meets you salutes you with the same exclamation.

With the glee-wine are brought in, on a waiter, the New Year wishes of the family and its friends. These are written in verse, generally on very ornamental gilt note paper, and sealed up. When the "Prosst Neu Jahr!" has passed, passed" and all have drunk to one another a Happy New Year, with a general touching of glasses, these are opened and read. For the most part they are without signatures, and occasion much guessing and joking. Under cover of these anonymous epistles, good hints and advice are often administered by parents and friends. Numbers of people, who never on any other occasion write a verse, now try their hands at one; and those who do not find themselves sufficiently inspired, present ornamental cards, which have all kinds of wishes, to suit all kinds of tastes and circumstances. These are to be purchased of all qualities and prices, and those sent by friends and lovers, generally appear on New Year's Day, and are signed or not, as suits the purpose of the sender.

After the New Year's wishes have been read, a game of very old standing on this occasion is introduced, a game known to most people in England acquainted with old fashions; that of the flour, the water, and the keys. Three plates are set on a round table in the middle of the room. In one is flour, in another water, in the third a bunch of keys. The young unmarried people are by turns blindfolded, and, walking round the table, pitch upon one of the plates. These have, of course, been shifted while the person about to try his or her chance, has been under the operation of blind-folding, so as to occupy quite different relative positions to what they did before; or are sometimes shifted and then replaced, so that the person, naturally supposing that they have been changed, shall try to avoid the unlucky ones, by aiming at a new point, and thus shall actually have a greater chance of passing the lucky one. The lucky one is that containing the keys. Whoever gets that, is to be married to the person of his own choice; he who pushes his finger into the flour, is to marry a widow, or *vice versa*, and he who dips into the water, shall not be married at all. This simple lottery occasions its share of merriment, and then the dancing goes on again.

With the punch and the glee-wine, come in also one of those large ornamented and nice cakes, for which the Germans are so famous, and large cakes of gingerbread, in the shape of hearts, with almonds stuck in them. These make an indispensible part of the entertainment of New Year's-Eve; and accordingly you see them reared in and before the bakers' windows, and on stalls, in thousands; some of them at least half-a-yard tall, and a foot wide. On this eve, the servants of every house, by right of ancient custom, have their feasts of punch, and their great gingerbread hearts, each servant one.

The Catholics, according to their custom, close the old year, and open the new one in the churches. They have a sermon as midnight approaches; in many places the lights are extinguished, leaving alone conspicuous, a huge cross reaching from bottom to near the top of the church, illuminated with lamps. When twelve has struck, an anthem of thanksgiving strikes up, and mass is celebrated.

In Germany, the servants of tradesmen come for New-Year's gifts, as they do for Christmas-boxes with us; and your baker sends you a large cake, like a couple of great serpents wreathed into two connected circles, perhaps originally intended to represent the old year and the new.

The Dutch, a kindred nation, carried over their national custom to America; but singular enough, one of the chief features of their New Year's-Eve is the arrival of Santa Claus, with gifts for the children, and whose figure as represented by an American artist, and which has been handed to us by an indefatigable American friend we present to our readers at the head of this article.

Santa Claus is no other than the Pelz Nickel of Germany and the North; he is in fact, the good Saint Nicholas of Russia, the patron-saint of children; he arrives in Germany about a fortnight before Christmas, but as may be supposed from all the visits he has to pay there, and the length of his voyage, he does not arrive in America, until this eve. Here he is, sitting before the empty fire-place of an American house, with his foot on the old fashioned dog, a little after midnight, all the family having retired to bed to be out of his way, and having hung up the stockings that he may fill them with gifts. Here he sits, smoking his pipe, and delighting himself with the thought of what he shall leave for the children, and of the delight and surprise in the morning. But we will now let an American writer speak after his own fashion of the good Santa Claus.

"Santa Claus has doffed his cocked-hat and assumes one in union with the weather. The sign of the saint is stamped on his forehead as the genuine impress of heaven. He wears his snow-boots and fur-trimmed mantle, which are the very same with which he journeyed over the hills of Holland. The artist has represented him about the midnight hour, on his last call; and, from the position of the saint, we should judge that he had heard, or thought he heard, the cock crow; or the rats, which are the great antipathy of the Dutch.

Saint Nicholas is smothered with *gooderies*, and is prepared to be very lavish upon those who live in *expectancy* of presents. The family has retired, the little ones are dreaming most intensely of crammed stockings, which they have hung so as to attract the attention of the saint. We fancy ourselves looking upon the little, short limbs, on tip-toes, straining to place their hose out of the way of rats. Jane can scarcely reach higher than one of these animals; the larger boys and girls have obtained a better position; and one appears to tower above the rest, who, no doubt, has received the friendly aid of grandfather.

"The mother has coaxed them off to bed earlier than usual, and has saved a ration of gingerbread. Neither tears, words, sobs, nor petulance disturb them now; they know that the saint visits only good children; and Bob, Sally, and Peter find it difficult to hold their tongues. Their mother promises them, even though they have been violent transgressors throughout the year, that, for one night's peace, she will bribe the saint for them. They fancy they hear the sound of whistles, penny-trumpets, and drums; the cries of dolls, the singing of wooden birds, and the ticking of pewter watches; then boxes of tools are already at work repairing houses built in air; and they fairly stagger under the inheritance of a new year. When sound asleep, emblems of innocence and the kingdom of heaven, they are blessed with a profusion of presents; the morning dawns, and the family are disturbed by their up-risings. On other mornings it may have been difficult to arouse them, but, on the New-Year's, trumpets and drums bring them down, scarcely half awake. John (who is advanced to the age of small boots) takes the lead; he misses his way, or runs against the door. Sally and Mary, aided by the bannisters, come down crying with impatience. The little ones seize their stockings with eagerness, Sally substituting a chair for her grandfather. The day is consumed with comments, eyes sparkle with delight, and the faces of all beam with happiness.

"What would men do if there were no holidays from one year's end to the other! They are as necessary as landmarks or resting-places for travellers; and, as custom—a good custom, one to be established and perpetuated, a sociable and an endearing one—has thrown this in our way, let us cling to it until the short journey of life is ended.

◆

CHRISTMAS STORMS AND SUNSHINE.

By Cotton Mather Mills.

In the town of ——, (no matter where,) there circulated two local newspapers, (no matter when.) Now the "Flying Post" was long-established, and respectable; alias bigoted, and Tory; the "Examiner" was spirited and intelligent, alias new-fangled, and Democratic. Every week these newspapers contained articles abusing each other; as cross and peppery as articles could be, and evidently the production of irritated minds, although they seemed to have one stereotyped commencement,—"Though the article appearing in last week's "Post," (or "Examiner,") is below contempt, yet we have been induced etc., etc." and every Saturday the Radical shopkeepers shook hands together, and agreed that the "Post" was done for, by the slashing clever "Examiner"; while the more dignified Tories began by regretting that Johnson should think that low paper, only read by a few of the vulgar, worth wasting his wit upon. However, the "Examiner" was at its last gasp.

It was not though. It lived and flourished; at least it paid its way, as one of the heroes of my story could tell. He was chief compositor, or whatever title may be given to the head man of the mechanical part of a newspaper. He hardly confined himself to that department. Once or twice, unknown to the editor, when the manuscript had fallen short, he had filled up the vacant space by compositions of his own; announcements of a forthcoming crop of green peas in December; a grey thrush having been seen, or a white hare, or such interesting phenomena; invented for the occasion I must confess; but what of that? His wife always knew when to expect a little specimen of her husband's literary talent by a peculiar cough, which served as prelude; and, judging from this encouraging sign, and the high-pitched and emphatic voice in which he read them, she was inclined to think, that an "Ode to an early Rose-bud." in the corner devoted to original poetry, and a letter in the correspondence department, signed "Pro Bono Publico" were her husband's writing, and to hold up her head accordingly.

I never could find out what it was that occasioned the Hodgsons to lodge in the same house as the Jenkinses. Jenkins held the same office in the Tory paper, as Hodgson did in the "Examiner," and, as I said before, I leave you to give it a name. But Jenkins had a proper sense of his position, and a proper reverence for all in authority, from the king down to the editor, and sub-editor. He would as soon have thought of borrowing the king's crown for a night-cap, or the king's sceptre for a walking stick, as he would have thought of filling up any spare corner with any production of his own; and I think it would have even added to his contempt of Hodgson (if that were possible,) had he known of the "productions of his brain" as the latter fondly alluded to the paragraphs he inserted, when speaking to his wife.

Jenkins had his wife too. Wives were wanting to finish the completeness of the quarrel, which existed one memorable Christmas week, some dozen years ago, between the two neighbours, the two compositors. And with wives it was a very pretty, a very complete quarrel. To make the opposing parties still more equal, still more well-matched, if the Hodgsons had a baby, (such a baby!—a poor puny little thing,) Mrs. Jenkins had a cat, (such a cat! a great, nasty miowling tom-cat, that was always stealing the milk put by for little Angel's supper.) And now, having matched Greek with Greek, I must proceed to the tug of war. It was the day before Christmas; such a cold east wind! such an inky sky! such a blue-black look in people's faces, as they were driven out more than usual, to complete their purchases for the next day's festival.

Before leaving home that morning, Jenkins' had given some money to his wife to buy the next day's dinner.

"My dear, I wish for turkey and sausages. It may be a weakness, but I own I am partial to sausages. My deceased mother was. Such tastes are hereditary. As to the sweets—whether plum-pudding or mince pies—I leave such considerations to you; I only beg you not to mind expense. Christmas comes but once a year."

And again he had called out from the bottom of the first flight of stairs, just close to the Hodgson's door, ("Such ostentatiousness" as Mrs. Hodgson observed,) "You will not forget the sausages, my dear?"

"I should have liked to have had something above common, Mary," said Hodgson, as they too made their plans for the next day, "but I think roast beef must do for us. You see, love, we've a family."

"Only one, Jem! I don't want more than roast beef, though, I'm sure. Before I went to service, mother and me would have thought roast beef a very fine dinner."

"Well, let's settle it then, roast-beef, and a plum-pudding; and now good bye. Mind and take care of little Tom. I thought he was a bit hoarse this morning."

And off he went to his work.

Now, it was a good while since Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Hodgson had spoken to each other, although they were quite as much in possession of the knowledge of events and opinions as though they did. Mary knew that Mrs. Jenkins despised her for not having a real lace cap, which Mrs. Jenkins had; and for having been a servant, which Mrs. Jenkins had not; and the little occasional pinchings which the Hodgsons were obliged to resort to, to make both ends meet, would have been very patiently endured by Mary, if she had not winced under Mrs. Jenkins's knowledge of such economy. But she had her revenge. She had a child, and Mrs. Jenkins had none. To have had a child, even such a puny baby as little Tom, Mrs. Jenkins would have worn commonest caps, and cleaned grates, and drudged her fingers to the bone. The great unspoken disappointment of her life soured her temper, and turned her thoughts inward, and made her morbid and selfish.

"Hang that cat! he's been stealing again! he's gnawed the cold mutton in his nasty mouth till it's not fit to set before a Christian; and I've nothing else for Jem's dinner. But I'll give it him now I've caught him, that I will!"

So saying Mary Hodgson caught up her husband's Sunday cane, and despite pussy's cries and scratches, she gave him such a beating as she hoped might cure him of his thievish propensities; when lo! and behold, Mrs. Jenkins stood at the door with a face of bitter wrath.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Ma'am, to abuse a poor dumb animal, Ma'am, as knows no better than to take food when he sees it, Ma'am. He only follows the nature which God has given, Ma'am; and it's a pity your nature, Ma'am, which I've heard, is of the stingy saving species, does not make you shut your cupboard door a little closer. There is such a thing as law for brute animals. I'll ask Mr. Jenkins, but I don't think them Radicals has done away with that law yet, for all their Reform Bill, Ma'am. My poor precious love of a Tommy, is he hurt? and is his leg broke for taking a mouthful of scraps, as most people would give away to a beggar,—if he'd take 'em," wound up Mrs. Jenkins, casting a contemptuous look on the remnant of a scrag end of mutton.

Mary felt very angry and very guilty. For she really pitied the poor limping animal as he crept up to his mistress, and there lay down to bemoan himself; she wished she had not beaten him so hard, for it certainly was her own careless way of never shutting the cupboard door that had tempted him to his fault. But the sneer at her little bit of mutton turned her penitence to fresh wrath, and she shut the door in Mrs. Jenkins's face, as she stood caressing her cat in the lobby, with such a bang, that it wakened little Tom, and he began to cry.

Everything was to go wrong with Mary to day. Now baby was awake, who was to take her husband's dinner to the office? She took the child in her arms; and tried to hush him off to sleep again, and as she sung she cried, she could hardly tell why,—a sort of reaction from her violent angry feelings. She wished she had never beaten the poor cat; she wondered if his leg was really broken. What would her mother say if she knew how cross and cruel her little Mary was getting? If she should live to beat her child in one of her angry fits?

It was of no use lullabying while she sobbed so; it must be given up, and she must just carry her baby in her arms, and take him with her to the office, for it was long past dinner time. So she pared the mutton carefully, although by so doing she reduced the meat to an infinitesimal quantity. and taking the baked potatoes out of the oven, she popped them piping hot into her basket with the etceteras of plate, butter, salt, and knife and fork.

It was, indeed, a bitter wind. She bent against it as she ran, and the flakes of snow were sharp and cutting as ice. Baby cried all the way, though she cuddled him up in her shawl. Then her husband had made his appetite up for a potatoe pie, and (literary man as he was) his body got so much the better of his mind, that he looked rather black at the cold mutton. Mary had no appetite for her own dinner when she arrived at home again. So, after she had tried to feed baby, and he had fretfully refused to take his bread and milk, she laid him down as usual on his quilt, surrounded by playthings, while she sided away and chopped suet for the next day's pudding. Early in the afternoon a parcel came, done up first in brown paper, then in such a white, grass-bleached, sweet smelling towel, and a note from her dear, dear mother; in which quaint writing she endeavoured to tell her daughter that she was not forgotten at Christmas time; but that learning that Farmer Burton was killing his pig, she had made interest for some of his famous pork, out of which she had manufactured some sausages, and flavoured them just as Mary used to like when she lived at home.

"Dear, dear mother!" said Mary to herself. "There never was any one like her for remembering other folk. What rare sausages she used to make! Home-things have a smack with 'em, no bought things can ever have. Set them up with their sausages! I've a notion, if Mrs. Jenkins had ever tasted mother's, she'd have no fancy for them town-made things Fanny took in just now."

And so she went on thinking about home, till the smiles and the dimples came out again at the remembrance of that pretty cottage, which would look green even now in the depth of winter, with its pyracanthus, and its holly-bushes, and the great Portugal laurel that was her mother's pride. And the back path through the orchard to Farmer Burton's; how well she remembered it. The bushels of unripe apples she had picked up there, and distributed among his pigs, till he had scolded her for giving them so much green trash.

She was interrupted—her baby (I call him a baby, because his father and mother did, and because he was so little of his age, but I rather think he was eighteen months old,) had fallen asleep sometime before among his play-things; an uneasy, restless sleep; but of which Mary had been thankful, as his morning's nap had been too short, and as she was so busy. But now he began to make such a strange crowing noise, just like a chair drawn heavily and gratingly along a kitchen floor. His eyes were open, but expressive of nothing but pain.

"Mother's darling!" said Mary, in terror, lifting him up. "Baby try not to make that noise. Hush—hush—darling; what hurts him?" But the noise came worse and worse.

"Fanny! Fanny!" Mary called in mortal fright, for her baby was almost black with his gasping breath, and she had no one to ask for aid or sympathy but her landlady's daughter, a little girl of twelve or thirteen, who attended to the house in her mother's absence, as daily cook in gentlemen's families. Fanny was more especially considered the attendant of the up-stairs lodgers (who paid for the use of the kitchen, "for Jenkins could not abide the smell of meat cooking,") but just now she was fortunately sitting at her afternoon's work of darning stockings, and hearing Mrs. Hodgson's cry of terror, she ran to her sitting-room, and understood the case at a glance.

"He's got the croup! Oh, Mrs. Hodgson, he'll die as sure as fate. Little brother had it, and he died in no time. The doctor said he could do nothing for him, it had gone too far; he said if we'd put him in a warm bath at first, it might have saved him; but, bless you! he was never half so bad as your baby." Unconsciously there mingled in her statement some of a child's love of producing an effect; but the increasing danger was clear enough.

"Oh, my baby! my baby. Oh, love! love! don't look so ill; I cannot bear it. And my fire so low! There, I was thinking of home, and picking currants, and never minding the fire. Oh, Fanny! what is the fire like in the kitchen? speak."

"Mother told me to screw it up, and throw some slack on as soon as Mrs. Jenkins had done with it, and so I did; it's very low and black. But, oh, Mrs. Hodgson! let me run for the doctor—I cannot abear to hear him, it's so like little brother."

Through her streaming tears Mary motioned her to go; and trembling, sinking, sick at heart, she laid her boy in his cradle, and ran to fill her kettle.

Mrs. Jenkins having cooked her husband's snug little dinner, to which he came home; having told him her story of pussy's beating, at which he was justly and dignifiedly (?) indignant, saying it was all of a piece with that abusive "Examiner;" having received the sausages, and turkey, and mincepies, which her husband had ordered; and cleaned up the room, and prepared everything for tea, and coaxed and duly bemoaned her cat (who had pretty nearly forgotten his beating, but very much enjoyed the petting), having done all these, and many other things, Mrs. Jenkins sate down to get up the real lace cap. Every thread was pulled out separately and carefully stretched: when, what was that? Outside, in the street, a chorus of piping children's voices sang the old carol she had heard a hundred times in the days of her youth.

"As Joseph was a walking he heard an angel sing,
'This night shall be born our heavenly king.
He neither shall be born in housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall.
He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen, as were babies all:
He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle that rocks on the mould,'" etc.

She got up and went to the window. There, below, stood the group of grey black little figures, relieved against the snow, which now enveloped everything. "For old sake's sake," as she phrased it, she counted out a halfpenny a piece for the singers, out of the copper-bag, and threw it down below.

The room had become chilly while she had been counting out and throwing down her money, so she stirred her already glowing fire, and sat down right before it—but not to stretch her lace,—like Mary Hodgson, she began to think over long-past days—on softening remembrances of the dead and gone—on words long forgotten—on holy stories heard at her mother's knee.

"I cannot think what's come over me to-night," said she, half aloud, recovering herself by the sound of her own voice from her train of thought; "my head goes wandering on them old times. I'm sure more texts have come into my head with thinking on my mother within this last half hour, than I've thought on for years and years. I hope I'm not going to die. Folks say thinking too much on the dead betokens we're going to join 'em; I should be loth to go just yet—such a fine turkey as we've got for dinner to-morrow, too."

Knock, knock, knock, at the door as fast as knuckles could go. And then, as if the comer could not wait, the door was opened, and Mary Hodgson stood there as white as death.

"Mrs. Jenkins!—oh, your kettle is boiling, thank God! Let me have the water for my baby, for the love of God!—he's got croup, and is dying!"

Mrs. Jenkins turned on her chair with a wooden inflexible look on her face, that (between ourselves) her husband knew and dreaded for all his pompous dignity.

"I'm sorry I can't oblige you, ma'am; my kettle is wanted for my husband's tea. Don't be afeared, Tommy, Mrs. Hodgson won't venture to intrude herself where she's not desired. You'd better send for the doctor, ma'am, instead of wasting your time in wringing your hands, ma'am—my kettle is engaged."

Mary clasped her hands together with passionate force, but spoke no word of entreaty to that wooden face—that sharp, determined voice; but, as she turned away, she prayed for strength to bear the coming trial, and strength to forgive Mrs. Jenkins.

Mrs. Jenkins watched her go away meekly as one who has no hope, and then she turned upon herself as sharply as she ever did on any one else.

"What a brute I am, Lord forgive me! What's my husband's tea to a a baby's life? In croup, too, where time is everything. You crabbed old vixen, you—any one may know you never had a child!"

She was down-stairs (kettle in hand) before she had finished her self-upbraiding; and when in Mrs. Hodgson's room, she rejected all thanks (Mary had not voice for many words) saying stiffly, "I do it for the poor babby's sake, ma'am, hoping he may live to have mercy to poor dumb beasts, if he does forget to lock his cup-boards."

But she did everything, and more than Mary, with her young inexperience, could have thought of. She prepared the warm bath, and tried it with her husband's own thermometer (Mr. Jenkins was as punctual as clock-work in noting down the temperature of every day). She let his mother place her baby in the tub, still preserving the same rigid affronted aspect, and then she went up-stairs without a word. Mary longed to ask her to stay, but dared not; though, when she left the room, the tears chased each other down her cheeks faster than ever. Poor young mother! how she counted the minutes till the doctor should come. But, before he came, down again stalked Mrs. Jenkins, with something in her hand.

"Ive seen many of these croup-fits, which, I take it, you've not, ma'am. Mustard plaisters is very sovereign put on the throat; I've been up and made one, ma'am, and, by your leave, I'll put it on the poor little fellow."

Mary could not speak, but she signed her grateful assent.

It began to smart while they still kept silence; and he looked up to his mother as if seeking courage from her looks to bear the stinging pain, but she was softly crying, to see him suffer, and her want of courage re-acted upon him, and he began to sob aloud. Instantly Mrs. Jenkins's apron was up, hiding her face; "Peep bo, baby," said she, as merrily as she could. His little face brightened, and his mother having once got the cue, the two women kept the little fellow amused, until his plaister had effect.

"He's better,—oh Mrs. Jenkins, look at his eyes! how different! And he breathes quite softly —"

As Mary spoke thus, the Doctor entered. He examined his patient. Baby was really better.

"It has been a sharp attack, but the remedies you have applied have been worth all the Pharmacopeia an hour later.—I shall send a powder, etc., etc."

Mrs. Jenkins staid to hear this opinion; and (her heart wonderfully more easy) was going to leave the room, when Mary seized her hand and kissed it; she could not speak her gratitude.

Mrs. Jenkins looked affronted and awkward, and as if she must go up stairs and wash her hand directly.

But in spite of these sour looks she came softly down an hour or so afterwards to see how baby was.

The little gentleman slept well after the fright he had given his friends; and on Christmas morning, when Mary awoke and looked at the sweet little pale face lying on her arm, she could hardly realize the danger he had been in.

When she came down (later than usual) she found the household in a commotion. What do you think had happened? Why, pussy had been a traitor to his best friend, and eaten up some of Mr. Jenkins's own especial sausages; and gnawed and tumbled the rest so, that they were not fit to be eaten! There were no bounds to that cat's appetite! he would have eaten his own father if he had been tender enough. And now Mrs. Jenkins stormed and cried—"Hang the cat."

Christmas-day too! and all the shops shut*!* What was turkey without sausages? gruffly asked Mr. Jenkins.

"Oh, Jem!" whispered Mary, "Hearken, what a piece of work he's making about sausages,—I should like to take Mrs. Jenkins up some of mother's; they're twice as good as bought sausages."

"I see no objection, my dear. Sausages does not involve intimacies, else his politics are what I can no ways respect."

"But, oh Jem, if you had seen her last night about baby! I'm sure she may scold me for ever, and I'll not answer. I'd even make her cat welcome to the sausages." The tears gathered to Mary's eyes as she kissed her boy.

"Better take 'em up stairs, my dear, and give them to the cat's mistress." And Jem chuckled at his saying.

Mary put them on a plate, but still she loitered.

"What must I say, Jem? I never know."

"Say—I hope you'll accept of these sausages, as my mother—no, that's not grammar,—say what comes uppermost, Mary, it will be sure to be right."

So Mary carried them up stairs and knocked at the door; and when told to "come in," she looked very red, but went up to Mrs. Jenkins, saying, "Please take these. Mother made them." And was away before an answer could be given.

Just as Hodgson was ready to go to church, Mrs. Jenkins came down stairs and called Fanny. In a minute the latter entered the Hodgsons room, and delivered "Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins's compliments, and they would be particular glad if Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson would eat their dinner with them."

"And carry baby up stairs in a shawl, be sure," added Mrs. Jenkins' voice in the passage, close to the door, whither she had followed her messenger. There was no discussing the matter, with the certainty of every word being overheard.

Mary looked anxiously at her husband. She remembered his saying he did not approve Mr. Jenkins's politics.

"Do ye think it would do for baby?" asked he.

"Oh, yes," answered she eagerly; "I would wrap him up so warm."

"And I've got our room up to sixty-five already, for all its so frosty," added the voice outside.

Now how do you think they settled the matter? The very best way in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins came down into the Hodgsons' room, and dined there. Turkey at the top, roast beef at the bottom, sausages at one side, potatoes at the other. Second course, plum-pudding at the top, and mince pies at the bottom.

And after dinner, Mrs. Jenkins would have baby on her knee; and he seemed quite to take to her; she declared he was admiring the real lace on her cap, but Mary thought (though she did not say so,) that he was pleased by her kind looks, and coaxing words Then he was wrapped up, and carried carefully up stairs to tea, in Mrs. Jenkins' room. And after tea, Mrs. Jenkins, and Mary, and her husband, found out each other's mutual liking for music, and sat singing old glees, and catches, till I don't know what o'clock, without one word of politics, or newspapers.

Before they parted, Mary had coaxed pussy on to her knee; for Mrs. Jenkins would not part with baby, who was sleeping on her lap.

"When you're busy bring him to me. Do, now, it will be a real favour. I know you must have a deal to do, with another coming; let him come up to me. I'll take the greatest of cares of him; pretty darling, how sweet he looks when he's asleep."

When the couples were once more alone, the husbands unburdened their minds to their wives.

Mr. Jenkins said to his:—"Do you know, Burgess tried to make me believe Hodgson was such a fool as to put paragraphs into the "Examiner" now and then; but I see he knows his place, and has got too much sense to do any such thing."

Hodgson said,—"Mary, love, I almost fancy from Jenkins' way of speaking, (so much civiller than I expected,) he guesses I wrote that "Pro Bono" and the "Rose-bud",—at any rate, I've no objection to your naming it, if the subject should come uppermost, I should like him to know I'm a literary man."

Well! I've ended my tale; I hope you don't think it's too long; but before I go, just let me say one thing.

If any of you have any quarrels, or misunderstandings, or coolness, or cold shoulders, or shynesses, or tiffs, or miffs, or huffs, with any one else, just make friends before Christmas, you will be so much merrier if you do.

I ask it of you for the sake of that old angelic song, heard so many years ago by the shepherds, keeping watch by night, on Bethlehem Heights.

◆

EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED-FORTY-SEVEN.

A Lay for the Old and New Year.

By Mary Howitt.

The year is nearly ended now,
Good luck unto his swift decline!
Let's pile the fire; let's mend our cheer,
Let's watch him out, this bad old year—
This pitiless enemy of yours and mine!

From first to last he has used us ill,
Has stripped us to the very bone;
So, children don your best attire,
And draw around the parlour fire,
And let's make merry, he will soon be gone!

We've had no Christmas fun this year,
The holly only told the time;
We have not had a Christmas pie,
The birthdays went unhonoured by—
But now we will sing forth a jocund rhyme.

For when he goes he comes not back,
This bad old year of forty-seven!
He has run in debt to a vast amount;
Has overdrawn his bank-account,
And, 'neath his hand no single thing has thriven.

We had friends, by scores, when he came in,
But he has thinned their ranks amain,
Has dimmed a deal of friendship's gold,—
Has laid some true-hearts 'neath the mould,—
And now we look around, and few remain.

Ne'er may we meet his like again!
For he has been a cruel guest,
His gifts have been war, crime and debt,
The awful brand of the Gazette,
And, as a parting boon, the Cholera-pest!

Oh bitter year of woe and terror,
We all rejoice thine end to see!
Thou hast furrowed many a brow with care,
Hast silvered many a strong man's hair,
And not a tongue doth speak in praise of thee.

Thank Heaven! thy course is nearly run!
Yet we shall ne'er forget thy stay,
Nor all the sorrow thou hast brought,
Nor all the mischief thou hast wrought,
Nor all the simple joy that thou hast ta'en away.

—But hush! light shines amid the gloom,
And in my heart is faith and hope;
The year departs that brought such woe,
The year that crushed and tried us so,
That gave to drink life's bitter, wormwood cup.

Sit down, dear children, by my side,
New thoughts and better fill my brain;
There is no grief, no loss, no trial,
No days of faithful self-denial,
Which do not bring their compensating gain!

And we may not the poorer be,
For all the blight of forty-seven:
Is there no strength in hardship borne?
No stedfastness in wrong out-worn?
No heavenly peace in injuries forgiven?

'Tis thus that spiritual wealth is won:
No victory but is bought by loss;
Then shrink not, oh severely tried,
Life's gold by fire is purified,
And none can win the crown but by the cross!

The year is out!—Oh God of love
Bless thou to us the coming year!
Yet, as *Thou* wilt, let all things be!
And, Father, trusting all to Thee,
We face the untried future without fear!

THE GREATEST GRIEVANCE OF IRELAND.

Mr. **Fripp** has made his Munster Girl standing at her door in an attitude of melancholy meditation. The Daughter of Ireland ponders on the condition of her country. The hue of its prospects is conspicuous in the sadness of her face. She sees misery around her and before her. She looks for signs of hope. but she sees none. Who does? Ireland is wretched, ill cultivated, disunited, a prey to famine and faction. What is the power that should change this condition? It is England. When England took away the government from Ireland, she was bound to govern well herself. If she took away that government because it was bad, she was bound to govern better. She has not done it. Her government has consisted of only two things—neglect and oppression. Her science of policy has been to do nothing. If she have at any time roused herself, it has only been like a drowsy country schoolmaster who nods in his chair, and when awoke by the riot of his pupils, starts up and lays about him with his stick; thrusts half a dozen culprits under the stairs—his prison,—and then nods again. What has England done but coerce, or at least attempt it? Coerce a quick-sand, gather water into a bag, mercury into a sieve, the wind into a net, and shut up fire in a tar warehouse to keep it from doing mischief. To quieten Ireland, the only way was to take away the disturbing causes, the combustible materials. There would soon be quiet if there were no suffering. The conduct of England towards Ireland is just of a piece with that of other wiseacre nurses who, when their charges scream because they are suffering excruciation in their vitals, slap them on the backs and shake them, to use their own phrase, into penny-pieces, in their anger, instead of giving them something cordial and soothing.

The great grievance of Ireland—the Monster Grievance—is just England itself. The curse of Ireland is bad government, and nothing more. And who is the cause of this?—Nobody but England. Who made Ireland a conquered country? England. Who introduced all the elements of wrangling, discontent, and injustice? England. Who set two hostile churches, and two hostile races, Celts and Saxons, together by the ears in that country? England of course. Her massacres, her military plantations,—her violent seizure of ancient estates, her favouritism, her monstrous laws and modes of government,—were the modern emptying of Pandora's box—the shaking out of a bag-full of Kilkenny cats on the soil of that devoted country. The consequences are exactly those that we have before us. Wretched Saxon landlords who have left one fourth of the country uncultivated, and squeezed the population to death by extortion on the rest. A great useless church maintained on the property of the ejected Catholics—who do as men are sure to do, kick at robbery, and feel it daily making their gall doubly bitter. And then we shake our heads and sagely talk about race. If the race be bad—why have we not taken pains to improve it? Why, for scores of years, did we forbid them even to be educated? Why do we complain of their being idle and improvident, and helpless, when we have done everything we could to make them so? Are our Ministers and Parliaments any better? Are they not just as idle, and improvident, and helpless, as it regards Ireland? Has not this evil been growing these three hundred years? Have any remedies been applied but those of Elizabeth, and the Stuarts and Straffords, — the Cromwells, and Dutch Williams? Arms and extermination? We have built barracks instead of schools. we have sown gunpowder instead of corn—and now we wonder at the people and the crops. The wisest and best of men have for ages been crying out, for reform and improvement in Ireland—and all that we have done has been to augment the army and the police.

In fact—the Monster Evil of Ireland is just England and nothing more. It is purely the direct consequence of the infamous neglect, incapacity, and indifference of our Government. That incapacity and indifference lost us America. They are ruining Ireland, India, and our Colonies, just in the same way. Every day brings to light some new scene of the most undoubted misgovernment, or rather no government at all in one quarter or another. We now discover that the splendid empire of India is gradually extending its jungles instead of its cultivation; that its ancient growth of cotton is transferred to our rivals—the Americans; that its sugar growth and manufacture are dropping into decay, while our manufacturing districts at home are steeped in distress for want of sufficient markets and cheap raw material. A pamphlet, just published by Mr. Gilpin, Bishopsgate-street, called "A few Words on the Hudson's Bay Company, and a Statement of the Grievances of the Native and Half-Caste Indians," opens up another of those immense scenes of misery and wretchedness, wrong to humanity, and damage to our finances, which are to be found in every quarter of the globe where we have territories. The history of Ireland is being repeated in India, in Australia, in Africa, and in Northern America, and unless the English people arouse themselves, unite themselves, and with a strong and prompt hand place an efficient Government where a Government should be—the ruin and calamities which have swept over us this year, are but a faint foreshadowing of what will assuredly follow.

What are we about then—and what do we mean to do? The evils of Ireland are well known—why don't we apply a remedy? A new Parliament has met—and what do we see? Why, just the old hocus-pocus game playing again, that has been played by so many Parliaments before. All talk and no work! As if Ireland were to be cured by talking. As if long speeches were the only remedies for long sufferings. But talking won't give Ireland a new and sound law of Landlord aud Tenant; it won't cultivate the millions of acres of waste lands; it won't educate the people; it won't compel the landlords to employ the poor on the neglected soil; it won't reduce the monstrous rents of the cottiers and small farmers; it won't remove a lazy and usurping church from being an eye-sore and a thorn in the flesh to all the Catholic population; it won't give hope and scope to industry; it won't cure the flux of Ireland by which all its produce is carried out of the country instead of being eaten in it. In a word, it won't substitute food for famine, pastures for bogs; corn-fields for wastes of heather; and a peaceable and happy population for one grown desperate, exactly on the principle that wolves and bears are desperate, because they are ravenous with hunger.

A truly able Parliament and Ministry would at once set about and act. They need not want for guidance and example. Lord George Hill has given them all that. He has done in little at Gweedore, what they ought to do at large. He has turned one of the most barren, miserable, degraded districts of Ireland, into a scene of industry and content. Let our Ministers do as he has done. Let Lords John Russell, and Lansdowne, and Palmerston, and the rest of them, forget their cumbrous and useless titles, and stick their simple names over the shop-doors of Ireland, as he did,—"*G. A. Hill, licensed to sell tea, coffee, groceries, etc.*" Let them do that, and their success will be like his. In the first year (1840) this noble shopkeeper only returned about £160 in his shop, four years afterwards, the returns were upwards of £2000!

THE MUNSTER GIRL.

BY ALFRED FRIPP.

The people could not believe that Lord George *was* a lord, because he thus turned shopkeeper, talked familiarly with them, and above all, spoke Irish! One sees plainly what an idea they have of a lord; as some great, stuck-up, idle, and useless thing! And surely, as far as Ireland is concerned, most justly. Lord George Hill has made a quay and opened a ship traffic with England; has attacked all those lazy, dogged, and mischievous prejudices about holding and enclosing of lands, which elsewhere occasion daily assassinations. But no one has attempted to assassinate him, or his agent, because they let it be plainly seen, that they have the people's real interest really at heart.

Let our Government do the same. Let them send out improvement, conciliation, and opportunity of work, hand in hand with a proper authority—and what Lord George Hill has done in one district, they may do in all the rest. There is no mystery in the matter, there is no need to talk of political science or any other grave humbug. All that is wanted is, to buckle to, and pass those plain and practical acts, which must be passed before Ireland will be any better for us. No talking will do it. Our Ministers and our Parliament might just as well attempt to plough up the waste lands of Ireland with their noses, pick up the stones from them with their teeth, and lick up the bog-water with their incessantly wagging tongues. *They should act*, and the people should be up, and by hundreds of public meetings and remonstrances *compel them to act.*

The curse of this country is, that it is practical in everything but the most essential thing of all—its government. If a ship become leaky, its owners don't get up a cabal about it, and raise a great talk, and make tremendous speeches about its condition. They get it at once on the stocks; a whole regiment of shipwrights are paying away at it with their hammers; probeing and sawing, new planking and caulking, and anon, away she goes again, over the seas, as sound and gallant as ever. If the dry rot gets into a house we don't assemble all the street, and shake our heads, and make long faces, and stand gossiping like so many cackling geese over it. The evil is known; the remedy is known; we send off for the carpenter and the bricklayer, and out with the diseased timber, and in with new; we open up ventilation, and all is right. But when a national dry rot has got into Ireland, and a leak into our treasury, our Ministers and Parliament, instead of doing what every other person in the country would do,—set proper men to do the obvious and needful work, get together like a lot of Lapland witches, and pretend to cure the evil by selling wind.

How long is this to last? How long do we, as a people, mean to suffer it? The empty talk is again going on. Not a remedial measure is proposed, and at the end of the session, we will venture to assert, that Ireland will be just as much benefitted by it as she has been by all the other Parliaments that ranted out their appointed periods, and are forgotten.

If our present Ministers understand the real question of Ireland, if they feel themselves able to deal with it, and mean to deal with it, let them at once bring into Parliament a clear, practical, common sense, and efficient set of measures. If they cannot, let them confess their inability, and give way to better men. Till they do this, they are plainly nuisances, impostors, and costly incubi on the country. The only thing that we have seen that looks like a bit of ordinary statesmanship; of doing, in fact, something for their money, is in the case of the London Commissioners of Sewers. The new Commission of the Health of Towns has recommended to them to set aside the former 671 Commissioners, whose doings have been a national disgrace and a most monstrous job, and to replace them by 23! This sensible proposition was at once adopted; and now, depend upon it, the work of the Sewerage will be done! Why not apply the same rational system of action to the far more crying condition of Ireland?

But if the only art of British Government is to be the art of getting over a session without doing anything, it would be a great saving to do without a Ministry at all. It surely is a poor equivalent for the enormous expense of the English Government, to present us with nothing but an enormous mass of speeches, that we have neither time nor inclination to read. The paper on which they are printed, would be all the better for the butter shops, without them, and it would be impossible for England or Ireland to be worse, if no Parliament sate, and no speech was made.

We regard this feature of our affairs, as the most melancholy than can possibly exist. It is one that ought to fill every sensible man with the deepest anxiety; and the whole united energies of the nation should be called forth to put a stop to useless debates, and to insist on some instant and practical measures. The continuance of such a state of things as has long prevailed in Ireland, and is becoming every day more extensive in England, is a frightful evidence of the imbecility of Government, and the apathy of the people. Never was there such a time for God or demon to thunder forth over our heads the cry—

> "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

We turn our eyes again on the daughter of Ireland at her cabin door, and unite with that which is evidently the language of her soul.—"Alas! what hope!"

W. H.

A DAY AND NIGHT AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

By George Reynolds.

"It has often struck me, that some pains should be taken to make the main features of the Post Office system intelligible to the people."—*Rowland Hill's Speech at Liverpool*, 1847.

The importance of the postal regulations of this country, it is scarcely possible for us, fully, to estimate. Every section of society, and every individual, from the prince to the peasant, are participators in the benefits, social, moral and commercial, bestowed by that most valuable department, the Post-office. True it is, much has been done through the medium of the Press in the great work of public enlightenment and improvement; but what would those efforts have been, had not such movement been aided by the facilities furnished through postal communication? The glow of social enjoyment, arising from silent and secret conversation with absent friends, would have been but very imperfectly known had it not been for this excellent establishment; nor would the rare feelings arising from true friendship, have ever warmed into such holy fervour, had the means of correspondence by letter never existed amongst us. Languidly, indeed, would the great work of ameliorating the condition of the masses proceed, had we still to learn the efficacy of that one simple ingredient in the cup of human happiness,—the expression of our wishes, to distant parties, through the medium of our present admirable and economical postal arrangements.

As it is most probable, however, that the majority of the readers of Howitt's Journal, readily admit the value of the "Penny Postage," and the national utility of its regulations, we need not now use any arguments to shew its continuance to be indispensable to our welfare, as a nation, both at home and abroad. In the present paper, therefore, our object will be to furnish some select information as to the progress of the Post-office since its establishment; and to exhibit the present practice with respect to the correspondence with which it is entrusted. The method of "getting out the duty,"—as the work of the department is technically called—will be detailed as simply as possible, so that the uninitiated may be enabled to understand the multifarious duties to be performed upon a letter, from the time it is posted to the period when it may be delivered into the hands of the party for whom it is intended.

Besides this, it is our design, not merely to observe the duty in the case of the correspondence treated with in the inland "outward" and "inward" offices, and in the London district post department, but in the course of our "day and night" notices, we shall endeavour to describe the business performed in the Secretary's, the Solicitor's, and other subordinate offices, where a continued round of duty is going on, of a different description to that in the inland offices of receipt and despatch, but partially arising out of, and strictly connected with, the general duty of the department.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE POST-OFFICE.

With reference to the origin of postal communication in this country, we have no authentic record. Certain, however, it is—as we glean from papers in the Rolls, Record, and Parliamentary-offices—that payments to Nuncii for the conveyance of letters were made so early in British history, as the reign of the monarch John, when the state correspondence was so forwarded, and also the communications of the most influential nobles of the land at that time. Fixed posts, where relays of horses were kept, were set up in the reign of the second Edward; which movement towards a system, was materially perfected during the sway of Edward IV, as we learn, that, during the war in Scotland in 1481, that monarch established certain posts, twenty miles apart. The riders handed the letters from one to the other, and thus something like expedition was gained. At the close of the fifteenth century, the post may be considered to have been, comparatively, established; and without doubt it was then freely used.

The first statute we read of, fixing a post "rate" on the conveyance of correspondence, is that of 2 and 3 Edward VI. cap. 3, passed in the year 1548. This rate was one penny per mile for the hire of horses.[*] Thomas Randolph is spoken of by Camden, as being the first "Chief Postmaster of England" in 1581;[†] but the earliest mention of the duties and privileges of a Postmaster was made in the reign of James I. Subsequently the privilege of "posting" was farmed by Quester, Frizell, Witherings, Prideaux, and others; nor was it until 1656, that any-thing like a decided measure for the establishment of a Post-office was adopted. In that year an Act was passed "to settle the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and for the erecting of one General Post-office, for the speedy conveying and re-carrying of letters by post, etc." The act provides also that there should be "one officer styled the Postmaster General of England, and the Comptroller of the Office." This statute was succeeded by the important measure 9 Queen Anne, cap 10, which for many year formed the basis of all postal regulation. That, however, was subjected in succeeding reigns, to many modifications and changes, until the statute giving to the country the "Penny Postage," was enacted and then the principle contained in the 9th of Anne was abandoned. The graduated rate system was abolished; one *uniform* distance-charge was authorised, the amount being regulated by an increase of weight only. This preparatory act (2 and 3 Vic. cap. 52) was confirmed on the 10th of August, 1840, by the 3 and 4 Vic. cap. 96; and amended by a most valuable auxiliary statute, passed on the 22nd of July, 1847, which provides for the carrying out of a variety of facilities, stipulated for as absolutely necessary, some years before, by the originator of the Penny Postage plan, Mr. Rowland Hill, who was shortly previous to the passing of this last measure, appointed "Secretary to the Post-master General."

Prior to the introduction of the uniform rate, and the present weight charge, there were delivered in the United Kingdom, in one week, the estimated number of 1,585,973 letters, including "franks," or free letters, or about 80,000,000 per annum. From the latest Return to the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Warburton, with reference to this subject,[*] it appears, that for the week ending the 21st of April, 1847, the numbers delivered were 6,148,876, or about 320,000,000 per annum—a clear *four-fold* increase! The immediate loss to the revenue upon the introduction of the measure was considerable, being upwards of one million of money; and the cost of management, not, however, to be attributed but in a partial degree to the operation of the penny postage, has increased from £686,768 3s. 6¾d. in 1839, to £1,138,745 2s. 4¼d. in 1847.[†] The net revenue, notwithstanding this enormous additional outlay, continues to improve, the amount in 1841 being £410,028, while in the year ended January 5th, 1847, it reached £724,757 8s. 5d.

EARLY MORNING DUTY.

We must beg leave to take our readers with us so early as four o'clock in the morning to the General Post-office, in St. Martin's-le-grand, shortly after which hour we shall observe omnibuses laden with mails arriving from all the principal termini of the railways. From the great trunk lines of the London and North Western, the Great Western, the South Western, Dover, Eastern Counties, and Brighton, several hundred bags are brought, and the internal business of the office commences at half-past four. First, we will take our stand in the "Tick-room," where the guards deliver the bags, and where men are stationed to call out the name of the post-town, which they find upon the label at the corner of each bag. These being called over, and all checked by the clerk to guarantee the office and the public against loss, and to exonerate the guard, the bags are forwarded from the Tick-room into the Inland Letter Sorting-office, by the messengers, who distribute them at tables,—represented by an alphabetical letter,—around the spacious rooms. There they are opened by the different clerks, denominated the "openers," most of whom are junior officers. Upon close inspection we find that this description of the duty is simultaneously performed: for while at one table the large Birmingham bag is being opened, at others, the Brighton, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, with the Irish and Channel Islands mails. Thus the duty is continuously kept down, until the whole of the 960 arrivals from the English deputies, besides the Irish, Scotch, French,* and continental mails, which have reached the office during the preceding night, are all opened. As soon as the clerk has cut the string, he turns upon the table the whole of the letters; while he pours the newspapers into baskets for other messengers to take away to the sorters. When the letters arrive in London they bear impressed, upon the seal side, a stamp in black or blue ink, which specifies the town *at which*, and the day *when* they were posted. When handed to the London stampers, they have put upon them if pre-paid or labelled, another stamp in red ink, and if unpaid in black, denoting the day they *ought to be delivered.* These detective dated stamps are exceedingly useful in cases of enquiry as to misdelivered or detained letters, and in legal proceedings they frequently prove most valuable in fixing guilt upon the proper party.

---

[*] It will be perceived that the above rate was levied for horse-hire: the first *letter rate* was fixed in 1635.

[†] Randolph was, no doubt, master of the "rides" or posts.

[*] (586) Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 30th, 1847.

[†] Though we do not consider that the revenue of the Post-office ought to be regarded as a *fiscal* tax, it is really to be hoped Mr. Hill will endeavour to discover how it is that such an enormous additional expense appears under the head of "Cost of Management." Something is wrong somewhere; especially when we hear, week after week, from the provinces, of facilities being denied where they ought to be granted. The opening of new and costly rooms at the General Post-office in London, which can be but temporary, only tends to swell this cost, without a just and proper equivalent for the outlay.

The operation of stamping having been performed, we are led to notice one of the most interesting divisions of the duty,—the assortment of the vast body of correspondence, strewed as it appears to be over the whole of the office, the letters alone covering many hundred square feet of desks and tabling. After the clerks have examined the letters for the purpose of ascertaining whether the postage stamps have been properly obliterated by the provincial post-masters, that the registered letters have been duly entered upon the local bill, and the amounts of charge accurately made out, the letters are carried over to the assorting tables in the gross. There those intended for the London delivery are separated, first into divisions numbered consecutively from one to fifteen, each division embracing a certain portion of the metropolis, or a peculiar class of correspondence. This having been done, these same letters are gathered, or in official phraseology "collected," and taken to an officer denominated the "district sorter." He divides them into walks, representative of the plots of ground traversed by the letter-carriers. The correspondence, so far prepared for delivery, is sent up by a machine, worked by a powerful steam-engine, to the top of the building, where are the letter-carriers' rooms, and the galleries where the postmen are ranged in separate divisions, each man's seat representing the walk he delivers. As he receives his letters he keeps himself engaged in again assorting them, by placing them now in streets, and arranging the numbers as they fall along his "delivery," so that he may lose no time when he reaches his out-door duty. Besides this service the letter-carrier has to attend to the call of the assistant inspector of letter-carriers, who in the course of the preceding day has been most probably enquired of respecting letters either expected or refused; or said to be unknown at the time they were presented; or who probably has to tell him (the carrier) where a certain bankrupt's correspondence is in future to be taken or letters re-directed in cases where persons have removed from their former residences. Imperfectly addressed letters he has to send to "try" at streets of the same name in different parts of the metropolis: abatements in cases of overcharge he has also to attend to; make search in the "Dead letter register" for letters addressed to persons "gone away and left no address," and a variety of other duties of a minor, but not of a less important character, both to the service and the collection of the revenue.

While all this is going on, other persons are employed in the rectification of "mis-sorted" or "blind letters." The amount of charge to each man is also made out, and entered in the check-books by clerks appointed for that purpose, that the Superintending President may be duly debited by the Receiver-General, the men being called upon to pay in the revenue they collect, three times a-week. Happily this part of the business is not nearly so extensive as heretofore, and it is a certain fact that the *optional* payment of postage will not be long permitted to exist (on inland letters at least) as the cost of collection on unpaid letters seriously detracts from the net revenue by increasing the cost of stationery and labour, while it materially retards the duty, both in the country and London offices. Independently of all this duty, there are engaged both on the lower and upper floors, a variety of officers whose duty it is to divide and assort the provincial newspapers for the metropolitan morning delivery, in a similar way to that in which the letters are divided and assorted, so that the despatch may be uniform and the delivery simultaneous in every part of this great city.

Pouches and "State Papers," and ambassadorial despatches, intended for Her most gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, any member of the Royal Family, the Ministers of State, or the foreign Plenipotentiaries, are separately attended to by the "Clerks of Official correspondence," and their assistants. At the close of the duty the bags are "made up," and conveyed in carts in the charge of special messengers, by whom they are delivered at the several offices in Downing-street, Somerset-house, the Admiralty, and other Government offices. All the business of stamping and assorting having been gone through, the men begin to tie up their bundles, and deposit them in large canvas bags. In a few minutes afterward the "departure bell" is rung, and the letter-carriers hasten to their walks, those to the nearest on foot and the others in "accelerators," projected in 1829 by Mr. Critchett, the then Inspector of Letter-carriers.

In the discharge of the above duty there are employed in this section of the establishment alone, several presidents, about 100 clerks, 60 messengers, 120 sub-sorters, 9 assistant-inspectors of letter-carriers, and nearly 300 letter-carriers. It is estimated that in the course of this "early duty" alone, 80,000 letters and 50,000 newspapers pass through the office, independently of some thousands more which are forwarded by the morning mails.

MORNING MAILS.

During the time the above duty is proceeding, and as the arrivals from the several branch offices and receiving houses are brought into the office, the process of stamping and sorting the letters and newspapers sent per morning mails from London to the provinces,—is going on. According to the latest list published by the authorities, letters, newspapers and publications

(*To be continued.*)

---

* By the arrangements, just concluded, between the French Government and the English Post-office, despatches from France and *via* France from the Continent, are received in London and delivered in the Metropolis *twice a day.* Letters and Newspapers are now despatched from London every Morning and Evening. (Sunday excepted.) This is one of the best of our modern postal improvements.

EVERY-DAY WISDOM,

PLUCKED FROM THE GARDEN OF CHILDHOOD.

By Berthold Auerbach.

Translated for Howitt's Journal.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THINGS,

Is often the means by which the child shows its earliest activity. You return from the town where you have been making good bargains; you wish to give your child some pleasure at home, and you bring him a pretty play-thing. But scarcely is the first joy of surprise and wonder over, then the child begins to make some alteration in the present you have made him, to play at bowls with it, and to throw it about, until, in a few days, the play-thing is all to pieces and destroyed.

In the summer-time you take a walk with your little lad, and at his earnest request, cut him a nice slender stick from the tree; but now take notice, he can't bear that a leaf should remain on it, and strips off one after another till he can flourish the flexible switch according to his pleasure; after awhile, he begins to peel the stick, nor does he leave off till he has completely finished; he lashes violently about with it and now breaks a piece from one end, and now from the other; another piece is purposely broken off, and when he arrives at home, there seldom is any of the beautiful stick left to shrivel up in a forgotten corner.

Very probably this spirit of destruction in the child makes you angry, and you will not give him anything more, or else you take away from him that which you gave, and lock it up in a closet. If you go and talk to some learned person about this propensity of the child, ten to one but he will say to you, "all this proceeds from original sin, which shows itself thus early in this passion for destruction in the child."—Thus say very many of those persons who, from one year's end to another, preach about love, and who are always praising the supreme wisdom of God, for the arrangements of creation, and yet whenever you take council of them, they immediately invite the devil to be godfather.

But is there not a natural and a true reason for the propensity of which we have spoken?

The principle of action in every living thing, especially in human beings, is, to have something to do—to be able to produce, or give form to something; we don't take the world indolently as it is, but we desire to make something out of it. This impulse begins in little things, and shows itself in great ones, in agriculture and trade; in the creation of works of art, and in the perfecting of the circumstances of our lives and of our country. When we see anything before us perfected, which formerly was in our hands only as plans and wishes, we often feel a satisfaction, without being conscious of it, that we have been able to produce something out of the elements which surround us; we see that as real, which formerly was merely an idea in our own minds; thus is it with us if we make a chair out of boards; a figure out of a block of stone, or if out of our own free will, we have organised a community or a state.

This impulse of activity; this pleasure in trying the strength and impressing the will upon something, shows itself early and powerfully in the child. Give it a plaything; to your little daughter that she may amuse herself with it, a doll to dress and undress, to lay in the cradle and to rock (and in that also, very soon is the principle of action seen); your son will immediately tie on his whip-lash, or saddle his wooden horse differently; roll about his waggon or pull it entirely to pieces. Do not scold him if he have very soon destroyed your present; he did not mean to destroy it, but only to make something new out of it. The cause of your gift being spoiled, is only owing to the inexperience of the youthful mind, and is something very different from evil propensity and love of destruction.

Neither is it *the inborn spirit of evil working in the child which causes the tender little hand to destroy that which has been carefully put together, but a natural and proper impulse to do and to make something.*

Regard the soul of a child always as a sacred temple, and you will discover that the principles of his action are holy and blameless.

Give the child something upon which he may exercise his strength in a harmless manner, and out of which he can make something; a ball, wooden bricks, and such like, and you will soon see his enduring pleasure therein.

And yet, now also, you may see something which you may be disposed to regard as naughtiness, and love of destruction. Sit down with your child and build for him, out of his wooden bricks a bridge, or a tower, or something of that sort; he will stand and watch you with repressed breath, and rejoice in its growth and completion; but how much greater will be his delight if you will permit him by a shake of the table, or any other means to throw down your erection. How he exults in the rattling and crashing down of all the individual pieces, and thinks no longer on the downfallen magnificence. Is that only the influence of the Evil One and the love of destruction? Certainly not; it is much rather astonishment, the delight of altering that which was made, and the unconscious thought of being able at a touch, to do so much all at once, which is the true foundation of the joy. Nothing bad is intended thereby. For the human soul is by nature, good and noble; wickedness is an aberration. Therefore I repeat it, *always regard the soul of a child as a sacred temple, and you will soon discover that the principles of his action, are holy and blameless.*

ALONE OR WITH COMPANIONS.

Many people question whether a child should be accustomed from his early years, even in his sports, to be alone or with companions. Will not the continual intercourse with others destroy the comfortable inward progression, and prevent the shooting of the young idea? Certainly! The deepest roots of that which is most valuable in the character of the child, are never revealed to us.

But what is it that constitutes the greatest want of the present age? It is above all things this that we are too exclusive; that we live too much in ourselves, and for ourselves, and that more than all the rest that we do not join hands in the great chain of human interests.

For this reason, life in community from childhood upward, and even in its sports would be so productive of good consequences; it would accustom the child to that larger sphere, which it will afterwards have to enter. Much day-dreaming by this means would be destroyed; we have been long enough, visionary and brooders in corners. The profound thinker will always find a quiet little nook, where he can indulge in his meditations, but he ought never to forget that he belongs to all, and that all belong to him, and then he will also learn to think with, and among others, and to act for the common good rather than for his own.

TO CORRECT A CHILD.

The true mode of doing this, is not for you to be always at hand to say to your child, "you must not do that;" "you must let that alone," and so on. Good;

but what then must the child do? It is better for you to say to him; do that, and do this, for in most cases, such directions as these will be successful, because, in the first place, the child knows what it may do, and there is a quiet satisfaction to the youthful being, when it accomplishes any desirable thing, and if the little commission which you have given him to execute, be one that is useful, he feels a pleasure in having perfected something with his small ability.

But of a truth it is much easier to say, do not do that, than to give as a command, do this.

It is a fixed rule under all circumstances that the child must learn to obey. Obedience is the first step in education. The child must be submissive to a higher will and a more matured knowledge. By degrees he will soon find out the reason why.

Take heed, however, that you do not forbid or command anything, if you *cannot* or *will not* strictly and inflexibly enforce obedience; otherwise you introduce a laxity of principle into your action, which nothing can retrieve. Never give a command or a prohibition excepting from your determined purpose or your matured judgment.

TO DO THEIR DUTY.

That is the most difficult thing for many people. They would rather do anything else, be it ever so difficult, than precisely that which they call their cursed duty. From this cause proceeds that frequent enigmatical dissatisfaction and that tormenting ill humour which we meet with in so many persons; they are wanting in true self-respect; they are dissatisfied with themselves because they have neglected their duties. The foundation for this dissatisfaction with self is often laid in youth.

Give strict heed to what is the favourite occupation of your child, and let him freely give himself up to that; but seek early to impress upon his mind a living sense, that every bias involves also its duties. If you hold with the opinions that have been already advanced with regard to obedience, you must now steadfastly require that your child, above everything else, does each day that which has been laid upon him as a duty; for instance, give him some little occupation in the family as his duty, and require its regular performance.

By this means you would firmly implant this truth in his soul, that the fulfilment of duty is the fulfilment of life; that the accomplishment of a never varying task is of more consequence than the indulgence of merely a momentary inclination.

You accustom him to the fulfilment of duty, and good habits are among the most beautiful effects of education, in many cases they compensate for principles, especially as these are so frequently wavering and darkened.

Do not mix yourself up too much in the actions of your child.

Do not remove all little difficulties out of his way, but leave that to his own power. INDEPENDENCE, after obedience, cannot be too early cultivated.

"Myself alone!" cried the cheerful Max, when the good-natured landlady would help him to drive the goat to the willow-trees in the garden.

And he was right with his "*myself alone,*" even if the goat had knocked him down several times.

An old nursery proverb says, "you must not blow the first porridge which the child eats, and then it never will be burnt by hot porridge."

Whoever takes this literally and believes it, is superstitious. But let us remember, that there is often a pure truth concealed under a popular saying, because many people believe much more willingly and easily than examine for themselves. If you give good heed to this, you will perceive that there is sage experience and wisdom in every word of this proverb.

TOO MANY RULES AND REGULATIONS

Are injurious to the child, for they make it at the same time ill-tempered and irritable. If, however, you find it necessary to give directions in any particular matter, do not say too much to the child; for it cannot retain all, and therefore cannot guide itself by all these directions. If you were in a large city which was strange to you, and you inquired after some particular street, a polite gentleman might easily say to you, here you must go the right, and through the second street to the left, that will bring you into a large square; this you must cross from corner to corner, then leave two streets to the right, take a turn to the left, and so on.

Would it not, however, have been better if he had said to you; it would be better for you here and there to make enquiries again, or you would have done it of your own accord.

TO SYSTEMATIZE,

According to certain rules, and even to introduce this into the sports of children, so that they shall advance from the small and simple up to the large and complicated, is regarded by many persons as a horrible tyranny, as an unadvised interference with the quiet growth of the inner being. Certainly the silent shooting forth of this inner life ought not to be disturbed, else the effect produced is like that of children themselves on the beans which they planted yesterday in their garden, and which to-day they dig up that they may see how different they are, or of which by too zealous watering, they drown the young shoot.

The guidance which should be given to a child in its sports or its occupation should only be of that kind which imperceptibly leads them up to that which is higher, which furnishes to the active principle within them a something to delight and lead them on at the same time.

BLESSED BE THE HAND WHICH PREPARES A PLEASURE FOR A CHILD,

For there is no saying where and when it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a bare-footed lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor of the garden came forth from his little cottage, he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He was come into his garden to gather a flower to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations,—it was streaked with red and white,—gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke one word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home, and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy, expresses itself on paper. The carnation is long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.

Bethink thee, dear reader, whether the fragrance of a flower does not come towards thee out of the distance of thy childhood, Return it to the children which may be around thee.

THE EDITORS' ADDRESS

TO THEIR

FRIENDS AND READERS.

In our opening Address last year at the commencement of this undertaking, we said, "For years it has been our resolve to devote ourselves by such a periodical to the entertainment, the good, and the advancement of the public. We thought also that the time was come for this experiment. It proved not to be the case. There were obstacles to be overcome, a forest of thorny experiences to be cut through, limed twigs above, and beams in the darkness to stumble over below."

If that were true then, how much more and notoriously true is it now! The limed twigs, and the beams laid in our path were still there, and pit-falls were dug in our path into the bargain. Never did a journal commence its career under more unfavourable and hostile circumstances. The year which was about to unfold itself has proved a year, such as no men of the present generation can remember for universal calamity; it is to be hoped that such another will never be seen again in our time That which could rise up and survive through the year 1847, could survive anything. On literature in particular the blight, which seems to have fallen on everything and person, has fallen, naturally, with unexampled force. The question has been with millions, not how to procure the necessary reading, but the necessary means of life. Such circumstances would have tried severely any periodical undertaking—but in our case this was but a small part of the evil that we had to contend with. As all the world now knows, we had fallen into the toils of a most designing and unprincipled adventurer. This man, who, through a course of many years, had perfected his experience in the arts of delusion, had, in the year 1845, walked into our house during the time that we were planning the carrying out of our long-projected journal,* and contriving to wind himself into our schemes, involved us in his stratagems, and soon showed himself resolved to monopolize us or to destroy us. The history of these affairs is now well known, and pretty well understood. Without name, without character, except for the like transactions, without connexion or influence, never did jackdaw contrive for a time so completely to array himself in peacock's feathers. To prevent our escape from his toils, or to crush us if we did escape, he raised the most outrageous cries of injury to himself. As on all such occasions, numbers of well-meaning people were influenced by the outcry, others who delight to pick a hole in a coat, on which they never had a chance before, joined in the alarm, and gave by their names, letters, and personal exertions, circulation for a time to the calumnious fraud. Like all such attempts, the delusion has run its course. The adventurer has not only robbed us, but has contrived to rob also some of those who aided his impudent attempt. The bubble has burst; ruin to all concerned has been, for the third time, the *finale* of this schemer's course; debts to upwards of £9,000 in twenty-two months, an auctioneer's exposure of the hollowness of all the accounts of circulation and success set up, finished by a daring attempt to sell and convey away, before the very faces of the creditors, every shilling that was left as the remnant of the bubble—has only too fully justified the earnest appeals and warnings that we addressed to the public.

But amid all this craft and crime, amid the most demoniacal lurkings of unprincipled malice—this man now candidly confessing that he spent nearly £1,000 in four months to put us down,—amid the most invidious falsehoods spread everywhere by letters, by lithographs, by personal emissaries—and the vilest and the most unfounded calumnies put forth on the principle of

---

* "In 1839-40, Mr. Howitt communicated with the late firm of Messrs. Ball, Arnold, and Co., respecting his plans for a cheap literary periodical for the people. The plan was prepared, but Mr. Howitt's subsequent protracted residence in Germany postponed it indefinitely, so far as Messrs. B. A. & Co. were concerned."
William Ball,
Paternoster Row.

"24, Bartholomew Close, August 5, 1847.
My dear Sir,
I understand that you wish me to write to you respecting the conversations we had about a cheap periodical in the year 1840. I can only say, that we had many meetings about it, and that I saw you both at Esher and in London on the subject, and more than that, Mr. Childs, of Bungay, gave Ball, Arnold and Co. estimates for the printing, etc."
Yours most truly,
Thomas Arnold.

"throw mud enough, and some is sure to stick,"—we rejoice to say, that the faith of the good and the wise, for the most part, never failed toward us. Twenty-five years of arduous, unvarying, unceasing exertion, to aid the progress of good principles and of the people, were not to be set aside by the first breath of the first moral assassin, however artful or determined. Truth and honesty, charity and faith in long-tried character—have prevailed. Howitt's Journal, amid all the pressure of the times, and the assaults of the interested, has stood firm: has daily taken deeper and wider root; and is ready to start on its future course with renewed life and vigour.

True, we have suffered severely from the frauds of the swindler; true, our own money has been made the means of his attempts to destroy us; true, all the attacks upon us, and the gigantic advertisements to put us down, have all been left as liabilities against us. True, the arch adventurer, with nothing himself to lose, has played a high game with other people's money, and has ultimately attempted to slip out of the consequences, and leave them to fall on us—but—on the other side, upright and generous men, inspired by a sense of the base and ruinous attempt made against us, have come forward and resolved that justice shall be done, and the right shall be maintained.

Howitt's Journal has stood the storm. We look forward for better times for us and for all. Still, so far as regards the debts of Saunders, we have not passed the danger. The creditors still hang them, like an avalanche, over us; but, come the worst, we believe that we shall be supported through it. We have firm faith in the instinctive feeling of the right in such cases on the part of the public. We throw ourselves fearlessly on that public sense of justice; and we hope that circumstances will so shape themselves, that we shall be enabled to command that leisure, without which the literary man cannot do his work and fulfil his mission.

We regard our views of usefulness and entertainment in this Journal as yet, undeveloped. The past has been too stormy, too much of a struggle against evil design, and evil endeavours; what has been done, has been done through exertions, both physical and intellectual, of no ordinary kind. But we stand now in a position of renewed hope and encouragement. Calumny and fraud have done their worst; the fogs of temporary delusion have been blown away; we recognise once more the face of our friends; we grasp once more the cordial hand of those who have examined the facts for themselves, and find ours clean. We have many heartfelt thanks to express to those who stood by us firm as the rocks, and to others who, before, unknown to us, have come forward with a generous frankness, and said,—"Stand fast—you have nothing to fear,

> "For ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done."
>
> Charles Mackay.

Let the past then, be the past, and now for the future! Now for the New Year! If the general events of the past year have taught the public anything, it must be that never was there so much occasion for all true men to pull together. The signs of the times are plain. Sound and popular principles must not only be preached, but must be acted. The people must combine, if they are to live. They must determine that their weight shall be felt, not on the pauper roll of the parish, but in the councils of the nation, as the largest portion of it. They must insist, and with no timid voice, that every means which can extend our commerce, shall be sedulously cultivated, as that on which the lives of millions of human beings depends. They must remonstrate against that neglect of our Indian territories, which throws our profits into the hands of the American Cotton and the Brazilian sugar growers. They must announce to Government, that the health of the nation as well as of towns demand plenty of good food and clothing. They must call for diminished taxation, and a more equal adjustment of it. They must lay seriously to heart the causes which induced money to run into a few great heaps instead of diffusin itself healthily through the whole community. They must call on popular teachers of all kinds to preach, lecture, and write perpetually, that a nation, where the majority works incessantly only to starve incessantly, is neither a wise nor a happy nation. That a nation where God's goodness sends plenty, but man's selfishness makes a dearth and a misery to the many, is not a Christian nation?

And the melancholy truth is, that we are not a Christian nation. We wear our Christianity as we do our clothes—merely as a convenience. It becomes no part of ourselves. We do not love our neighbour as ourselves, or we should treat him as we do ourselves. With the immense mass of distress around us we must confess that we never were honestly resolved to act out Christianity, or we could never have come to this pass. Let us begin! In whatever we do or write, let the grand duty of humanity to succour, champion and equalize humanity, be ever before us. It is the only work worth doing. It is the only philosophy; the only religion. That which does not raise our fellow men to our own level, is not justice. That which does not enable them to thank God with us, for his blessings is not worship. That which does not attack false principles in high places, is not wisdom in ourselves even —for such principles are but the roots of that universal calamity which is sure is sure to include us in its sweep.

We call, therefore, on all to pledge themselves with renewed zeal to the work of general progress. To such work our Journal shall devote itself. No endeavour shall be wanting to amuse and interest by narrative, and poetry. We trust to give a much greater prominece to the amusing in our pages. We shall study lightness and variety. But through and under all we desire to. let the soul of a warm and earnest humanity be felt If we would laugh, we must be prosperous. If we would be at leisure for amusement, and for all the charms of fancy and of fiction based on the truths of life, we must be prosperous. In a word, if we would be happy, we must be prosperous, and therefore, whether we are grave or gay, we shall exert all our powers for the growth of principles, that tend towards universal prosperity. We would have England, once more merry England. We desire earnestly to do our part in this great work; but let every one remember, that for a Journal to do this effectually, readers as well as writers must combine their efforts. Every one who extends, by his recommendation, the field of our influence, extends the influence itself. The writer must be animated on his course by the host of readers.

Let these muster round us, and we promise to enlist in their service the wit, wisdom, mirth and patriotism of the masters of the pen. Give us a field wide enough, an audience numerous enough, and strong in the strength of ourselves, we shall march on our way certain of the truest success.—The writer merely holds the pen—it is the phalanx of readers, who endow it with vigour and dominion.

Printed for the Proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d.

but a mass of particles. The insignificant particles of humanity can, at pleasure, become the enormous and the irresistible. Men connected by sympathy, and animated by a great object, are, next to their creator, the invinciblest and immensest of powers—that for which the universe exists, and by which its destinies are shaped. We do not guide the planet, but we shape the life of it. We work out the will of the Eternal, and never are so mighty as when we work with the current of his laws.

His first law is love, and the easiest work is the work of love. Let the universal and immortal man, then, blend into his own unity; roll himself into his proper greatness; stand forth in the Titanic stature of his will, and the social reforms which have hitherto been only like the thinly peeping green blades of early spring on the starved earth will rapidly flush into universal verdure.

While we blame the Chartists for violence and extravagance, they are the only portion of the community who show the true degree of zeal and union. What they want they demand fearlessly, and combine that they may make themselves heard. In that they set a great example. We must unite and insist, or we are nothing. We are either mere sticks that any child can break, or the bundle of sticks which nobody can break.

Let the cry, then, be union to put down distress; and let it be no mere cry, however loud. Let us resolve to put it down, and it will be done. It is no chimera—it is perfectly practicable. We must compel good government, and wise measures for trade, by which this great people exists, or our moral reforms will be impossible. Want, and its miseries, and its despairs will master us. The gin-palace and the opium shop will flourish on the ruin of workshops and factories. Go into the druggists' shops in town and country, and learn how frightfully the consumption of opium and laudanum increases every year. They are the horrible substitutes for bread and beef, for milk and wholesome pudding. The masses cannot satisfy their hunger, their only hope is to benumb it.

Combine, then, perishing men, and you that would not have men perish. Combine! combine! combine! for those National Reforms which must introduce social ones. And, amongst the first questions you ask of government, ask this—"Why gin-palaces are winked at that the excise revenue may flourish?" Ask your magistrates, too, "Why they license these slaughter-houses, and that more and more?" Let it be remembered that every one of these Gehennas is patronised by government, and licensed by the magistracy. A short time ago the leading members of the Temperance Society at Bolton waited on the magistrates, and remonstrated against the yearly increase of such licenses. The remonstrance was effectual. The conscientious magistrates refused to license any more. Let the magistrates of London, and other large cities, follow that example. Let them walk through Shoreditch, where upwards of *thirty* gin-palaces may be counted in a short distance; some of them two together; and often five or six with only one single house between each. Let them see their handy works all over London, in like exhibitions and like numbers, wherever the population is dense and poor; and then let them, in church and chapel, and the solitude of the closet, ask themselves who are really *the destroyers of souls.*

The gin-palaces of England—the most horrible scenes of human misery and degradation on the earth—are the product of government enactment, and magisterial patronage. Let us, therefore, be just, and when we denounce the callous selfishness of those who vend infernal fire, and live on the moral ruin of their fellows, let us remember that they are but the agents and creatures of the Queen, the Ministers, the two Houses of Parliament, the Aristocracy, the Middle Classes, who reap a share of the benefit in government posts and offices, and of every man, high or low, who does not unite to denounce the licensed curse.

BALLAD.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Most beautiful and blest the spot
  Where Lucy had her dwelling—
The lovely lass of Avondale—
  All other maids excelling.
To every place she lent a grace,
  The light was glad about her;
Her cottage neat, so flowery sweet,
  No home had been without her.

Her cheeks made poor the rose of June,—
  Hers was the daisy's neatness:
She moved the cowslip of the mead;
  The violet's was her sweetness.
But most did tranquil Avon show
  The charm which made you love her,
For in herself did she reflect
  The heaven that was above her.

Her brows were clear as orient skies,—
  Hair dark, as clouds of thunder,—
And the sweet lightning of her eyes
  Awoke surprise and wonder.
Beloved was she by many youths,
  Both brave and comely many;
But though she scorned not any one
  She did not wed with any.

So easy were her manners sweet,
  Each lover thought to win her:
But the sweet lass of Avondale
  A powerful soul had in her.
But little saw she of the rich,
  But little was her reading:
Yet shewed her mind a sense refined,
  Her manners nicest breeding.

So sweetly blent she in her looks
  The serious and the simple;
The liveliest thoughts played round her mouth
  Arch grace in every dimple.
She stilled the pert, she awed the bold,
  Such sweet reserve came o'er her;
And when the boldest sought her love
  They stood abashed before her.

At length upon a sick-bed long
  Sweet Avon's lass was lying:
And her fond parents o'er her hung,
  With thoughts that she was dying,—
When came a youth unto her side,
  Whose loving zeal amazed her;
And her pale cheeks with blushes dyed,
  So tenderly he praised her,

Then might in her a strife be seen,
  The filial and the tender,
And will habitual to refuse,
  Unwilling to surrender.
At length she put the youth aside,
  Without one kindly token,
And half the love within his heart
  Died from his lips unspoken.

But from that day did she amend,
  Nor would she wed another:
And now the lass of Avondale
  Is blest, as wife and mother.
For never did she disesteem
  Plain path and homely duty,
And humblest household offices
  Seem hallowed by her beauty.

Nov. 1, 1847.

“ throw mud enough, and some is sure to stick, ”—we rejoice to say, that the faith of the good and the wise, for the most part, never failed toward us. Twenty-five years of arduous, unvarying, unceasing exertion, to aid the progress of good principles and of the people, were not to be set aside by the first breath of the first moral assassin, however artful or determined. Truth and honesty, charity and faith in long-tried character—have prevailed. Howitt's Journal, amid all the pressure of the times, and the assaults of the interested, has stood firm: has daily taken deeper and wider root; and is ready to start on its future course with renewed life and vigour.

True, we have suffered severely from the frauds of the swindler; true, our own money has been made the means of his attempts to destroy us; true, all the attacks upon us, and the gigantic advertisements to put us down, have all been left as liabilities against us. True, the arch adventurer, with nothing himself to lose, has played a high game with other people's money, and has ultimately attempted to slip out of the consequences, and leave them to fall on us—but—on the other side, upright and generous men, inspired by a sense of the base and ruinous attempt made against us, have come forward and resolved that justice shall be done, and the right shall be maintained.

Howitt's Journal has stood the storm. We look forward for better times for us and for all. Still, so far as regards the debts of Saunders, we have not passed the danger. The creditors still hang them, like an avalanche, over us; but, come the worst, we believe that we shall be supported through it. We have firm faith in the instinctive feeling of the right in such cases on the part of the public. We throw ourselves fearlessly on that public sense of justice; and we hope that circumstances will so shape themselves, that we shall be enabled to command that leisure, without which the literary man cannot do his work and fulfil his mission.

We regard our views of usefulness and entertainment in this Journal as yet, undeveloped. The past has been too stormy, too much of a struggle against evil design, and evil endeavours; what has been done, has been done through exertions, both physical and intellectual, of no ordinary kind. But we stand now in a position of renewed hope and encouragement. Calumny and fraud have done their worst; the fogs of temporary delusion have been blown away; we recognise once more the face of our friends; we grasp once more the cordial hand of those who have examined the facts for themselves, and find ours clean. We have many heartfelt thanks to express to those who stood by us firm as the rocks, and to others who, before, unknown to us, have come forward with a generous frankness, and said,—“ Stand fast—you have nothing to fear,

> “ For ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done.”
>
> Charles Mackay.

Let the past then, be the past, and now for the future! Now for the New Year! If the general events of the past year have taught the public anything, it must be that never was there so much occasion for all true men to pull together. The signs of the times are plain. Sound and popular principles must not only be preached, but must be acted. The people must combine, if they are to live. They must determine that their weight shall be felt, not on the pauper roll of the parish, but in the councils of the nation, as the largest portion of it. They must insist, and with no timid voice, that every means which can extend our commerce, shall be sedulously cultivated, as that on which the lives of millions of human beings depends. They must remonstrate against that neglect of our Indian territories, which throws our profits into the hands of the American Cotton and the Brazilian sugar growers. They must announce to Government, that the health of the nation as well as of towns demand plenty of good food and clothing. They must call for diminished taxation, and a more equal adjustment of it. They must lay seriously to heart the causes which induced money to run into a few great heaps instead of diffusin itself healthily through the whole community. They must call on popular teachers of all kinds to preach, lecture, and write perpetually, that a nation, where the majority works incessantly only to starve incessantly, is neither a wise nor a happy nation. That a nation where God's goodness sends plenty, but man's selfishness makes a dearth and a misery to the many, is not a Christian nation?

And the melancholy truth is, that we are not a Christian nation. We wear our Christianity as we do our clothes—merely as a convenience. It becomes no part of ourselves. We do not love our neighbour as ourselves, or we should treat him as we do ourselves. With the immense mass of distress around us we must confess that we never were honestly resolved to act out Christianity, or we could never have come to this pass. Let us begin! In whatever we do or write, let the grand duty of humanity to succour, champion and equalize humanity, be ever before us. It is the only work worth doing. It is the only philosophy; the only religion. That which does not raise our fellow men to our own level, is not justice. That which does not enable them to thank God with us, for his blessings is not worship. That which does not attack false principles in high places, is not wisdom in ourselves even —for such principles are but the roots of that universal calamity which is sure is sure to include us in its sweep.

We call, therefore, on all to pledge themselves with renewed zeal to the work of general progress. To such work our Journal shall devote itself. No endeavour shall be wanting to amuse and interest by narrative, and poetry. We trust to give a much greater prominece to the amusing in our pages. We shall study lightness and variety. But through and under all we desire to. let the soul of a warm and earnest humanity be felt If we would laugh, we must be prosperous. If we would be at leisure for amusement, and for all the charms of fancy and of fiction based on the truths of life, we must be prosperous. In a word, if we would be happy, we must be prosperous, and therefore, whether we are grave or gay, we shall exert all our powers for the growth of principles, that tend towards universal prosperity. We would have England, once more merry England. We desire earnestly to do our part in this great work; but let every one remember, that for a Journal to do this effectually, readers as well as writers must combine their efforts. Every one who extends, by his recommendation, the field of our influence, extends the influence itself. The writer must be animated on his course by the host of readers.

Let these muster round us, and we promise to enlist in their service the wit, wisdom, mirth and patriotism of the masters of the pen. Give us a field wide enough, an audience numerous enough, and strong in the strength of ourselves, we shall march on our way certain of the truest success.—The writer merely holds the pen—it is the phalanx of readers, who endow it with vigour and dominion.

Printed for the Proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

but a mass of particles. The insignificant particles of humanity can, at pleasure, become the enormous and the irresistible. Men connected by sympathy, and animated by a great object, are, next to their creator, the invinciblest and immensest of powers—that for which the universe exists, and by which its destinies are shaped. We do not guide the planet, but we shape the life of it. We work out the will of the Eternal, and never are so mighty as when we work with the current of his laws.

His first law is love, and the easiest work is the work of love. Let the universal and immortal man, then, blend into his own unity; roll himself into his proper greatness; stand forth in the Titanic stature of his will, and the social reforms which have hitherto been only like the thinly peeping green blades of early spring on the starved earth will rapidly flush into universal verdure.

While we blame the Chartists for violence and extravagance, they are the only portion of the community who show the true degree of zeal and union. What they want they demand fearlessly, and combine that they may make themselves heard. In that they set a great example. We must unite and insist, or we are nothing. We are either mere sticks that any child can break, or the bundle of sticks which nobody can break.

Let the cry, then, be union to put down distress; and let it be no mere cry, however loud. Let us resolve to put it down, and it will be done. It is no chimera—it is perfectly practicable. We must compel good government, and wise measures for trade, by which this great people exists, or our moral reforms will be impossible. Want, and its miseries, and its despairs will master us. The gin-palace and the opium shop will flourish on the ruin of workshops and factories. Go into the druggists' shops in town and country, and learn how frightfully the consumption of opium and laudanum increases every year. They are the horrible substitutes for bread and beef, for milk and wholesome pudding. The masses cannot satisfy their hunger, their only hope is to benumb it.

Combine, then, perishing men, and you that would not have men perish. Combine! combine! combine! for those National Reforms which must introduce social ones. And, amongst the first questions you ask of government, ask this—"Why gin-palaces are winked at that the excise revenue may flourish?" Ask your magistrates, too, "Why they license these slaughter-houses, and that more and more?" Let it be remembered that every one of these Gehennas is patronised by government, and licensed by the magistracy. A short time ago the leading members of the Temperance Society at Bolton waited on the magistrates, and remonstrated against the yearly increase of such licenses. The remonstrance was effectual. The conscientious magistrates refused to license any more. Let the magistrates of London, and other large cities, follow that example. Let them walk through Shoreditch, where upwards of *thirty* gin-palaces may be counted in a short distance; some of them two together; and often five or six with only one single house between each. Let them see their handy works all over London, in like exhibitions and like numbers, wherever the population is dense and poor; and then let them, in church and chapel, and the solitude of the closet, ask themselves who are really *the destroyers of souls.*

The gin-palaces of England—the most horrible scenes of human misery and degradation on the earth—are the product of government enactment, and magisterial patronage. Let us, therefore, be just, and when we denounce the callous selfishness of those who vend infernal fire, and live on the moral ruin of their fellows, let us remember that they are but the agents and creatures of the Queen, the Ministers, the two Houses of Parliament, the Aristocracy, the Middle Classes, who reap a share of the benefit in government posts and offices, and of every man, high or low, who does not unite to denounce the licensed curse.

◆

BALLAD.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Most beautiful and blest the spot
Where Lucy had her dwelling—
The lovely lass of Avondale—
All other maids excelling.
To every place she lent a grace,
The light was glad about her;
Her cottage neat, so flowery sweet,
No home had been without her.

Her cheeks made poor the rose of June,—
Hers was the daisy's neatness:
She moved the cowslip of the mead;
The violet's was her sweetness.
But most did tranquil Avon show
The charm which made you love her,
For in herself did she reflect
The heaven that was above her.

Her brows were clear as orient skies,—
Hair dark, as clouds of thunder,—
And the sweet lightning of her eyes
Awoke surprise and wonder.
Beloved was she by many youths,
Both brave and comely many;
But though she scorned not any one
She did not wed with any.

So easy were her manners sweet,
Each lover thought to win her:
But the sweet lass of Avondale
A powerful soul had in her.
But little saw she of the rich,
But little was her reading:
Yet shewed her mind a sense refined.
Her manners nicest breeding.

So sweetly blent she in her looks
The serious and the simple;
The liveliest thoughts played round her mouth
Arch grace in every dimple.
She stilled the pert, she awed the bold,
Such sweet reserve came o'er her;
And when the boldest sought her love
They stood abashed before her.

At length upon a sick-bed long
Sweet Avon's lass was lying:
And her fond parents o'er her hung,
With thoughts that she was dying,—
When came a youth unto her side,
Whose loving zeal amazed her;
And her pale cheeks with blushes dyed,
So tenderly he praised her,

Then might in her a strife be seen,
The filial and the tender,
And will habitual to refuse,
Unwilling to surrender.
At length she put the youth aside,
Without one kindly token,
And half the love within his heart
Died from his lips unspoken.

But from that day did she amend,
Nor would she wed another:
And now the lass of Avondale
Is blest, as wife and mother.
For never did she disesteem
Plain path and homely duty,
And humblest household offices
Seem hallowed by her beauty.

Nov. 1, 1847.

FRUIT FROM PLATES AND DISHES.

By Silverpen.

Part I.

Vespers were over in the old cathedral of Beauvais and the good canon, or *le pere Pacifique,* as he was called, stepped thoughtfully from the cool shadows of his little oratory into the magnificent setting sunlight that fell aslant upon the aisle pavements. Prayer was never mere lip-service with this good father; and now the *nunc dimittis,* even yet a hymn in the far up echoes of the lofty roof, had this hour, as it had often done before, filled his sublime nature with an intense sense and feeling, that *the beautiful is immortally linked unto the good,* and that nature has intrusted no diviner mission unto us, than to spread it like the glorious faith of Galilee beneath the poorest roofs, and place it every where, where untaught eyes may look upon its light, and see in it the presence of divinity. Thoughtfully he paced on from light to shade, from shade to light again, till he stood in a little sea of amber glory on the floor, in which lay reflected from the grand painted window far above, a purple taper vase, that there a virgin saint for many many ages, had held to drooping lips, of such as were poor garmented, way-faring, and alone! He looked and looked again, the feeling in his soul still more sublime, and then meekly crossing his hands, he gently made his way through the quaint, quiet cloisters, and from thence into a little dull untrodden street, whose vineyards and old wooden houses looked out upon the open country, Entering his old study, where the thick wooden jalousies thrown back showed the peaceful vineyard as it lay in the sinking light, he saw seated in his leathern chair, a young man, not however looking at the quaint old Latin folio reared up upon the reading desk, but round upon the few old vases that decked the walls. None of these were gay or costly, but beautiful in form, showed on their flowing surfaces such loveliness of shape and limb, that the ideal was deified, and humanity made angelic. The young man arose and warmly embraced the good father.

"From this early visit I fear you leave Beauvais to-night, my son."

"Yes, *mon pere,*" replied the young man with earnest friendship, and retaining within his own two hands, the withered one of the admirable father, "two modellers have been hired from Sevres, and as our great order at home stays for their assistance, and my father is in but indifferent health, I have arranged to be in Paris to-morrow, and the day after to sail from Boulogne. Therefore, *mon pere,* in saying adieu, I have but two regrets—leaving you, and the last sight of your lovely Veiien vase, that makes you niche so sacred."

"The first will give you prayers instead of looks, my son Richard, the last may rest in your grand country, even before an old man's death. We know not, *mon cher fils.* But let us stroll into the vineyard, I have that to say which I would have remembered as a benediction."

Slowly they went together into the canon's favourite grassy walk, the vines trellised on old quaint-mossed poles on one side, and on the other a low hedge of oleander, separating the vineyard from a wide marish sort of lane. A little gate led into this, and close beside it ran a small but limpid spring, soon lost, however, amidst the skirting sedges of the grassy bank.

"Dear Richard Mason," said good Father Pacifique, after some minutes' conversation, "there are two things that I wish again to impress upon your mind. In your country, as somewhat in this, the amassment of capital seems the sole aim of the manufacturer, whether he be textile or artistic; but there must be purposes beyond this, there must be self-imposed duties, there must be begot and used a patriotic morality both nationally and individually, before art will become the great elevator and teacher that it may be made. By this I do not mean to negative the possession of capital to the individual; equality of wealth remains a moral impossibility, whilst idleness and industry are inherent in human nature, but what I mean to say is, that capital should be made far more conducive to the elevation and comfort of the artizan, than it has ever yet been made. Men, the poorest men, were destined by heaven to be somewhat more than mere drudges of the earth, that is, participators as well as creators of substance and beauty. This is a divine right of labour, which it is the large wisdom of individuals and nations to recognize. Go home then, Monsieur, and let not your visits to the museums of Naples, Tarquinii, Rome, Dresden, our Sevres and our towns of Arboras, Tarrequemines in the Moselle, Toulouse, Chantilly, Bordeaux, and this our old Beauvais, be solely productive of design as beneficial to your capital, *exalt your workmen through design,* let those same forms which minister to wealth and luxury, however less costly their substance, serve their necessities and decorate their homes. God, my son, made no man exempt from influence of the beautiful, and through this you would do more to grandly elevate design, and place beauty as it were in the hands of fabricators, than by all the visits and models in the world. *Create but keen eyesight to beauty, and nature will reveal originality and grace.* For Greece became great in art because she made beauty subservient to use, and placed it as a divinity round and about her common people. I have sought to act upon this consideration, and make the poor potters of this town and the villages around something beyond mere drudges, and I have been successful as far as very limited means will allow. I have dissipated much rudeness, much coarseness, and wherever I have done this, I have found I have exalted the spirit of religious worship. Within the graceful, though coarse, rude wine-cup, I have placed as it were an emotion of the soul; on the poor platter with its wavy line, I may have laid that as essential to true sustenance, as the coarse bread and garlic; around the brown earth vase, upon the shelf or window ledge, I may have set that spirit of severe grace which appeals more to the mind than to the senses; and poured into the pitcher for the fountain and the spring an element as pure as water. I may have done somewhat of these things, *mon fils,* but not half what you may do."

As he spoke thus the admirable canon, stopped abruptly, and pointed to the little rustic gate, that led into the marish lane. A few minutes previously, some little children had come up the lane, and now seated upon the grassy bank, a few feet from the gate, were intent upon fabricating little dishes and cups out of the soft argillaceous earth that made the bed of the trickling spring. They were very poorly dressed, and even without sabots; but their rosy faces and shining hair, bespoke health and cleanliness. The good canon had been arrested by their merry prattle, and now as he moved to the gate with Mr. Mason, the little girls rose and clapped their hand and danced around the little lad, who still seated on the grass held up in his hands the little dish he had just made.

"*Ah, mon petit Jean*" spoke the little sisters out of breath with their delight, "it's beautiful, it's beautiful, it's charming, we'll carry it to Virgine, and it shall hold the supper-grapes next fete day."

"It's pretty well," spoke the boy, somewhat contemptuously throwing back his head. "I shall do fifty things better by and by, my little ones. We can ask neighbour Epignon to put it in his furnace, but it won't stand the fire."

"It's beautiful, Jean," and the little sisters would still praise it.

"It's for me, that's all," said the boy. "I saw the very thing in the flow of the garment of the Virgin, our Lady in the cathedral window, the last fast-day we went to confession. It's pretty well my little ones; but I've seen twenty prettier things sometimes, in only the swimming of the clouds. We can take it home to Virgine and ask her."

The admirable canon, who knew the children well, called them, and the little lad with the most graceful of *Normannais* rustic bows, came forward to the gate, bearing the dish, and followed by his little sisters. Formed only by the fingers, though with a dexterity that might have honoured the most expert of potters, Jean's little dish was as graceful as if Pomona herself had fashioned it to receive the luscious berry of the vintage. The rudest bit of clay, yet suggestive of a sublime idea to the appreciating eye. Such idea lived in the child's mind, and form expressed it outwardly, as all form of the beautiful does. Mason, whose taste had been highly cultivated, looked from the child's naked feet upwards to the dish, and from that into its bright happy face.

"This is remarkable," he said, to father Pacifique.

"Ah, Monsieur," said little Minilla, the elder of the sisters, as she put her hand with innocent frankness into that of Mason's, "Jean makes little vases too, that even Virgine often says are beautiful in shape, and Virgine has been a painter at Sevres, Monsieur, and we put summer flowers into them, and call them our garden. Jean would go too to Sevres and be taught, but now we have no father."

"Ah! it is a touching history, Monsieur," spoke the canon softly, "very touching, but linked to it is one of the best sights in old Beauvais. Come, if you have ten minutes to spare, it is no farther off than the bottom of this lane." The canon placed his arm within that of Mason's, and slowly they proceeded onwards, Jean running quickly on before, and the little sisters remaining and lingering on the footsteps of the stranger.

Two or three hundred yards, and a bend in the grassy lane, brought them to a group of wood buildings, partly dwellings and partly potters' sheds. Entering one dwelling, whose coarse open lattice showed a few plants upon its ledge, they found a mud floored chamber neatly swept, a table set with the frugal evening meal, of coarse bread, garlic, and thin *vin du pays*, and little Jean busied in placing a few grapes upon the small clay dish, the canon had admired. A young woman met them at the door. It was Virgine Marron, a penciller in one of the stoneware manufactories of the town. There was nothing of the coquettish light hearted grisette about her; and instead of the high Normannais cap, or the braid and the bow, her smooth hair was drawn backwards into a knot, as simple as any that ever confined the luxuriant tresses of the chastest and severest goddess. Her gown was dark and plain, and a small crucifix hung at her girdle; but her poor pale face bespoke much severe labour. The good canon would not let her put off the little ones' supper, so she made them lave their hands in water set ready, say a short verse of thankfulness to the Virgin, and then, placing them round the table, portioned them their supper. Mason had time to look round the chamber, and though of wood and mud, natural grace was as plainly painted on the walls, as ever beauty was in picture by the hand of Raphael. Beauty may dwell low, as she will by and by, and be exalted by her lowliness. Thank God for this, thank God for this! as Plato said, "Beauty is the soul itself, and a type of the most Adorable Infinite!!"

Five English shillings would possibly have purchased all within the chamber. A bench, an old carved chair or two, a sort of wardrobe, and one small table, besides that spread with supper, covered with Virgine's labours of the pencil, was all the furniture the poor room held; but a coarse vase upon a bracket here, an old dish, of the precious *Majolica*, or earthenware of Italy, and often found as heirlooms amongst *les provinciales*, these, in which were elegantly set a few wild flowers and leaves, which the children had gathered, and the poor penciller had been copying; a plaster cast or two of Canova's *chef-d'-œuvres* and M. David's busts; two small prints of Beranger and Madame Roland pasted on to oval pieces of dark wood, and the few plants that served both as a shutter and a curtain to the lattice, showed that Refinement is stepping forth from palaces, and making wide town and country her home.

Virgine, at the request of the good canon, sat down, and the little ones were silent. "Virgine, Monsieur, is both mother and father to these dear children, and labours very hard for them, as you can judge. She has had twenty offers of marriage, and could earn good wages at both Sevres and Paris, but she cannot part with these poor little ones, *les petits pauvres*, and does not like they should quit *le pere religieux*. This is Virgine, Monsieur, whose chastity and diligence were never excelled in the broad shadows of our holy cathedral."

"The holy father thinks too well of his humble pupil," said Virgine, modestly, and with that ease which every Frenchwoman, if at all educated, possesses; "I wish I could do more for the dear ones, but wages here are low. Ah! too, and it's sad; *mon petit* is so bright a child."

"More than bright, Mademoiselle." And a grisette is proud of this title of honour, replied Mason. "I am an English potter, and of course am acquainted with its relative design and art; and to me it appears that the child is not merely bright, but possesses original genius. The form of that little dish could only have been seen by the eye of genius."

"The little ones having supped, will go and play a-while," said Virgine, and the children reluctantly withdrawing, Jean, however, keeping close beside the door, she added, "I do not like Jean to hear too much praise, however just, Monsieur, for he is a spirited child, and might, in time, have contempt for the hard, but virtuous lot in life that is before him."

"Ay, but genius should be fostered, Mademoiselle," spoke Mason.

"As all things pure from Nature should, Virgine," added the admirable father; "for Nature, like the Blessed Mother in our cathedral window, mostly gives of her spiritual cup to the poorest and sadest wayfarers of the world."

"Just so," continued Mason gravely; "and now, Mademoiselle, hear the offer of an abrupt Englishman. I am struck with the evidence of the child's taste and genius; and as I have wealth and other means of assistance, I will, for the sake of my dear friend the canon here, educate him in my manufactory. I have a school of design for my own artizans, and I would place him under my best modeller."

"I thank you, noble sir," said Virgine, rising, with the grateful tears suffusing her eyes, and making the most touching of curtseys, "for your generous offer; but I would not part with the little one—he has no father."

"He should find one in me, Virgine; and, moreover, I employ some of your countrymen, and he would not thus be wholly amongst foreigners."

"It is ungrateful to refuse so good an offer, but the child is dear to me." Virgine said this firmly, but her face grew deadly pale. She felt she was refusing a true and perhaps noble friend to this child; but intense love prevailed even over interest.

"I am sorry, very sorry," replied Mason; "for ability to serve is the choicest blessing that money bestows. But as you will; it would have been a pleasure to have given my new Sevres designer Terence such a pupil!" Virgine had stood deadly pale before; she now sunk again upon the little bench beside the table, covering her face with her hands, but not able to conceal the intense blush that now made so strange and strong a contrast.

"Perhaps Virgine," said Mason with a smile, reading the whole truth in a moment, "I may have now proffered some inducement."

"Be candid, Virgine," said the good father, "as a chaste daughter of our Holy Mother ought." Virgine withdrew her hand, and her face was now pale again, though she visibly trembled.

"The sole inducement, gentlemen, for Baptiste Terence, is my *fiance*. But yet little Jean, Monsieur ——."

Le petite Jean had no desire to be thus tied to the apron strings, small as he was, and having crept in he now stood beside his sister, and putting his arms roguishly round her neck, whispered, pretty loudly though—"Do let me go with the grand Englishman, Virgine, and make plates and dishes, and be a brave man, and earn money, and come back and love you, and buy you a new rosary and fete-day gift." Little Jean hung upon the reply.

The admirable father, who had interested himself much in the fortunes of Virgine, here stepped forward and said "That Mr. Mason being one of the most wealthy English potters, and a noble-hearted man, was likely to be a most true and useful friend to the child." The father's words had always been holy to Virgine, and so, in some half-hour's conversation that followed, her consent to part with Jean was obtained, and an arrangement made that Richard Mason should delay his departure from Beauvais till the morrow, and that little Jean should accompany him in the same diligence.

The news soon spread like wildfire through Beauvais, that Jean was going to England with the grand Monsieur, and good gossips came to hear, and help Virgine to wash and mend his small wardrobe, or bring some little token of remembrance from their poor stores; and decent artizans, who had known the child's father, to say a blessing, having children of their own; and Jean could not sleep in his little bed, but getting up again was busy half the night with little Minilla and the little Ninon packing a few dried flowers that they had gathered in their many summer play hours, amidst the green lanes and quiet woods; and then at the very first peep of the sun, running out, for the last time, hand in hand together, to view the little spring they called their own and take a last peep into the dear old canon's vineyard, who had been so kind as to say such good things to the "grand monsieur."

They by and by were called back by one of the good gossips, and poor Virgine, giving them their breakfast tearfully, washed the little lad, combed his bright hair, put on his best blouse and new shoes, and saying she was going out to matins, took Jean's hand and went forth alone with him to the grey and old cathedral. It was open, and the priests in the matin service were chanting *Venite, exultemus Domino*, and commenced this sublime verse as the sister and the child knelt—

"O, come, let us worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker."

* * * * *

And, after the context, this of the *Benediction*—

"And thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his way,

And to give knowledge unto his people * *

* * *."

"Yes, knowledge, for it flows from the beautiful continuously, and from that knowledge is springing religion, of which every one is a prophet that teaches, exalts, and purifies nature."

After matins, one of the priests who knew of the child's coming departure, came and gave the benediction, and then leaving them the child and sisters knelt alone. Not a sound broke the holy stillness of the aisle—nothing but the spirit of God was above, below, around; and the sun, stealing on the footsteps of the day, came through the eastern window, throwing, not the image of the holy vase upon the floor, but that of an angel blessing little children, to send them forth on the divine missions of the world!

"My little Jean," whispered the good sister, as she drew the child tenderly within her arms, "you are going away from me; but you must not forget God, my dear one, for he creates every beautiful thing you love. The flowers, the sky, the setting sun, the morning light are magnificent through him alone, and therefore He *is* the beautiful; and you must worship him, my little one. Every beautiful line you trace will be to His glory; every form you place before the poor and rude, may teach them *how* to pray, by the best prayers of good to fellowmen. Think of this, my Jean; and though yet a little lad, be diligent and grateful to the good Monsieur. Pray for me, and your little Manilla, and your Minon; and when you feel cruel to others, or speak untruth, or grow idle, think of the vase that lies so holy on those grey stones in the broad sinking sun, and you will grow good, my little one. My spirit in prayer to our Holy Mother will watch over you, and you may be a good man, and a true man, if you will, my little Jean."

"I will, I will," said the sobbing child, clinging passionately to her, "and love you, Virgine."

The sister and the bright-haired boy were silent as they trod the shadows of the old cathedral.

There were many tears before little Jean was seated in the diligence besides Monsieur; but the poor grisette of Beauvais hid her tears, and bid Jean, in a whisper, be careful of the letter beneath his little blouse, and deliver it, when alone, to Baptiste Terence.

The admirable canon went even so far in his adieu to Richard Mason as to add, that he *might* visit England for his sake.

The sun shone brightly and hopefully on the grey cathedral, as the diligence rolled from the town towards the open country of vineyards and orchards.

Before a week was over, little Jean was safe in the hospitable house of Richard Mason, and busy with his drawing, under the care of the Sevres designer, Baptiste Terence.

No further off than the day after his return, Richard Mason took a short journey to the moorlands of Staffordshire. In its woodiest depths lay an old country hall, full of quaint gables, and old oriels richly stained. He tethered his horse to a stone buttress of the old fashioned terrace, and with quick but light step made his way to its most retired part. The lattice of the oriel was open, and a quaint old library lay within. On the broad window-seat sat a young woman of somewhat haughty beauty; on the table near were strewn books, at her feet lay an open folio, and on the leaf was shown the copy of an Etruscan pitcher, that for grace the naiads of old Thessaly might have held to the lips of their freshest fountain. In a moment, Richard was within the chamber, and by the side of his betrothed. Their marriage-day was to be within a week, and therefore their meeting was one of interest.

After the first hour of their interview was over, Richard began to talk of their life after marriage. "I am come back with new views of my duty as a capitalist and employer, and you must aid my views, dear Gertrude. From what I've seen, what I know, by what I have been taught, I have learnt that art will never spring spontaneously, or become original, till we make our artizans *enjoyers* as well as *producers*, and therefore, love, you must assist me in my views. I intend to enlarge my present humble drawing school, fabricate, even if in coarse material, utensils of the chastest design, for my various workmen, and take such means as shall appear unintentional to them, for decorating their homes, and placing form, where the *eye of infancy may grow by it*, and *the mature mind at last recognise in it a visible, yet potent power, that can in nowise* be long the associate of coarseness and vulgarity. You will assist me, I know, my Gertrude."

"I scarcely think I can, Richard," replied the proud young beauty; "I shall have so many visits to make, and so many to receive, after our marriage, that I shall have little time. Besides, dear Papa used to say it is at all times impolitic to meddle with the tastes of the vulgar; they have work, and are paid—is not that sufficient?" Richard looked at her rich dress, at the luxury of the quaint chamber, and the glorious book at her feet, and he turned away his face in bitterness, to think that *here* was everything to minister to the beautiful, and *yet* it was not, except as it existed a mere condition of self. The peasant girl of Beauvais rose up a sublime creature by the parallel. A few wild flowers, a vase upon the cathedral floor where the sun went west, these had been the rudimental teachers, and yet the beautiful existed.

The stern averted glance, the bitter sigh, touched Gertrude, and she took his hand. "Well, Richard, you know I cannot understand your *new notions* by instinct. Can I, for you, too, used to say *wages paid work*."

"Yes, but I know otherwise now. Money is but the material part of that which is due to the worker, so now the *long old*, bnt as yet *new truths* are teaching unto men. Individual capital perishes from hand to hand because of this selfishness; manufacturers are driven from our shores by the competitive part of this same monstrous selfishness; art in all shapes is comparatively inert and barren, because of this antagonistic principle, that sets apart beauty as solely a creation for the conventional and rich. But this must now be altered, THE MASTER MUST BECOME THE SPIRITUAL WORKMAN; manufacturers must not be expatriated from their several climates by a self-devouring selfishness; beauty, as a part, as a sublime and grand part of our new religion, our new humanities, our new philosophy, our new truths, our tendency of fearless inquiry, and investigation, *must be used to elevate the souls of all*. With this sublimity of reason, this perception of truth, the new philosophy, the eternal Shakspeare, the gorgeous mind of Milton, foreshadow by faith and works the coming advent of a great Age of Art, great because of beauty existing as the spiritual type of a severe yet vital souled morality, and morality the effect of an appreciation of good as a condition of the beautiful. Just as Plato and Homer were the creators of all that was sublime in Phidias and Praxiteles. This I have learnt, and whether I am aided or not, henceforth every cup I fabricate, every dish moulded, shall serve a double purpose if I have means and power."

"But why be so grave, Richard; people about here are not so wise as you, and care little whether you are called the new Wedgewood or not?"

"For this reason, those that have knowledge must work. And I am grave, because I hoped to find in you one that might have co-operated in my views."

"Well, Richard, you'll have these pictures, these books, this house, and they must make up for my want of interest in pots and pans."

Richard laughed at this last expression, and this laughter bringing back his good humour, the matter was presently forgotten.

A week after this Richard Mason was married, and upon his return with his bride from an excursion into Wales, a fe'te was given at the hall to the working people. As this place was not more than three miles distance from his works, Richard had now left his father and come to live here, and the festive preparations were laid out on the broad lawn. There was a grand dinner spread out on long tables, and after it, when fruit and ale were sent round, Mr. and Mrs. Mason and their visitors, came out upon the terrace to look on, and hear an address from the foreman of the works. All, by Richard's order had brought their little children, and when the health-giving and speeches were over, they were allowed to run uncontroulled far and wide upon the grassy sward. Amongst these was little Jean, and having heard from Terence so much about *la grande dame* of the "tres bon Monsieur," he stopped in his running beside the terrace, to look at her. She stood there richly dressed, but without, as the child's quick eye perceived, a boquet, pendent in her drooping hand, or at her girdle, and as in his country no one is in holiday attire without, he went away and soon came back, with three or four of the richest coloured Autumn flowers, so placed as to form a little cupola. He begged a piece of paper from Terence's pocket book, and then covering their stems, he went sideling up to Mrs. Mason, and with much *naivete* placed them in her hand.

"Not any thank you," and Mrs. Mason with a haughty wave of her hand repulsed the gift. In his country, even in rustic Beauvais, it would have been received with a smile and a thank, but he understood the proud repulse, though he could not the words. The tears started to his eyes, for his heart was warm and affectionate. He drew aside to the solitary shade of some trees, and there sat down. But his little playmates soon found him out, for though they could not understand his words, they liked to hear his voice and see his gesticulation. They played on awhile merrily in the sunshine, when they were called to tea, which was placed for them on two round tables, with pyramids of cake and bread and butter. Jean had brought his boquet to the table and now climbing on the bench he stretched across and raised the flowers within the middle dish of cake. The little ones clapped their hands and were delighted and called out "more, more."

Mason was attracted by their voices, and came to look. "You're a good boy," he said, seeing it was Jean, "and as these flowers delight, you shall dress up all the dishes, Jean, and I give you leave to gather as many as you like from yonder bed."

Jean ran off and soon came back with his hands full. There were soon then enough to dress the dishes gaily, and the child with fertile invention laid them as a wreath round the table, so that they lay like a rib before each little cup. The effect was marvellous on the children and Mason not only watched the scene with absorbed intent, but also now and then stepped away to the other child's table in the distance to glance at the contrast where no beauty was.

"Oh, don't make crumbs," cried many little voices at the flower-table. "No, nor lay down a wet spoon. —See, don't spill the tea.—Please do not brush away my beautiful flowers as you lift the cake.—No, no, we won't eat that piece, the leaves would fall."—Mason was delighted, he stepped away and fetched his wife and some of his designers.

(*To be continued.*)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY FREDERIC ROWTON.

Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

No. VII.

The Subject Considered in its Moral Aspect.

We must now proceed to take a much loftier view of our question than that on which we have thus far been engaged.

Hitherto we have considered the subject merely in its political aspect: and although we have gained a clear and unquestionable verdict, it is only a verdict on the meanest issue. We have simply proved that legal homicide is *inexpedient;* that it is an unwise punishment, inasmuch as, by increasing crime, it disturbs and inconveniences the community. But there are far higher issues to be tried. Expediency, though a sound, is too incomplete and narrow a foundation to erect the fabric of human conduct upon: there is no safe basis but the rock of immutable Truth. We must therefore test our conclusions by the eternal Laws of morality. We must inquire whether Gibbet-slaughter is right or wrong, *in itself.*

Indeed, such an investigation is absolutely forced upon us. Our opponents, driven out of the fortress of policy, demand to fight us on the open field of Justice. It is in the nature of things right, they say, that a murderer should be destroyed: he *ought* to suffer death.

Ought to suffer death: that is the point now in question. The doctrine is too plain to be misunderstood. It clearly means—that the satisfaction of Justice requires blood for blood: and that man, in his capacity of civil ruler, has a right to assume the office of Vindicator.

The course of our present inquiry, then, will evidently be, First, to examine the assertion that a murderer deserves death; and, Secondly, to see whether man has any right to inflict the punishment. These questions will necessarily involve some abstruse considerations, but it does the mind good to investigate first principles. It is only by reference to the Abstract, that we can ever satisfactorily arrive at the Practical.

The assertion that the murderer deserves death is of course founded upon the assertor's judgment of the intrinsic demerit of the crime of murder. It cannot be on account of its consequences; for the consequences of manslaughter are equally disastrous: and manslaughter is not held to deserve the same penalty. The intrinsic demerit of the crime is the principle on which the defence of the penalty is founded. Nay, it is not *crime*. but *sin*, that such a judge would punish.

Now, it must be plain, even to the simplest understanding, that the intrinsic demerit of an act of crime depends entirely upon the moral accountability of the perpetrator. If an idiot purloin an article from another person, we never think of treating him as a Thief; if a known maniac kill a fellow-creature, we never dream of punishing him as a Murderer. Before, therefore, we inflict a penalty upon a murderer for the intrinsic wickedness of his offence, we must be absolutely sure, and we must prove, that he was in his perfect mind when he committed the crime. If we assert his moral wickedness, we must be prepared to show his moral responsibility.

But with a stupidity which is really wonderful, we do not enter into an examination of the murderer's sanity at all, until his plea of *in*sanity compels us to do so. We presume him to be sane, while everything tends to prove that he is not so; and call upon him to prove his insanity, if he is *not* sane. We plead that he is morally punishable, and unless he can satisfactorily argue that he is mad, we consider our point proved, and punish him.

Can anything be more absurd than this? A madman must become reasonable before he can *prove* that he is mad; and thus—if we condemn a man for murder, we presume upon the existence of the wickedness which we affirm; and if we acquit him, it is through reasonable proof which we force *him* to produce, that he is not in his right mind.

I submit that unless we can prove the perfect sanity of the culprit, we ought never to punish on the ground of intrinsic demerit. We may restrain him, because the interests of society demand it; but we may not adjudge the infliction of a penalty upon him for the wickedness of his motive.

It will be evident that this amounts to a virtual denial of the principle of judging intrinsic evil altogether. For who can prove the absolute sanity of any man? Who can say how far circumstances which he could not govern, may not have drawn the culprit within the fatal line where responsibility ends and fatuity commences? Nay, who can draw that line? I assert, without fear of denial, that no man can possibly see how far another man is accountable or infatuated; and I contend that therefore, man's measure of other men's responsibility must ever be a faulty, dangerous, and improper principle of judgment.

For myself, I firmly believe that no sane man can commit a murder. So tremendous a crime seems impossible to a being in his right mind. The awfulness of the deed proves the insanity of the doer. I believe that infatuation of some sort exists in every such case: no matter how reasonable it may seem. Sometimes it is the infatuation of the sweetness of revenge:—sometimes the infatuation of the hope of impunity:—sometimes the infatuation of the belief that the deed is intrinsically right:—sometimes it is the infatuation of the desire of plunder:—sometimes it is the infatuation of a morbid desire to stand well with the world—as in Tawell's case (where the culprit thought that his one great crime would clear him at once of all his smaller offences):—nay, sometimes it is even the infatuation of morbid affection. In my solemn opinion, there is no recorded case of murder that is not easily traceable, if carefully investigated, to some mental delusion. The act may have been rationally performed, but it cannot have been reasonably conceived. The plain fact is, that madness is a disease not at all understood by our physicians. It is not a quarter of a century since it was considered a disorder of the soul!—now the very idea is scouted. But we are as yet infants in the diagnosis of the malady.

Now I must not be understood to say that because crime is the result of delusion, the criminal is therefore not accountable to Justice. I only maintain that he is responsible to God, and not to *man*:—that although all crime may be madness, madness itself may be accountable to Him who judgeth the secret thoughts of the heart.

When it is said that murder intrinsically deserves death, a point is touched on which man has no right to dogmatise. What man can show wherein murder is more *essentially* sinful than covetousness? Who can prove that assassination is inherently more wicked than falsehood? Who can demonstrate that it is in the nature of things worse to break the Sixth Commandment than the Fourth? I would rather agree with Draco that *all* crime deserves death, than with him who would pretend that only one crime does. Any infraction of the moral law is sin, and murder is no more. It seems to me that he who offends in the smallest point is guilty of breaking all: and just as the thief of a penny is as morally guilty as the thief of a pound, so the Thief of Life may be no more intrinsically wicked, than the Thief of Property, or the Thief of Reputation.

Let it be borne in mind that we are discussing a positively abstract question now, and must not shrink from abstract considerations. Well, then, I defy any man to prove that murder should be punished with death, *because* it is intrinsically a worse crime than any other. I own that its *consequences* are more frightful than those which result from other crimes, but consequences cannot be made the rule of judgment. Besides, that is not the subject before us. We have here to do only with the abstract evil of the deed.

Even granting however, for the sake of argument, that murder is the worst of crimes, why is *death* to be the penalty? Will our opponents plead the fitness of things? I fancy that even the most daring of metaphysicians would hesitate to assert that the only fit and natural remedy for moral wickedness, is a rope made tight round the unoffending neck. Will they say that the punishment should be like the crime? Why, if it is like the crime, it *is* the crime: and it would take a vast amount of logic to prove that *because* one crime has been committed, the eternal balance of morality can only be kept even, by the committal of another. Who does not see that to murder a murderer is simply to put more evil into the scale? Punishment should not aggravate, but compensate the crime.

The assertion, then, that murder deserves death, is plainly a sentence which man cannot properly pronounce. In the first place, as the real criminality of murder consists in the *motive*, and man can never absolutely see motive, no person can positively tell whether any given crime is certainly wilful, or not. And in the second place, there is no reason whatever, in morals, for saying that Death is the appropriate penalty for murder, even when it is determined to be wilful.

But even if it were possible for a human tribunal to determine the precise amount of moral guilt which is chargeable upon a murderer; and even if it could further be proved that death is the appropriate penalty for the offence, it would yet have to be shown that man has the *right* to inflict the punishment.

It seems to me unquestionable that He only who gives life can have the right to take it. Existence is bestowed for a God-appointed purpose. Every man comes into the world to accomplish some design of the Almighty, and is withdrawn when that purpose is accomplished. He, therefore, who kills another, interferes with the plans of God, and destroys an agent appointed to a particular sphere. For this reason, man can have no right over human life.

The gibbet-defender will, perhaps, plead that as Justice demands the punishment of the criminal, man, through his representative, the civil governor, has the right to satisfy her claim; but such a plea is at once foolish and presumptuous in the highest degree. Doubtless Justice requires satisfaction; but I have yet to learn that she expects to receive it through the weak and futile agency of man. The compensation of Justice belongs, not to Earth, but to Heaven. It is not man that holds her scales, but God.

Let us consider, for a moment, the doctrine that it is man's province to satisfy the claims of justice. In the first place, man is, to a great extent, morally *blind:* he cannot yet rightly distinguish crime from virtue. He hangs up the destroyer of a human unit, and falls down and worships the slayer of thousands! He cringes like a slave to the fortunate possessor of rank or wealth, and burns his fellow-man in Smithfield, or curses him in Exeter Hall, because he dares to differ from him in religious belief! Nay, frequently he arraigns, judges, and punishes the entirely innocent, and only finds out his mistake when his victim is beyond the reach of reparation; The claims of Justice have but a poor chance, one fears, with such a blundering, wrong-sighted Vindicator as this! In the second place, man is too *weak* to compensate the claims of justice. He is incompetent to judge. He cannot tell the intrinsic demerit of crime. He cannot see the motive which he undertakes to punish. The real evil is always in the Thought, not in the act at all; and Thought is invisible to man. The enormity of crime depends entirely upon circumstances which man has no power to estimate:—hereditary predisposition, neglected education, force of temptation, pressure of excitement, and so forth. What a preposterous doctrine, I repeat, then, is that which would commit the satisfaction of Eternal Justice to a being thus blind, feeble, erring, and depraved! No! no! let not the ermine of the judge hide from us the tattered garment of his frailty! Let us not believe that the criminal on the bench has a commission from Eternal Justice to compensate her claims upon the criminal at the bar!

But the presumption of the claim is even more striking than its folly. The satisfaction of Justice is the sole prerogative of Him who *is* Justice. It is *his* law that is infringed when sin is committed: it is His penalty that is incurred by the sinner. For man, therefore, to arraign motive, and award the punishment, is for the creature to mount the Throne of the Creator;—to

> "Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
> And judge His Justice, as the God of God."

Such conduct is in effect an assertion of the belief that crime will go unpunished if man does not inflict a penalty upon it; which, to my thinking, is no better than flat Atheism. Brethren! God will punish every mortal crime, we may be sure; and we have no need to trouble our poor heads with any fears on that account. His Justice is quite strong enough to satisfy itself without man's blundering help.

We have seen enough, I fancy, in our investigation of the political portion of our subject, to lead us to say:—Deliver us from being the victims of man's moral judgment! Our Neros, Dracos, Caligulas, Henry-the-Eighths, Queen Marys, George the Thirds, Robespierres, Holy Inquisitionists, Hudson-worshippers, Hood-neglectors, Witchburners, Crusaders, St. Bartholomew Assassins, War-defenders, Exeter Hall Religionists, Poverty Punishers, and such like, are quite enough, I should say, to sicken us of man's manner of swaying the sceptre of Justice. Even those who have not read history, can find enough in their own experience to cause them to desire the very smallest possible quantity of their fellow-creatures' moral judgment on their motives and actions. Who has not found his thoughts misread, his feelings misconstrued, his endeavours misunderstood, his good desires mocked, his whole conduct misinterpreted by the self-appointed judges of his social circle? I do verily believe that more than half the suffering we all endure, is caused by the uncalled-for judgments of others upon our motives and conduct. Affection is thus blunted, friendship terminated, revenge aroused, and pride engendered; whilst misanthropy is promoted, and sympathy destroyed. Many a man has been *made* evil, by being *thought* evil. Many a man has been made a misanthrope by the world's misjudgment of his philanthropy. And many a woman has been driven into the snare of ruin by the malicious scandal of her *friends.* We have never yet tried moral judgment in the world, from the Throne to the Tea-table, without lamentable and lasting results of evil. Man's truest wisdom in his conduct towards his fellow-beings is, to "Judge not." It becomes us better to pull out the beam from our own eye, than to demonstrate that there is a mote in our brother's. The malefactor who, whilst being exhorted on the scaffold, cried bitterly—"Look to your own sins gentlemen; you have enough to answer for,"—put the right of man to punish man for crime in its truest and strongest light.

The Plea, then, that we ought to put the murderer to death for the satisfaction or compensation of the Justice which has been outraged by his crime, fails in every point of view. In the first place, Justice is not meant to be satisfied here, for provision is made for its full compensation hereafter; nor by man, for it is the province of God alone. In the second place, we cannot see into the heart, and therefore cannot ascertain the amount of real wickedness in any given crime. And in the third place, we are too weak to punish the crime properly, even could we ascertain its exact enormity. The highest penalty we can inflict is a momentary pang upon the scaffold :—and that this is a satisfaction or compensation of the moral justice which has been infringed by the crime of murder, no moralist, I presume, will pretend. If crime could be expiated on earth, where would be the need of a future judgment ?

(*To be continued.*)

OFFERINGS FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW, BY ENGLISHWOMEN.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Offerings we bring to thee, America !
Offerings of deepest love and tenderness,
Such as of old the lowly Mary bore
T' anoint her Saviour's feet.—Not precious these,
Like her's of costly alabaster wrought,
And filled with odorous perfumes,—offerings rich
To sordid eyes,—to hers most valueless
When measured with her love. Yet fragrant ours
With incense of full many a loving heart,
And rich in patient striving, to bestow
An earnest of its sympathy. These webs
Were framed by dying hands ; the spirit longed
Ere summoned to its home, to leave a pledge
Of how she loved her Lord, and spent long hours,
Weak, fainting, suffering hours, in weaving them ;—

The young have offered up their time of sport,
Their cherished playthings, and their infant hearts
Have glowed with purest joy in bringing them,—
The old have given their days of restful ease,
And hallowed their small offerings by their prayers.
The rich have brought their gold in humble love ;
The poor their toil, with warm and ardent zeal.—
The pencil's art has traced its fairest lines,
To figure forth, in nature's loveliest scenes,
The deep thoughts of the heart that prompted it—
And last, not least, this lowly little one
Has craved a humble place for her poor gift,
The work of her small hands,—'tis all she has.
————These bring we, as to our dear Saviour's feet,
Each one what best we could ;—he loves the gifts
Made to his meanest brethren,—heirs with him
Of all the glories of immortal life.

And we would help to set the bondsman free,
To heal the wounded heart,—to raise thy sons,
Thy sons of darkened hue, whose souls are fair,
And kindled like thine own with God's pure breath,
To their first noble heritage,—as *men !*
O hear the prayers of woman ! Blame us not
That from our homes we lift our earnest voice ;—
Say not we trouble thee with these our cries.
Have we not listened to our Saviour's words,
And sat with loving reverence at his feet,
To drink his spirit in ? Have we not watched
His looks of tenderness to the despised,
And loved them for his sake ?—And shall we now
Be silent, when we see our sisters bound in chains,
Heaven's holiest ties polluted,—their souls sunk
In ignorance,—degraded to the brutes ?—
Shall we behold them on the hated block,
Sold to the highest bidder,—and not speak ?
America ! Thy country,—glorious, great,
As ever it should be,—is sinking down
To be the scorn of nations.—All thy gold
Is tainted as the price of human blood ;
Too foul of old, not *now*, for sacred use.
Thy churches raise their Babel fronts on high,
And call down heaven to sanction this foul sin,—
And wilt thou still endure the mockery ?
Land of *our* Pilgrim Fathers ! Hear ! O, hear ;
Grieve not their ashes by thy children's chains,
Let not the slave-block shame the sacred soil
Their prayers have hallowed ! Wipe the Cain-mark off
From thy degraded brow,—and then stand forth
Before the world, a nation glorious, Free !

Bristol. M. C.

The above excellent poem accompanied the contributions sent from Bristol to the Anti-Slavery Bazaar now holding in Boston.

A DAY AND NIGHT AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

By George Reynolds.

(*Continued from p. 12.*)

Such as Howitt's Journal (when duly stamped), are forwarded every morning to two hundred and forty towns in the United Kingdom, for delivery the same evening, besides letters, etc., which are sent to the whole of Scotland and Ireland, to be delivered as soon as possible after the arrival of the mails at each post town.

THE LONDON DISTRICT POST-OFFICE.

This department is entirely distinct from that of the General Post, and separately managed, both as to its controul, and its officers. All of them, though of course subject to the Post-Master-General, act independently of the officers employed in that section of the establishment. This office was originated many years subsequently to the General Post, its object, as its present name imports, being the circulation of local letters merely in the metropolis and its environs.

Mr. William Dockwra of London, merchant, was the originator of this Post, he having set it up as a private speculation. Its operation, however, being thought to interfere with the power given by Parliament to the "Chief Post-Master" a suit was commenced against Dockwra, by order of the late King James, then Duke of York, when a verdict was given against Dockwra, and damages found. Dockwra afterwards, upon petition to the Government, was allowed compensation to the amount of £500 per annum, and afterwards he was made Comptroller of the District Post-office. Eventually, he was dismissed the service for alleged irregularities and abuses in the discharge of the duties of his office.

The original rate of postage in this office was one penny ; and the payment in advance was compulsory.

In 1801, the "penny" post became a "two-penny" post ; and in 1805 the postage on letters delivered beyond the limits of the city of London, Westminster, and Southwark, was advanced to three-pence ; but in

1831, in accordance with the recommendation of the Commissioners of Post-office enquiry, the boundaries of the Twopenny Post, were extended to include all places within three miles of the General Post-office; and in 1833 to places not exceeding twelve miles. By the "Penny Postage Act" all distinction as to distance was done away.

The part of the building in St. Martin's-le-grand, in which the duty of the district post is carried on, is situate on the northern side of the vestibule or great hall, and by an improvement just effected under the direction of J. Fortune, Esq., and Mr. Rice, of the Board of Works, Woods and Forests, a large addition is made to the original apartments occupied for the purpose of the duty, by the addition of the spacious premises recently occupied by the Money order department. This work required the greatest skill and care, as it was necessary in order to effect it, to remove one of the main walls of the building upon which the superincumbent structure, on that side, rested. By the aid of immense iron girders, however, and pillars of the same metal, the opening was made and both offices are now turned into one, and the new rooms fitted accordingly.

The system of stamping is, in principle, the same as in the inland office. In this department the *modus operandi* is altered so as to suit the peculiarity of the despatch and delivery, so that the sorting and other duties are necessarily of a different description, though essentially the same. The detail is, probably, hardly so prolix as that of the general sorting.

From the latest instructions as to postingand despatch in this very useful section of the service, we gather the fact, that in London there are *daily* ten deliveries of letters, packets, and newspapers, within a circle of three miles from the chief office in St. Martin's-le-grand. Within six miles five deliveries; and within twelve miles three deliveries daily and one delivery, and an evening collection, on the Sabbath day. For the convenience of our readers, and as a matter of reference for present and future purposes, we furnish below a table of particulars of the hours of posting, and the time when correspondence so posted ought to be delivered.*

Though this office bears a name which imports that the parties employed in it are only engaged in the distribution of local correspondence it should be remembered that these men are employed in distributing General Post letters, also beyond the limit of that office which is three miles from the Post-office only. Most of the mid-day and foreign arrivals, and many of the ship letters are "got out," and distributed by them, after the General-post letter carriers have returned home from the early duty.

The business in this office is, of course, continuous from an early hour in the morning until nine in the evening. Upon an average there are upwards of six hundred "officers and persons" employed in this branch of the service, daily.

MISCELLANEOUS DUTIES AT THE POST-OFFICE DURING THE DAY.

As it is our intention to give an outline of the mode in which the services of the several officers in the Post-office are rendered during the day in the auxiliary offices, we shall, for brevity's sake, notice the routine in the case of enquiries, complaints, &c., which cause such attendance necessary from the time of the morning delivery to the commencement of the evening duty.

All complaints or enquiries sent to the Secretary are at once forwarded to the proper department, where only they can be answered. Consequently, it is far better for all parties who have such complaints or enquiries to make, to prefer them, at once at the office where they may be effectively and speedily met. Suppose an enquiry is made for a letter expected in London, but which has not arrived. The party disappointed writes to the Secretary. That evening the case, as it is called, is sent to the office of the Inspector of Letter-carriers, where it is entered in the application-book, and on the following morning the letter-carrier is asked if he remembers anything of it. If his reply is found to be correct, the answer given forms the "endorsement" on the case, which is usually written by the Assistant-Inspector, and signed by the Inspector. This endorsement is counter-signed by the Superintending-President, as principal of the Inland Department, and thence transferred to the Secretary's office, where the case is written off, and an answer, in accordance with the endorsement, is sent to the applicant.

More serious cases, such as letters not delivered, stated to contain coin, or articles of value, either "inwards" or "outwards" are sent to a special office, called the "Missing Letter-office." From this department communications are sent to the Deputy Post-Masters, where it is stated the letters missing were posted, the applicant having been furnished with a blank form to fill in every particular. It will be readily seen that such an elaborate mode of doing business must occupy the time of many officers according to the shape any inquiry may take. If any dishonest proceedings are discovered during the search, the matter is referred to the Solicitor who, at once, institutes farther investigation, and whose duty it is to take care that no infringement of the Post-office enactments takes place. To find a single letter, it frequently happens that several departments are troubled. The Inspector of Letter-carriers, or his Assistants, must look for it; the clerks in the Superintending President's-office must say it is not in the Inland-office; the Dead-letter clerks, that it cannot be found there; and the "Missing letter" officers must declare that "no trace of it appears in that office." Frequently, however, it happens on enquiry, that the writer himself was to blame. The letter when found was *out of course* to the party for whom it was intended, but in the *proper course* of the practice. Probably it was mis-directed, or the party had gone away and left no address, or it had been refused in ignorance of the party living at the house; or wrongly numbered or addressed "John-street, London;" or "London" only; or—as in one case we remember to have met with—it

---

Letters for Delivery Three miles from Post-office.

When posted. H.	M.		Should be delivered about. H.	M.
7	45	a.m.	11	0
10	0	(up to)	1	0
12	0		2	0
1	0	p.m.	3	0
2	0		4	0
3	0		5	0
4	0		6	0
5	0		7	0
6	0	evening	9	0
8	0		next morning aft. 8 a.m.	

Six miles from the Post-office.

Posted before		delivered about
8 a.m.		11 a.m.
,, 12	,,	2
,, 3	,,	5
,, 5	,,	7
,, 6	,,	8

Twelve miles from the Post-office.

Posted before H. M.	delivered H.
9 45 a.m.	6 p.m.
,, 7 45 p.m.	,, 11 next day.
,, 1 45 p.m.	,, 6 p.m.

cause enquiries and expense and trouble to the public service, and vexation to those who expect to receive them? People do not like the idea of having their letters opened at the Dead Letter-office, and finally consigned to the waste-paper basket of that department. Let them never forget, that through carelessness or thoughtlessness they may cause a great outlay in swelling the cost of management in these enquiries; and, as the transit rate is now so exceedingly moderate, the least the public can do is, not to annoy the office and waste the time of the officers, and thus squander the revenue by an increase of evils which a little care would at once annihilate.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Princess, a Medley, by ALFRED TENNYSON. London, Moxon.

THE publication of a genuine poem is "a great fact." It is a new pleasure. It is to us a fresh intellectual creation. It is an addition to the regions of our imagination, a new palace of art, built in our memories. We are so much richer, so much happier by its production. The appearance of a new poem is, moreover, all the more a matter of congratulation, as it is now so rare an event. Some years ago, not a season passed without some splendid addition to our poetic wealth. The great poetic brotherhood, Byron, Scott, Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, Keats, Crabbe, etc,, etc., sent forth work after work, with a teeming affluance, such as no other age ever saw. These were glorious days to live in. They are over. A few only of the inspired giants of song remain, and they are silent. Wordsworth, Moore, Leigh Hunt, whatever they may occasionally send from the press, have ceased to launch forth those masterpieces of their muse, which seem to require all the physical as well as intellectual vigour of men to accomplish. The fruits of the intellect require the summer ardour of life to elaborate them.

Tennyson is one of the few who have succeeded in a fresh generation to the purely poetic power of those who have recently departed or linger to depart. We are sure, on the announcement of a new volume by him, of a real poetic pleasure. In the present instance however, we are not sure that some readers will enjoy his production, so much as they have done his former ones. The volume does not consist of a number of poems, it contains only one, and that in blank verse. Some therefore, will miss the usual variety, others still more the rich musical cadences of his lyrics. The whole here is blank-verse, even those portions which are said to be sung by characters in the poem. We, ourselves, should have been better pleased with these parts being thrown into a lyrical form. But, passing over these particulars, the poem is one of the most original and beautiful that Tennyson has yet produced.

Tennyson is essentially the poet of progress. Without any noisy parade of politics, it is evident that he takes a deep interest in what is going on. He studies the spirit of the time, and he works in it. His present poem is a sufficient evidence of this. It deals with the great question which has been agitated of late years, more especially since the days of Mary Walstoncroft, with increasing zeal,—the question of the rights and true social position of woman. With his perfect instinct, true to nature and common sense, as that of every great poet is, he first shows up, by a story the inevitable tendency and results of the doctrines of those who, to enfranchise woman would unwoman her, and then in a passage which we shall quote, gives us the true philosophy of the question, clear, simple, strong, and irrefragible.

The poet represents himself as on a visit to a college friend, the son of a country gentleman, at his ancestral home, with others of their college companions. The place and the people are brought before us with that happy tact which shows the master hand. With few but effective touches everything lives before us, bright and warm as nature itself, and we live, present and part of the scene. In about two dozen lines we have a vivid picture of a fine old country house with all it contains of gathered treasures of taste, of armour and tradition. They then walk out into the grounds to the old abbey, where they find "the maiden aunt, Elizabeth, and sister Lilia with the rest." The character of

Lilia, wild with sport,
Half child half woman as she was ------

is charmingly described, or rather made perfectly known to you without description. She is one of those young creatures, all life, beauty, and goodness, with a dash of saucy humour, piquant and fascinating. Before they reach this company, however, they pass through the park, and find it displaying a peculiar feature of the age.

Strange was the sight to me;
For all the sloping pasture murmured sown
With happy faces and with holiday.
There moved the multitude, a thousand heads;
The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts. One reared a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the slope,
The fountain of the moment, playing now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout, whereon the gilded ball
Danced like a wisp; and somewhat lower down
A man with knobs and wires and vials fir'd
A cannon; Echo answered in her sleep
From hollow fields; and here were telescopes
For azure views; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislinked with shrieks and laughter: round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied,
And shook the lilies: perched about the knolls
A dozen angry models jetted steam:
A petty railway ran: a fire balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves,
And dropped a fairy parachute, and past:
And there through twenty posts of telegraph,
They flashed a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations: so that sport
With science hand in hand went: otherwhere
Pure sport: a herd of boys with clamour bowl'd
And stumped the wicket: babies rolled about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew through light
And shadow, while the twanging violin
Struck up the soldier-laddie, and overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise, with bees and breeze, from end to end.

On joining the ladies at the abbey.

The maiden aunt
Took this fair day for text, and from it preached
An universal culture for the crowd
And all things great.

The youngsters, however, talked of their college feats; and taking occasion from a statue of "a feudal warrior lady-clad," they came at once on the great topic of the poem. The warrior lady's deeds were praised, and it was asked,—"Where lives there such a woman now?"

Quick answered Lilia. "There are thousands now
"Such women, but convention beats them down;
"It is but bringing up: no more than that:
"You men have done it: how I hate you all!
"O were I some great Princess, I would build,
"Far off from men a college of my own,
"And I would teach them all things: you should see!"

At this the young men laugh and tell her

"However deep you might embower the nest,
"Some boy would spy it."
At this upon the sward
She tapped her tiny silken-sandalled foot.
"That's your light way, but I would make it death
"For any male thing but to peep at us."

The hint is taken; they fall to story telling, and on this the story is built. The notion of a princess, and at college, and the penalty of death for any man to enter the college city, is carried out, and Lilia and the Maiden Aunt are shown by the young men, who are seven in number, each improvising a chapter of the story in succession, how these doctrines would work. They work as everything that is opposed to nature is sure to work. All goes on well for a time. A princess gets the entire use of a city; over its gates the penalty of death is inscribed for any man who enters. The college is opened, filled with female professors and pupils, all very cleverly teaching and learning, but at length, a young prince, affianced in his youth to this princess and determined to obtain her, enters the city with two of his young friends in female attire. We will not detail the incidents. They make the body of the poem, and are full of power and beauty.—The result is, Nature triumphs,—The college is broken up, but not without a struggle There is war. The ladies nurse the wounded chiefs, and the womanly nature resumes its sway.

The princess is the most desperate maintainer of her scheme; but she finally gives way; the prince wins her and the poet puts into his mouth the true doctrine of woman's mission and position.

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands---
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? We two will serve them both
In aiding her, strip off, as in us lies,
(Our place is much) the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down---
Will leave her field to burgeon and to bloom
From all within her, make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height;
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
More as the double-natured Poet each:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reigns the world's great bridals chaste and calm.
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.
May these things be!

The poem will have the advantage of exciting discussion amongst the different partizans of this popular question. We cordially acquiesce in the poet's sentiments and opinions. There is enough to do, to place woman in her true position as the mother of the race and the companion of man. But to do that, we must not attempt to make her what she never was intended to be—a she-man. The true equality which she claims and to which she has a right is founded in nature. Everything which is necessary to develope her powers, to perfect her nature, to establish her prudence as a reasonable creature, and constituting in her sex one half of the race, must be secured for her; but it must be in her natural and truly noble sphere, but not in the rougher one of man. Men must be taught that women are their equals, not their slaves, and love and enlightened intellect must establish the equal footing, and equal property of the wife; but every attempt to turn woman into a hard, bold, public, and prating she-man, as it is opposed to the evident laws and institutions of nature, instead of advancing the cause of woman, which the poet truly says is the cause of man too, injures and retards it. The she-philosophers and politicians who would be in Parliament instead of the domestic circle, who smoke cigars or hookahs; who do coarse men's work in coarse mannish attire, are neither the persons to win the crown of true womanhood for themselves or for the sex in general. The true female reformer who labours to enfranchise her sex, not by such wild vagaries, but by the inculcation of wise and generous principles in both sexes, will find a response in this poem, to all that she labours for; that is to make woman—

No angel, but a dearer being, all dip't
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who looks all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seems to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sways to her from their orbits as they move
And girdle her with music.

A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla; by Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

A most beautifully printed and illustrated book. It is too late in our hands to recommend as a New Year's Gift, but it is a book to be recommended as a gift or a purchase at any time. It is one of those volumes that have all the elegance of an annual, with the intrinsic value of a book full of genius and delightful thoughts. The sight of a Sicilian Jar of Honey, in a window in Piccadilly, sets off the imagination of the author, and away he goes revelling in all the pastoral sweets of ancient times. Greeks, Sicilians, Arabians, Normans, English, all furnish their quota of honey to the Jar. It may be readily imagined what Leigh Hunt would make of such a field and subject. They are overflowing with delicious fancies, sunny sentiment, and genial humour. Story and poetry, reminiscences of beautiful things and places seen, and imaginations of what no mortal has ever yet seen, are scattered like summer leaves and flowers through the volume. The story of King Robert is inimitable; but as it is somewhat too long for our pages we present our readers with a wonderful Landslip and a happy love story in one. They are supposed to take place at the time of the dreadful earthquake of 1783, which destroyed Messina and swept into the sea, *in one moment*, nearly three thousand persons on the opposite coast of Scylla, together with their Prince.

“ LOVE STORY OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

“ Giuseppe, a young vine-grower in a village at the foot of the mountains looking towards Messina, was in love with Maria, the daughter of the richest bee-master of the place; and his affection, to the great displeasure of the Father, was returned. The old man, though he had encouraged him at first, wished her to marry a young profligate in the city, because the latter was richer and of a higher stock; but the girl had a great deal of good sense as well as feeling; and the father was puzzled how to separate them, the families having been long acquainted. He did everything in his power to render the visits of the lover uncomfortable to both parties; but as they saw through his object, and love can endure a great deal, he at length thought himself compelled to make use of insult. Contriving, therefore, one day to proceed from one mortifying word to another, he took upon him, as if in right of offence, to anticipate his daughter's attention to the parting guest, and show him out of the door himself, adding a broad hint that it might be as well if he did not return very soon.—‘ Perhaps, Signor Antonio,’ said the youth, piqued at last to say something harsh himself, ‘ you do not wish the son of your old friend to return at all.’—‘ Perhaps not,’ said the bee-master.—‘ What!’ said the poor lad, losing all the courage of his anger in the terrible thought of his never having any more of those beautiful lettings-out of the door by Maria,—‘ What! do you mean to say that I may not hope to be invited again, even by yourself? that you yourself will never again invite me, or come to see me?’—‘ Oh, we shall all come, of course, to the great Signor Giuseppe,’ said the old man, looking scornful—‘ all cap in hand.’—‘ Nay, nay,’ returned Giuseppe, in a tone of propitiation; ‘ I'll wait till you do me the favour to look in some morning, in the old way, and have a chat about the French: and perhaps,’ added he, blushing, ‘ you will then bring Maria with you, as you used to do, and I won't attempt to see her till then.’—‘ Oh, we'll all come, of course,’ said Antonio, impatiently, ‘ cat, dog, and all; and when we *do*,’ added he, in a very significant tone, ‘ you may come again yourself.’—Giuseppe tried to laugh at this jest, and thus still propitiate him; but the old man, hastening to shut the door, angrily cried, ‘ Ay, cat, dog, and all, and the cottage besides, with Maria's dowry along with it; and then you may come again, *and not till then.*’ And so saying, he banged the door, and giving a furious look at poor Maria, went into another room to scrawl a note to the young citizen. The young citizen came in vain, and Antonio grew sulkier and angrier every day, till at last he turned his latter jest into a vow; exclaiming, with an oath, that Giuseppe should never have his daughter till he (the father), daughter, dog, cat, cottage, bee-hives, and all, with her dowry of almond trees to boot, set out some fine morning to beg the young vine-dresser to accept them. Poor Maria grew thin and pale, and Giuseppe looked little better, turning all his wonted jests into sighs, and often interrupting his work to sit and look towards the said almond-trees, which formed a beautiful clump on an ascent upon the other side of the glen, sheltering the best of Antonio's bee-hives, and composing a pretty dowry for the pretty Maria, which the father longed to see in the possession of the flashy young citizen. One morning, after a very sultry night, as the poor youth endeavoured to catch a glimpse of her in this direction, he observed that the clouds gathered in a very unusual manner over the country, and then hung low in the air, heavy and immoveable. Towards Messina the sky looked so red, that at first he thought the city on fire, till an unusual heat affecting him, and a smell of sulphur arising, and the little river at his feet assuming a tinge of a muddy ash-colour, he knew that some convulsion of the earth was at hand. His first impulse was a wish to cross the ford, and, with mixed anguish and delight, to find himself again in the cottage of Antonio, giving the father and daughter all the aid in his power. A tremendous burst of thunder and lightning startled him for a moment; but he was proceeding to cross, when his ears tingled, his head turned giddy, and while the earth heaved beneath his feet, he saw the opposite side of the glen lifted up with a horrible, deafening noise, and then the cottage itself, with all around it, cast, as he thought, to the ground, and buried for ever. The sturdy youth, for the first time in his life, fainted away. When his senses returned, he found himself pitched back into his own premises, but not injured, the blow having been broken by the vines. But, on looking in horror towards the site of the cottage up the hill, what did he see there? or rather what did he *not* see there? *And* what *did* he see, forming a new mound, furlongs down the side of the hill, almost down at the bottom of the glen, and in his own homestead? Antonio's cottage:—Antonio's cottage, with, the almond-trees, and the bee-hives, and the very cat and dog, and the old man himself; and the daughter (both senseless); all come, as if in the father's words, to beg him to accept them. Such awful pleasantries, so to speak, sometimes take place in the middle of Nature's deepest tragedies, and such exquisite good may spring out of evil. For it was so in the end, if not in the intention. The old man, who, together with his daughter, had only been stunned by terror) was superstitiously frightened by the dreadful circumstance, if not affectionately moved by the attentions of the son of his old friend, and the delight and religious transport of his child. Besides, though the cottage and the almond-trees, and the bee-hives had all come miraculously safe down the hill (a phenomenon which has frequently occurred in these extraordinary landslips), the flower gardens, on which his bees fed, were almost all destroyed, his property was lessened, his pride lowered; and when the convulsion was well over, and the guitars were again playing in the valley, he consented to become the inmate, for life, of the cottage of the enchanted couple.”

Midsummer Eve; a Fairy Tale of Love. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Longmans & Co.

In no stories does Mrs. Hall shine so much as in Irish stories. The love of country seems, in them, to bring out all the generous glow, bright fancy, and cordial sympathies of her nature. There is nothing forced, nothing merely made up, all flows naturally and warmly. You enter at once into the interests and feelings of her characters, and become attached to them, and interested for them as old friends. The present is one of her most successful productions. She has laid the scene of it amid the most beautiful woods and waters of Ireland, on the shores and amongst the mountains of Killarney. We retrace all the well-known spots of this fairyland with a familiar pleasure, and many a future visitant will find a more lively interest conferred on the isles, the rocks, the forest shores, the picturesque ruins, and wild waterfalls, as the scenes connected with this tale of trial and of love. Old Randy, the friend of the Fairies, will become a permanent character there.

Art has seemed to vie with nature in conferring beauty on this story. The volume is one of the most profusely and splendidly embellished of the season, from designs by Maclise, Stanfield, Creswick, Ward, Elmore, Ford, Paton, Thomas Landseer, Topham, Meadows, Fairholt, Franklin, etc. The readers of the Art-Union will be glad to possess this story in so beautiful a separate form; to all else it will add the charm of novelty to its other attractions.

THE WEEKLY RECORD

OF FACTS AND OPINIONS CONNECTED WITH GENERAL INTERESTS AND POPULAR PROGRESS.

IMPORTANT CAUTION TO EMIGRANTS.

A friend, well acquainted with the subject and the country referred to, writes us as follows.---

I observe in your *Journal* of the 18th inst. a notice of a project of emigration to Texas, in which it is intimated that a large body of settlers *may* be conducted to that country from France and England before *Midsummer*.

Under the circumstances described, I do not think it possible to make the necessary arrangements for the transport of a large mass of emigrants in the time proposed: but were it perfectly practicable, it would be, to the last degree, imprudent to introduce Europeans into Texas in the *summer* months. No advantage can be gained thereby, while there is imminent danger of suffering, disease, and death. Settlers from temperate or cold climates should land in Texas during the winter months; and preparations should invariably be made for their travelling and temporary support and lodgment on their arrival. Too often have I witnessed the deepest distress entailed on emigrants by a neglect of the common maxims of prudence, amounting almost to infatuation. *New* countries, with the best recommendations, both as regards soil and climate, will always present to the *stranger* from *Europe* a number of trying obstacles and disheartening privations, which ought invariably to be calculated and provided for before hand, and which hardly ever are.

Owing to the political condition of Texas, there is very great difficulty in ascertaining the validity of Land Titles. On *this* point emigrants cannot exercise *too much* caution. On landing, they should proceed, without delay, to their location, and commence immediately all practicable labour for future support. The West and North-west are the sections best suited to Europeans.

A sense of duty impels me to write this hasty note to prevent any serious or, it might be, irretrievable mistakes on the part of intending emigrants.

P.S. In newly settled American States, acts of violence, often arising from disputes respecting land, are lamentably frequent. The following paragraph, taken from a New Orleans paper, of the 14th ultimo, supplies an instance of such acts, even among the comparatively quiet and orderly Germans:---

" From Texas.---We had papers from Texas yesterday by the steamer Palmetto, Captain Smith, which left Galveston on the 11th inst. The papers contain some election returns, but as their issues were all local they possess no interest for our readers. A dispute arose about the possession of land in the German Colony, between Dr. Schubert and a Mr. Spiess, the Director of the Company. By some means or other Dr. Schubert had succeeded in expelling the Administrator of the Company, and Mr. Spiess, it appears, not finding any legal means to expel Dr. Schubert again, resolved upon taking the farm by force. To this end, he entered the farm by night, in company with five or six others, and took quarters in the outhouses. Early in the morning one of Dr. Schubert's friends, named Captain Sommers, came out to take a walk in the gallery, when he was wounded by a musket-ball, and expired almost instantly. Another German, named Bostic, armed with a double-barrelled gun, made his appearance, when some eight or ten shots were fired at him without effect. The fire was returned by him, which resulted in the death of one of the assailants, named Rohrdorff, who was posted at the kitchen window. A general melee ensued, in which another of the assailants was made prisoner, the others having taken flight. The excitement caused by this occurrence is said to be very great, and Mr. Spiess, who seems to be the ring-leader, has disappeared. Mr. Rohrdorff was a landscape painter of superior skill."

NEWS OF JENNY LIND.

In a letter just received from Miss Bremer, dated Dec. 13th, she says---Jenny Lind, this charming incarnation of northern music and pathos, has just done us here a great pleasure by the noble-minded act by which she has commenced her career for this winter in Stockholm. She has resolved to give the profits of the whole of her representations in equal division to the Theatre, and to the raising of a Fund for the Education of Poor Girls who wish to follow in her steps, that is, devote themselves to the stage. This is her own idea, and is simply and charmingly expressed in her Address to the public. Jenny Lind sings this season in her own fatherland only for love and charity. God bless her for it!

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE. WILL IT PAY?

To establish the affirmative of this important question, we are not reduced solely to the proof, that a penny will pay for the ocean transit of a letter from Liverpool to New York or Boston. The problem involves the proposition, whether *twopence* will pay the inland and ocean services combined, on a letter transmitted from any town in the United Kingdom to any seaport on the other side of the Atlantic, at which the English mail steamers might call or stop. For these two services would be inevitably combined in the case of every letter sent across the ocean. In other words, every letter received at an English post-office, either in seaport or inland town, to be forwarded to America, or to any country beyond the sea, would pay the inland service of a penny. Then it is not the question whether the ocean service, at a penny a letter, will pay alone, but whether that and the inland service combined will pay at *twopence* a letter.

It is admitted that the Post-office Department derives a profit from the penny post system; the expenses of which may be divided into three items:---1st, *collecting;* 2nd, *transmitting;* 3rd, *delivering;* Rowland Hill shows, that the transmission of letters from London to Edinburgh costs, on an average, *one thirty-sixth of a penny each.* Now, let us assume that the *collection* costs twice as much as the transmission, or a penny for eighteen letters. Then let us suppose that 30,000 letters are sent to America from the United Kingdom, by every steam-packet from Liverpool. The expense of collecting and transmitting this number of letters to Liverpool, at the rates assumed, would be less than £12. Let us allow the Department £6 for assorting these letters in the Liverpool Post-office, and sending them on board the steamer. Then we have £18 as the bill of expense on these 30,000 letters, by the time that they are fairly under way for America. But the Government has received a penny on every one of the number weighing under, and twopence upon every one weighing over, half an ounce, or £125 on the lot---a clear profit of £107., or more than *six hundred per cent.* upon the investment! But it would be fair to suppose that one-tenth, or 3000 of these letters, weighed more than half an ounce, and paid consequently twopence each. As it cannot cost any more to collect, transmit, or deliver a letter charged with double postage, than one charged with a single rate, then the extra revenue from these 3000 twopenny letters would amount to £12., which would increase the sum received by the Department on the 30,000, to £137, against an expense of £18. Surely the Government, or any corporation, would be content with a profit of 50 per cent. on this letter-carrying trade. Let us allow it 50 per cent. on the transaction thus far. And *one farthing* a letter will yield the Department more than 50 per cent. profit on all the expense incurred in collecting and getting these 30,000 letters on board of the steam-packet at Liverpool. Then we have *three farthings* to add to the penny for the ocean service on each letter; and this service is entirely one of *transmission*, of plain straightforward sailing or steaming. The mail-bags, we presume, are scarcely touched before they reach the American shore. On arriving at Boston or New York, they are emptied into the hopper of Brother Jonathan's post-office, and there is the end of both the English services on them. Not a farthing of additional expense is incurred by the English Government for their distribution.

15, New Broad-street, Elihu Burritt.
London, Dec. 11th, 1847.

PIOUS THIEVES.

Some persons lately entered the premises of several tradesmen in and about Bishopsgate-street, and in open daylight carried off the following goods and money. They pretended that they were *only levying black-mail* for the support of the Church of England; but as that church is well-known to be amply provided for by the State, this was regarded as a very shallow pretext. People appeared, however, to be so utterly paralyzed by the daringness of the deed, that although individuals have been seized and committed to prison in the very same street, for purloining trifles of the value only of *two* or *three pence*, no attempts were made to detain these wholesale plunderers; they escaped with their booty, and we have not yet heard of their apprehension. They took

	£.	s.	d.
From the Friends' Meeting House, Houndsditch, forty-two Chairs			
From Thomas Butler, Houndsditch, ninety-seven brushes . . . . . . value	4	13	4
From Thomas Bax, Bishopsgate Without, four sacks of Flour . . . . . value	10	0	0
From Charles Gilpin, Bishopsgate Without, the Representatives of the "Church" having found the till, abstracted therefrom	6	7	10
From Evans and Clarke's, Bishopsgate Without, they also took cash, amount	5	10	6
From Henry Page, Bishopsgate Without, seventy pieces of Paper Hangings . . value	7	0	0
From John Peirson & Son, Sun-street, twelve Coppers, weight 14 lbs. . . . - value	8	15	0

ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE.

As at once, an inroad on antiquated and degrading customs, and the establishment of new and elevated habits, a series of public meetings was held on the antient festival of *Boxing Day*, at the Farringdon Hall, Snow Hill, the central place of meeting, of the Co-operative League. The design appears to have been to add to the real novelty of the season, by presenting, on terms, within the means of all who have any money to spend in amusement, rational and interesting entertainments, in lieu of those inferior and debasing revelries, which have for ages disgraced the English character, whether considered as Civic or Christian. Many of the company being advocates of vegetable diet, the first novelty consisted of a physiological feast, from which animal substances, as well as fermented drinks, were altogether excluded. At about one o'clock, about eighty ladies and gentlemen sat down to a repast, wholly supplied from the vegetable kingdom. The dishes consisted principally of farinaceous articles, with potatoes, peas, brocoli, and the other usual culinary productions of the garden. The plum pudding was not forgotten, an ample supply of that rotund object of gastronomic desire, being added to the repast, void of course, of the indigestible suet, with which the article is commonly intermixed. An abundant dessert closed the physical part of this entertainment, which was succeeded by a lively discussion on the merits of a vegetable diet for the human race.

At six o'clock, the friends of Co-operation assembled to partake of a brotherly cup of tea. The influx of visitors was very great, amounting probably to three hundred, which occasioned some inconvenience at the moment, but the company, having duly honoured the sober beverage, turned willing ears to the sentiments and speeches in favour of co-operative or progressive principles on which society and its institutions should be based. The addresses were intervened by some animated choruses by about thirty members of the Apollonian Society.

This part of the proceedings occupied until nearly ten o'clock, when those so inclined, remained to vary, and still further enliven the meeting, by joining in a cheerful and well regulated dance. The hall was gracefully decorated by festoons of evergreens studded with fruits; and not one drop of inebriating drink, or even of the production of the slaughter-house, was introduced during the whole entertainment, which, on these grounds, has indeed some right to be called a *Holy-day*. When we add, that the whole charge was ninepence each for dinner, and sixpence for supper, etc., it will be perceived, that this reformation from the old revelries and debaucheries, and stupidities of boxing day, is proof that the truest pleasures are indeed the cheapest, and that the thoughtful among the industrious classes, have the power to cater for their own rational amusements, as well as any other circle of society. Several ladies and gentlemen of celebrity in the literary and artistic world who were present, expressed their gratification in the opportunity of assisting on an occasion so novel and so praiseworthy.

A GOOD EXAMPLE IN THE MANCHESTER CORPORATION.

On the 18th of December last, a pleasing proof of the good feeling existing between employers and employed was given by the Manchester Corporation. A hundred clerks and other servants of the Council were entertained at a splendid dinner provided by the Members of the Council at their own private expense, and presided over by the gentlemanly Mayor. Honour to whom honour is due? "All honour," says one who was amongst the guests, "to the kindly hearts that prompted so considerate a manifestation of regard at a time when the storms of adversity were sternly blowing.

PROGRESS OF THE EMANCIPATION PRINCIPLE IN VIRGINIA.

By a letter from Ohio, we hear with pleasure that there is a strong spirit of Emancipation at present growing in Western Virginia among the Slave Holders themselves. The leader of this party is an eminent Presbyterian Minister, who has great influence among the Planters, and as this movement is entirely distinct from the Anti-Slavery party in the Northern States (although its objects are the same,) it is said to be greatly encouraged by these new and unexpected partizans of Emancipation.

BATH LODGES OF ODD FELLOWS.

We are glad to learn that the proposed union of these Lodges, on the principle of meeting in private premises instead of inns, is already progressing. One Lodge has agreed to join the parent one in the occupation of private premises, and a second has altogether amalgamated itself with the parent lodge.

MOVEMENTS OF PROGRESS IN CANTERBURY. A USEFUL HINT TO LECTURERS.

We have had in Canterbury a succession of Lecturers from London. Henry Vincent has given ten lectures, Cooper, Partington, and Passmore Edwards succeeded him. It is not the least important effect of the railways that they are bringing the country within 100 miles of the metropolis into close communion of intellect. The various lecturers would do well to arrange their circuits through the counties, so as to lessen the expenses. This system is growing, and methinks the circuits of good moral, and intellectual Lecturers will, in time, do more good than their Lordships the Judges, with turnkeys and executioners.

The Mechanics' Institution here has done so much good that a special and full account of it ought to be written: it has led to the Corporation purchasing and endowing a Museum and Library; and has introduced the London Lecturers to the county.

A Man of Kent.

PEOPLE'S LIBRARY, WEST BROMWICH.

A Correspondent informs us that this Institution, founded for the benefit of the working class, is now well frequented by that class, and that lectures have been delivered there by the Rev. Hugh Hutton on the most distinguished poets; by Mr. Hindsly, on Muscular Motion and the Eye; and by Mr. G. S. Kenwick, on the Sanitary Question. In this he advanced the striking and, no doubt, well founded opinion, that the Cholera has saved more lives in this country than it had destroyed, by compelling us to adopt measures of cleanliness and health.

The Temperance cause flourishes in Bromwich, and the *Temperance Gazette*, a monthly journal of moral and social progress is published there and widely circulated.

CONTENTS.

Interior of a Gin Palace, by William Howitt.---Ballad, by Richard Howitt.---Fruits from Plates and Dishes, by Silverpen.---Part I. (to be continued)--Capital Punishment, by Frederic Rowton.---No. VII. (to be continued)--Offerings from the Old World to the New by Englishwomen, by M. C.---Day and Night at the Post-office, by George Reynolds (to be continued).---Literary Notices.---The Weekly Record of Facts and Opinions connected with General Interests and Popular Progress.

Printed for the Proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d.

JOHN HUSS BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

THEN AND NOW.—JOHN HUSS BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

Four hundred and thirty-two years have passed over this earth, since the scene depicted in our engraving took place. The great dawn of the Reformation had broken. Our venerable Wickliffe had lived and died, pursued by the howlings of the wolves of priestcraft, but untouched by their fangs. John Huss, the noble Bohemian, had imbibed the spirit of the British Reformer, from his translation of the Bible. The church under John XXIII, sunk in the vilest immorality, began to be alarmed at the daring doctrines of the Professor of Prague, and summoned him to the Council of Constance. His progress thither was like the triumph of a conqueror rather than that of a man arraigned for heresy and contempt of Holy Mother Church. He went protected by the safe conduct of the Emperor Sigismund. In the ancient city of art and commerce, Nuremberg, he defended his doctrines against the advocates of the old superstitions amid enthusiastic applause from the multitude. The people followed his steps as he pursued his journey through the country as those of a second saviour.

He arrived in Constance, and the scene was changed. That ancient and ever-ready cry of the crafty, of the Guild of Ghostly Shepherds, of the lovers of fat sheep and heavy fleeces, was gone forth.—"The Church is in Danger!" True, the cry betrayed what church it was—for Christ's Church is never in Danger. He himself has declared that it is founded on a rock, and that the gates of hell itself shall not prevail against it. But the Church of the Ghostly Shepherds, of the Hirelings, always has been and always will be in danger, till it ultimately fall, and the true and universal church be left standing alone. The Church was in danger—but what church? The church of state-craft—the only church which *can* be in danger. That was a great and manifest truth, and its crafty ones instinctively knew it. Therefore—when the Man of the People—the Man who read and expounded the Bible, the Man who, like Moses descending from the Mount of God, had made his face bright as a sun, by gazing on the immortal splendour—when this man cast his light on the dark places of Roman licentiousness—the owls and the bats shrieked, the serpents and the scorpions writhed and hissed, all the creatures of carrion and corruption ran together and spat fire and poison. The Man of Truth offered Truth and Knowledge for nothing, and all those who had grown fat on the sale of lies—came round him, and gnashed their teeth, and howled him down.[*]

There stands the noble man and martyr! He will defend the truths of God against the selfish lies of men, but the Pope and Cardinals and Priests will not hear him. When he speaks of the eternal dominion of Truth, Liberty, and Knowledge, they stamp, and groan, and bellow; when he charges them with their beastliness, their crimes and oppressions, they laugh uproariously.

There stands the undaunted man, and reminds the Emperor of his safe-conduct, and the craven Emperor, blushes and stammers out, that he can give no real protection to a Heretic. The power of civil government sinks before the baleful breath of Priestcraft. The armed monarch, the victorious Sigismund quails before a mitred monk. He stands, monarch as he is, branded as a traitor before his country and his age And John Huss goes to the dungeon, and to the fire, with a paper cap, and three capering devils on his head! But what said he brave martyr at the stake? "To-day you roast a goose, but in another century will come a swan that you will not be able to slay." And true to his time, Luther came.

And what said the martyr's staunch friend, the noble Chlum? "Be comforted, brave teacher, for truth is of more value than life!"

In the four hundred years that have rolled over the world since that remarkable bonfire blazed forth in Constance, and the paper cap and its three capering devils flared high into the air,[*] how many martyrs and how many triumphs have Truth, Liberty, and Knowledge had in it? We have made great marches into unknown regions, effected huge inroads into the strongholds of craft and despotism; have seen many a beautiful and wonderful thing brought forth by science and converted into the ordinary possession of the ordinary multitude. The clown ruminates over his spade on government and the foundations of law and justice; the workman reads; the workman preaches; the workman harangues his fellows and his rulers; the workman is become poet, philosopher, statesman, and the fearless denouncer of prelate and of priest. Even in his rags and his misery—if he have won nothing else, he has won that—the enfranchisement of his mind; if he have not yet achieved his political freedom, and is therefore gregarious in squalid tenements, and ragged and lean with hungry labour, he is free from the empire of the stake and faggot—and nigher to a still greater freedom than he dreams.

But amid all this advance one thing remains unchanged, unprogressive, and that is—Priestcraft. True its dragon wings are clipt, its talons are cut close,—but its maw is capacious as ever—and its nature and characteristics are the same—they are immutable. At this moment what is the spectacle exhibited by the State Church? for it matters not whether such a machine be Roman or Anglican—it is all one. Is is the old story new fangled. Dr. Hampden and the Church in danger! We have one man accused of liberal opinions, and yet himself half ashamed of them; and all the other mob of paid priests crying—"Away with him, for he is not fit to live—in a bishop's palace."

The well-paid, well-fed clergy of the English State Church are zealously labouring to undo what Huss and Jerome of Prague, and Luther and Melancthon, thought it high time to do three and four hundred of years ago. The old leaven of Popery left in the English Church by its royal reformers has worked as it was sure to do, and Popery under the black-gown of Edward Pusey has once more raised its head, and stretched forth its long fingers towards the titles and rich glebes of England.

The exhibitions of priestly greed, ambition, envy, jealousy, bluster, haughty menace and mean retraction, which have just passed before our eyes, are most unseemly. They are a scandal to the age and the nation. They are an opprobrium to the English people who have so long suffered the opportunity and the occasion for them to remain. The cure for them is simple and palpable—*take away the bone of contention.* We complain that these men bring religion into contempt by their brawls; that they desecrate the temple of Christianity by their selfish wranglings. *Carry the bone out of the temple and the hungry dogs will follow it.* No priests will quarrel about *nothing.* Take away the filthy lucre and the filthy animals will trot away in silence. But you have conferred on those men the monstrous property of Ten Millions a Year. You have planted "the root of all evil," and gilded its branches with bishoprics and arch-bishoprics, with lordships and things that "show their mitred fronts in courts and parliaments," and then you look for Christian humility and disinterested virtues. It is in vain that millions of Dissenters flourishing on their own resources, have demonstrated that Christianity has an innate vitality. Ten Millions a Year—and the solid property, the tithes, the fertile acres, the noble lordships, the proud palaces, out of which this princely income springs, and in which it is spent, are enough to ruin the most orthodox church, to corrupt the purest clergy, to destroy the most fervent zeal that ever existed. Ten Millions a Year—and we do not speak of a gorgeous fable but of a monstrous fact. The clergy themselves have returned their tithes alone in order to commutation, at *six millions*. Ten Millions a Year, we repeat it, would utterly ruin, effeminate, feed up into lethargic fat, and drive to an ignominious fate the finest church in the universe—while better employed—it would, in EIGHTY YEARS, DISCHARGE THE WHOLE NATIONAL DEBT, and leave the magnificent principal "with all its lands and towers," to do great and magnificent works for the public relief, solace and enlightenment of a great and magnificent people.

---

[*] Fact.

[*] Fact.

This, surely, is a significant hint, and well worth taking. In this case it would be the highest wisdom, where so much scandalous noise is created by too much fullness of living, to "make a solitude and call it peace." While so many thousands in this country want the commonest elements of instruction—while it has been shown that there are vast numbers of children that never heard of Christ, of a future life, or scarcely of God; while such tens of thousands starve for want of work, or for want of its due wages; while commerce fails, and foreign nations beat down our manufacturers with cheap competition; while misery and sensualism stalk through our cities hand in hand; while famished men, and women and children, haggard and livid with want, are beginning to mutter together of the lost rights of nature, and of revolution—it is time to apply the wealth which was given for the poor to the poor; for the spread of knowledge to that end; for ghostly comfort to the convincement of the people that religion, charity, Christ and God are not names and mockeries, but eternal and most comfortable things. The great machinery of State Religion has failed! It has produced, instead of knowledge, virtue and happiness only vile wrangling, and a godless lottery of great prizes. We have Ten Millions a Year, appropriated to that which the Dissenters demonstrate grows better of itself,—we have a paid and wrangling priesthood—and a people unfed, uninstructed, and unhappy. If we are worthy of the name which Milton, Hampden, and Sidney bore, or of the country which God has given us, we shall not be long ere we call to mind what it is for which the martyrs and the patriots have lived and died—we shall avenge religion of its insults, and the people of its wrongs.

NEW YEAR VERSES.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Oh Death, thou door of life, thou shadowy porch
Of new existence! once again thy portals
Open, and once again thy flickering torch
Guidest to the immortals.
The insect hours beneath thy chilly breath
Droop their gay wings, and close their tiny plumes:
The days are hearsed up in thy nightsome glooms;
The ghosts of years troop unto thee, O Death!
Sad waves the mournful, melancholy willow
Over the stream of Time's last sunken billow;
But ripple follows ripple, wave on wave,
And morn's young eyes from out the orient glow
When night's cowl darkest glooms upon its brow;
While spectral shades, sink into the deep grave,
Shimmering and melting like thin flakes of snow,
On the dark waters where the eddies rave—
Though all the buds of earth rise up to blow.

Dim porch of Time! amid God's shadowy wood,
Pillared with moonstone, indistinct and thin,
And branched around with a cloud-woven screen,
Slim as a mist-bower morning's sky within,
Impalpable as void, thou long hast stood;
While through thee bards have rather felt than seen,
As over thee a web-winged Instant hung
Bat-like and weird thy filmy mists among—
A fading shade! A spectre like a wind!
Failing in ebbing gust, and like a lung
Drawn inward, by a respiration blind
As though a fainting breezy look was flung
By that vague Ghost of the Old Year behind—
While by it passed, as two thoughts in the mind
Flit by each other; a bright spirit fair,
Like a fresh breath of odorous sun-filled air,
With hastening eyes, and front-blown tresses bright;
And with a gush of music rising higher,
And softly floating nigher and yet nigher,
The soul of the New Year arose in light.

Through its fond eyes so sweet in its bright hair,
I see the larches tassels waving fair,
The old oak sprouts of green, the pines red births,
The sycamores rich gummy growths so pale—
Its pulse has quickened all things of the earth's,
Made dew from snow and soft rain from the hail.
Through its fond eyes I see the bell of the vale
A bud and then a bloom, within that dell,
Where in that nutty copse I hear the tale
The blackbird yet shall pipe in mellow swell.
The pink buds of the briar I smell them blow:
I see the spotted cowslips gild the croft;
I hear the lark singing from heaven aloft;
The very bee-flower blooms, and bending low
I strive to catch the insect form, and lo!
A blossom lovely in my hand doth glow;
I see the dark moss greened upon the eaves:
I find the violet hid amid its leaves;
I scent the grasses in the new-mown hay:
I bind the golden sheaves;
My fancy rushes weaves,
Even as I sit and think on New Year's day.

I sit alone, far, far from thee O World!
Thou tyrant and thou slave! thou base deceiver
From nature and her ways, whose lip is curled
Even at thy mother's bosom! thou bereaver!
Both false and foul, of all pure sweets of life!
I sit alone, even at thy midst, in strife
With thee and thine. I would I were a bird
To fly away far in some copse of nut,
And there amid the dim still evening shut,
Where naught but God, and some fond traveller heard,
To pipe a mournful ditty,
Such as might move to pity
Of thee and thine, all whom thy woe had stirred.

Such song may sound, if not by me be sung—
God never yet hath lacked the thrushes tongue;
Yet while I sit alone on this New Year,
Like Crusoe notching at my tree of woe,
My thoughts like his, in this my isle so drear
Must back into my own lone bosom flow—
Reflect on time misspent, on time forgot,
On moments lost and hours I yet must gain,
And while I bless the white days of the lot,
Reckon the long years I have spent in vain;

How many sad hours I have lost in sleep—
How many dark hours have been sunk in sin—
How oft forgot my father's flock to keep—
How oft allowed the wolf to enter in;
So many acres have I left untilled
Of that fair glebe my father to me gave;
So many waggons have remained unfilled
Though ripe brown corn in many a field doth wave:
So many vain words have I falsely spoken;
So many vows of goodness have been broken;
So many prayers unsaid and hymns unsung;
So many restless Sabbaths of my folly;
So many falterings of the priestly tongue;
So many thorns in my un-berried holly;
So many thoughts to man, and earth's poor sod;
So few to heaven and God?
Bad as the world is! Black as is its shame!
Yet am not I to blame?
Judge not, O Man! but to thyself be true,
And the world's judgment shall be read in you.

Hail Hope! I love thy neighbourly abode,
And aye will journey thy frequented road,
For all glad thoughts are warbled from thy tongue,
Thou New Year's Ode!
Thou art for ever, ever, ever sung,
Even by the way-worn and the grey-beard young;
If I inspired by thee this New Year's Day
Have seen young white lambs in the pastures play—
Have seen the spring-tide flowers—
The bramble bloom, the daisies golden eye,
The silvery lady-smock and crow-foot gay,
The purple cuckoo buds and hare-bells shy,
The bright red pimpernel, and snowy may;
Have seen the spring-tide-bowers—
The ripening briar-hip and the ashes' keys,
The proud oak's acorns, and the fir's brown cones,
The willow leaves blithe dancing in the breeze;—
And heard the woodlands sweet with chirping tones
From song-birds' throats in a rich concert given
As poet praise to heaven!
If I inspired by thee have seen these bowers—
Have scented these fair flowers—
Have heard these birds their mellow music raise,
Through windows frosted o'er—
Though snow has blocked the door—
Say shall I sever Man from Nature's genial ways?
Oh no! oh never! hard as is man's dust
Of earthy being, he too has a spring
Which like the slender snow-drop through the crust
Of frozen earth and chill,
Shall gently rise a pure transparent thing,
And its spring life fulfil!

Then grace to thee New Year, and many a blessing,
Old friend with a New face!
Glorious may be the days of thy possessing
If we the moments grace.
The hours gone bye we never can restore—
Their golden sands are scattered on the floor;
The days now lost we but lament in vain—
Their ruddy suns will never flush again:
The past is dead! the present only lives;
The future but may be;
Never or Now! To-day alone God gives—
To-day requires of thee;
To-morrow never comes! This day shall be,
With a new life, the best New Year to thee.
1847.

◆

A DAY AND NIGHT AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

By George Reynolds.

(Concluded from p. 28.)

As we are aware, however, that many, very many of these errors, and consequent inconveniences, arise from want of accurate knowledge of the practice, we shall here furnish the public with certain instructions * as to posting, &c., which, if practised, will materially assist the service, and save both the senders and receivers of correspondence much chagrin and disappointment

INSTRUCTIONS.

As to Letters.—1. Always stamp your letters by labels, or use the pre-paid envelope: never make payments in coin, nor neglect paying your letters: either practice is an injury to the Post-office revenue.

2. Direct your letters plainly, simply, and fully; let the name be distinct, the number and street be legible, and the name of the town or city unmistakeable.

3. If you expect a letter and it does not arrive, do not write at once to the Secretary of the Post-office, but put yourself in communication with your correspondent. If he has sent to you, most probably, you will gain some data by which your application will be rendered far more intelligible to the officers of the Post-office than otherwise, and the enquiry will be, of course, materially facilitated. If he has not sent, of course you will glean a fact which will satisfy your mind upon the subject.

4. Remember if you apply to the Post-office in any case of missing, or mis-delivered letters, to state the case in as few words as possible: say what you mean, and the officers will see at once that you mean what you say.

5. Be not over anxious about a reply to your application. The Post-officers never keep a case after it has gone through the necessary routine, and all will be done to obtain for you a satisfactory answer.

As to Packets.—1. Do not forget that no letter or packet can be sent by the post between places in the United Kingdom if it exceeds *two feet* in length. If it exceed four ounces in weight, it must be pre-paid; and that, at present, there is no limitation as to weight.

2. Remember the following exceptions to this rule:—Parliamentary Petitions and Addresses to Her Majesty (if specially and solely directed to "the Queen") pass FREE: Petitions to either House of Parliament forwarded to any member of such House; printed Votes and Proceedings of Parliament. Letters or Packets to and from the Public Departments, and Letters to and from places abroad, are not regulated by the first instruction, either as to size or weight.

3. Never send by post, letters containing articles of a nature injurious to the officers of the Post-office or the contents of the mail-bags, for fear of the penalties to which you would be exposed.

4. Never send by post any articles likely to sustain injury from the pressure in the mail-bags, to which they are unavoidably subjected.

5. Never send coin, medals, brooches, gold pins, or any other valuable material or ornament by post. If you wish to send a remittance to a friend in the country, go to the Money Order-office, in Aldersgate-street, pay in your cash there, and the amount of "commission"

---

* We may here observe that these "Instructions" contain the latest directions of the authorities as to the practice.

charged you will find on this paper under the head "Money Order-office." Absolute necessity only can justify your sending any of the articles above-named by post; there are plenty of other modes of transmitting them, without tempting badly paid officers to commit felony.

As TO NEWSPAPERS.—1. Stamped papers, duly authorized by the Post-Master-General, may pass at any time free by post, *whatever the date of their publication may be.*

2. Use no envelope: tie up the paper with string or tape, and write the address plainly across the top, on the margin.

3. If you find a newspaper you ought to receive regularly, fails frequently, ask the Inspector of Letter-carriers, by note, to put it "*on check*" for a short time. You will soon find out who is tampering with it, or where the fault lies.

4. Do your part to help the Post-office, and everything will be done to help you.

Besides these officers, necessarily engaged in advancing the subsidiary duties from day to day, there are others, employed in the Accountant and Receiver-General's offices, and also in the office of the Superintending President, at the London district office. In the Accountant General's office, a large amount of business is done. The Accountant has the general controul and superintendence of the accounts, and checks, relating to the revenue. He furnishes the items of expenditure, and provides for their production at the Audit-office once a year, where they are examined and allowed. The clerks are employed in superintending the bye and cross road accounts throughout the kingdom; examining the accounts of the inland and London district office, and those of the letter-bill, postage stamps, rural posts, and the colonial and foreign accounts with the office, and in the entry of remittances. There are employed in these duties about forty officers daily.

The Receiver-general's office is one entirely independent of the Post-office, though connected with it. As the operations performed therein are a check upon the Post-office, the chief officer takes his appointment not under the Post-Master-General, but by warrant from the Lords of the Treasury. The Receiver-general is responsible for the gross receipts of the revenue. He pays all salaries, and other expenses; signs all drafts upon the Bank of England both on revenue and money order accounts; pays into the Exchequer the net revenue, signing the specifications and "write offs" for that purpose. The requisitions to the Stamp Office for postage stamps he also signs, and it is he who is responsible for the general accounts of receipts and payments to the Commissioners for auditing public accounts. To the Treasury, this officer sends a weekly account of receipt and expenditure: and for the safe custody of the large amount of gold required for the daily service. from the Bank, he is also responsible. Thirteen officers (chief clerks, and others) assist daily in this duty.

Enquiries, applications, and complaints of all kinds, either with reference to letters or newspapers sent through the London District Post-Office, are examined and replied to in the Superintending President's Office, as well as all the "rides" in that department, and the Surveyor's work, which requires careful and, indeed, unremitting attention.

The mid-day mail is superintended by the President of the Inland Office. Several of the General Post sub-sorters assort the letters daily, and the delivery in the central parts of the metropolis is effected by the General Post letter-carriers, while those of the District Post-Office circulate the remainder of the correspondence, which now begins to be very considerable.

The mail-guard service is separately regulated. Officers are on duty all day; and the guards, who attend to the delivery of the bags throughout the country, are sent out by day or by night, as their services may be required.

THE MONEY ORDER OFFICE.

One of the most valuable branches of the Post-Office service is the Money Order Office. Commenced as a private speculation by Robert Watts, Esq. about half a century since, it has continued to increase from year to year in importance, until it has at length become the "working man's bank," through which he may send when at a distance, his earnings to his wife and family. It is enough with reference to the utility of this department and the high estimation in which it is held, for us to say, that since its establishment the number of orders issued and paid within the year has increased upwards of thirty-fold. Its branches have been extended to every town in the United Kingdom where a Post-Office of comparative substance is to be found, so that now but little difficulty exists in obtaining either an issue or the payment of money orders.

Nearly three-hundred officers are employed in this service in the London Office in Aldersgate-street alone, and several others at the Branch Offices in the Metropolis. The hours are from ten to four, and the amount charged for commission is 3d. for sums under £5, and 6d. for amounts transmitted beyond that sum. In the year, ended the 5th of January, 1847, 7,024,882 money-orders were issued and paid, the total amount of money represented by which, reached the enormous total of £14,115,153. 19s. 9d.

Enquiries for money orders lost may be made in the same manner as those for missing letters.[*]

THE GENERAL POST EVENING DUTY.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the manifold duties performed at the Post-Office, is what is called the evening duty, which consists of the reception of the vast body of correspondence posted in, and for twelve miles round London, besides the large despatch into the Provinces of the morning, evening, and weekly papers.

It is scarcely possible to convey to the general reader a complete idea of this gigantic work: indeed such a description would far exceed the limits which could be spared in a serial publication. We will, however, endeavour, so far as convenient, to present a bird's-eye view of the duty which, it is hoped, will prove interesting inasmuch as it will show what system will do even in the most gigantic of all our public institutions where the greatest amount of duty is to be performed in the smallest allowance of time, before the mass of correspondence must be on its way in every species of conveyance, hastened forward by all the kinds of motive power with which we are at present acquainted.

The evening duty in the General Post-Office and at the several branch offices throughout the Metropolis, commences about four o'clock in the afternoon. The first process at the chief office is the reception of the contents of the several mail carts employed throughout London, the collection of the different bags from the receiving houses and the pouring out the letters and newspapers upon what are called the "facing tables" in the inland and newspaper offices. This preliminary business is performed by the junior hands, who place all the letters with the directions uppermost, that the obliterators and the other stampers may have easy access to them. At this moment the interior of the receiving rooms where the boxes are placed, communicating with the hall, presents a most busy and animated appearance, showers of letters teeming through the openings and continually falling into the large drawers fixed for their reception. The clerks at the windows and the paid letter messengers are also fully engaged, and the busy hum of the stampers resounds through the whole of this part of the building. As the letters thus teem in, the work of obliteration and affixing the dated stamp, proceeds; and as this is accomplished the correspondence is handed over to the sorters who divide the letters into what are termed "roads,"—or rather "lines of road," traversed by the several mail conveyances or embraced on the routes of the lines of railway.

---

[*] Direct "*W. Berth, Esq.*, Money Order Department: at the Office, Aldersgate Street, City, London."

The letters so divided are then collected and taken to other assorters, or "clerks at the roads," who make the final assortment by placing each letter into boxes labelled with the name of the post-towns comprised in the division or road. Besides this, letters which have been registered by the payment of a fee of one shilling, are all entered in what is called the "country letter book;" thence they are transferred to the "road," where the clerk enters the name and address of the party to whom they are sent on the bill of the post-master; and finally they are tied up in the "way bill," separately from all the other letters, that the deputy may send, with the bill, back to the Post-office the next day, the receipt showing that the "money letter" has been "duly received" by the proper party. Up to six o'clock in the evening, the "glut" of the letters is excessive; and a casual looker-on would wonder how it it is possible that so great a mass of correspondence can be possibly got through. Presidents, however, exert themselves to the uttermost in order to spread the duty as much as possible; and clerks, sorters, messengers, and other officers, do all they can to keep the duty "down" as much as can be, or they would be speedily overwhelmed and reported for being "late" at their division. The hour of six having struck, the correspondence arrives more gradually, in consequence of the late "fee;" and then the officers are enabled to "master" the pressure, by hard working until about a quarter before eight o'clock, when only a few straggling, badly directed, or doubtful letters have to be sorted. Immediately afterwards the bundles, being all tied up, are placed in the bags brought over from the newspaper-office to receive the letters thus prepared for them in the Inland-office.

Simultaneously with the above duty, the work of assorting the newspapers is performed, but in a different part of the building—an upper-room over the Inland-office. The great body of newspapers is received from the London vendors a few minutes before six o'clock in the evening, 40,000 being posted within ten minutes, 50,000 having been received and assorted in the course of the afternoon and evening. After six o'clock the supply is limited, there being from that hour until half-past seven one halfpenny fee. Upon upwards of 1,000 per night, however, this fee is paid upon each paper. The newspapers are not stamped, they are sorted similarly to the letters; but, being more bulky, the process is necessarily of a slower character than the letter sorting. From time to time during the duty the boxes are emptied, and the papers put into the bags; and at 7:45 these bags are sent into the Inland-office, some of them being let down by slides into the office, and others of them being conveyed by the steam-machine to the clerks in that department.

At length the final letter is sorted, and the bags "brought over." In five minutes all the letters are deposited; and in five more the bags are tied up in sacks, and given in charge to the several guards, who from that moment become responsible for their safe delivery to the Deputy Postmaster in the provinces. Messengers convey them to the different omnibuses, and in the course of a few more minutes—as the clock of the Post-office strikes eight,—the rumbling wheels of the various vehicles announce the fact, that this vast body of correspondence is on its way to its destination to every part of the United Kingdom, the colonies, and the most distant parts of the habitable globe.

The Post-office is, after this hour, comparatively deserted: nobody remains there except the night messengers waiting for foreign arrivals, and the private watchmen who perambulate its silent offices and empty apartments, until the early morning duty again awakens life and activity by new arrivals from the provinces and abroad.

CONCLUSION.

Having now enumerated the different duties of the Post-office establishment, both of an executive and departmental character, it remains for us only to glance at the mode of appointment and the rate of pay provided for the "officers and persons" connected with this vast social machine. Glad should we have been to have had it in our power to say that the "working classes" in this most responsible and important section of the public service were fitly and adequately remunerated. It is to be regretted that such is not the case; and so much the more, because it is to be feared that the interests of the "few," under the existing system of management, *are* considered, while "the rights of the many" are too frequently overlooked, or only very cursorily and tardily enquired into. That principle, in a public establishment cannot be a good one, which regards the *rank* of the officer only, and not his actual value to the service; and that scheme must be faulty which prevents a worthy subordinate officer from rising in rank beyond his own class, however industrious he may have proved himself or fit for higher duty and increased salary. Nor is this the end of the evil. In the upper degrees of seniority in clerkships the amount of remuneration is princely; while in the first classes of the lower offices, the pittance is "poor indeed." This should not be; for the fact is that in both cases the responsibility is,—to say the least,—equal; and the actual labour falls, without question, far most severely upon the worst paid men, though the date of appointment in both instances may be the same. And in the case of superannuation allowances the well-paid clerk, who rises from an easy seniority to the maximum sum of £450 per annum has always before him the pleasing prospect of a liberal pension. According to the scale furnished in the Acts of Parliament 3 Geo. IV, c. 113 and 4 and 5 William IV, c. 24, he can look forward to certain twelfths of his salary and emoluments, according to length of service, this allowance increasing every five years up to 45 years servitude, at which time this officer is entitled to the WHOLE of his salary and emoluments, if appointed before the 6th of August, 1829, and two-thirds if he was appointed since that date. But what is the case in the instance of "subsorters" and "letter carriers?" They are allowed (if in the General-post) £20 per annum from 15 to 20 years servitude; £30 from 20 to 25 years active duty; £40 from 25 to 30 years, and if they remain 30 years more, they cannot obtain any addition to £50 per annum! The messengers receive a trifle extra, as they are permitted to rise to £60 per annum after 35 years service. But what do the poor London district-postmen get—the men who most need help, because during active service they are the worst paid? *Nine shillings* per week after 25 years service; *seven shillings* from 20 to 25; *six shillings* from 15 to 20; and under 15 years an allowance not to exceed five shillings per week, and that only *in very special cases.* Naturally enough we enquire why this is so? The answer is returned in a document relating to the Post-office (713) dated 21st of July, 1847, page 33:—the above scale is "*more suitable to their rank,*" *while at the same time* "*it embraces a fair consideration of their respective length of service.*"*

The objection we take to this practice is powerful: it is this, THAT THE SYSTEM IS NOT JUST. It required the same influence and patronage to procure a situation for the letter carrier as for the highest clerk in the service. Both of them had to be trained to the duties they are required to fill, but the one happened to fall among the ranks of the "gentlemen" of the establishment, and the other was *officially* unfortunate in having to wear the "uniform," stamping him in the eyes of the "Heads of Departments" as a "person" in the service! Let it not be supposed that in writing these strictures that we wish to impute blame to the men placed in the superior offices for the purpose of carrying out the practice. By no means: they are but the creatures of the system; the tools of the practice. But this we do say, that in order to encourage the honest man, who faithfully performs his duty in the midst of all the difficulties of a rising family and an inadequate income, the path of promotion ought to be opened, and something like equal justice should be distributed throughout the establishment. Let not the authorities take advantage of the prostrate condition of the "working classes" in the office to drive men to despondency at their prospects and perhaps to dishonesty because of them; but let the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury in future repudiate any tampering with the rights, immunities, and privileges of the so-called "subordinate" officers and "persons." Encouragement given to such men would be repaid with interest. The men are willing to labour; let them not be trampled upon, but equitably paid for their services, promoted according to their deserts independently of "class interests," or venal preference, or any other interested arrangements, and let them be honourably paid according to the terms of the Acts of Parliament when they are no longer able to labour in the public service.

We now take our leave of this interesting department. Much as has been accomplished therein by the perseverance of Mr. Rowland Hill and others for the good of the public, much more remains to be done. Large as is now the postal establishment of this country, and widely as its ramifications penetrate into distant lands, a few years will show that the maximum is nothing like attained. The principle of an uniform rate once admitted into the Post-office has opened an almost interminable line of business before the authorities; and the simplification of the mode of payment through the Stamp-office will effect still more. Such a result is the natural consequence of the steps already taken. Many of the now existing anomalies with respect to ship and foreign rates must be removed; and an almost total change must and will take place, both in the mode of management and the terms of contract between nation and nation, with respect to the transmission of correspondence. Further than this. We hesitate not to say, that the time will come, when not only the utmost simplicity will be introduced into all the arrangements of the department, but that a still further reduction of rates of postage will be made, and that in the end, we shall have, not merely an *inland* but a *continental*, an "OCEAN,"—aye, farther,—an UNIVERSAL "PENNY POSTAGE."

◆

THE POET'S MISSION.

By HENRY SUTTON.

Author of "The Evangel of Love."

PART I.

"THE student," says Ralph Emerson, "must embrace solitude as a bride. He must have his glees and his glooms alone. His own estimate must be measure enough, his own praise reward enough for him." To illustrate this high text, we will press into our service a modern poem: if with its own will, well and good; if not, then without it.

He who would be a poet, must learn to withdraw himself from trivialities as much as he can. He must commune with his own soul, passing through many a Pythagorean lustrum. From the petty pleasures and anxieties of the worldling, he must piously abstain. Especially must he keep his own island of individuality to himself; and while

> "Up and down the people go
> Gazing where the lilies blow
> Round his island there below,"

he must not give them liberty to do much more than gaze. It is his business equally to let the common concerns of mammon-hunting and pleasure-hunting go by; and while by his retreat

> "slide the heavy barges"

of business, or

> "flitteth the shallop silken-sailed"

of pleasure, they must always be "unhailed" by him, nor may he seek to be admitted to the company of their crews. Moreover, from all ambition and love of fame must he be free: no one must

> "see him wave his hand,
> Or at the casement see him stand;"

and

> "in all the land"

he must remain unknown, denying himself for the sake of his vocation.

Of course, such a seclusion will be one of sorrow, in some particulars. The poet's island, let us be sure, is "*willow-veiled*"—shrouded with weeping willows. In sorrows, in fears, in tremblings, must he have his part:

> "*Willows whiten, aspens quiver,*
> Little breezes dusk and shiver
> Through the wave that runs for ever
> By the island in the river—"

the island of his seclusion: yet, withal, he is not left comfortless; and though his situation has its "*gray walls*" and "*gray towers,*" there is still a "*little space of flowers*" which he may call his own.

And let it be said, once for all, if the poet expects outward conditions to be over-propitious, and looks much at external circumstances, he will go wrong. It is of no use for him to complain that he has fallen on evil times and amid evil tongues; and if he thinks mere outside advantages very needful, he will be disappointed. Many a crook in the lot shall he have. No deep romantic woods, no high majestic mountains, no outward advantages peculiarly propitious, encompass the poet's island of seclusion:—

> "On either side the river lie
> Long fields ——"

not of asphodel with amaranthine bowers; but of homely common-place "*barley*" and "*rye,*"—worldly utility, rather than poetic beauty:—

---

* Letter of the Duke of Richmond to the Lords of the Treasury. Date. Jan. 26th, 1833.

"Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky,"

not leaving even a redeeming glimpse in the horizon.

We have said the poet must not go out of his way to seek popularity in his lifetime;—nor from this position may we in any wise swerve. Nevertheless, neither shall he, while he lives, be entirely unknown. Always there will be a few discerning minds, who will recognise and love the poet.—Not those who go with the crowd: not those who reap the world's furrows in the sunshine of open day:—

"Only reapers, *reaping early*
In among the bearded barley; "—

only those who, though engaged in the business of the world, can yet see clearly in the twilight and the obscure watches of the night, will be likely to appreciate the poet's labours.

"Only reapers, reaping early,
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes clearly,
Down to towered Camelot;—
And by the moon the reaper weary
Piling sheaves"

in those "uplands airy," from which, as from a watch-tower, he beholds the times with view more elevated than the many can attain to,

"Listening, whispers, ''Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'"

PART II.

Having thus ascertained the inward situation of the poet, now let us consider what that is which he has to do. His poetic power (which we will call for the nonce, 'the Lady of Shalott');—what does she occupy herself with in this seclusion?

"There she weaves by night and day,
A magic web with colours gay:"—

a web of poetry. And what is it prompts her to this continual labour? It is the silent whisper of her conscience,—the sense of responsibility,—of the greatness of the work to be done, and the necessity of doing it:—teaching her that she must work while it is called today, seeing that it will so soon be dark. For in the depth of her own soul,

"She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay;—"

not if unavoidably hindered in her work; O no;—but only if she neglect it, for the sake of mingling with the frivolities, pleasures, and small pursuits of the outer world. Not

"*if she stay*"

merely; but only

"if she stay
To look down to Camelot:"—

that is the sin. For by so doing, she would spoil the purity and delicacy of her mind, and abate its depth of apprehension; which, if she did, then would her mission be, in its highest extent, unaccomplishable; since she would then have no oracle, by whose leadings to shape her way. The priestess of her own heart is she to be; always believing, that so long as she preserves its purity, its pulses will beat true time to the great chorus of the universe, and the eternal singing of the stars. She looks, therefore, not to books for her authority; but originally, to her own soul:

"For, moving through that mirror clear,
"Shadows of the world appear:"—

shadows of the whole world of humanity. There she sees a faithful reflection of all that passes in the great globe:—

"There the river-eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls
Pass onward from Shalott."

And not every-day life only; but she is at home in all times and conditions, and sympathises with all. So that she can at any time recal any vision of the past at will: as for instance,

"Sometimes a troop of damsels glad;
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad;"

or for a change,

"A long-haired page with crimson clad;"

yes,

"And sometimes through the mirror *blue*"—

(for *blue* is *Love's* colour;—no mirror will do for the poet, except the mirror of *love*)—

"The knights come riding two and two."—

However, for all her ideal associates shadowed in her mirror, the lady is *alone:* she has no champion in the outer world, as yet, to fight her battles, and win fame for her:

"She has no loyal knight and true,"—

and needs none:

"But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights:"—

delights, I say, and yet not without sorrow too: not without sore temptation:—

"For often through the silent nights,
A funeral with plumes and lights
And music goes to Camelot:"—

A funeral at which some misled poet or prophet, assists at his own obsequies, by consenting to succumb to the temptations of the outer world. *Funeral* though it be, however, it is not without its deep fascinations: there are *plumes*, and *lights*, and *music*, in the passage to popular applause; and often, the temptation held out to follow so sweet, though deadly an example, is very strong upon the poet, when he sees men of inferior powers exalted, by writing down to the people, far above himself in fame and honour. And when once the lady allows her mind to dwell on the pleasures from which she is debarred; and calls up some fine air-castle or other, whether of

"Two lovers lately wed,"

or any other delicious repining imagination; then her fall is most likely near at hand; it repents her of her high purpose; her resolve grows weak; her pursuit and mission seem vain and idle;—

"*I am half-sick of shadows*, says
The Lady of Shalott."

PART III.

The student's "own estimate must be measure enough, his own praise reward enough for him." Else all will go wrong.—Love of applause is the rock: let the vessel beware! For, sooner or later, the temptation in unusual strength, and with unusual nearness, is sure to come. Only

"*A bowshot* from her lower eaves,
He rides between the barley-sheaves:
The sun comes dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flames upon the brazen greaves,"

the glittering glorious garniture,

"Of bold Sir Launcelot"—

by whom is represented that delicious and dangerous Popularity, or Fame, the emblem of which is blazoned on his armour:—

"A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady, in his shield,
That sparkled in the yellow field
Beside remote Shalott."

How glorious does he seem in his adornments!

"The gemmy bridle glittered free
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy.
The bridle-bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot;
And, from his blazon'd baldrick slung,
A mighty silver bugle hung,"—

whereon to blow the blast of fame:—

"And as he rode his armour rung
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone his saddle-leather;
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot:
As often through the purple night
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

"His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,"

in all his charms and splendours.

So long as the poet is true to his mission, Popularity will not make haste to be his:—of that let him be sure. The world seldom knows its true poets:—they come unto their own, but their own receive them not. Only those who prostitute their gifts to the people, will be at once applauded by the people. The true genius works alone, unregarded: the Sir Launcelot, Popularity, does not ride in and pay homage or proffer love at the feet of the lady: he goes past very unconcernedly:—

"'*Tirra, lirra,*' by the river
Sings Sir Launcelot."

Now comes the catastrophe. It is the history of most men of genius, that they give in to the enticements of delusive Fame. So is it with this Lady of Shalott.

"She left the web, she left the loom;"

her high calling, through love of popular applause, she miserably forsook;—

"She saw the helmet and the plume,—
She looked down to Camelot."

Then began her candlestick to be moved out of its place:—

"Out flew the web, and floated wide!"

Her soul, pure no longer, no longer rendered true oracles: it became partial, prejudiced, dimmed, distorted:

"The mirror cracked from side to side;"

and then also begun conscience her condemning work:—

"'*The curse is come upon me,*' cried
The Lady of Shalott."

PART IV.

And now the poet or artist having engaged in the pursuit of fame, and lost the higher motives, and the single, child-like unconscious soul; the Lady, or true vision and faculty divine within him, from that hour begins to die. And the first thing he begins to do, is to find some vehicle to carry him to that popularity which he covets.

"Down he came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,—"

beneath a *mournful willow.*—

Some expedient thenceforth he adopts whereby to puff off his own talents and capabilities. He wishes all to take note, that the Lady of Shalott, the true genius and faculty, is *here*:—

"And round about the prow,"

in the most prominent part, and in very legible characters,

"He writes,
'THE LADY OF SHALOTT.'

"Then down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer *in a trance*,"

so that he has no power to help himself,—so intoxicating is the thirst for fame:—and withal, not without misgiving, and a consciousness of his sin,—

"Seeing all his own mischance,—
With a glassy countenance,
Does he look to Camelot:—
And at the closing of the day,"

the bright day of purity and singleness of purpose,

"He loosed the chain, and down he lay:—
The broad stream bearing far away
The Lady of Shalott.

"Lying, *robed in snowy white*,

dressed in the outward hypocritic garb of honesty,

"*That loosely flew to left and right,*—
The leaves upon her falling light,"

emblems of her decay,

"She floated down to Camelot,
And as the boathead wound along,
The billowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,"

the last *truly* inspired song, of

"The Lady of Shalott."

"Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chaunted loudly, chaunted lowly."—

loudly to those who understand the mournful spectacle, *lowly* and inaudibly to those who understand not:

"Till her eyes,"

her true vision and intent,

"were darkened wholly,
And her smooth face sharpened slowly
Turned to towered Camelot:"

and till the poet, no longer in union with the highest, no longer in harmony with the universe, no longer submissive to the tides of *true* inspiration, speaks from a false source, in blindness pretends to see, in death feigns that he is yet alive. For God will not let his great streams of Truth and Life flow through a polluted channel: and directly the artist, who works from a base motive, begins to attain that which he seeks, the Lady within him, the true faculty, begins to expire.

"For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

"Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A corse between the houses high
Silent into Camelot;"—

Silent to all *true* intents and purposes.—But now she begins to attract much public attention: the world which sees no true prophet, shakes hands with the false; and if a man will but debase his powers, he shall be loved and lauded by the people—for a time. Yes, now the dead one they will notice,—the dead to the true purpose and vocation:—

"Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott."

and at length, behold! inquiry is awakened. His merits are discussed and hailed in the magazines and reviews. A Byron wakes up in the morning, and finds himself famous; the whole world asks after the prodigy—

"Who is this? and what is here?"

say the reviewers;

"And they cross themselves for fear
All the Knights of Camelot,"

as they always do, when one acquires influence and fame:

"But Launcelot"—

Popularity or Fame, after having withheld its dictum for awhile, after having

"mused a little space,"

begins to discover the merit of the poet and his works; declares they

"Have a lovely face,"

and thenceforth heartily bids them God speed.

Lest we should be accused of seeing farther through the millstone than the man who made it, it may be well to state at once, that the faculty of the imagination deals with *universal verities;* and that what a poet lets "slip idly from him," unconscious of any intent therein, *may* be notwithstanding a truth the profoundest, a fable whose moral shall be the universe.

◆

THE ROYAL-CLOCK OF COURTWORSHIPTON.

Translated from the German for Howitt's Journal.

It was the custom among a nation of savage Moors that their chief, should every morning before the day dawned, seize his lance and therewith indicate to the sun, the course which he must follow through the day; turning himself to the east, he was accustomed to say "sun, there thou must ascend;" and then turning to the west, "sun, and there thou must go down!"

That was very wise for the chief of a nation of savages, for he had persuaded his subjects, that he was placed upon the earth as God's representative; that he was a higher being than they, and that he governed the whole world; for that reason he acted as if the sun only waited for his commands to commence its course through the heavens.

It was only a little bit of sacred state-craft, or as it is called of diplomacy, among the savages.

In civilized countries, where people wear gold embroidered collars, and white kid gloves, they manage things a deal better.

At Courtworshipton there is naturally a royal family the heads of which are called "Their Majesties." Their majesties dine all the year round at three o'clock. In ancient times they dined at a public table, that is to say, their subjects might come there, not to eat with them, but only to see, with their own eyes, that royalty ate like other people, and that in all respects they were like other people. But as that is now an universally acknowledged fact, the public table is discontinued. As however, between Michaelmas and Candlemas, three o'clock was a late hour for dinner, and their majesties wished to dine by daylight, the Court took the matter into serious consideration. A spirited young fellow who had not been initiated into the arts of the courtier proposed that it should be suggested to their majesties, to dine at half-past two, and that the young prince whose playfellow he had been, would he was sure, do that which was right if it was only shown to him.

Against this, a monstrous outcry was raised, and everybody exclaimed, "who could calculate the consequences of changing the established order of things? It was a revolutionary idea, and one fraught with danger to the government.

An old lord-chief, or whatever his title might be, who always took a pinch of snuff whenever he said a wise thing, and he did both of them at least every five minutes, now took a double pinch, and waving his silk pocket-handkerchief as if it had been a flag, he said,—

"I have long considered it as a piece of presumption in the learned, for them to determine the time by the course of the sun. Who is it that regulates time? Is it the learned? Is it the sun! or is it we? Let us therefore take the reins in our own hands,—and so saying he held his pocket-handkerchief by two corners,—let us be the regulators of time, my lord! Let us resume our rights which no length of time can abrogate. We, we alone it is, that must determine what the time is!"

After this speech he handed his snuff-box round the circle of his hearers; each one took a pinch, and nodded.

The sentinels of the tower were now sent for, and received the command, that in the silence of the night,—that it might not excite attention, because in civilized countries people don't like that—when everybody was asleep, they should put on all the clocks in the city one whole hour.

Nobody was at all aware of the great advance which they had made during the night and in their sleep; the soldiers on guard, however, could not conceive how it was, that they were dismissed so early; but they did not trouble themselves about it, they were very well pleased.

The utmost confusion, however, prevailed the next morning in Courtworshipton. All the servants got up too late; the children were after time at school; the fires were not lighted in the public offices when this and that person arrived, and so on, and so on.

All the eight-day clocks, time-pieces, and watches, had now to be altered in every family. That, however, was of little consequence, and was soon forgotten at Courtworshipton.

The Lord-Chief, or whatever his title might be, managed it a deal better the next winter. They did not suddenly jump over an hour then, but command was given that the fingers of the clocks should be put on by little and little, so that people scarcely perceived that they had gained an hour. And now if a stranger came to Courtworshipton, and had a very accurate watch in his pocket, he was quite ridiculed by the Courtworshiptonians, because he was so far behind the time; if he were a submissive sort of person, then he set his watch by the Royal-clocks; perhaps also altered his own accurately-going conscience to the prevailing opinions, and allowed it to be, as the saying is, noon at eleven o'clock.

A great difficulty, however, occurs at Courtworshipton. Within a short time the railroad will be opened which runs by the place; and then it will be made known how all the clocks for these many years have been falsely set. The Lord-Chief, or whatever his title may be, has opened communications with all other cities, to induce them, if possible, to alter their time; but he cannot awaken a corresponding spirit in them. He wants to get up a conspiracy among all the timekeepers, but neither will he carry that through, because there are many amongst them who will not consent to let their clocks strike according to law.

Now, therefore, is the Lord-Chief, or whatever his title may be, become a devotee, and he makes his servants pray with him every day to the sun that it will have some consideration, and leap over an hour between Michaelmas and Candlemas. If he cannot succeed, he must then take his leave, for what will be the consequences when their royal majesties find out what o'clock it really is, and that till now they have been deceived?

A FRENCH SOLDIER IN SIBERIA.

By William Kennedy.

I once had a name—now that name is forgotten—
Hard is the digging in Siberie's mine!
No one will speak of it when I am rotten—
Lend me, pale neighbour, that pick-axe of thine—
Brother, I'd make a grave
For a heart-broken slave,
Whom, in this black kingdom, they call Eighty Nine![*]

Sweet was the home-spot among our own people—
Hard is the digging in Siberie's mine!
Dear little village, I see thy old steeple
Among the broad chesnuts, in May-showers, shine!
Ripe vine-yard—fresh river—
See him will ye never,
Whom, in this black kingdom, they call Eighty Nine!

We fought a long fight—deep in snow were we lying,
Thinking of home o'er the far-away Rhine—
The Cossack came on—how we envied the dying!—
Hard is the digging in Siberie's mine!
Barbarous conqueror,
He had an Emperor,
Whom, in your black kingdom, they call Eighty Nine!

Soldiers of France, my lost partners in glory,
Hard is the digging in Siberie's mine!
I oftentimes wish you could hear my sad story—
Would ye forget it brave lads of the Line?—
Brothers. I make a grave
For a heart-broken slave,
Whom, serfs and their Master now call Eighty Nine!

Noble companions, your battle-trump's sounding!—
Cursed be the digging in Slavery's mine!—
Its echoes all cold-blooded tyrants confounding,
Mockers of Heaven by titles divine!—
Gentle-souled chivalry,
Onward for Liberty!
He once was *your comrade*, they call Eighty Nine!

FRUIT FROM PLATES AND DISHES.

By Silverpen.

They watched till the little ones had done, and then scarcely was a crumb to be seen, or a spot of tea, and the beautiful wreath lay unbroken round the table.

"Such," said Mason to some of his friends, "is the connexion, even with children, between *order* and *beauty*."

"And with your leave," said Terence with a bow, "I'll take Jean's little boquet. It is so perfect in copula and colour, that it will serve for a design."

Mason nodded assent and took Jean's happy little hand. In a few minutes they were beside the distant table. Cups, crumbs, and tea spots all about, and the few children yet sitting were grumbling over the remnants of the middle dish of cake.

"Here," said Mason, "*disorder* and the absence of the *beautiful*. These contrasts teach me a lesson."

Again he pressed Jean's hand, and the child looked up into his own with happy face. Gertrude felt humiliated that she had so scornfully repulsed the beautiful offering of the flowers.

Part II.

The existence of the strong connecting link between beauty and refinement, order and elevation of morals, was made more palpable to Richard Mason by the little incident of Jean's nosegay, than by all the disquisitions on art he had ever read. He saw, as it were, for the first time, that the homes which surround children's lives, were of larger consequence to the elevation of the arts of a country, than the teachings in workshop and school and gallery, and that till the artizan was himself dignified and influenced by the product of his hands, limits were set upon the capabilities of nature, and bonds placed upon the sublime prerogative of beauty. *He learnt that home was the shrine of the beautiful*, and on this conviction he resolved to act!

A Government School of Design was already established in the immediate vicinity of his extensive pottery, but it was rendered comparatively useless by the ignorance and apathy of the class for whose use it had been chiefly instituted. A score or two of youths, and a few of the more ambitious adults, went, it is true, to sketch the casts and attend the classes of geometry and drawing, but with the skilfulness of handicraft acquired, the result seemed to end. The soul grew not in proportion to readiness and delicacy of touch; grossness and vulgarity of moral being were little dissipated by mere formula of beauty however severe or correct the copy. Once, however, convinced of the sublime tendencies of beauty when fostered and made spiritually operative through its material condition, Richard Mason had conceived too just and too advanced a notion of the great relation between employer and employed to stop short at mere conviction. Let this be said too with the most absolute singleness of purpose, for the result had not yet proved to him how the most advanced position of liberality to the employed is precisely the one which proves most advantageous both to the employer and to the state.

Long cherishing opinions such as these, though not till now so absolutely defined, he had looked forward to the period of marriage with much anticipation, and with earnest faith, that in Gertrude he should find a ready and sympathising coadjutor. But he judged more the circumstances that had made her eminently capable than saw the foibles of her character. They had been engaged to one another from childhood, and Gertrude's father, a country gentleman of old family and large inherited property, had been for the greater part of his life the intimate friend and neighbour of the elder Mason. This property he had deeply involved both through the reckless excesses of early life, and by expensive tastes in art related to antiquities, and the capital of the elder Mason had been so often used to cancel or avert these embarrassments, that at the death of Walmsly, Gertrude's inheritance was a mere one of name. But with the same generosity as he might have used towards his own daughter, Gertrude remained mistress of the old hall and its establishment, nor could it be said that Richard's father entered into possession of what had been so long his, till through his son on his day of marriage. Gertrude was the sole offspring of a union her father had effected late in life, and having been left motherless whilst quite an infant, she had been her father's chosen companion in his various antiquarian rambles, especially as she approached womanhood, during a long residence in Italy. In some degree inheriting his tastes, he had himself made her an excellent draughtswoman, and afterwards perfected this accomplishment—by placing her under the care of a celebrated Roman artist

---

[*] The substitution of a number for the name of the captive, has been one of the devices resorted to for the social annihilation of exiles to Siberia.

Richard had visited Walmsly and his daughter more than once during their residence abroad ; the last time not many months before Walmsly's unexpected death from an attack of malaria, caught during some researches in the Campania. Fondly attached to the old man, Richard Mason during these visits, enthusiastically joined him in the one great pursuit of his life, and, usually, in absence delegated to him some commission in the way of purchase, especially of that antique cinerary pottery, found so frequently in the excavations made around the decayed cities of Etruria. In his last visit, before the old man's death, Richard had left a commission of this sort ; but it was found after Gertrude's return to England, under the care of a friend, that the purchase made, had so far exceeded the commission in costliness and extent, that a great part of the money remained unpaid, and the articles, still retained by the owner, were likely to pass into the hands of a fresh purchaser. Unable to satisfactorily effect the business through the agency of another person, and unwilling to lose so rare an addition to his collection of antique pottery, Richard, after leaving Gertrude in London with some friends, departed for Italy. He remained absent nearly a year ; circumstances connected with necessary design for the pottery at home, extending his tour to Germany, and the art-towns of France.

Gertrude had come home only a few weeks before Richard's return, and his first glimpse of the foibles of her character, her haughty manners, her suddenly acquired love for gaiety and fashionable company, much surprised him, as both were so strongly in opposition to the quiet tastes and gentleness of her girlhood. His love, however, persuaded him that this change would pass away after marriage ; and accordingly, without any loss of time after the incident of Jean's nosegay, he laid the plan of a children's school, that might combine rudimental letters with the rudiments of art, and cultivate the sequences of moral order, through the presence of the simplest forms of the beautiful. He next raised the scale of wages through every class of his workmen, so as to leave the barest profit on his own capital, and set to work a certain number of his best modellers to fabricate a quantity of domestic utensils, such as cups and saucers, basins, plates, dishes, jugs, tea-pots, and larger vessels, for holding milk, water, or broth, in the common clay and biscuit used for such purposes, but of the choicest and most advanced forms that combined modern usefulness with the matchless grace of the antique in vase and drinking vessel. For the present he told no one what purposes these were to serve. The whole body of his workmen, bettered in circumstances by this unexpected rise in their wages, which they appreciated the more as it was not the result of higher prices or a greater demand in the market for goods, but solely owing to the liberality of a good master, willingly, with few exceptions, co-operated in the formation of Richard's school, by taking their children from various small employments connected with their own trade and permitting their attendance. The scholars of both sexes were taught together. Experience teaches us that to separate children at this early age is to prevent the growth of those pure affections on which rests the true advance of the beautiful in our social culture. The children were of the average ages of from four to twelve, and to these were taught, as soon as something like order was obtained, the simple figures of geometry, as much side by side with the alphabet, as the reading-book. The round, the square, the plane, were accurately taught before written letters, for as Stothard once beautifully said, nature was her own evidence in these things. The eye perceives, the hand moves, long before comes capability of speech, or ideas are formed, why should not then form become the basis of letters, rather than letters the basis of form.

Richard was most indefatigable in the organization of this little school. That it might be near his usual place of business he devoted to its use some spare and extensive warerooms, opening immediately into the large building used for finished goods and for his more general collection of specimens of antique pottery. It was conducted by a woman who had been previously employed in an infant school. Terence and the other foreign modeller prepared the simple drawing lessons, and twice a week after working hours, assembled each little class. Still, for all this, and his own enthusiastic labours, its success did not in any degree answer his previous expectations; it failed as he was convinced, from lacking a cultivated woman's care in a thousand details of immense importance in the moral, and consequently mental, culture of children. However, the little drawing and reading lessons went on ; winter flowers were sent from the hall for the children to lay upon paper and decorate the room, and picture-books, and simple wood-engravings were allowed to lie about, and pass from eager hand to hand if the lessons had been attended to. One day in entering the school-room somewhat unexpectedly before his usual time, Mason saw that the table round which the writing class were seated, was not merely sprayed with ink from top to bottom, but almost every copy-book, pinafore, and hand was as dirty. The mistress's reply to his remark was, that she could not help it, children would do so, it was their nature, she supposed. "Till we teach them better," replied Mason, gravely. Hearing this, every little eye was cast down, and every blackened thumb and finger thrust into pockets or beneath pinafores.

"Now children, what makes you all so dirty, eh ?" he asked. Every little eye was still more down-cast and not a voice replied. "Come tell me" and Richard spoke sternly. One lad had at last courage to look furtively up and speak, though his fingers were thrust further into his pockets. "It is the inkstands, please sir, father's a brown 'un at home, just like it, and he don't think nothing of spattering it, 'cause it's only a brown 'un, sir."

"That, however, should not make either your hands or copy-books dirty, should it ?"

There was a hanging of small heads again, till the question was repeated, "Please, sir," at last replied a little girl, the brightest and quickest in the school, "we don't think it signifies dipping our pens deep into such as them."

(*To be continued.*)

A PEEP AT THE INTERIOR OF NEW ENGLAND.

Charlestown Mass. Nov. 15, 1847.

My dear Friends,

An excursion which I made, just before the fall of the leaf, to visit an old English friend residing in Vermont, gave me the opportunity of seeing something of the rural scenery of this country, and the aspect of its more retired districts. I do not know that I have anything novel or important to communicate, but I may inform or amuse some of your readers. We travelled by the Fitchbourg railroad, passing through that flourishing town to Baldwins-ville, which is at present the utmost point to which passengers are conveyed, though it will shortly be open farther, and is intended soon to reach the Connecticut river. The country through which the railroad passed is rather barren, but abundantly wooded. The scattered farm-houses have the usual New England character, being of wood brightly painted, with green blinds. The remains of the Indian corn were still seen in the fields, and pumpkins, which are much used for feeding cattle in winter, as well as for the favourite dish pumpkin-pie, were growing along the ground amongst the corn. We saw no other grain remaining at this season. Barley and rye are cultivated pretty largely, besides buck-wheat, clover, and potatoes. We saw a good many cabbages near houses, and abundance of fruit trees: the apples and pears being remarkably fine, and the peaches standards, but gardens are not made so pleasing a feature as in England.

The country through which we passed is thinly peopled, and though not naturally fertile, must be capable of great improvement. The American stages have been often described. After we left the railroad we were conveyed safely and with tolerable rapidity over a hilly and rough road, passing several small towns as Athol, Warwick, Winchester, all of which contained good houses, and gave signs of a flourishing condition, until we reached Brattleboro', on the Connecticut river, which was our destination. From Winchester the road passes down the vale of the river Ashnelot and up that of the Connecticut, a beautiful drive. The former valley is more wildly picturesque, the latter on a grander scale and with more richness and fertility. The bed of the Ashnelot is sprinkled with masses of rock of various sizes, and large pieces of timber carried down by the stream are seen caught by some of these, it being worth no one's while to take them away. Fine trees, which have been overthrown by storms or torrents are commonly seen rotting in the woods. I can convey no conception of the brilliancy of the colouring of the woods and the feeling of beauty, as well as wildness, which they impressed on the mind, but notwithstanding the occasional occurrence of houses and cultivated land, and the destruction of the trees to increase the suburb of pasture, it is impossible not to be impressed with the fact, that here there is yet room enough. On this journey we saw, for the first time, that most repulsive feature in American scenery, the miserable remains of fine trees which have been cut off three or four feet from the ground, or burned merely to clear the soil. It would be too costly a mode of culture to remove their roots, whose gradual decay also enriches the soil, and there they remain a miserable wreck, producing a feeling of desolation, which is irresistible with our associations, although really the fields in which they stand may already be highly valuable, and they may be proofs of industry, holding out the fair promise of further improvement. The blackened trunks, where fire has been employed, standing at unequal heights, according as the flames have consumed more or less, have a ragged and wretched appearance, which I have never seen equalled; yet, such is the power of association, it is quite possible that they may look cheerful and pleasant to those who are labouring to redeem the forest for human uses, and see here the signs of progress and the prefiguration of rich pastures and luxuriant crops. As we entered the valley of the Connecticut, our attention was drawn to one of its remarkable features, the regular terraces at different heights marking the successive levels of subsidence of the series of lakes which once occupied the valley. We observed these again above Brattleboro' at the junction of the West river. They look at a little distance like artificial levels, as if for roads, but they cannot be examined without their origin becoming manifest. A similar phenomenon in Scotland is familiar. The Connecticut river is here wide and deep, and the alluvial fields which occasionally border it are highly fertile, whilst the hills gradually rising as they recede, and everywhere crowned with wood, are varied and beautiful, the lower slopes being occupied by a succession of farms.

We crossed the river at Brattleboro,' as we had done the Ashnelot at Winchester, by a covered wooden bridge of strange appearance to our unaccustomed eyes. There are, indeed, two at Brattleboro,' the first only reaching an island in the midst of the stream. The hospitable abode of our friends is near the junction of the West river with the Connecticut looking into both valleys,and commanding a view of singular loveliness, which robed as it now was in the fast fading colours of Autumn, left an impression on my mind, not easily to be effaced. It is striking too, to see the woods filled with the broad-leaved Kalmia so much admired in our gardens, and to meet with the remains of splendid lilies, and many lovely flowers cherished amongst us as rarities.

On the banks of the Connecticut above its junction with the Ashnelot, the situation of Fort Dummer was pointed out to us. The scene of many a bloody struggle with the Indians in the times of the fathers even of some now living. Scarcely a trace of the fort remains, quiet farms occupy the valley which so lately resounded to the war-whoop, and the triumphs of industry are extended every day. Brattleboro' has now above 5,000 inhabitants, and is an increasing and prosperous town, whose situation promises well for its progress. A little incident was related to me as having occurred here, illustrating the agitations to which men are exposed in a peaceful state of society, and the teeming accidents which bring to us in turn pain and relief. A young man had succeeded in saving 1,200 dollars, had selected a farm, had married the object of his affections, and they were travelling together to pay the purchase-money, and take possession of the scene of their future labours, and comforts, when on reaching Brattleboro', he found that he had lost the purse containing his whole treasure, in the notes of the country. The distress of the pair was great indeed. The wife remained at Brattleboro' whilst her husband retraced his steps towards Keene, the place from which he had come. It was winter, the ground was covered with snow, which was still falling, and it was too probable that the purse would be buried beyond recovery. The wife yielded at first to a grief which was almost overwhelming, but soon begged to be put to some work in the house where she was received, the better to pass the interval of suspense. It was a shorter one than might have been expected. The poor man had hardly proceeded half a mile, when he met some wood-cutters at work. He asked after his purse, but they had not seen it, and he was pursuing his melancholy journey when one of them shouted after him. Their dog had just turned up something out of the snow, could it be what he had lost? With grateful joy he received his treasure and hastened back to console his companion. How strangely are men sometimes tried! On what apparent trifles do events important to individuals and even to nations sometimes depend! How the varied web of human affairs is worked out by Providence blending with the operations of our wills, external circumstances which influence us, but which we cannot control!

In the course of our little tour we passed through a corner of New Hampshire, and passed a few days in Vermont. At a distance, we are apt to consider the United States as one great Republic and to hold the whole responsible for the actions of any part. On the spot, one cannot but be struck with the feelings of separation and independence of each other. which exist. For war and peace with foreign nations, commercial regulations, postage, and certain judicial proceedings all are one nation, but for all ordinary affairs of life and proceedings of government, they are and they feel themselves to be, separate commonwealths, which, though they can have no quarrel with each other, may differ in their institutions and their feelings, and have a sort of separate nationality. I certainly found more of this than I had previously comprehended, and it is often of consequence in understanding matters of public interest. For instance, those who engage in money transactions with the governments of particular states, enter into no relation whatever with the United states, and would do well to understand the financial condition and prospects, and the general character and progress of the particular state. Massachussetts has even solemnly protested against the present war, by its own senate and representatives, and holds itself thereby free from the criminality in which the nation is involved.

In my intercourse with the people here, I have met with uniform civility. I can perceive the general feeling of equality of right, but I rejoice in it, and am by no means annoyed at my shoe-maker receiving me on equal terms—though at home I have sometimes felt extreme disgust at servility of demeanour. My travelling companions have been at least as reserved as in England, and I do not recollect to have been asked a question about myself or my affairs,—perhaps the amusing impertinence attributed to Americans is now only to be found "out west." Farewell. W. HINCKS.

◆

THE MILLINER.

Make her work harder, she is but a milliner;
How can she complain hard work is killing her?
Aged seventeen, and in a consumption!
Some law should be made to punish presumption.

Make her work harder; her mother, poor creature,
Is paralytic in each limb and feature;
In such a condition, she should be willing
To work day and night, to obtain but a shilling.

Make her work harder; she dwells in a kitchen,
And people who live by their hemming and stitching,
Must keep on working for breakfast and dinner,
Or go without clothes, and get thinner and thinner.

Harder they made her work, harder than ever,
Then came across her path a practised deceiver,
One young and wealthy, who smiling upon her,
First gained her affections, and then her dishonour!

Of course he forsook her; a creature so tender,
Who in this wide world would care to defend her?
Down with her, down with her! lower and lower,
In a very weeks her old mother wont know her.

Bright are her young eyes, delighting beholders,
Her hair falls in ringlets over her shoulders;
Down with her, down with her! lower and lower!
Till only the vilest acknowledge they know her.

God! what a wreck of a creature so dutiful!
God! what a wreck of a creature so beautiful!
Purchase a shroud, her pale face to tie in;
Take her away! the victim is dying!

◆

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Physiology of Muffs, by WILLIAM GASPEY. London
Willoughby & Co., Amen Corner.

MR. GASPEY has shown up silliness and dandyism in a large class under the title of Muffs, with much spirit. humour, and justice. It would be rendering a real service to society to extirpate this race of silly fellows by the keenest thrusts of sharp pens. But we fear that "the large family of fools" is not so easily got rid of. "Every order of society " says MR. GASPEY in his neat little volume, is afflicted with these entomological bipeds. Preposterous in their dress; shallow in their conversation; jaunty in their air: flippant or low in their manners; and ever *mal-a-propos* in their sayings and doings, these mountebanks are as easily distinguished from the true constituents of society, as is alloy from the pure metal.

We are inclined to believe that it is the growing prevalence of these manikins that has given the Duke of Wellington such a fright about the weakness of our national defences. They are certainly not belonging to the good old breed of Englishmen: they want ponder-osity MR. GASPEY's volume is amusingly illustrated, and we would recommend the Muffs to carry each one of them in his waistcoat pocket by way of a pocket mirror.

The Family Joe Miller, A Drawing-room Jest Book.
London: Wm. S. Orr & Co.

Famous as Joe Miller's Jest Book has been, we may safely say that his Family Joe Miller is a much better. It is not only purged of the grossness of the original, but is enriched with the wit and jokes of recent and present days. A more agreeable book for an occasional hour's enjoyment need not be desired: and it is got up with the taste necessary to recommend it as a present. It contains, besides a mass of well selected matter, a biography of Joe: and also an account of who was the *real author* of the book, the great joke of the old volume being that it was fathered on Joe Miller who was neither wit nor jester. We only regret that we have not room to transfer some of its mirth to our pages, but the purchaser can at leisure transfer it all to himself.

◆

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

A QUESTION FOR THE CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE.

We give the following spirited letter exactly as received from its benevolent writer, one of the most zealous friends of Negro Emancipation. It will remain for the Co-operative League and their correspondent, Mr. Wattles, to consider whether they can carry on the projected transactions with clean hands and consciences:---

To the Editor of Howitt's Journal.

35, Eccles-street, Dublin.
26th Dec. 1847.

Dear Sir,

In your Journal for November, page 255; in "The Correspondence of the Co-operative League with America," I find the following paragraph, in a letter from Mr. Wattles.

"The united capital of all amounts to something like 200,000 dollars, which is devoted to the cause of God and humanity. Some of the brethren are now at New Orleans, making arrangements for the transportation of commodities to other countries, or to other parts of our own."

Permit me to ask the members of the Co-operative League, if they be willing to sanction such a delusive or hypocritical proceeding as this? What relation to "God and humanity" can any transactions have which are done in connexion with the city of New Orleans; where merchandize is soiled by human blood; where slavery lives in its most rampant form; where a man could no more, with safety to life and limb, plead for God, by advocating the inalienable rights of His stricken down image, than he could escape unhurt from the fangs of the famished tiger. It is only miserable delusion or flimsily concealed hypocrisy, which could induce a man, or a "Co-operative League," to palm on the world the notion, that they were working for "God and humanity" in carrying on their operations through the intervention of Slave labour.

If they be honestly minded on behalf of the poor (I here say nothing as to the wisdom or folly of their proposed measures, ---of their practicability or impracticability) they will avoid all intercourse with the Slavery cursed portions of the American Union, and they will proclaim to the world their reasons for such avoidance.

Let Mr. Wattles, or any of the "Brethren" (I wonder do they acknowledge the brotherhood of the man whom God has coloured with a skin a little darker than their own) go to New Orleans, and there plead for the right of the native American, of African descent, to the possession of his own body and limbs, and to the earnings of his own hands, and what would be their reward for thus standing up in defence of "God and humanity?" The Bowie-knife or the faggot. A friend of mine, who resided some time in that city of whips and chains for human merchandize, told me I would not be allowed to live there four-and-twenty hours. His words were, "they would stick you as soon as they would a pig."

Let Mr. Wattles go to New Orleans, and invite a coloured brother to accompany him to Cincinnati, there to live the life of a free man, and by the sweat of his brow honour "God and humanity," and what will be his reward? Imprisonment for the remainder of his life, or some ten or twenty lingering years, within the dismal walls of a prison.

It is time for mankind to brand with honest indignation the claims of every philanthropic pretension which comes to them through the Slave States of America. If men will dim the brightness of their heavenly origin, by holding or having commercial transactions with stealers of men, let them carry on their unhallowed traffic in silence, and not defy God and deceive Man, by claiming for their acts the reward of benevolence.

Be so kind as to give this letter a place in your Journal.

Yours sincerely,
James Haughton.

DR. GRINDROD'S TEMPERANCE LECTURES AT PLYMOUTH.

December 28th, 1847.

Sir,

On Tuesday last Dr. Grindrod concluded a course of admirable lectures, on The Physiological Effects of Alcohol on the Human System, which were illustrated by a vast number of colossal drawings and anatomical preparations. He has also during his stay addressed the Sunday School children of Plymouth and Devonport, and lectured in some of the neighbouring towns. Last night a Temperance Soiree was held to commemorate Dr. Grindrod's visit, when the learned doctor and several other gentlemen delivered suitable addresses. The local papers state that above 100,000 persons have been converted to Teetotal principles, by the lecturer's arguments in the past two years, while many more have been partially influenced in their opinions.

Hoping that his success may continually increase.

I am yours, &c.
T. M. B.

LAMB AND WHITE'S PATENT LIFE-BOAT.

One of these new life-boats was recently tested at Southampton, before several officers of Her Majesty's Navy, and of the East India Company's Service, and gave most satisfactory results. Its dimensions were 30 feet long, 9 feet broad, and 3 feet deep; it was built of mahogany, and weighed between 17 and 18 cwt., which does not exceed the weight of an ordinary ship's boat of similar dimensions. It was found to possess good sailing qualities, being remarkably stiff under canvas, quick in stays, and easily worked. With 134 men on board, the gunwale was 13 to 14 inches above water; when filled with water, it carried 23 men without any increase of immersion, and was found to possess greater stiffness than when altogether empty. To test its stability, 40 men standing on the gunwale, endeavoured to capsize it, when filled with water, but only succeeded in immersing the gunwale six inches under the water; and from the rounded form of the gunwale inside, the rocking motion communicated to the boat, cleared it of water at every roll. From the various trials that have been made, it has been proved that a life-boat of this description, equipped for any emergency, could yet be used for the ordinary purposes of a ship's boat without requiring alteration; it could be launched when under weigh, or in a heavy sea, even with men on board, without the risk of swamping or capsizing--- which indeed, under the most adverse circumstances, would be all but impossible.

The merits of this life-boat are meeting with a rapid recognition; the Lords of the Admiralty have already agreed to its substitution for paddle-box boats in several steamers now in progress; and we have no doubt that it will be extensively adopted in the Royal Navy, and in transport and emigrant vessels. In the Mercantile Marine it is beginning to be introduced, and we have seen advertisements of the sailing of passenger-ships, in which the possession of the new life-boat was urged as a reason for preference. The validity of this plea, no humane and intelligent person, cognisant of the risks to which sailing vessels are exposed, will venture to impugn; and we are convinced that so soon as the public are fully instructed in the advantages of such a contrivance, they will render its adoption imperative upon passenger-ships, by withholding their patronage from all recusants; unless indeed, they are anticipated by a government edict compelling every vessel to be so provided.---*The Artizan.*

FREE TRADE IN LITERATURE BUT NOT PIRACY.

To the Editors of Howitt's Journal.

The insertion of the few hints on the Copyright question in your 39th No. leads me to hope that their further amplification may not be unacceptable, though I had rather have seen the subject in the hands of those with more leisure to do it justice.

It is I believe admitted by all who have thought at all on the subject, that the present Law of Copyright is a *compromise*,--- that it is not just to any set of men to strip them of the fruit of their exertions, and that perhaps at the time they are most valuable and remunerative; but at the same time it is equally felt that there are rights belonging to mankind at large, which (though neither definable nor perhaps exactly understood,) necessarily oppose a bar to a continual monopoly of the communication of mind to mind; and thus the author and his readers are placed in *opposition* to each other, instead of a friendly and profitable connexion with each other.

We begin by sacrificing the interests of the public entirely to the abstract truth that a man shall do what he likes with his own, irrespective of any other considerations. But we see that the principle will not apply altogether in the present case; and, to make amends to the public, we allow them after a time to pick the pocket of the author. Upon what principle of justice can we fix a certain term during which a person shall enjoy property which he has created, and then strip him of it entirely without giving him any remuneration for what we take from him.

Let us admit, however, that the rights of the author and the public are not opposed to each other, but inseparably connected, and we shall get at a principle which will enable us to legislate for the benefit of each party simultaneously.

It is just and reasonable that an author should get a fair profit from every copy of his book that is sold, and that in perpetuity.

It is equally just and reasonable, that the public should have books supplied to them like food and clothes, by free competition, as cheap as possible, and that the valuation of the *mind* in the authorship should neither be left to the discretion of the tradesman or the caprice of the writer, but be fixed by competent authority at some equitable proportion, and in return for thus deciding the scale of remuneration to the author, the law should secure to him its regular and certain payment.

Cheapness must not be attained by *robbery*. Let the author's fair remuneration be duly paid for every copy printed, and the supply of editions to suit the wants of every class of customers may safely be left to the management and competition of the trade. I would therefore entirely repeal the present Law of Copyright, for which I would substitute one on the following principle, though of course the details might be much modified.

1st. Every work published should be entered in Stationers' Hall, with the name of the author and present owner of the copyright.

2nd. Every author and his assigns if duly registered, shall have a perpetual interest in his work, subject to the following conditions.

3rd. An author's interest in his work shall consist of --- per cent. upon the published retail price of any edition, in whatever size or style it may be issued, which sum shall be paid to him through Stationers' Hall, before a copy can be sold.

4th. Any person shall be at liberty to print and publish any work, in any style, and at any price, and in any number, he thinks fit, but before he commences such printing, he shall give notice to the author or his assigns of such intended publication, with full particulars of the number he intends to print, and the price at which it is to be retailed to the public; and when the work is completed, before it is announced as ready for sale, he shall pay over to the author or his assigns --- per cent. upon the retail price of the whole edition, and at the same time deliver to the author or his assigns, a declaration signed by the printer, of the number of copies printed, which shall also be printed on the first and last page of the work.

5th. The publication of any book before payment has been made to the author or his assigns, or any false declaration of the numbers printed, to be accounted felony, and the whole edition to be forfeited.

6th. All existing copyrights to revert to the authors, and their assigns, at the expiration of the present legal term of copyright.

A law on the principles of the above propositions is such as I conceive would be substantially just to the author, and the public would have the benefit of free and unrestrained competition. It may be feared by some, that frauds on the author would be perpetrated, but when it is considered that many parties are employed in the getting out of one book, and that as legal editions would be *cheap*, there would be no temptation to sell illegal ones, this fear appears to be imaginary. A greater objection may exist in the minds of some from the thoughts that our printing excellence would degenerate, but this is a fallacy. Is no fine linen worn since calico became cheap, and are no Brussels or Wilton carpets used since common Scotch have been manufactured? To come nearer the point at issue; a bound Bible can be bought for ten-pence halfpenny, but these are not the only Bibles in use. It has frequently been remarked that Milton and De Foe sold their immortal productions for a mere trifle, while fortunes have been made by trading in their works. This is true, but it may further be said with safety, that if they had been copyright works, and their publication restricted to *one* party, few fortunes would have been made, and they would have been comparatively unknown to the present time. It may be considered an incontrovertible truth, that no work can be thoroughly developed by one house, however complete their business arrangements.

It would be a most interesting illustration of my argument to make a collection of all the editions of Milton, Shakspeare' Cowper, and others, that are now published by the *cheap trade'* as they are termed by the magnates of Paternoster-row.

Some authors, and Mr. Howitt among them I perceive, will only sell an edition to the bookseller; but this plan has a great disadvantage attending it, in that the bookseller has no temptation to spend money in making it known; for whatever he spends is so much taken from the profits of his edition to add to the value of the succeeding one; it is like expecting a yearly tenant to lay out capital on improvements for the landlord's benefit.

These remarks might be considerably extended as to the effects likely to follow from such a sweeping alteration, but they are sufficient to draw attention to the principle, and to invite objections which may be discussed in a future paper. W.

BURNARD THE SCULPTOR.

[The following interesting facts we owe to a young friend.--Eds]

We frequently saw Burnard the sculptor of a bust of the Prince of Wales which William Howitt has seen, for Burnard told me he had taken it into the Journal Office. He is the son of a Cornish mason or bricklayer, a tall, large, rough looking man, with great simplicity of manner and real genius. He dined with us twice and told us all his little adventures in the Palace. The little Prince sat to him eight days. A room was fitted up so near the nursery that he often heard what he called "a rumpus" among the children. Miss Hillin was the Prince's attendant, but though she familiarly called him "Princey," the young gentleman was fully aware of his own importance, and always expected a stool to be placed for him when he wished to rest his royal feet. He was never still, but talked a great deal, and entreated Burnard to let him model his own face, so Burnard made him a cast to fill with clay, and amuse himself. With this he was very much delighted, and when he had filled his cast, he brought it to Burnard to look at, and being full of fun, he merrily dashed it in the poor artist's face. The Queen came into the room several times; "I could not forget she was the Queen," said Burnard, "and at first I felt nervous, but she talked to me, and her manner was extremely feeling and kind." Burnard's first attempts at anything like sculpture, were made upon his father's tomb stones; but when a young boy, he executed a medallion which so pleased Sir Charles Lemon, that he sent it to Sir Francis Chantry, in whose hands it remained for years. One day, Burnard accidentally meeting with Sir Davis Gilbert, the late President of the Royal Society was examining with him some work of art; "Yes," said Sir Davis Gilbert, "I never but once before saw anything so beautiful, and that was when Chantry shewed me a medallion executed by a poor Cornish boy." Burnard instantly recollected his early effort but without betraying himself, asked what Sir Francis Chantry had said about it. "He said," replied Gilbert, "that he would advise that boy to go on, for he would certainly prosper." This was very encouraging, and Burnard *is* now progressing. This head of the Prince has been exceedingly admired, and he has been employed by several gentlemen in Cornwall.

NEW CUT RAGGED SCHOOL.

We regret that the funds of the New Cut Ragged School, Blackfriars Road, are now nearly exhausted; and, if public sympathy be not promptly excited on their behalf, the numerous destitute children of that demoralized locality, must be left a prey to ignorance, to crime, and to ruin.

CONTENTS.

Then and Now---John Huss before the Council of Constance--New Year Verses, by Goodwyn Barmby---Day and Night at the Post-office, by George Reynolds (concluded)---The Poet's Mission, by Henry Sutton---The Royal Clock of Courtworshipton, translated from the German for Howitt's Journal---A French Soldier in Siberia, by William Kennedy---Fruits from Plates and Dishes, by Silverpen---A Peep at the Interior of New England, by W. Hincks, F.L.S.---The Milliner---Literary Notices---Weekly Record.

Printed for the Proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

ABBY KELLY FOSTER, THE EMINENT AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE.

ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

No. 56.—Vol. III. January 22, 1848.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.—THE RATS IN THE STACK.

By William Howitt.

An old farmer, one John Bull, talking over the hedge of his rick-yard to his neighbour, expressed great alarm at a rumour which had reached him, through an old soldier who lived on his pension in the village, that incendiaries were meaning to come and burn down his corn-stacks. He declared that he must apply to the magistrates to have the yeomanry ready to keep the rogues in awe, and to send him a detachment of police to guard his rick-yard.

"Make yourself easy on that account," replied his neighbour over the hedge, himself also a farmer, "for the yeomanry and the police would saddle the parish with a heavy debt, and, to say the truth, the danger to your stacks is of another kind. The rats are in them by hundreds, and if you don't thrash 'em out, it will be of little consequence how soon they may be burnt down. Thrash out your ricks, neighbour, and then you'll save your corn both from rats and incendiaries."

John Bull took the advice, found a legion of rats that had already made dreadful havoc in the heart of his stacks, and conveying his corn to market, heard no more of the incendiaries, who were believed to have existed nowhere but in the old soldier's brain, who was getting superannuated, and talked in his sleep.

The war-cry of the last few weeks raised by a certain old soldier who lives on his pension at Hyde-park Corner, has every day reminded us of the village John Bull. Let *the* John Bull look to it, and do like the honest farmer, for the danger is the same, and the remedy is the same. The *folly* of the cry of invasion has been sufficiently shown by a variety of the ablest journals in the country; we need not, therefore, go far into that part of the question, but the *roguery* of the cry wants yet more fully demonstrating. We are now quite satisfied of the self-evident truth of the fact that our alarmist is like the old woman in the nursery song—

> "There was an old woman, God help her!
> Who lived in a hovel of dirt,
> She dreamed that thieves came to rob her and skelp her,
> And she cried out before she was hurt.
> Poor old woman, God help her!

Every man is quite satisfied that while we have been accusing the French of designs upon us, they have been thinking more of what they shall do with Abd-el-Kader, and busying themselves with plans of reform of their own grievances. We have been reckoning without our host; counting our Gallic chickens before they are hatched; begging the French to come and invade us, whether they are inclined for it or not, and poor old Wellington—there could be no stronger proof of his superannuation, of his being no longer the prudent general that he was—has been obligingly informing them of all our weak points, and of the best way of getting to London with the least loss of time and labour.

Every body is quite satisfied too, with the plain fact, that before the French invade us they must put their army in motion; that this will not be done without a good deal of stir and observation in France—and that all this stir and observation is not likely *quite* to escape the vigilance of our Government, or our journals. We have such things as a numerous embassage, consuls, agents, correspondents of newspapers daily on the alert for news, and daily writing thence; besides merchants and proprietors of railway shares, and their employés and agents all on the *qui vivè* about their interests, besides hundreds and thousands of English subjects living in the chief cities of France, who in case of a war must cut and run. Out of *all* these sources it is *rather* likely that we should hear *something* of any preliminary preparations for so important a thing as the *invasion of England*, a thing not attempted for these ages past, and which Buonaparte with all his talent, power, almost universal victory, and with the most burning desire to conquer us—dared not undertake. It is *rather* likely that before such an army invaded our coast we should find an army *somewhere*, and a *navy* too to receive it. It is *scarcely* probable that our men of war would all contrive to get out of the way at such a crisis, and like ordinary police, not to be able to be found when they were wanted. Let us see the French once on the water before we are seriously alarmed, and before we accuse our navy and our army, to whom we pay *twenty millions a year*, of doing what they never yet did on any far less emergency than the invasion of their native land,—deserting their posts, and showing the white feather.

The French once on land! Could such a thing be—why the poor old soldier at Hyde-park Corner must have no knowledge of Englishmen if he does not know that every man in the country would spring up a soldier; every gun, pike, pitch-fork and poker would be converted into a weapon; from behind every hedge and out of every window, would pour forth the hail of death upon the invader. We would not give a pinch of snuff for the ten hour's lease of any Frenchman's life belonging to such an invading army. Let any one recollect the national furor on the threat of Buonaparte's invasion. The enrolling of volunteers, the spirit that burned and boiled in every bosom, from Land's-end to John o'Groat's! But enough! *Punch* has sufficiently shown up the turnip-lantern scarecrow of invasion, and has called out all the defensive force that is necessary,—the Brook-green volunteer. The French are dreaming of very different things to an English invasion.—Louis Philippe knows it—the meetings all over the country for Radical Reform tell it him; he has too much at stake to risk any such foolish speculation, and should he die, France will find enough to do at home in the unusual ferment and commotion that will follow as an immediate consequence.

Besides this, the merchants, manufacturers, and proprietors of railways and other public works in France, would do on such an occasion, as they did on the very last menace of a breach with England, hurry to the capital with petitions and memorials against so preposterous, wicked, and suicidal a thing as war with Great Britain—the certain ruin of them and of millions of their fellow subjects.

What then is the real cause of this war-cry in England? The matter is no mystery—it lies plain and open to the day-light; no child can be so childish, no fool so foolish as not to observe it. It is simply this.—There are at the War-office some 20,000 applications for commissions that no commissions can be found for. Luckily for us, the love of peace has been a growing feeling in Europe. We have not sent out our soldiers to butcher our continental neighbours and get butchered themselves. The breed of butchers, therefore, has grown excessively, and they long to be at work. The old butchers sit idle at home, except such as we send out to butcher the East Indians and Chinese, and the sucking butchers are growing numerous. All over the country the aristocracy who used to find a fine vent for their surplus progeny in the great European slaughterhouse, don't know what to do with their children. All civil offices, commissionerships, and what not, all peaceable professions are full, the church has more parsons than preachers, more expectants than livings—and therefore, the only chance is to raise the cry of wolf, and get a militia and other soldiery on foot. In short, *the Rats are in the Stack*, and much as they get to devour, cry "more! more!" find their numbers rapidly increasing, and want to extend their ravages.

There lies the real danger! that is the real cause of this outcry! We agree with the old Duke so far, that there is imminent danger, and more—that there is need of war; But the danger is not from without, but from within—not from the French but the Normans. There is need of war, but war of another kind and directed into a different quarter. The enemy is already in the camp—the plunder is going on. The rats are in the stack—the old Aristoc-Rats who, since the Norman invasion, in increasing numbers and ever growing audacity, have been tugging at the vitals of John Bull.

We are tempted here, like Abernethy, to say to all those credulous patients who can imagine that their disease is the fear of invasion—"Read my book"—Read "John Hampden's History of the Aristocracy;"* and learn what it is that ails you. See there the fearful exposée of the English Aristocracy, which from age to age has been extending its places and its power till it has swallowed up your whole constitution, Crown, Church, State, Colonies, Offices, and Taxes; has swamped your commerce, ruined your manufacturing system, reduced your population to beggary, overwhelmed you with a debt which is sinking you in national perdition, and raising all other nations on your ruins.

That is what you should look at: that is what you have to fear. With such stagnation in your trade, such distress in your manufacturing districts; such bankruptcy amongst your merchants, and starvation amongst your people, as never were known before, you are coolly asked to plunge yourselves once more into war that your vultures may flesh their beaks. There are so many younger sons unprovided for in that class that "cannot dig, and who to beg are ashamed," that your property and persons are to be still further invaded. They ask you to revive that war-spirit that you are every day so wisely, so religiously, growing out of, to renew all these jealousies with France which have caused a rain of blood from age to age, and cursed you with the heaviest debt and the proudest aristocracy which ever cursed any nation. They ask you to give up your persons and your purses, your businesses, and your fire-sides, the society of your wives and children, to become once more the mechanical marching machines of despotism—the green geese driven to market by those who never either reared, lodged, or fed you.

My good fellow countrymen, I think you are grown somewhat more rational than that—I think you have something better to do. Do you want a ballotting for the militia again? Do you want to be marched off from your homes, your looms, your spades, or your shops, to lounge in barracks and polish belts with pipe-clay, or to have your money taken for substitutes. Now that is precisely what this poor old duke is asking for. This poor old man is either a willing tool or an unhappy dupe of the aristocracy. He knows as well as we do that we already pay Twenty Millions for our Military and Naval Establishment, while *the whole civil government of the country* costs but Six Millions! If Twenty Millions a year is not enough to defend this country, in the name of common sense what will be? If we pay more than three times the amount of all our civil Government for soldiers and sailors, and they are not enough to defend us, it is high time that we adopted Cobden's notion, and reduced our establishments and expenses altogether, and trusted to God, and the common interests of mankind.

But let it be remembered that it is in the midst of unexampled distress, scarcity of money, and with a revenue showing a deficiency for the past year of upwards of Two Millions, and for the past quarter, of nearly a million and a quarter, that we are asked to burden ourselves, with at least half a million a year more for National Defences! Why, the poor old Duke must be haunted with all the apparitions of the armies that he has slain in former days, and fancies that they are arising to invade us. We shall have to publish the account of another Haunted House, that at Hyde Park Corner, and its aged and afflicted occupant.

Now, does it never occur to you, that there is still another object in this cry of invasion? If you look at the condition of both England and Ireland, if you see the imperative necessity of immediate and able measures for domestic relief and retrenchment, does it not strike you that the alarm is one of those delusions which are employed to divert your attention from the real evil and the demand of a remedy, to an imaginary one? Is not this cry of invasion merely a *ruse* to get over the session and the winter once more with empty talk instead of wise, prompt, and statemanlike measures?

But let us at length answer to the war-cry! Let us have war, but not with the French. Let us thrash out our stacks, and squander the rats while we have any corn left. In other words, let us put a stop by one bold prompt, and universal movement to the system of profligate waste and corruption that is going on at home. Sixteen years of the Reform Bill, which was to have done such wonders, which was to have originated such sweeping retrenchments, such active measures for trade—and what is our condition? Every year our distress deepening, our trade perishing, our workhouses full, our ledgers loaded with catalogues of bankruptcy; and our government standing stock-still in the possession of all the unabated places, pensions and sinecures, which they denounced as so atrocious when in the hands of others.

We want a militia, indeed! It should be a moral force militia ballotted out of every class, grade, and school of reformers, to march down on this citadel of domestic corruption, and throw it open to the light of day. Englishmen should cure themselves of this dreadful *cacoethes loquendi;* which has got such hold on them. They have talked long enough of their grievances, they should come to action—they should shew the same front that they did for the Reform Bill, now for a better cause,—for a thorough Parliamentary and Government Reform,—a complete sweeping out of the Augean stable of corruption. If that be not soon done, the mass of the people reduced to wretchedness and despair, will be like the ass in the fable. They will, when told of invasion, ask whether the enemy can increase their burdens or diminish their food any more than their present masters, and will be indifferent to whom rules them. Till this is done, till Reformers really unite and force on retrenchment, and the entire freedom of trade—till parliamentarians shorten their speeches and lengthen their demands—till we thrash out our stacks and squander the rats, we shall never be free from fresh demands upon our purses and our patience—nor from danger of real war, that our authoritic leeches and vampires may live.

We are glad to see the Peace Society taking the field against this artful and interested cry of invasion—we give their address in the Record. But let every real Reformer take the field too. Let there be meetings in every town and village to remonstrate against any increase of our military expenditure, and demand the fulfilment of the pledges of the Whigs for retrenchment in every department of the state. To that we must come, and the sooner the better. The truth can be no longer concealed, that there is no remedy for the distress and ruin that every year sink the nation deeper and deeper, but a prompt, sweeping, and unflinching reform in our taxation, representation, and commercial code. We must take off the restrictions from our trade, and put them upon our rulers. Let those who will not work, be they of what class they may, be refused relief either from the parish or the nation. Let all blood-thirstyness nurtured in idleness be cured by the reduction to low diet, and the offer of a spade and mattock to win honest bread with. The most dangerous enemies are notoriously those of a man's own house. All we want is union and resistance to them. Till then we are every day and every hour suffering from invasion—invasion of our rights, of our property, of our profits, and our persons; and the real object of a militia, which can be of no use against the French, may, in the moment that we may be roused to seek redress from our own misrulers, be only discovered too well.

---

* A Popular History of the English Aristocracy. By John Hampden, jun. Published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

◆

KING PENGUIN,

A Legend of the South Sea Isles.

By R. H. Horne.

Chapter I.

Percy Johnstone was the only son of an English merchant, and had just left school full of all manner of desire to see the world and make his fortune. His father was rich; but Percy had a great notion that he should like to make his own way in life, and show his friends what he would have done if his father had been a poor man.

His father commended this feeling of independent action and industry in his son; he nevertheless wished that Percy would at once go to work in his counting-house under his own eye. But Percy had read many delightful books of voyages and travels—those of Bruce and Humboldt, Captain Cook, and Belzoni, and Gulliver, and Sinbad;—and he had also heard many extraordinary stories related by captains of merchant-ships who sometimes dined at his father's house. He longed to go to sea. His pen was assiduous in the counting-house, while his thoughts were wandering far away.

Perceiving this, his father consented that he should make one voyage, in order to ascertain if it was a real wish and aptitude for a nautical life, or only a romantic fancy. "That you may have a true experience," said his father, "I cannot agree to your going merely as a passenger: you must be instructed on board in all the duties of a sailor." Percy consented with alacrity, and in a few weeks he went to sea in one of his father's vessels, bound for Monte Video and Rio de Janeiro.

Many are born who have a passion for a sea-life until they try it. Some like it after trial; but they are very few indeed. To love a sea-life, you should be born at sea, or else take to it so very young, that you have scarcely time to know what a shore life is. Percy was seventeen years of age before he had been three weeks at sea; he found that it did not suit him at all; and at the end of six weeks. he made up his mind that he would never be a sailor.

After Percy had recovered from sea-sickness, and could endure a gale of wind without many qualmy sensations, he still found the greatest difficulty in keeping awake during the night-watch, especially the midwatch. Week after week passed, and it was just the same. He continually crept under the lee of one of the deck-boats to sleep. as he could not hold his head up from fatigue and drowsiness. This being soon found out, he was obliged to find another place. Again and again his retreats were discovered, till one night when the vessel was running fast before the wind, he got out into one of the quarter boats,, which are slung at a ship's sides in doing which he missed his hold, and fell overboard' He had learned to swim at school, and quickly rose to the surface. The ship, however, was by this time beyond the reach of his voice, which was lost amidst the sound of the winds.

Oh, what wild anguish it was for poor Percy Johnstone to see the ship sail away into the darkness, deaf to all his cries; Here we must leave this unfortunate youth who would "go to sea;" and while he is struggling in the waves for his life, yet not knowing in what direction to make his efforts, we must say a few words about one of the islands of the South Atlantic Ocean, called South Orkneys.

This island, like many others of its class, is considered to be uninhabited. But that is a mistake. It is inhabited by a large colony of Penguins, as fine a race of bird-people as any in the world. They are wonderfully active, intelligent, and accomplished. Their abilities are displayed, not only in the air and the water, but upon the earth. They fly well; they swim and dive to admiration; and they always walk bolt upright. Their personal appearance, in the way of feather fashion, is most cleanly and peculiar. They invariably wear very long and very white pinafores, tied across the breast with black strings; and the sleeves of their coats—commonly called wings—are also black. Upon this island they lead an industrious and satisfactory life, passing their time chiefly in fishing, or else in walking about the rocks, and staring at things in general. They dwell in peace and excellent social arrangements under the mild sway of a sagacious and public-spirited King.

Chapter II.

One morning at day-break, as King Penguin was leading his bird-people over the rocks, by way of a march before breakfast—perhaps also with some thoughts of finding a breakfast—he descried an object at a distance over the sea. "*Weequim squawk squee!*" cried all the youngest and least experienced Penguins, which in Penguin-language signifies, "What wonderful, odd thing do we behold!" "It is a floating nest," replied the King, with that calmness which characterizes great experience and wisdom, "and what you imagine to be many wings flying over each other, are in truth impostor-wings fastened upon tall bare trees. These nests I have often seen before upon the water; they are called *ships*, and belong to a race of birds called *men*." On receiving this piece of information, all the young penguins flapped their little black wings, and cried out "*P'shew squee*—is that all!"

"But what do I behold!" exclaimed King Penguin, "one of the bird-men has surely fallen out of the nest, and is flapping upon the waves yonder! Surely it must be so—the floating nest has swiftly sailed away, perhaps unconscious of its loss. Or have they sent him to do us some mischief with a *pop bang?* I have heard of such things.

"Why comes he hither?" cried all the young penguins.

"Does he bring a *pop-bang* under his wing, I wonder," said all the elder Penguins.

"I do not think so," said the King.

"Is he good to eat?" cried all the young penguins, flapping their little black wings.

"Silence!" exclaimed the King. Whereupon all the young penguins looked down at their toes, or hid their long noses in their white breast feathers.

Of course, every one who reads this, guesses that it must be poor Percy Johnstone, concerning whom King Penguin and his people are making all these speculations. It was indeed the unfortunate youth, who once felt quite a passion for a sea-life—and who had had quite enough of it. He was quite exhausted with swimming, but the waves bore him onwards towards the island, and with a few final efforts he reached it without injury, except a few bruises. He rested a little while to recover himself, and then began slowly to climb up the rocks.

On reaching the upper ledge of the first mass of rough stones half covered with sea weed, and clinging sea-shells, he suddenly paused in astonishment at the scene which gradually developed before him. Winding round a corner of a sort of uneven pathway, or long ledge from the upper rocks, to about midway from the summit and the sea below, a strange train of creatures now made its appearance. They marched in Indian file—one by one, and bolt upright. They were about the size of immense geese, but appearing much longer, in consequence of their upright attitnde, and certainly far more stately and imposing. They had long white bodies, with little black flappers at their sides, and a black ring, which looked like a ribbon or a necklace, round each of their tall white necks. The train was led by one larger than the rest, who walked with a more commanding and gawky dignity than the rest, and had upon his head an additional tuft of feathers, like a crown. One by one, down they came, along the slant ledge of the rocks, the whole of which they occupied from one end to the other, fronting the sea. They then stopped; some of them conversing with each other by gesticulations—and the younger ones all staring at the newly arrived stranger, while the elder ones looked at the sea down the sides of their long noses, affecting not to notice him.

Poor Percy Johnstone remained, as well he might, in a state of utter astonishment. What to do, or say, or think, he did not know. Meantime the bird-people continued their staring, and gesticulations, and the sound of various short colloquies was now heard to take place between them.

"He certainly is come to do us a mischief of some kind," exclaimed several of the younger penguins. "He has a tender appearance, but we must look sharp after him," saying which, they whetted their bills upon the edge of the rock.

"I have seen birds suddenly killed," said an old penguin, "when those who committed the crime, were as quiet beforehand as that thing down there."

King Penguin now advanced in front of all his people. He resolved to risk everything for the general safety. He accordingly flew down, and perching upon the point of a rock within a few feet of the rock to which Percy Johnstone was clinging, he exclaimed with an air of calm resolution—

"What is your business here?"

"If you please, Mr. Penguin, I have *no* business here," answered Percy. "I fell overboard, and only came to your island, because I could see no other place to land upon, to save myself from drowning."

"What," said the King, "cannot men live in the water, as well as upon the rocks?"

"No, sir," said Percy, "not without a ship."

"Poor creatures," said the King; "what can you do for yourself here?"

"Nothing, Mr. Bird, nothing whatever, that I can see. In fact, I shall be done for, if I do not soon get some little assistance."

"What do you mean, Mr. Man?" said the King.

"Why, that I shall be starved—indeed I shall."

"Oh!" cried the King, "you want something to eat, and you come here with a *pop-bang* hidden under the water somewhere, to knock down one of my people for your breakfast."

"No, no—indeed, Mr. Bird, I do not think of such a thing. I have no gun with me, I am sorry to say. All I want, is a little harmless food."

"Worms, then? or shell-fish?"

"I should prefer shell-fish. But first, I must get into some place of safety, for here I am in danger of falling into the water every minute."

"An impostor!" cried the voice of one of the penguins above, upon the ledge of rock.

"Ask him what has become of all his feathers?" cried a very young penguin, from the farthest end of the rock.

"Silence!" exclaimed the King; "the stranger shall be well received. He comes to do us no harm, and is himself in distress.

Chapter III.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of King Penguin to the forlorn young gentleman, who when he was at home by the fire, used to be mad for a sea life. Oh, how different are some things to what one fancied. What would he now have given to have been at home, and working hard at book-keeping, or anything else. Cold shell-fish, salty and raw, was this food for the son of an opulent English merchant?

Nevertheless, as we said before, King Penguin was extremely kind and attentive to the sad youth. He placed at his disposal all the comforts and luxuries the isle afforded. He had led Percy up the rocks, by the most approved Penguin pathways—had shown him the most sheltered cavern, with one large crack down the middle, commanding a fine sea view, and a whistling breeze, quite bracing, and had brought him, with the prompt assistance of several experienced birds, the most soft and unctuous sea-weed for a bed, all nice and fresh from the slippery rocks. He showed him a clear spring of fresh water, that rippled down from a dark rock, like melted silver and melted glass, and having a strong medicinal flavour of iron, and other brackish bitterness, which King Penguin declared to be exquisite, also good for the Penguin constitution. He next showed Percy a natural basin in the rocks a little way off, filled by another spring, where he said he could have a bath when he liked. It was dark at the bottom, with a great number of leeches, who lived there, "but we don't mind them," said the King, "they can't easily get through our feathers."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Percy, "I'm not a Penguin, but of the man kind."

"True, true," said the King, "I forgot. You can then go down to the sea to bathe and swim, and you will soon learn to dive well enough to catch your own dinner for yourself. To be sure, you must have your eyes about you, that you are not caught and eaten yourself, as there are a few sharks, who now and then favour us with their society. But a good blow beneath the water with webbed feet and wings, simultaneously, always gives one a good start, and in most cases secures an escape to the rocks."

"Alas!" cried Percy, "I pray you once more to remember that I am a man, and not a bird. I have no feathers to resist and perplex the insinuating leeches, no webbed feet, or wings to give me a good start under the water, when I see a frightful shark wanting a dinner. Remember, sir, that I am no Penguin, but an unfortunate merchant's son—I mean, the unfortunate son of an English merchant. Would that I *were* a penguin! under your Majesty's wise and amiable reign, I should then be happy, upon these wet rocks, and eat my raw-fish with a thankful relish, instead of being the miserable, and I fear ungrateful, dog that I am."

"Be comforted," said the King; "I perceive some reason in what you say. We are not the same sort of creatures. Name your chief grievance, perhaps something may be done."

"I think," said Percy, "I should be much more comfortable if my fish were not raw, my bed not wet, and that the fresh water I drink, was destitute of the high flavour your Majesty so esteems."

The King considered the case for some time. A dry bed, and a different spring of water, were easily found, but the suggestion of hot fish confounded him. He made numerous inquiries on the subject of cooking. When it was all over, he shook his head; he agreed, however, to provide his visitor with some pieces of dry wood, and two flints, as he had requested.

When these were procured, the king and all his bird-people assembled round Percy to see what he would do. How he was to make fish hot by means of sticks and stones, they could not imagine. He, however, proceeded at once to place the wood in a good position for making a fire, and when this was done he began to strike a light with the flints. At the very first blow, an abundance of sparks were emitted, and in an instant away with one accord rushed all the Penguins, calling out, "Treachery! treachery! and *pop bang*!" They thought that besides the strange visitor's odd fancy for hot fish, he had also a secret desire for roast penguin!

Chapter IV.

After a time the King returned, cautiously advancing, first upon the top of a rock over Percy's head, to observe his movements, and have a little conversation before he came down. Percy satisfied the King's mind, who saw how it was, for he was a sage bird; but he told his visitors that he *much* feared the prejudices and apprehensions of the people would never be overcome. Whatever representations might be made, the Penguins would never be free from alarm at his fire. Percy was, therefore obliged to abandon all his hopes of cooking, and return to his raw fish.

But a means of escaping from the island soon afterwards occurred; and of this Percy did not fail to avail himself.

A ship hove in sight! It was far off at sun-set, and not very much nearer when the night closed in. What a night of sleepless excitement it was for poor Percy Johnstone. In the morning the ship was much nearer. There is hope—there is hope! A boat puts off from the ship; they could not have heard his voice, nor seen him —but they are coming towards the island!

As they approached nearer, a struggle was visible in the boat, and one man was forcibly held down. Percy strained his eyes and ears, and soon discovered that a mutiny had taken place in the ship, and they were bringing the unfortunate captain ashore, perhaps to kill him. Percy communicated this to the mind of the bird-king, as well as he could, who forthwith accompanied him to the back of the rock, close upon the point where the mutineers in the boat were about to land.

"Do what is right," said the King, "and I will support you."

The boat ran into a rocky creek; the men all jumped out; and the captain was dragged from the farthest end of the boat, and ropes were prepared to fasten him to a great stone. Some of the men proposed that the captain then should be left upon the island; but others said it would be much better to throw him with the stone into the sea.

While they were thus contending, Percy not knowing what else to do, and getting half mad with terror for the life of the captain, and equally so at the idea of being left behind, rushed out from behind the rock, crying,—"Rascals and thieves!" He was instantly followed by the King, who screamed out louder, "Rascals and thieves!" At the sound of the King's voice, all the penguins came scurrying and flapping, and screaming over the tops of the rocks; and away ran the mutineers in utter dismay and confusion at these frightful apparitions who had detected them in their evil deeds.

Percy liberated the captain, and they both jumped into the boat, and pushed off for the ship, accompanied by the king.

Arriving at the ship they went on board, and the captain soon put everything in proper order, the rest of the crew being very glad of his safe return. He directed an armed boat to return to the island, and bring back the mutineers, with a promise of forgiveness, if they would also promise to be very penitent, and behave better in future. Meantime, Percy Johnstone congratulated himself a thousand times upon his escape, and thanked the King over and over again, for all the kindness he had shown him upon his island, and for his valuable assistance in striking terror into the guilty consciences of the mutineers. The captain, also, expressed his gratitude for this signal service. The King received all these commendations and thanks, with his usual grave demeanour, occasionally, in fact, scratching his crown, as though he paid but little attention to what they were saying.

Back came the boat, bringing the mutineers all with penitent long faces, and with tufts of sea-weed in their mouths, which the other men in the boat had crammed them with, to show their indignation at the treatment their good captain had experienced. The captain ordered the sea-weed to be taken out of their mouths, saying that he should punish them by giving them no grog, and by making them work harder than usual, but he would exercise no severities against them, if they behaved properly in future.

The ship was bound for Waibou Island, in the South Pacific. Percy was too happy to escape, and was delighted to be going anywhere. He went to take leave of the bird-king, whom he found marching about the vessel, examining and considering everything.

"You seem to be much interested in these things," said Percy.

"Yes," replied the King; "but not much for the sake of the things themselves, but far more for what I may learn, that may be of benefit to our people on the rock. The building of this great nest is ingenious, it appears as strong as a rock, and yet it floats. By means of such a machine upon a smaller scale, a number of penguins might carry on a systematic fishery, and still be always at home."

"Exactly so," said Percy; "perhaps you would like to remain a little longer with us, to study these matters more fully. The captain, I am sure, will be most happy of your company."

"I thank you," said the King, "the opportunity is good. I will remain in your ship till to-morrow morning."

A wicked thought passed across the mind of Percy Johnstone—he banished it immediately. It came again, but he tried not to attend to it.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BENIGHTED ANGEL.

By Mary Howitt.

A youthful angel lost her way,
  By chance from heaven's golden portal,
And just about the close of day
  In London stood the young Immortal.

FRUIT FROM PLATES AND DISHES.

By Silverpen.

(*Continued from p.* 44.)

The same principle as seen in the matter of the flowerless table was again shown, and Mason followed up the lesson taken therefrom. By the following writing-day the table was newly covered with green baize, and the brown delf inkstands were replaced by three in white porcelain, made from a beautiful design by Terence; and silently watching the result for several weeks, he soon perceived, that unless from accident, no blots fell about, and almost every little hand was eager to keep unsullied the purity of the beautiful shape that stood before it.

About this time, now early spring, several sets of the already mentioned cups, saucers, jugs, plates and dishes, were finished and brought one day into the room during school hours. Two small common round tables, such as were used in his workmen's cottages, had been previously placed there by Mason's orders, one as smooth and white as new deal could be, and the other selected from some dirty cottage, where, begrimed with soot and dirt, it had been used perhaps for years. Every tea-service and every jug differed in its beautiful shape, and the richness of the white glaze upon the delf, made it look equal to the finest porcelain. All the scholars crowded eagerly round the table to view these things as there had been already much talk in their respective homes regarding them.

"Jean shall pick out the nicest set of tea-things," said Mason, with a smile, as he looked down upon the knot of little scholars, "and the first little girl that can say what ought to be done with them, shall have them to take home." Each small face looked full of eager thought directly, and the little French lad with his innate sense of beauty, set forth the most perfect in shape, as Mason in a minute saw. After repeating what he had before said, the girls variously suggested that these tea things were to be washed, or not broken, or locked up, and so on, to all of which the good master shook his head. But Alice Brown, the bright faced child before spoken of now looked up, and pointing to the new table, said "to be placed on there, sir."

"Yes," replied Mason kindly patting her head, "you are right, Alice. But beautiful shapes, like these, will always want to stand upon a table as new and white." Alice coloured and hung down her head. Young as she was, she was conscious that hers was a very dirty and disorderly home, for the neighbours often twitted her about her dirty mother; and her father, one of Mason's best workmen, too often quitted his own squalid and comfortless fireside, for that of the tavern. "But I could wash it and keep it white, I think, sir, and father would be very proud, I know, and might often stop at home, to drink his tea out of such pretty things."

Mason had gained his point. The tea things were set aside for Alice, and the governess that very evening, before her father came to fetch them home, showed her how they were to be washed and kept, how set forth for tea, and how the table was to be scoured, so as to keep it white and new.

The poor workman was so pleased, that his bright little Alice should be the one to comprehend Mr. Mason's meaning, that he determined to make a sort of little festival of the occasion, and invite Jean and a few other of his little Alice's favourites, to take tea out of the beautiful tea-things. He persuaded his slatternly wife to clean up the house, and dress the children and to allow Alice to set forth her prize, and he borrowed a neat tea tray, and some nice spoons, and got a tidy neighbour to make a large plum cake. It was the brightest and happiest day of this young child's life; and when these grand things were set forth, and the cake lay heaped and rich upon the plate, and the little guests came, and the hearth and singing kettle, bright and clean for once, and the warm light of the soft spring evening came through the window upon the happy faces and the humble tea-table, it seemed indeed as if the spirit of the beautiful had stepped already into this poor sordid home. The little children were very merry, Jean in his broken English telling them about the woods and fields of Normandy, what a grand old place the cathedral of Beauvais was, and how, when le Pere Pacifique chaunted the Even-song, he and his little sisters kneeling had often felt as happy as God's brightest angels. As he thus talked—much meaning however hidden by his foreign speech, and comparatively highly cultivated feeling—and the other children of their school, and Mr. Mason, how he had promised them a full day's holiday in his garden, when flowers were fairly come, and Mrs. Brown said grumblingly, "that such tea-things were all very well for gentle-folks, but that a black teapot for the hob, and an odd cup or two was much better for such as them, who had not time for hearth cleaning and table-scouring, and how finery of this sort had better be stuck up on the highest shelf to be looked at," Robert Smith, one of Brown's lodgers, came in. He too was one of Mason's workmen, though not of the same high class as Brown. Drunken and dissipated in his habits, he was the only one in the house, as Mrs. Brown often declared, that made himself at home. All Brown's children however liked him, as he was very good natured and kind, and as Alice was his favourite, he came to look at the much talked of tea-things, and Alice held up as the most beautiful thing there to show, that firmly balanced yet taper milk-jug.

"Well, Ally," he said with a laugh, to which Mrs. Brown nodded approvingly, "they're all pretty things enough for little girls like you, and for a man like Mr. Mason, but I should be glad to see the jug beautiful enough to make me like water better than beer. No, no, Black Bet without her handle, and a quart for me. Beer 'afore prittiness, eh?"

"That's jist what I say," answered Mrs. Brown, looking with new contempt upon the tea things.

"But if there could be one found beautiful enough, Bob," spoke Brown, "it would put a new coat upon your back, and shoes on your feet, and might make a man of you. Ay, ay, Bob, the jug 'd be as blessed as an angel that would do it, and as good a one as the little lad here talks about, up in the big church window at home."

Bob made no reply, but taking down Black Bet from the shelf, went and fetched his nightly quart from the nearest tavern, and lighting his pipe, sat down beside the fire, dirty and unwashed as he was.

The children's happy evening passed away, not without, however, some struggle of the moral and the beautiful with the ugliness and coarseness around; for Alice's tears flowed fast at the game Bob and her mother made of the tea things, more particularly whilst she washed them, and set them up on a shelf her father had cleared for the purpose. As for Jean, he became all at once very full of thought: sometimes looking up into Bob's face very acutely, then round at the shelf on which the tea-things rested, and as soon as he returned home that night to Terence's room, with whom he lodged, he got around him his little school drawings, and sat busy an hour or two with the pencil. Terence was much struck with the lad's silence and earnestness, but he did not question him, as these moods were not unusual, whenever any subject had arisen, that bore reference to "good Virgine," and the dear home and the little ones in Normandy. On the morrow morn after school hours,

How many sad hours I have lost in sleep—
How many dark hours have been sunk in sin—
How oft forgot my father's flock to keep—
How oft allowed the wolf to enter in;
So many acres have I left untilled
Of that fair glebe my father to me gave;
So many waggons have remained unfilled
Though ripe brown corn in many a field doth wave:
So many vain words have I falsely spoken;
So many vows of goodness have been broken;
So many prayers unsaid and hymns unsung;
So many restless Sabbaths of my folly;
So many falterings of the priestly tongue;
So many thorns in my un-berried holly;
So many thoughts to man, and earth's poor sod;
So few to heaven and God?
Bad as the world is! Black as is its shame!
Yet am not I to blame?
Judge not, O Man! but to thyself be true,
And the world's judgment shall be read in you.

Hail Hope! I love thy neighbourly abode,
And aye will journey thy frequented road,
For all glad thoughts are warbled from thy tongue,
Thou New Year's Ode!
Thou art for ever, ever, ever sung,
Even by the way-worn and the grey-beard young;
If I inspired by thee this New Year's Day
Have seen young white lambs in the pastures play—
Have seen the spring-tide flowers—
The bramble bloom, the daisies golden eye,
The silvery lady-smock and crow-foot gay,
The purple cuckoo buds and hare-bells shy,
The bright red pimpernel, and snowy may;
Have seen the spring-tide-bowers—
The ripening briar-hip and the ashes' keys,
The proud oak's acorns, and the fir's brown cones,
The willow leaves blithe dancing in the breeze;—
And heard the woodlands sweet with chirping tones
From song-birds' throats in a rich concert given
As poet praise to heaven!
If I inspired by thee have seen these bowers—
Have scented these fair flowers—
Have heard these birds their mellow music raise,
Through windows frosted o'er—
Though snow has blocked the door—
Say shall I sever Man from Nature's genial ways?
Oh no! oh never! hard as is man's dust
Of earthy being, he too has a spring
Which like the slender snow-drop through the crust
Of frozen earth and chill,
Shall gently rise a pure transparent thing,
And its spring life fulfil!

Then grace to thee New Year, and many a blessing,
Old friend with a New face!
Glorious may be the days of thy possessing
If we the moments grace.
The hours gone bye we never can restore—
Their golden sands are scattered on the floor;
The days now lost we but lament in vain—
Their ruddy suns will never flush again:
The past is dead! the present only lives;
The future but may be;
Never or Now! To-day alone God gives—
To-day requires of thee;
To-morrow never comes! This day shall be.
With a new life, the best New Year to thee.
1847.

◆

A DAY AND NIGHT AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

By George Reynolds.

(Concluded from p. 28.)

As we are aware, however, that many, very many of these errors, and consequent inconveniences, arise from want of accurate knowledge of the practice, we shall here furnish the public with certain instructions * as to posting, &c., which, if practised, will materially assist the service, and save both the senders and receivers of correspondence much chagrin and disappointment

INSTRUCTIONS.

As to Letters.—1. Always stamp your letters by labels, or use the pre-paid envelope: never make payments in coin, nor neglect paying your letters: either practice is an injury to the Post-office revenue.

2. Direct your letters plainly, simply, and fully; let the name be distinct, the number and street be legible, and the name of the town or city unmistakeable.

3. If you expect a letter and it does not arrive, do not write at once to the Secretary of the Post-office, but put yourself in communication with your correspondent. If he has sent to you, most probably, you will gain some data by which your application will be rendered far more intelligible to the officers of the Post-office than otherwise, and the enquiry will be, of course, materially facilitated. If he has not sent, of course you will glean a fact which will satisfy your mind upon the subject.

4. Remember if you apply to the Post-office in any case of missing, or mis-delivered letters, to state the case in as few words as possible: say what you mean, and the officers will see at once that you mean what you say.

5. Be not over anxious about a reply to your application. The Post-officers never keep a case after it has gone through the necessary routine, and all will be done to obtain for you a satisfactory answer.

As to Packets.—1. Do not forget that no letter or packet can be sent by the post between places in the United Kingdom if it exceeds *two feet* in length. If it exceed four ounces in weight, it must be pre-paid; and that, at present, there is no limitation as to weight.

2. Remember the following exceptions to this rule:—Parliamentary Petitions and Addresses to Her Majesty (if specially and solely directed to "the Queen") pass FREE: Petitions to either House of Parliament forwarded to any member of such House; printed Votes and Proceedings of Parliament. Letters or Packets to and from the Public Departments, and Letters to and from places abroad, are not regulated by the first instruction, either as to size or weight.

3. Never send by post, letters containing articles of a nature injurious to the officers of the Post-office or the contents of the mail-bags, for fear of the penalties to which you would be exposed.

4. Never send by post any articles likely to sustain injury from the pressure in the mail-bags, to which they are unavoidably subjected.

5. Never send coin, medals, brooches, gold pins, or any other valuable material or ornament by post. If you wish to send a remittance to a friend in the country, go to the Money Order-office, in Aldersgate-street, pay in your cash there, and the amount of "commission"

---

* We may here observe that these "Instructions" contain the latest directions of the authorities as to the practice.

charged you will find on this paper under the head "Money Order-office." Absolute necessity only can justify your sending any of the articles above-named by post; there are plenty of other modes of transmitting them, without tempting badly paid officers to commit felony.

AS TO NEWSPAPERS.—1. Stamped papers, duly authorized by the Post-Master-General, may pass at any time free by post, *whatever the date of their publication may be.*

2. Use no envelope: tie up the paper with string or tape, and write the address plainly across the top, on the margin.

3. If you find a newspaper you ought to receive regularly, fails frequently, ask the Inspector of Letter-carriers, by note, to put it "*on check*" for a short time. You will soon find out who is tampering with it, or where the fault lies.

4. Do your part to help the Post-office, and everything will be done to help you.

Besides these officers, necessarily engaged in advancing the subsidiary duties from day to day, there are others, employed in the Accountant and Receiver-General's offices, and also in the office of the Superintending President, at the London district office. In the Accountant General's office, a large amount of business is done. The Accountant has the general controul and superintendence of the accounts, and checks, relating to the revenue. He furnishes the items of expenditure, and provides for their production at the Audit-office once a year, where they are examined and allowed. The clerks are employed in superintending the bye and cross road accounts throughout the kingdom: examining the accounts of the inland and London district office, and those of the letter-bill, postage stamps, rural posts, and the colonial and foreign accounts with the office, and in the entry of remittances. There are employed in these duties about forty officers daily.

The Receiver-general's office is one entirely independent of the Post-office, though connected with it. As the operations performed therein are a check upon the Post-office, the chief officer takes his appointment not under the Post-Master-General, but by warrant from the Lords of the Treasury. The Receiver-general is responsible for the gross receipts of the revenue. He pays all salaries, and other expenses; signs all drafts upon the Bank of England both on revenue and money order accounts; pays into the Exchequer the net revenue, signing the specifications and "write offs" for that purpose. The requisitions to the Stamp Office for postage stamps he also signs, and it is he who is responsible for the general accounts of receipts and payments to the Commissioners for auditing public accounts. To the Treasury, this officer sends a weekly account of receipt and expenditure: and for the safe custody of the large amount of gold required for the daily service, from the Bank, he is also responsible. Thirteen officers (chief clerks, and others) assist daily in this duty.

Enquiries, applications, and complaints of all kinds, either with reference to letters or newspapers sent through the London District Post-Office, are examined and replied to in the Superintending President's Office, as well as all the "rides" in that department, and the Surveyor's work, which requires careful and, indeed, unremitting attention.

The mid-day mail is superintended by the President of the Inland Office. Several of the General Post sub-sorters assort the letters daily, and the delivery in the central parts of the metropolis is effected by the General Post letter-carriers, while those of the District Post-Office circulate the remainder of the correspondence, which now begins to be very considerable.

The mail-guard service is separately regulated. Officers are on duty all day; and the guards, who attend to the delivery of the bags throughout the country, are sent out by day or by night, as their services may be required.

THE MONEY ORDER OFFICE.

One of the most valuable branches of the Post-Office service is the Money Order Office. Commenced as a private speculation by Robert Watts, Esq. about half a century since, it has continued to increase from year to year in importance, until it has at length become the "working man's bank," through which he may send when at a distance, his earnings to his wife and family. It is enough with reference to the utility of this department and the high estimation in which it is held, for us to say, that since its establishment the number of orders issued and paid within the year has increased upwards of thirty-fold. Its branches have been extended to every town in the United Kingdom where a Post-Office of comparative substance is to be found, so that now but little difficulty exists in obtaining either an issue or the payment of money orders.

Nearly three-hundred officers are employed in this service in the London Office in Aldersgate-street alone, and several others at the Branch Offices in the Metropolis. The hours are from ten to four, and the amount charged for commission is 3d. for sums under £5, and 6d. for amounts transmitted beyond that sum. In the year, ended the 5th of January, 1847, 7,024,882 money-orders were issued and paid, the total amount of money represented by which, reached the enormous total of £14,115,153. 19s. 9d.

Enquiries for money orders lost may be made in the same manner as those for missing letters. *

THE GENERAL POST EVENING DUTY.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the manifold duties performed at the Post-Office, is what is called the evening duty, which consists of the reception of the vast body of correspondence posted in, and for twelve miles round London, besides the large despatch into the Provinces of the morning, evening, and weekly papers.

It is scarcely possible to convey to the general reader a complete idea of this gigantic work: indeed such a description would far exceed the limits which could be spared in a serial publication. We will, however, endeavour, so far as convenient, to present a bird's-eye view of the duty which, it is hoped, will prove interesting inasmuch as it will show what system will do even in the most gigantic of all our public institutions where the greatest amount of duty is to be performed in the smallest allowance of time, before the mass of correspondence must be on its way in every species of conveyance, hastened forward by all the kinds of motive power with which we are at present acquainted.

The evening duty in the General Post-Office and at the several branch offices throughout the Metropolis, commences about four o'clock in the afternoon. The first process at the chief office is the reception of the contents of the several mail carts employed throughout London, the collection of the different bags from the receiving houses and the pouring out the letters and newspapers upon what are called the "facing tables" in the inland and newspaper offices. This preliminary business is performed by the junior hands, who place all the letters with the directions uppermost, that the obliterators and the other stampers may have easy access to them. At this moment the interior of the receiving rooms where the boxes are placed, communicating with the hall, presents a most busy and animated appearance, showers of letters teeming through the openings and continually falling into the large drawers fixed for their reception. The clerks at the windows and the paid letter messengers are also fully engaged, and the busy hum of the stampers resounds through the whole of this part of the building. As the letters thus teem in, the work of obliteration and affixing the dated stamp, proceeds; and as this is accomplished the correspondence is handed over to the sorters who divide the letters into what are termed "roads,"—or rather "lines of road.', traversed by the several mail conveyances or embraced on the routes of the lines of railway.

---

* Direct "*W. Berth, Esq.*, Money Order Department: at the Office, Aldersgate Street, City, London."

The letters so divided are then collected and taken to other assorters, or "clerks at the roads," who make the final assortment by placing each letter into boxes labelled with the name of the post-towns comprised in the division or road. Besides this, letters which have been registered by the payment of a fee of one shilling, are all entered in what is called the "country letter book;" thence they are transferred to the "road," where the clerk enters the name and address of the party to whom they are sent on the bill of the post-master; and finally they are tied up in the "way bill," separately from all the other letters, that the deputy may send, with the bill, back to the Post-office the next day, the receipt showing that the "money letter" has been "duly received" by the proper party. Up to six o'clock in the evening, the "glut" of the letters is excessive; and a casual looker-on would wonder how it it is possible that so great a mass of correspondence can be possibly got through. Presidents, however, exert themselves to the uttermost in order to spread the duty as much as possible; and clerks, sorters, messengers, and other officers, do all they can to keep the duty "down" as much as can be, or they would be speedily overwhelmed and reported for being "late" at their division. The hour of six having struck, the correspondence arrives more gradually, in consequence of the late "fee;" and then the officers are enabled to "master" the pressure, by hard working until about a quarter before eight o'clock, when only a few straggling, badly directed, or doubtful letters have to be sorted. Immediately afterwards the bundles, being all tied up, are placed in the bags brought over from the newspaper-office to receive the letters thus prepared for them in the Inland-office.

Simultaneously with the above duty, the work of assorting the newspapers is performed, but in a different part of the building—an upper-room over the Inland-office. The great body of newspapers is received from the London vendors a few minutes before six o'clock in the evening, 40,000 being posted within ten minutes, 50,000 having been received and assorted in the course of the afternoon and evening. After six o'clock the supply is limited, there being from that hour until half-past seven one halfpenny fee. Upon upwards of 1,000 per night, however, this fee is paid upon each paper. The newspapers are not stamped, they are sorted similarly to the letters; but, being more bulky, the process is necessarily of a slower character than the letter sorting. From time to time during the duty the boxes are emptied, and the papers put into the bags; and at 7:45 these bags are sent into the Inland-office, some of them being let down by slides into the office, and others of them being conveyed by the steam-machine to the clerks in that department.

At length the final letter is sorted, and the bags "brought over." In five minutes all the letters are deposited; and in five more the bags are tied up in sacks, and given in charge to the several guards, who from that moment become responsible for their safe delivery to the Deputy Postmaster in the provinces. Messengers convey them to the different omnibuses, and in the course of a few more minutes—as the clock of the Post-office strikes eight,—the rumbling wheels of the various vehicles announce the fact, that this vast body of correspondence is on its way to its destination to every part of the United Kingdom, the colonies, and the most distant parts of the habitable globe.

The Post-office is, after this hour, comparatively deserted: nobody remains there except the night messengers waiting for foreign arrivals, and the private watchmen who perambulate its silent offices and empty apartments, until the early morning duty again awakens life and activity by new arrivals from the provinces and abroad.

CONCLUSION.

Having now enumerated the different duties of the Post-office establishment, both of an executive and departmental character, it remains for us only to glance at the mode of appointment and the rate of pay provided for the "officers and persons" connected with this vast social machine. Glad should we have been to have had it in our power to say that the "working classes" in this most responsible and important section of the public service were fitly and adequately remunerated. It is to be regretted that such is not the case; and so much the more, because it is to be feared that the interests of the "few," under the existing system of management, *are* considered, while "the rights of the many" are too frequently overlooked, or only very cursorily and tardily enquired into. That principle, in a public establishment cannot be a good one, which regards the *rank* of the officer only, and not his actual value to the service; and that scheme must be faulty which prevents a worthy subordinate officer from rising in rank beyond his own class, however industrious he may have proved himself or fit for higher duty and increased salary. Nor is this the end of the evil. In the upper degrees of seniority in clerkships the amount of remuneration is princely; while in the first classes of the lower offices, the pittance is "poor indeed." This should not be; for the fact is that in both cases the responsibility is,—to say the least,—equal; and the actual labour falls, without question, far most severely upon the worst paid men, though the date of appointment in both instances may be the same. And in the case of superannuation allowances the well-paid clerk, who rises from an easy seniority to the maximum sum of £450 per annum has always before him the pleasing prospect of a liberal pension. According to the scale furnished in the Acts of Parliament 3 Geo. IV, c. 113 and 4 and 5 William IV, c. 24, he can look forward to certain twelfths of his salary and emoluments, according to length of service, this allowance increasing every five years up to 45 years servitude, at which time this officer is entitled to the WHOLE of his salary and emoluments, if appointed before the 6th of August, 1829, and two-thirds if he was appointed since that date. But what is the case in the instance of "subsorters" and "letter carriers?" They are allowed (if in the General-post) £20 per annum from 15 to 20 years servitude; £30 from 20 to 25 years active duty; £40 from 25 to 30 years, and if they remain 30 years more, they cannot obtain any addition to £50 per annum! The messengers receive a trifle extra, as they are permitted to rise to £60 per annum after 35 years service. But what do the poor London district-postmen get—the men who most need help, because during active service they are the worst paid? *Nine shillings* per week after 25 years service; *seven shillings* from 20 to 25; *six shillings* from 15 to 20; and under 15 years an allowance not to exceed five shillings per week, and that only *in very special cases.* Naturally enough we enquire why this is so? The answer is returned in a document relating to the Post-office (713) dated 21st of July, 1847, page 33:—the above scale is "*more suitable to their rank,*" *while at the same time* "*it embraces a fair consideration of their respective length of service.*"*

The objection we take to this practice is powerful: it is this, THAT THE SYSTEM IS NOT JUST. It required the same influence and patronage to procure a situation for the letter carrier as for the highest clerk in the service. Both of them had to be trained to the duties they are required to fill, but the one happened to fall among the ranks of the "gentlemen" of the establishment, and the other was *officially* unfortunate in having to wear the "uniform," stamping him in the eyes of the "Heads of Departments" as a "person" in the service! Let it not be supposed that in writing these strictures that we wish to impute blame to the men placed in the superior offices for the purpose of carrying out the practice. By no means: they are but the creatures of the system: the tools of the practice. But this we do say, that in order to encourage the honest man, who faithfully performs his duty in the midst of all the difficulties of a rising family and an inadequate income, the path of promotion ought to be opened, and something like equal justice should be distributed throughout the establishment. Let not the authorities take advantage of the prostrate condition of the "working classes" in the office to drive men to despondency at their prospects and perhaps to dishonesty because of them; but let the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury in future repudiate any tampering with the rights, immunities, and privileges of the so-called "subordinate" officers and "persons." Encouragement given to such men would be repaid with interest. The men are willing to labour; let them not be trampled upon, but equitably paid for their services, promoted according to their deserts independently of "class interests," or venal preference, or any other interested arrangements, and let them be honourably paid according to the terms of the Acts of Parliament when they are no longer able to labour in the public service.

We now take our leave of this interesting department. Much as has been accomplished therein by the perseverance of Mr. Rowland Hill and others for the good of the public, much more remains to be done. Large as is now the postal establishment of this country, and widely as its ramifications penetrate into distant lands, a few years will show that the maximum is nothing like attained. The principle of an uniform rate once admitted into the Post-office has opened an almost interminable line of business before the authorities; and the simplification of the mode of payment through the Stamp-office will effect still more. Such a result is the natural consequence of the steps already taken. Many of the now existing anomalies with respect to ship and foreign rates must be removed; and an almost total change must and will take place, both in the mode of management and the terms of contract between nation and nation, with respect to the transmission of correspondence. Further than this. We hesitate not to say, that the time will come, when not only the utmost simplicity will be introduced into all the arrangements of the department, but that a still further reduction of rates of postage will be made, and that in the end, we shall have, not merely an *inland* but a *continental*, an "OCEAN,"—aye, farther,—an UNIVERSAL "PENNY POSTAGE."

◆

THE POET'S MISSION.

By Henry Sutton.

Author of "The Evangel of Love."

Part I.

The student," says Ralph Emerson, "must embrace solitude as a bride. He must have his glees and his glooms alone. His own estimate must be measure enough, his own praise reward enough for him." To illustrate this high text, we will press into our service a modern poem: if with its own will, well and good; if not, then without it.

He who would be a poet, must learn to withdraw himself from trivialities as much as he can. He must commune with his own soul, passing through many a Pythagorean lustrum. From the petty pleasures and anxieties of the worldling, he must piously abstain. Especially must he keep his own island of individuality to himself: and while

> "Up and down the people go
> Gazing where the lilies blow
> Round his island there below,"

he must not give them liberty to do much more than *gaze*. It is his business equally to let the common concerns of mammon-hunting and pleasure-hunting go by; and while by his retreat

> "slide the heavy barges"

of business, or

> "flitteth the shallop silken-sailed"

of pleasure, they must always be "unhailed" by him, nor may he seek to be admitted to the company of their crews. Moreover, from all ambition and love of fame must he be free: no one must

> "see him wave his hand,
> Or at the casement see him stand;"

and

> "in all the land"

he must remain unknown, denying himself for the sake of his vocation.

Of course, such a seclusion will be one of sorrow, in some particulars. The poet's island, let us be sure, is "*willow-veiled*"—shrouded with weeping willows. In sorrows, in fears, in tremblings, must he have his part:

> "*Willows whiten, aspens quiver,*
> Little breezes dusk and shiver
> Through the wave that runs for ever
> By the island in the river —"

the island of his seclusion: yet, withal, he is not left comfortless; and though his situation has its "*gray walls*" and "*gray towers,*" there is still a "*little space of flowers*" which he may call his own.

And let it be said, once for all, if the poet expects outward conditions to be over-propitious, and looks much at external circumstances, he will go wrong. It is of no use for him to complain that he has fallen on evil times and amid evil tongues; and if he thinks mere outside advantages very needful, he will be disappointed. Many a crook in the lot shall he have. No deep romantic woods, no high majestic mountains, no outward advantages peculiarly propitious, encompass the poet's island of seclusion:—

> "On either side the river lie
> Long fields ——— "

not of asphodel with amaranthine bowers; but of homely common-place "*barley*" and "*rye,*"—worldly utility, rather than poetic beauty:—

---

* Letter of the Duke of Richmond to the Lords of the Treasury. Date. Jan. 26th, 1833.

Jean, instead of a ramble in the lanes with his schoolfellows, which had been their daily habit since spring had set in, in search of wild flowers for the foreign designers, made his way to the modellers' shed to beg of them some clay and to watch the use of their turning lathe. Whatever was the purpose of this earnestness was not known for many weeks, as he was seized that very night with cold shiverings and all the symptoms of severe fever, which proved but the forerunner of small-pox in its most malignant form. During the delirium of the attack he talked incessantly of some beautiful shape that haunted his brain, and asked imploringly for Virgine, and begged them not to keep her away. It occurred to Mason, as he watched beside him during one of these paroxysms, how much might be done for his little art-school, if a mind like Virgine's would watch daily over it, and influence by the example of a home of her own those of his workmen. To say was to do. After consulting Terence, who was, of course, too much delighted with the proposal to offer any objection, a letter was sent to the good father Pacifique, enclosing sufficient funds for Virgine and the little sisters' journey, and it was arranged that Terence should meet them at the nearest English port.

The secret was well kept from Jean till slowly recovering, and after one of those deep sleeps of convalescence he woke to find kneeling beside his little bed this dearest and best of sisters, and it seemed so like a dream, that whilst clinging passionately to her, he kept repeating is it not a romance, my sister ? nor had Virgine's meek heart exhausted half its infinite love and pity, before Mr. Mason himself came gently into the chamber, leading the little ones, and in the shadow of the dear and good old father.

Jean was now the happiest of children. Mason was equally delighted at this unexpected visit from the good canon, and as the great Easter festival of his church was just over, it was arranged that he should remain some weeks, and within a day or two pronounce the nuptial benediction upon Terence and Virgine !

After this happy event, and during the rapid convalescence of the sick child, the good father took much pains with Richard's little school, both as regarded an artistic decoration of its interior, and the plan that Virgine was to follow respecting it, as soon as she could speak English sufficiently to become its mistress. He likewise advised Mason, to form a museum of his scattered works of art, in pottery both ancient and modern, wood carving, bas-reliefs, sculpture, pictures, and adding to it the mass of British antiquities collected by Walmsly, let it be a whole sufficiently easy of access to educate the eye of the neighbourhood.

"Not for copying, not for copying, let these things be, friend Richard, spoke the admirable old man, "but let the eye become accustomed to colour, and form, and beauty. *Mon petit Jean*, is already highly educated, as regards the beautiful, though his only lesson books have been the sunsets and the vineyards of *la belle Normandie*, and the shrines and windows of our Beauvais Cathedral. If Virgine does but do her duty, and Madame will but assist with her cultivated pencil, the result upon those little children may be wonderful."

One day, shortly before the good canon's departure, Jean, who had been removed to the hall by Mr. Mason's orders, was in the beautiful garden, just after a shower of rain, and whilst noticing the flowers along the border, he said abruptly—"You see, *mon pere*, how the rain-drop only stays in the most beautiful shaped flowers. It rolls out from the less beautiful and sheds itself upon the ground. Does it not look, *mon pere*, as if the lovely should only hold the pure ?"

"Certainly, but the thought is an odd out of the way one for you, Jean, is it not," smiled the canon."

Jean supposed this a rebuke, so, hanging down his head, he replied, "I have odd thoughts sometimes, *monsieur le pere*, that I could only speak of to you, or Terence, or Virgine. But ever since the night before I was taken ill I have been trying to bring before my eyes some pitcher so graceful as to be only fit to hold a thing as pure as water. For Bob Smith, at Alice's father's, said, that no jug could make him love anything but beer. I think there might be, for he mostly gets drunk out of an ugly thing he calls Black Bet."

"You are right, and not yet right," replied the good canon, "a jug if it were as lovely as our Lady's vase is holy, would do no good thrust at once into the hands of an ignorant, ill-doing, man. But let him be gradually led to see, that cleanliness and order, however humble, are a part of beauty, let him *feel* a nice shaped vessel adorns the table, and he may in time come to see that his behaviour must agree through decency with what at last he has been taught to esteem. Yet as you progress with your drawing, and begin to work with Terence, all these true thoughts will serve you much, more especially if you strive to make those around you appreciate them. You must strive to grow up the very best workman Mr. Mason ever had ; quite an English workman too, and a bringer forth of designs from the landscapes, the flowers, the buildings, the costume, even the books which you may read of this beautiful land, and thus as an originator, we may hear of you in *la belle France, mon petit Jean*. So recollect all I say."

Every word was engraven in the heart of the child. Virgine progressed so rapidly in acquiring the language, that not long after the good father's departure, she undertook the care of the school, and from this hour, all things went on admirably. Each morning she herself decked the school with flowers, and on holidays took the children a walk either to Mr. Mason's garden, or its adjacent woods and lanes. She even herself improved under the watching care of Terence, and as he earned good wages, her cottage was soon a model of tasteful elegance, fit for the peace and purity that dwelt therein. At first the neighbours held aloof from what they called "a fine fangled farener and papist," but when they began to discover that she was neither arrogant nor uncivil, and unwearied in her care and attention to their children, their dislike gave way, and a smile, a look, a kindly office, was received with a sort of pride. She encouraged their coming to and fro to her on all occasions, and in time the effects of these visits began slowly to show themselves through the process of a sort of imitation. On many a cottage window-ledge, plate-shelf, and mantel piece, small vases, painted cups, and porcelain ornaments, that had proved "wasters," and as such, unfit for sale, replaced a broken flowerpot, an old tureen cover, a cracked dish, or a dirty candlestick, and wherever this was observed, another sort of sublimation was proceeding slowly in the household. It was perhaps the little children that carried home daily the seeds of this great, yet increasing change, but somewhat was certainly due to the improved household utensils now used in many cottages. Other children besides Alice Brown had had gifts of the beautiful tea-things principally as a reward for their little drawing lessons; and the other larger articles, as plates, jugs, dishes, had been distributed amongst the most meritorious of Mason's workmen. From this time one furnace and model-house were wholly used for the purpose of these improved domestic articles, which were sold amongst the workmen at cost price. A beautiful coloured jug, a well shaped tea-cup cost less, and soon began to replace the former ugly and ill-shapen things.* But it was in Brown's cottage, that the tea-things had served the best purpose. Alice had never forgotten Mr. Mason's words, and now, further improved by Virgine's cares, with whom she was a great favourite, she persevered in scouring her table, so that it looked even whiter than at first, and in spite of her mother's ill-natured annoyance, and Robert Smith's laughter, set forth the well-washed tea-things every night and morning. Some certainly got broken, but, as Mr. Mason always allowed them to be replaced from his warerooms, Mrs. Brown soon found that her purposed carelessness in letting down a tea-cup, or cracking the tea-pot, served to no other purpose than to exasperate her husband, and make Alice more persevering in her care and cleanliness.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

◆

LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Letters and Journal. Edited by Two of her DAUGHTERS. In 2 vols. Vol. II. London: Charles Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate-street, Without. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly, 1847.

WE have here the Life of Elizabeth Fry completed. This volume contains an admirable portrait of her, and vignette views of Earlham Hall, where she was born, and the house in Upton Lane, where she resided during the latter years of her life, and where she died.

We have perused this volume with no less astonishment than pleasure. Fully according with all the popularity and esteem which for so many years were awarded by the public to Mrs. Fry, we could not expect that her written life could furnish material for a deeper regard, or for any surprise at the amount of the labour of love, of one who moved so much before the public, and whose deeds and character seemed so familiar to every one. But we will venture to say that no one can go through these volumes without an immense addition to the veneration, the affection, and the wonder with which he regarded the subject of them while living. Elizabeth Fry and the reform of prisons, were for a long course of years associated in our minds as common places; but the reform of prisons, great as would have been the achievement for any individual, much more any lady, constitutes but a very small part of the services of this extraordinary woman, and what she did for the unhappy of her own sex, was but a mere portion of the good which she effected for the suffering of her race. Wherever she was, at home or abroad, her active philanthropy was at work to discover the real condition of the population, and to set on foot remedies for the evils of society. In the prison she not only sought to regenerate the fallen, the depraved, and the desperate of her sex, but to secure their proper treatment, and to have them placed under the care of women instead of men. From the prison her anxiety followed them to the convict-ship, with the same sisterly and maternal offices; from the convict-ship to the penal settlement. For this, under her auspices, the British Ladies' Society laboured; for this she applied with all her influence and zeal to rulers and magistrates. By her means chiefly, refuges were established both at home and in the penal colonies for securing the objects of her philanthropy, first, from the evil contact of their fellow sinners, and then from relapse. In her occasional seasons of relaxation, while enjoying the quiet freshness of the Channel Islands, of the Isle of Wight, or of the English coast, she entered the stations of the Coast-guard, discovered the empty, barren, and dreary life they led, and set on foot an agitation for libraries for them. This she accomplished, and these men and their families, amounting to a population of upwards of 21,000 souls, were soon furnished by authority of government, with—

498 libraries for the stations on shore, containing	25,896	vols.
74 ditto, for districts	12,880	,,
48 ditto, cruisers	1,867	,,
School-books for the children of the crews of stations	6,464	,,
Pamphlets, tracts, etc.	5,357	numbers.
Making a total of	52,464	vols.

It would be difficult to estimate the amount of happiness and good conferred on these isolated individuals in their solitary posts, by this measure.

Passing over Salisbury Plain, she was struck with the equally barren solitude of the shepherds there, and had a library established at Amesbury for them. She visited hospitals, lunatic asylums, and dock-yards, and everywhere saw, as it were, at a glance, the moral, religious, and intellectual needs of the people in them, and as boldly as kindly, pointed out the want of better ventilation, better attention to the sick, and to the social comfort and purity of all. She travelled with one or other of her brothers and other relatives in Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Denmark, everywhere arduously occupied in the inspection of all sorts of places where suffering, deranged, or demoralized humanity is confined; and in intercourse with those who were at the head of the various movements of social progress and amelioration. There was scarcely a person of any note in the cause of social reformation in Europe, that she was not brought into contact or correspondence with. Her labours of this kind were of such an overwhelming extent, as very often to completely exhaust her physical strength, and lay her on her bed for months. Yet no sooner was she able to rise, than she was again as zealously at work.

Lord Byron in referring to her labours to reform the lives of the criminal poor, asked her why she did not try to amend the lives of the rich? Why she did not go to George IV. and the palace? Perhaps no person, certainly no woman, ever did so much of that hard and ticklish work of admonishing the royal and the rich of their duties, or did it so well. She waited on the crowned heads of England, France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Prussia, and Hanover; and on them, and on their ministers and nobles, urged their vast duties and responsibilities to their subjects and fellow-creatures in a manner which was equally admirable for its zealous eloquence, and that beautiful feeling which, beyond all tact of policy, however consummate, sprang from the Christian tone and discipline of her spirit, and made its way with an extraordinary success. She did not hesitate to speak and write plainly to the princes and authorities, on all that she saw that was hurtful to the poor, and especially to the prisoners of every kind, in the different kingdoms she passed through. The neglected state of their prisons, and lunatic asylums, she put at once before the monarchs and ministers. Assisted by her brothers, she remonstrated on the continuance of slavery in their colonies, and of their participation in the slave-trade; and the good which resulted, the altered tone of mind in many of these elevated individuals, the foundation of new institutions and prisons, penitentiaries, and refuges, on some wise and humane principles, followed their labours almost everywhere with a success which never yet attended more reproachful and antagonistic means. With the captive and the criminal her influence was equally effective. Before her noble and gentle womanhood, before her kind manner, and beneath her affecting tones, the hardest hearts melted, the most savage creatures gave way. Those who had been exasperated by cruel usage into defiance, those who had been hardened by injustice into a strong indifference, those who had been plunged by neglect as much as by temptation into crime, became astonished at her sympathy, soothed by her consideration, their whole natures dissolved into tears and tenderness, and they kissed her hands, the very hem of her garments, and regarded her, and with truth, as a ministering angel of God. How much is there to be learned of the power of goodness to restore, and to reform, in the history of Mrs. Fry. It is little to call her the Female Howard. In the perfection of her spiritual nature, and her multiform and immense achievements on behalf of her suffering fellow mortals, over evil, ignorance, harshness and oppression, over popular prejudice and official blindness, over the established wrongs of institutions, and the carelessness of the wealthy, there is no parallel amongst mere men or women to which we can point. The life of Elizabeth Fry was one long triumph in the cause of man, in the cause of virtue, mercy and love, without the trumpet blown, or the banner of assumption unfolded to the eyes of vulgar wonder. In the gentle, modest, and unobtrusive course of this true Christian gentlewoman, we are continually reminded of that divine example by which she had so devotedly, and as it were so unconsciously, through the yearnings of a pure and tender heart, modelled her own nature, and acquired strength as well as wisdom for her work.

---

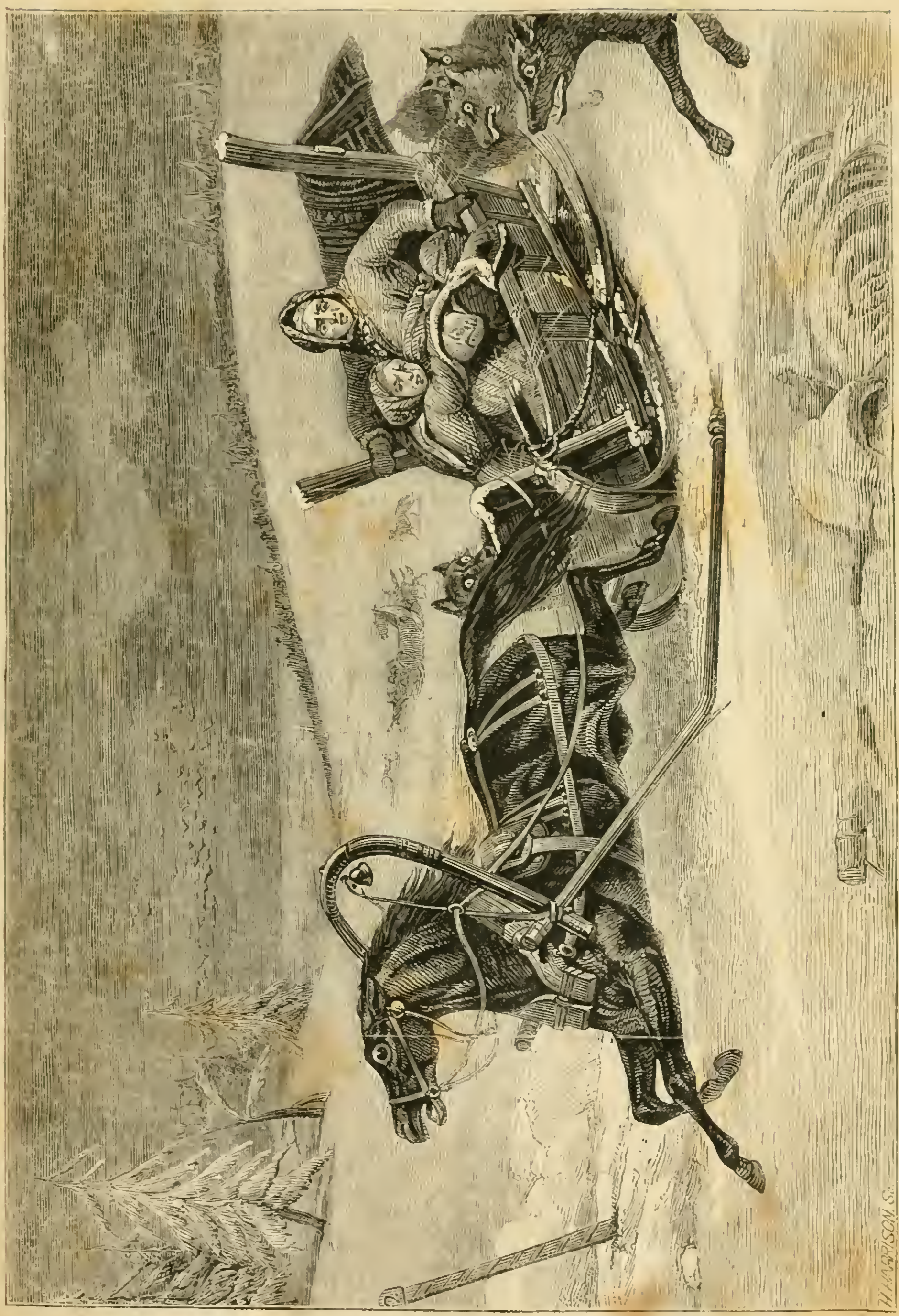
* This idea, which gives to a large master-potter, like Mason, liberality and culture of soul sufficient to advance his art through the home-culture of his workmen, as embodied in an early portion of this tale, is original. Since it was written an admirable article has appeared in Douglas Jerrold's Magazine for December, suggesting an "Art Union Manufactory" for the universal people. I trust this excellent suggestion will not die out on paper. Never till we have a home culture of the arts, shall we be, as a nation, great in original design, or an art-loving, and, consequently, moral people. It is not manufacturing pots and pans for lords and ladies that we want, but letting them be beautiful for the common household where the hand is rough, and the eye yet rude. Moreover, we are probably destined to become the greatest manufacturing potters in the world as soon as the dead weight of Directors and Monopoly is removed from our commercial relation with India. This probability calls for progress in design, or other nations may outrival us on the banks of the Ganges or the Indus. As I have said, I trust this suggestion may not die. Democrat as I am, I recognise the aristocratic element of beauty as the noblest feature in the coming democracy of the people.—*Silverpen.*

There is nothing which strikes us more forcibly in Elizabeth Fry, than the beautiful balance of her mind. Full of sensibility, yet calm; dignified, yet without haughtiness; zealous, yet not imperious; popular, yet not lifted up; commanding, and yet so kind; exposed to so many wordly influences, yet retaining so absolutely the tenderness of the Christian conscience, and the delicacy of the woman. In the great taskwork which she undertook, there was the most undaunted courage, yet no bravado; she had all the enthusiasm without which no new or arduous enterprise can be accomplished, yet free from its too frequent Quixotism. With her all was as practical as it was uncommon. In her religious feeling there was nothing of the bigot. Nothing can be more lovely than the broad view which she took of the nature of Christianity. She retained the garb and address of the sect in which she was born and educated, yet she did not hesitate to declare that she regarded its peculiarities as non-essential to real religion, and as even involving the danger of resting in them, instead of the weightier matters of the law. In respect to marriage, the same liberality of sentiment distinguished her. She regarded the union of affection in young people as the great matter, and where there was no positive unsuitableness of other kinds, as to be considered before all questions of wealth and sectarianism. Her heart embraced the true disciples of Christ, of whatever church or creed, and regarded these distinctions just as much matters of opinion as are a hundred others in human society. The same wisdom of the heart was manifested by her in all regulations regarding her own sex in prisons, and asylums. She was careful to give these the safeguard of the attendance of those of their own sex. Strenuous advocate as she was for prison reform, she revolted at the horrors of the solitary, and the mischiefs of the silent systems. She looked on these systems, and most justly, as adapted only for the commencement of those moral reforms which require their objects to be gradually restored to the society of their fellows, by judicious admission to intercourse with such as may improve them, and strengthen them in habits of virtue. Even in the work of enlightening and elevating the poor, and in visiting the sick amongst them, she was anxious to point out that the most indigent were entitled to a delicacy, and an avoidance of dictation and intrusion. She shrank from what she called the ill-timed officiousness of "good ladies visiting the poor." In no situation or circumstance did she ever lose sight of the great truth that those that we would assist or reform, are fellow-creatures, children of the same immortal parent, and that it is not our merit but our privilege to serve them.

We cannot close our notice of this beautiful life, which is edited by two of Mrs. Fry's daughters with a tact and ability worthy of their task and relationship, without reverting to a remark which we very often hear, that it easy for the rich to be philanthropic. If it be so easy, why is it not more common? It is true that Elizabeth Fry was nobly supported in her labours, and often accompanied in them by her brothers, gentlemen of great affluence, and in this respect she was all the more a suitable instrument of good. By the position and resources of her family, and the respect it had acquired, she was enabled to visit distant countries, and make her way into high places, which must otherwise have remained closed to her. In all these respects we contemplate with admiration the modest manner in which she used her privileges, the anxiety not to be carried out of her true propriety; and the charming unity of all the family connexions by which she was surrounded. In other respects, Mrs. Fry did not escape the trials of life. Philanthropists as well as poets must "learn in suffering what they teach;" and Elizabeth Fry had to experience all the trials and humiliations attendant on a reverse of fortune —and in the latter part of her life to see her nearest ties severed rapidly, and even her own son in the prime of life cut off before her. The news of death after death came like the wind from the desert, which smote the house of Job at the four corners: and that at the moment when her frame was fast giving way under the weight of past labours rather than of days.

But her work was done. She had introduced a spirit and put into action principles of social regeneration which time can only extend more widely and root more deeply. These volumes should be read by every one—especially by our ladies of affluence and leisure. They are a brilliant record of what may be done by one of their own sex for the human race without resigning one female grace, or neglecting one domestic duty.

HOWITT'S JOURNAL.


H. HARRISON, Sc.

PERILS BY THE WAY—WOLVES.

No. 57.—Vol. III.
January 29, 1848.

PERILS BY THE WAY.—WOLVES.

Perhaps no mortal situation could be more agonizing than the one presented to us by our illustration of to-day. A mother and her two children are travelling in a sledge in winter. A pack of hungry wolves are in desperate pursuit of them. The horses, full of terror, as is usual on such occasions, have galloped furiously over the snow, but in vain. One already is seized, and dragged down, the other breaking loose from his unhappy companion, makes one more fierce effort for escape. But the brute and famished pack are upon him; with broken pole, and one single trace, the terrified steed drags on the terrified mother and shrinking children. Without instant help of Providence, the catastrophe is too certain. The trace gives way, the maddened steed flies on—the sledge is left—and———the rest is an indescribable horror!

Yet such catastrophes are nothing uncommon where wolves and long winters prevail. We scour along on our railways, and never dream of the possibility of such tragedies.

Our tragedies are of another kind. They are the work of sloths—not wolves. We trust ourselves to enginemen and stokers, and are crushed into bloody clay by the onslaught of luggage trains with blind or sleeping guides. In this otherwise happy island, we travel free from fears of sudden destruction of any other kind. Our kings of old taxed wolves' heads and exterminated them. If our Queen does not tax those of Railway Directors, they will exterminate us.

But *a propos* of wolves. In the countries of the north, in North America and Canada, as well as in Europe—in France, Spain, and Italy, in the tracts bordering on the Alps and Pyrenees, in the forests of Hungary and Poland, wolves in winter are a frightful scourge. There exist not the ready means of extermination which we possess. Once killed out here, we became safe; there was no crossing the ocean for them. But where mountain and forest districts are extensive, they retreat in summer out of the observation of man, and come down in the depth of winter and hunt in packs that devour all before them. The flocks and herds are never safe from them except when housed. In spring, the foals and lambs are a prey that allures them excessively, and they are continually lurking in the thickets to carry them off. Children are not less liable to be seized by them in the vicinity of country cottages, and carried off into the woods and devoured.

There is something peculiarly loathsome about the wolf. He is a mixture of the bully, the demon, and the coward. If he find himself entrapped, or shut in any where whence he does not see the means of escape, he is the most dastardly of animals; where he comes on defenceless creatures he kills without limit from sheer blood-thirstiness. Winterbottom, in his "History of America," gives an account of a farmer going to a pit-fall which he had made for the wolves, one morning, and finding in it a wolf and an old woman, who stood reared against the sides of the pit, each equally terrified at the other. If all the ravages of wolves and adventures with them which have been recorded by authors were collected, they would form volumes. It would be a curious feeling to us, that we could not step out of a country-house of a wintry evening to visit a friend, or take a moonlight drive in a sledge, or be late in coming from the neighbouring town, without danger of being in the maws of wolves before morning. Yet this is the case in many a country. A lady friend of ours who resided many years in Petersburgh, assured us, that one winter while there, the sentinel at one of the city barriers was devoured by the wolves at his post, and nothing but a few of his bones, picked clean, were found in the morning, with some rags of his dress and his musket.

She also related to us a strange incident of a woodman who worked in the neighbouring forest. In the winter, the wife of this man had gone into the woodland to take him his dinner. She had with her their two only children, one of an age to walk by her side, the other an infant in arms. On her return evening was coming on, and she heard to her horror the cry of wolves. She grasped the hand of the elder child firmly, pressed the infant closer to her breast, and hurried on. The wolves gained, however, rapidly upon her: they came in sight, a numerous pack, and now made a furious chase. In speechless terror the poor woman rushed along as fast and as far as her feet and trembling limbs could bear her. She began to draw near to her home—she came within sight of it; but the wolves were now upon her: they surrounded her, and sprung upon the screaming child on foot. The terrified mother left it to its fate, and tried, while the wolves stayed to devour it, to gain her house. But again the savage pack were in pursuit; the one victim had not detained them many minutes—they were once more upon her, and the maternal instinct gave way to the instinct of self-preservation. She flung down the infant, and by a desperate effort gained her door and dashed it to behind her. She managed also to secure it with the bar, and to retreat into the cottage, and also to bolt its door; for the first door was that of a sort of outer court surrounded by a lofty wooden fence, which the Russian peasant rects as a safeguard against these monsters.

Here safe herself, but suffering worse agonies than those of death from the thoughts of her immolated children, she heard the wolves rending and tearing at the outer fence, and endeavouring to clamber over it. Every moment too she began to fear that her husband would be coming home, and would fall into their fangs. In another hour the horrid animals pursued their chase, and her husband arrived and was admitted by her in safety; but when she related to him the catastrophe of the children, after the first moment of horror, which seemed to petrify him, he exclaimed "And could a mother save herself at the price of her children's lives!" and raising his axe he clove her skull, and proceeding to the city, gave himself up to the police, wishing not to live.

Captain Lloyd, in his "Field Sports of the North," gives us some characteristic traits of wolves and adventures with them. He and his friends used to hunt them in this manner. Driving out in the winter in a sledge, they carried a little pig with them, which, by an occasional nip, or twist of the tail, gave a scream, which brought the wolves out of the neighbouring thickets in eager haste. As soon as these creatures came within gun-shot, they fired at them, and when a wolf was killed or disabled, the rest fell upon it and devoured it; and again gave chase to the sledge. On one occasion, however, the horse took fright when a desperate pack was after them, broke loose, and left them to their fate. The only chance was to turn the sledge over upon them, which they did, and soon had the wolves upon and around the sledge, tearing and scratching, and endeavouring to force their way under. In this condition they were obliged to remain till the horse, making his way home, occasioned an alarm and a search for them, by which they were found and rescued from their not very enviable position. The captain also relates, that a farmer was pursued by an enormous pack in his sledge, and with difficulty made his house. The horse rushing furiously against the gate of the court-yard, it flew so wide, that the voracious pack entered with them. Here, however, the native cowardice of the creatures saved the farmer. The gate closed behind them, and at once the wolves observing that, dropped their tails between their legs, slunk cowering around the court, and were speedily despatched by the discharge of fire-arms from different windows. Such histories, however, are endless: let us conclude with one well-told story by the author of the "Letters from the Baltic" in her Livonian Tales.

"One evening his way home led through a desolate morassy wood, which stretched for ten wersts on one side of his little farm, and where the track, deep between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eyes were closed, and his senses heavy with weariness, nevertheless, he soon began to be aware that the animal was quickening its pace unwontedly; again it jerked forward—quicker still—and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front; all was as usual—a wild scanty forest, standing knee-deep in a bed of snow—the narrow trough of a track winding through it—here and there pyramids of snow which showed the huge ant-hills of the country—the heavens bright—the earth white—not a living object but the horse before him. He looked behind—the scene was just the same—white snow and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind. The jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that—he knew that it was his horse they wanted first; and saw in an instant that all depended on the animal's courage more than on his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track, the chances were much in its favour, for the moment the wolves turned off in order to pass and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed; but should the horse, in its terror, plunge aside and flounder in the snow, Mart knew that it would be lost. He leaned forward, called the animal cheerfully by its name, and laid his hand on its back as he was often wont to do, in times of fatigue or difficulty—the poor beast knew the kind voice and hand—raised its ears, which were laid flat back with terror, and fell into an evener pace.

Mart shouted violently—but the wolves were either too keen or too many—it made no impression. It was an awful time, both for master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, while his eye watched the ferocious brutes, who were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions, to chop the frozen fish; he felt for it, and grasped it in his hand, but forbore to use it, for the closer the wolves kept at the back of the sledge, the less they were seen by the horse. Every minute, however, one or more of them broke out of the track, in the attempt to pass; and although they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinkered eyes of the little animal had caught sight of the dreaded foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn his eye in anxiety to see that it kept straight in the narrow track.

One of the wolves was more than usually large and long-limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature Mart more especially kept watch, and caught the green light which played from its eyeballs. It turned off again—the snow lay flatter for a space—the wolf kept its footing—it gained—for their pace is enormous—the little horse's eye glared round at it—Mart withdrew his hand, wet with the animal's perspiration; the wolf was just beyond arm's length, but he kept his hatchet in readiness. The horse was now in desperate gallop, and the wolf just abreast—it turned suddenly sharp towards it,—now was Mart's time. He dealt a tremendous blow,—the wolf avoided it, but stumbled, and in a moment was yards behind.

The distance from home was now quickly shortened beneath the horse's hoofs, which continued to carry the sledge at full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became a source of fresh anxiety. Mart was quite aware by this time that these were no common lazy wolves he had to deal with, but sharp-set determined brutes, to whom man or beast would be alike welcome. These were not the animals to be deterred by the signs of man's dwelling, as is usually the case, and there was an ugly werst of wide open space between the outskirts of the forest and his house, which he looked to with real apprehension.

They were now at the very edge of the wood—the road became opener—the wolves gained on each side—the horse bounded furiously forward, caught the sledge against the stump of a tree—it overturned—was swept away at a tremendous pace, and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment a heavy claw had slit the throat and down the front of his sheep-skin: it was well Anno's wrappers lay so thick beneath. He threw off the brute and rose—his hatchet had been jerked out of his hand by the fall—he cast a desperate glance around, but saw it not. The horse was now almost out of sight, two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man, and the two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost, he could do no more, and in an instant was surrounded.

"Here we must leave him, however cruel it may seem. Meanwhile the two young women were as usual expecting him anxiously at home, for Mart was late. Anno was sitting beneath the pine-wood candle at the spinning-wheel. Liso had risen from her's and gone into the smaller chamber, especially devoted to her. Old Karria Pois was lying before the stove fast asleep. Of a sudden the dog pricked up his ears, listened—rose—ran to the door and whined—then returning to Anno, wagged his tail, ran back, and whining again, scratched at the door. Karria Pois usually gave signal of Mart's approach, though not in so urgent a way, and Anno opened the door expecting to see her husband. The dog dashed furiously out, but no sign of Mart appeared. The young wife went out into the piercing air—saw and heard nothing, and was slowly turning in, when a sound caught her ear—it was the sound of hoofs striking full and sharp upon the frozen ground. So had Mart never approached before. But there was no time for wonder, for the next moment the horse galloped up to the door and stopped. Anno saw instantly that something had happened—the animal was dripping with foam and trembling all over—the sledge was reversed, and above all, Mart was not there.

Anno was but the girl still; she called quick to her grandmother—the old woman did not answer—she flew into the inner room; Liso was standing motionless with her face turned from the door. There was no light, save from the little snowed up window; but Anno saw enough to know that she stood in prayer. 'Oh! *Jummal!*' (God) said the poor girl to herself, "hear her!" and leaving her undisturbed, she ran again out of the house, gave one look at the trembling horse, and then, all trembling herself, began to retrace the jagged track in which it had come.

"We must now return to Mart, whom we have left in a frightful position. He knew what it was to put forth his strength in games and wrestling matches, and it was such as, shoulder to shoulder, and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was as nothing now against the heavy weight, the vice-like teeth, the rending grasp that held him down on every side. For a few seconds the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The blood-hounds closed again upon him—they pulled him down!

"People say there is no time to think in sudden dangers; they have never known one. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril than in days of fearless security. The sweets of this earth, the home that lay so near—the mystery of Heaven, swept over poor Mart's mind; nay, even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night—how his mangled remains would tell in the morning—Anno's despair—the village lament: he thought of all this, and more, and knew himself in the jaws of hungry wolves! Then those foul lurid eyes glared over him: the tightening of the throat followed, and thinking was over. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on the throat was suffocating him—his senses reeled—when on a sudden—dash came another animal hard-breathing along; threw itself into the midst with one sharp howl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant; Mart reeled giddily to his feet, and recognised his brave dog. For a second he stood stunned and bewildered; when he saw one wolf retreating, and all three attacking the dauntless Karria Pois. He turned to help him, and a bright object met his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow, within arm's length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up, and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured, and furious were the strokes he dealt.

"One wolf soon lay dead at his feet; the other cowed and retreated, spilling its blood as it went, and held off, skulking round, and now Mart poured his whole fury on the great monster, which held Karria Pois in as stifling a grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on his ribs, and laid bare the gaunt backbone; but the dog's own body interrupted any mortal wound, and the wolf seemed to feel no other. Poor Karria Pois's case was desperate; his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very parts he sought to wound; when suddenly he stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the hatchet was buried deep in the wolf's throat. Many more fierce strokes were needed before life was extinct; and as Mart rose, a hand on his shoulder startled him, and his wife fell on his bosom."

JUST TOO LATE.

A Tale, by Anna Maria Sargeant.

> "A friendly eye could never see such faults;
> "A flatterer's might not, though they were as huge
> "As high Olympus." *Julius Cæsar.*

"I am afraid that you will be too late for the early train, dear Frank," was the exclamation of a gentle looking young woman who, as she spoke, placed one hand upon the shoulder of her husband, and with the other attempted, half-playfully half in earnest, to draw away the newspaper he held.

"I have plenty of time, my love: it wants five and thirty minutes to seven, and I can walk *leisurely* to the terminus in ten" was his reply, as he glanced hurriedly upon the watch which lay upon the table by his side,—and he commenced reading a fresh column.

The wife quietly reseated herself and resumed her needle-work, but her eye wandered ever and anon with an impatient glance towards her companion, and then rested on the monitor at his elbow, the tickings of which were audible in the otherwise unbroken silence. Rising at length, she once more placed her hand upon her husband's arm and mildly enquired what he had found so very interesting as to engage his attention under such pressing circumstances.

"You are anxious, I see, Mary," he returned, "but I tell you I have plenty of time to finish this debate."

"Will you, for the sake of reading a debate, hazard the probability of not seeing your Uncle alive, my dear Frank," she somewhat reproachfully asked.

"I am not hazarding it," he with a pettish gesture returned, "and you know, Mary," he continued, "I never made any professions of affection for my uncle—our tastes and habits were too dissimilar for me to feel any, and I scorn to play the hypocrite."

"Still, since it is his dying wish to see you, you would surely desire to gratify it," pleaded the wife.

The young man threw the paper upon the table, hastily caught up the cloak which had been lying ready at his side, and taking up his watch, observed, "It still wants twenty minutes to seven, so I shall be there ten minutes before the train starts. Good bye, my love," he hurriedly added, and with the utterance of the latter sentence no vestige of petulance mingled.

Mrs. Merton followed him to the outer door: she did not trust her voice in a response to the parting benediction, lest her tears should flow, but having watched his retreating form till an angle in the street obscured him from her view, she returned to the parlour he had just quitted and wept unreservedly.

Mary Merton was a tender affectionate wife, but her grief on this occasion did not wholly arise from the separation. The five years of her wedded life had been five years of care not unaccompanied by privation, and her trials had been less easy to endure from the knowledge that they were principally owing to her husband's dilatory, procrastinating habits. He had now left her and his children with no other means of support than her needle was capable of supplying, for every shilling they possessed was in requisition to meet the expenses of the journey he was about to undertake.

Our hero was one of that numerous class of young men who are without any settled occupation. Not having, as it is termed, a *turn for business*, and his father being without adequate means to enable him to study for one of the learned professions, he had been allowed to follow the bent of his own inclinations. His uncle's interest had been exerted in getting him early introduced into a respectable banking establishment; he was, however, speedily discharged for want of punctuality. He next took a situation as clerk in a lawyer's office, but the many hours he was now confined to a desk did not agree with his love of ease and leisure, and really impaired his health; from this position he had descended from necessity, to the counter. His pride would not long brook the humiliations to which he was here exposed. Adversity had not yet taught him that valuable truth, that no occupation is really derogatory which is not dishonourable, and which has been undertaken from elevated motives: thus he became the sport of fortune, and the amiable and gentle young creature who had, unfortunately for her, linked her destiny with his, was a sufferer with him.

Mrs. Merton was still weeping over her past troubles and future prospects, when she was aroused by a well-known knock at the street door. Her husband's want of prudence and perseverance had weaned from him every relative and friend save one. This was an old school-mate, whose liberality was only equalled by his forbearance. Charles Leicester was a character rarely met with, and still more rarely appreciated, for in him were combined that nice sense of justice which permits not the claims of an enemy to be overlooked, and the warm hearted generosity which is ever ready to make a sacrifice of self-interest in the cause of friendship.

Such was the early visitor who was now admitted to the mansion. "Ho ho, you have the advantage of me I perceive," he exclaimed, as he entered the apartment where the breakfast apparatus gave sure indications that they had already taken their morning meal. "I came with the intention of taking a cup of coffee with you, and talking over some affairs of business before I went into the city."

"It is not often that my husband is out so early, Mr Leicester," Mrs. Merton returned, whilst a faint blush suffused her before pale cheek. "Last evening's post brought a letter from a confidential servant of Mr. Gresham's, with intelligence of the old gentleman's approaching dissolution, and further stating that it was his wish that Frank should visit him immediately."

"And is he really gone by the first train this morning," Leicester enquired with evident surprise.

The cheek of the wife was again flushed as she faltered forth that she *hoped* so. Scarcely, however, had the words escaped her lips ere she caught a glimpse of his figure passing the window

"This is surely he" cried her guest, whose eye had been roving in the same direction, for to confess the truth, both wife and friend had, from past experience, expected this result.

"Ha, Charles. my dear fellow, how are you, I'm glad to see you," Merton exclaimed as he re-entered his home. "Glad to see you," he repeated, laughing to hide his chagrin, for he would just then rather have seen even a dun. "But was there ever such an unlucky wight as myself?" he jocosely added.

"You were just too late I suppose," Leicester drily observed.

"Yes, my evil genius caused my watch to lose ten minutes during the night, and I got to the terminus just after the train had started," was his reply. "But it's my usual luck," he pettishly added, throwing his hat and cloak so carelessly on the table that the former by the irresistible laws of gravitation, speedily found its way to the floor. Mrs. Merton quietly took up the ill-used hat and busied herself in smoothing the few remaining vestiges of beaver on its surface.

Mary has told you, I suppose, where I was going this morning." the young man pursued, "but I've very little hopes from uncle Gresham's liberality. He has been a prosperous man all his life, everything he has touched has turned to gold, and he makes no allowances for the mishaps of an unfortunate fellow like me. Do you remember Charles, his disappointing me of a handsome pair of globes he had purchased purposely for me, because I did not meet him to the minute he appointed on the morning of my twelfth birth-day?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it," Leicester laughingly made answer, "and my memory is malicious enough to recollect also, that it was all owing to your having indulged yourself with an extra half hour's nap, which I suppose was the case *this* morning likewise. There, don't be nettled my good fellow," he resumed, perceiving a flush of anger on the cheek of his friend. "I know that the truth is not always palateable; it is nevertheless salutary to hear it sometimes. And right to tell it," he added, looking significantly at Mary, who was handing him a cup of coffee.

"You are quite out in your surmises this once at least," Merton exultingly exclaimed. "I was up before sunrise."

"Then the political debates, perhaps, attracted your attention," Leicester pertinaciously continued, glancing as he spoke at the newspaper, which still lay on the breakfast table in the place where Frank had thrown it. "Was it so my dear madam?" he enquired, again directing his eyes towards Mrs. Merton.

"Don't ask me such a question, I pray you, Mr. Leicester," she returned in painful embarrasment, "it would ill become me to heighten my husband's disappointment, by casting reflections on his conduct."

"Not at all, my dear lady, if those reflections be from the mirror of truth, and they are made without any unkind intention."

The eyes of the wife were filled with tears, and she turned aside to conceal them, whilst the husband vented his indignation in confused murmurs, of which broken sentences, such as—"freedom of an old school fellow," "taking to task,"—"some people deem every *misfortune* a *fault*," etc., could alone be heard.

"Take care that you are not just too late for the *next* train," Leicester exclaimed as he arose, and caught the hand of his old schoolmate. The pressure of that hand was not the only indication of sympathy and friendship Merton received. the palm became the recipient of a bit of soft paper of unmistakeable value, but the donor darted from the apartment to avoid comment or thanks.

"Charles is a generous, kind hearted fellow," Frank Merton observed, as his wife re-entered the parlour, after having opened the door for the exit of her guest, "a very generous, kind hearted fellow," and he threw a five pound Bank of England note on the table, "but he presumes too much upon our long acquaintance and the few years he is my senior for all that."

"He can have no other motive than your benefit," pleaded Mary, whose heart overflowed with gratitude at this unlooked-for supply.

"Nay, he always did like to dictate, even when we were boys together," Merton made answer, "and as I happen to be of a temper which cannot very well brook it, it is a rock upon which we are constantly splitting. I hope, however, to pay him, some day, the long debt I owe him."

This last sentence was another of the young man's mental soliloquies which was not intended to meet any ear, but it nevertheless caught that of his gentle wife, who ventured to observe in reply, "that she hoped, with him, that they might be able to return the various sums his friend's generosity had so often furnished them with in their utmost need," adding however, "that the debt of *gratitude* could never be fully cancelled."

Gaining wisdom by his past experience—a thing our hero was not prone to do—Merton was this time at the railway station ten minutes before the train started. His patience was however put to a severe test by an accident, which, though not disastrous in its consequences, caused a delay of nearly an hour. "Was there ever anything so untoward, to think that my watch should deceive me, and make me too late for the first train, and that this should occur to hinder me further." These were the murmurings in which he now indulged, but if they were overheard, they were totally disregarded, for each passenger was too intent on his or her own discomfort to have any sympathy for him.

The passengers in a steam carriage may not unaptly be compared to men in the general transactions of life. They meet, as it were accidentally, secure the most comfortable places for themselves, whirl on from station to station, engrossed by self, or at best by the narrow circle to which they form a centre—exchange a few words on the passing events. part again and take no further interest in each other's weal or woe. We must not, however, moralize by the way, but follow our hero in imagination to the abode of his dying relative.

Mr. Francis Gresham, had fifteen years previously purchased a handsome estate in the vicinity of the large manufacturing town in which he had amassed a fortune. He was one of those men whom the more refined portion of the world denominate *money getting*, but to do him justice, it must be told that his gettings had not been at the expense of his probity. He was related to Frank Merton on the maternal side, and being his namesake, and only nephew, he took so much notice of him when a boy, that it was generally supposed that he intended to make him his heir. This expectation was, perhaps, the reason why the youth did not pursue his father's business, or take to any other, but it was not avowed. The indolent habits and impatient temper of Frank were, however, a serious barrier to his long remaining a favourite with his uncle. They had many disagreements; Mr. Gresham exacted more than his nephew thought his position warranted, he was also, as he imagined, too *free* with his *censures*, and too *parsimonious* with his *money*, and the result was, that a rupture took place which left the young man very little hope of ever more enjoying his favour.

The house was a plain brick structure in which convenience rather than elegance had been studied. Our hero, in his boyish days, had often amused himself with planning its fall, and in imagination rearing a tasteful villa in its stead. His thoughts wandered back to that period as he now approached, and the latent sparks of affection were re-kindled as he once more trod on ground associated with youthful feelings and youthful hopes. His summons with the ponderous knocker was answered by the old servant before spoken of, and the now doleful aspect of the usually cheerful old man, told an unwelcome tale ere the visitor had time to put a question,—

"Ah Master Francis, I wish you had been here two or three hours earlier," Jonathan exclaimed as he took him familiarly by the hand. "I fear you are *too late*."

"Does my uncle yet live?" Merton gasped forth.

"He *breathes*, and that is all we can say."

"Then I will see him," and suiting the action to the words, the young man was about to bound up the stairs leading to the chamber Mr. Gresham was wont to occupy when he was a frequent guest at the mansion. He was however forcibly delayed by his aged companion, who besought him with tears in his eyes, not to shorten the few minutes his uncle might yet have to live, by forcing himself unannounced into his presence.

"I have something to tell you, sir," he added, "before I can allow you to see him."

"Tell me quickly then, I cannot submit to a delay."

"But how comes it Master Francis," the old man asked, "that you were not in greater haste before, my master expected you by the first train, he was then perfectly calm and collected, and had you come it would have prevented the foul work that has been going on since."

"Foul work, what can you mean old man?"

"Well, sir, I don't know that I ought to call it so—perhaps Miss Gresham, being my master's own sister, had as great or a greater right to the property than you have, but I always stood your friend, Master Francis."

"Miss Gresham! Has my Aunt Gresham been here?"

"She is here *now*—she travelled post through the night and arrived early this morning. How she got the intelligence that my poor master was dying, I don't know. I am sure he did'nt expect her, and I don't think he wanted to see her either, for you know sir, they were not on very good terms."

The young man bit his lip with rage, "And the avaricious old fox has been wheedling my poor uncle out of his property, and ruining *me*," he said, bitterly.

"I fear so. The housemaid was sent to town in a mighty hurry for Mr. Cribb, master's man of law, and then the cook and she were called up into master's bed-room. I guessed too well for what purpose, but they were bribed, I fancy, to be silent, for they would'nt confess a syllable."

"This *is* foul work, Jonathan," Merton furiously exclaimed; "but I'll thwart her yet, I must see my uncle instantly."

The old man again expostulated, but it was now in vain, for, mounting three or four stairs at a stride, our hero, urged by anger and disappointment, pursued his way regardless and even thoughtless of consequences, to the chamber of his sick relative.

His progress was however impeded at the door by the gaunt figure of Miss Gresham. Though in the decline of life, she was possessed of masculine strength, and her powerful arm was now put forth to obstruct his entrance.

"Let me pass, woman," Merton vociferated.

A malignant smile was the only answer he received, and she still maintained her hold on the door, which effectually prevented his proceeding.

"Oh, for the sake of your poor uncle, be calm," cried Jonathan, who had by this time followed the young man up the stairs.

"Calm! when I am robbed of my right by ——"

"Hold, hold, Master Francis. Think of your dying uncle!"

"I must think too of my starving wife and children," Merton fiercely made answer, as with a desperate plunge he forced himself through the half open door The suddenness of the movement caused Miss Gresham to stagger, and not being able to maintain her hold, she fell to the floor.

The young man had no intention of injuring his relative, he was only intent on reaching the bedside of the dying man, but gladly availing herself of the unhappy circumstance, Miss Gresham uttered loud screams, which summoned the other inmates of the house to the spot, and led them to suppose that her life had been attempted. She then gave peremptory orders that a constable might be sent for, that her nephew might be given in charge, but to her infinite chagrin, after Jonathan had stated the truth, no one seemed disposed to obey her.

Merton meanwhile rushed to the bed, and drawing the curtain which had before obstructed his view of the occupant, gazed almost frantically upon the wasted and haggard form of the old man; his eyes were still open, but they were glazed, and every feature bore the rigid aspect of dissolution. The sight caused an instantaneous revulsion of feeling in the breast of our hero. The solemnities of the scene overcame the stormy passions which had before possessed the mastery; remembering only that the pale cold form before him, was the brother of one, around whose memory his tenderest affections clung, and that he had caressed him in his childhood, and counselled him in his youth; moreover that his own waywardness and imprudence had been the cause of the estrangement which had subsequently taken place, he sank beside the bed and wept.

Merton spent the night in that chamber of death, now pacing it with rapid yet uneven strides, now stopping to look upon its ghastly occupant, then turning to the open window to catch the cool zephyrs, hoping thereby to allay the feverish throbbings of his temples. Jonathan was his companion, but the old man did not often interrupt him in his musings, he was too much absorbed by grief at the loss of a master he had for twenty years faithfully served and warmly loved. He took occasion, however, to tell our hero, that Mr. Gresham had been much disappointed when he found he had not availed himself of the first means of conveyance, that he had expressed anger, which he, Jonathan, had attempted to avert, by supposing it possible that the letter containing the information of his illness had miscarried. This attempt at exculpation had, he said, effectually made Miss Gresham his enemy, and from that time she had studiously avoided him.

Miss Gresham issued the orders for her brother's interment with the air of one who already felt herself mistress of the mansion. She gave her nephew many intimations that his presence was not necessary, and that his society might be dispensed with. Frank, notwithstanding, resolved to stay and witness the reading of the will. He could not doubt that a testament in her favour had been drawn up previously to his arrival, his only hope lay in finding proofs that his uncle was not in a state of sanity when the last will was signed, but this Jonathan discouraged, by averring his belief to the contrary.

The day appointed for the solemn obsequies arrived, and Miss Gresham came forth arrayed in the habiliments of mourning, which ill accorded with the triumphant smile on her countenance. The emotions of her nephew were varied: he was, by turns, burning with anger and penetrated with grief and contrition. The body consigned to the tomb, the usual forms succeeded—forms Merton's impatience could but ill brook—at length, however, the confirmation of his fears came: a will bearing the date of the day on which Mr. Gresham died was produced, wherein the bulk of the property of the deceased was bequeathed to his sister, Margaret Gresham. A handsome annuity was settled on Jonathan Brown, as (so it was expressed) a testimony of respect for his faithful services: small legacies were added for the other servants; and the sum of five hundred pounds to Francis Merton.

The possession of five hundred pounds would ten days previously have seemed an immense fortune to our hero, but the fact of his having been, as he deemed, unjustly deprived of more than twice as many thousands now preyed like a canker-worm at his heart. He stopped not another night in the mansion which he had once imagined would be his own, but returned to London with the full determination to spend his uncle's bequest in law proceedings, which might, he thought, eventually secure him his rights.

Merton had communicated the events we have made known to the reader, by letters to his wife and his friend, but he said not a word concerning his resolve until he was seated between them in his quiet little parlour. He had a presentiment that the proposal would not be very well received (a presentiment which was nearly akin to an inward acknowledgment of its imprudence) and he made several attempts to give it utterance ere he accomplished it. At last, however, the truth came out, and he tried to nerve himself against the opposition he was certain it would meet with.

Mary was silent, but the sorrowful expression which overcast her features too clearly revealed her feelings, and it must be acknowledged also, that that sorrowful look had a more powerful effect in shaking his resolution than the prudential arguments which he anticipated from his quondam school-mate.

"So you would throw away hundreds as if they were trash, because they don't happen to be thousands," Leicester dryly remarked.

"Not I—so far from it, I think I shall make the best possible use of them."

"If filling the pockets of the lawyers be making the best possible use of money, I grant you are right, but if you take my advice, my friend, you'll keep it in your own in preference.

Merton attempted to smile, but he was really much chagrined by the bantering strain which Leicester had taken up. "Of what use will five hundred pounds be to me," he peevishly asked. "If I should speculate with it in any line of business, I am such an unlucky fellow I should be sure to lose it."

"That argument certainly tells against your speculating with it in the attempt to invalidate your aunt's claim"—His friend remarked, "However, I am not so fond of talking of good and bad luck as you are. I believe we, in a great measure, carve our own destinies, and that if we were honestly to trace all the circumstances preceding our misfortunes, we should, in nine cases out of ten, find they were the result of some inadvertence or folly of our own.

"You use the word *our*, meaning me to place the letter *y* before it and make it *your*," Merton laughingly observed.

"Nay, I don't mean any such thing," Leicester rejoined, "yours is not an isolated case, but if you are disposed to make my remarks personal, so much the better. They are more likely to come home. Now, my dear fellow," he added earnestly, "do search for a few minutes into the *causes* of those events which you denominate misfortunes—don't be afraid to bring out the truth; for, depend upon it, it will be to your future advantage."

Our hero winced a little under these searching propositions, but made no reply.

"I do not deem the loss of your uncle's large property," Leicester resumed, "so great a misfortune after all. Riches obtained without any exertion of our own are of doubtful utility. They oftener prove a curse than a blessing to their owner; but for a young man to form habits of promptitude and punctuality, for him to act with decision, and maintain that right balance of mind which will enable him to estimate the value of things as they stand connected with the plain path of duty—not with his inclination or the false judgment of the world—these, my friend, are of the utmost importance, and until you acknowledge and act upon the same, you will never surmount the difficulties under which you have for so many years laboured."

Merton still remained silent, but it was obvious that he listened with less impatience than heretofore.

"It was my lot, you know, Frank," his guest resumed, "to be cast upon my own resources early in life, and I attribute my subsequent success principally to that circumstance. I was learning lessons of prudence while most youths of my own age were sowing their wild oats. But *you* may acquire them at a later period; it is never too late to be wise. Take my advice, my friend, think no more of the acquisition of a fortune which will, depend on it, after all, prove a mere *ignis fatuus*—secure the good you possess by seriously considering in what manner it may be best appropriated for the comfort of your family—make a vigorous effort to shake off slothful and enervating habits, and you will find this five hundred pounds of more value than fifty thousand."

Frank Merton only pressed the hand of his friend in answer; but that warm pressure expressed more than language could have done; when the proud nature of man will give an indication of gratitude for reproof, it is more than half way towards amendment.

Our hero was not naturally deficient in firmness; but over indulgence in childhood and long-cherished habits of indolent self-gratification had obtained such a powerful influence, that he had yielded to them as of necessity, without ever asking himself whether a strong effort on his part might not overcome them. There is, however, nothing so animating as the consciousness that we are acting right; and this consciousness now gave vigour to the exertions he made to counteract the evils from which he had so long and so severely suffered. His sincerity and strength of purpose were shortly after put to the test. An offer was made from a respectable commercial establishment to receive him as a junior partner, but as he could afford but a trifling premium, great exertion and constant application were required. These he was now determined to give, and the result was, the confidence of the seniors, which led to some diminution of labour and larger profits.

A happy change has taken place in our hero's circumstances: perseverance combined with good natural abilities, have conducted him to competence. Now, in the meridian of life, he cautions the youth with whom he has intercourse to avoid the quicksands upon which he foundered; taking every opportunity of encouraging that decision and promptitude in action which precludes the possibility of being *just too late.*

◆

WHAT THE BEGGAR SAID[*]

By Edward Youl.

I did not dream upon a bed,
Nor cast my limbs beneath a roof,
When, hungering after wheaten bread,
I fell asleep and bought a loaf.
It was a meal of Christian food,
Not treasured scraps for dog or cat:
Hearts leap at unexpected good;
Mine leapt and gave God thanks for that.

I took my seat beneath a tree,
I broke the bread beside a stream;
O Heav'n above, be good to me,
For this great good was but a dream!
But in my dream the loaf was sweet;
I ate the crust; I ate the crumb;
I ate, and had enough to eat,
And could have given alms of some.

I woke;—the morning sky was grey;
A drizzling rain was falling fast:
I rose to spend another day,
A vagrant, as I spent the last:
My rags were draggled in the rain,
The rheumatism gnawed my bones;
Stiff joints are got, and ache, and pain,
From breezy beds on London stones.

Though older men than me are strong,
Yet I am miserably old;
For I have dragged my limbs along,
Twelve winters, through the damp and cold.
The Northwind smites me as it blows;
The Eastwind shakes my feeble frame;
And in the suns, and in the snows,
My place is on the earth the same.

I was no vagrant in my prime;
There stood a house near Middle-row
It was my home in happier time,
But that was many years ago.
Misfortune fell, as falls a frost,
Unseasonably from the sky:
It blighted all, but blighted most
My name, my fame, my energy.

I do not often tell the tale.
One night the rumbling engines came;
Down poured the sparks like burning hail;
Up shot a crazy spire of flame:
The water hissed upon the floors;
The rafters broke;—the roof fell in:—
My neighbours spurned me from their doors.
Accusers said, I did the sin.

As God's own face I hope to see,
I know not how the flames began;
Nor how suspicion fixed on me,
I could not understand, nor can.
I did *not* light the kindling match,
Nor waited till the street was clear;
I was *not* set upon the watch
For spies—I had no spies to fear.

They banished me across the sea;
I bear the brand, I feel the shame:
My cheeks confess the infamy—
Old convict,—yes, I know my name.
Returning after many a year,
I found no friends to give me bread;
I had no home, I felt despair
Sink down upon my heart, like lead.

I loathe the bread that beggars eat,
The sturdy rogues who fear to raise
Their arms in labour, whom the street
Sees idly crouching all their days.
God meant the stout heart to endure;
He made the arms for labour strong;
I loathe the man, or rich, or poor,
Who will not help the world along.

Alas, nor work, nor post, nor place,
I got;—to whom could I refer?
Who knew me, knew of my disgrace,
And would not give a character.
I halted upon Ludgate-hill,
I stood there with uncovered head,
I stretched my hands, against my will,
To passers by, and asked for bread.

Instinctively the brave man turns
From him who begs, and eyes askance
The slothful wretch, who never earns
The bread that is his sustenance.
It should be so, for I believe
This scripture, graven on my breast,
That men, whatever they receive,
Own what they earn, and steal the rest.

I drop upon the ground, and sleep,
Or seek the shelter of a shed;
Or walk all night, and strive to keep
The limbs alive, that should be dead.
I stagger in the Christmas street,
Struck senseless by the power of frost;
I hunger after refuse meat,
And pine, when men enjoy the most.

I am no beggar in the spring:
Primroses bloom along the lanes;
I sell them, and the violets bring
An independence for my pains,
I gather groundsel for the birds;
Ripe plantain has produced me food;
I ask no alms, with plaintive words,
In summer, from the multitude.

I swear I have no beggar's heart,
For idleness is not my crime:
I should rejoice to bear my part
In the redemption of the time.
Or in the rear, or in the van,
Give me a place, and I will prove
A vagrant still may be a man,
And love he will return with love.

Old vagabond, who bade thee speak?
Thy dismal rags are drenched with rain;
Retreat into the night, and seek
Thy bed upon the earth again.
Then, dreaming, break the wheaten bread
Beneath a tree, beside a stream,
With gratitude that God has fed
The starving beggar in a dream!

---

[*] These verses are the substance of a statement made by a London vagrant to a friend of my own.—E. Y.

KING PENGUIN,

A Legend of the South Sea Isles.

By R. H. Horne.

(*Concluded from p.* 54)

Chapter V.

Forward ploughed the ship on its course to Waibou Island.

That night, as Percy Johnstone lay in his hammock, you would naturally think that his mind was filled with the most joyous thoughts at his escape, and that he would soon have fallen asleep, and enjoyed the most hopeful dreams. It was far otherwise. He could not sleep at all, and his mind was in a most restless, perplexed state. The wicked thought had again forced itself upon his attention, and though he endeavoured to drive it away, it continually returned, and he caught himself giving to it all sorts of serious considerations.

Near him sat the Bird-king, upon a capstan-bar which had been brought below for his accommodation by the express orders of the captain. He was evidently in a thoughtful state also, blinking his eyes beneath the cabin-lamp, as it swung backwards and forwards from the beam above, and often holding his head on one side with his nose pointing in an acute angle with the deck. But, ah, how different were the thoughts of the King, and young Percy Johnstone! The one, brooding over schemes of disinterested public good; the other, plotting to carry his benefactor away into captivity, and speculating with detestable selfishness upon the profits and advantages he might derive from the crime.

The usual stormy weather attended the passage round Cape Horn. The ship heaved up, as if ascending a precipice—reeled over on one side—then pitched downwards head-foremost, as if into a gulph—again to ascend and reel, and pitch. And the beams and timbers, creaked—and the yards rattled against the straining masts in being lowered down—and sails flapped with a quick mad noise—and hard ropes fell clattering like stones upon the deck—and the waves burst and boomed—and blocks screeched and rattled—and the winds never ceased to howl.

In the morning Percy informed the King that they must content themselves with remaining in the cabin till they were safe round the Horn. The King said he did not see how that could apply to him, as he could swim better than any ship—without meaning to disparage the one he was in—and was not unused to storms. Percy replied, that this was very true, no doubt, but since men were not Penguins, as he had before had occasion to observe, it was proper to be careful on these occasions. The hatches, therefore, were kept close, lest the water should burst into the cabins. The King said he saw some sense in this.

Towards noon the King again proposed to leave the ship. He said "he had seen as much as he wished, and would now like to return." The same answer was made to him as before. The King said, "he felt sure that if the hatches were only raised a little, he could dart out in a moment, before a wave got in, supposing one happened to pass over the deck at that time." Percy replied, "that it was hazardous, and he was sure the captain would never consent to it." So the King consented to wait till the evening.

The evening arrived; the King again proposed to depart; Percy made the same excuse as before.

"But we have rounded the Cape," said the King "I know it by the motion of the ship."

"We might be drowned on this side of the Cape as well as the other," answered Percy, moodily.

"But all the ship's diving and dancing," said the King, "has ceased, and all the strange noises overhead. The storm has abated."

"The hatches can't be opened," said Percy.

"They *are* opened!" exclaimed the King. "I hear the captain coming down the ladder. Good Heavens! what new thing has come into the world! Open the cabin door this instant!"

"It can't be done," muttered Percy, turning his head away with a black look, and folding his arms.

The King rose up, and shook his feathers till they all stood on end, so that he looked like a frightful white bush with a dragon's face in it! Percy turned as pale as death, and reeled backwards against the ship's side. At this moment the cabin door opened, and four sailors entered with a great empty hamper. They seized the King—placed him underneath the hamper—and then fastened it down to the floor of the cabin.

A long silence ensued. Then the King was heard to say in a low voice. "O, my People!"—and nothing more.

Chapter VI.

The ship proceeded on its course with very favourable winds and fine sunny weather. During the rest of the voyage no word or murmur escaped the mouth of the betrayed King. A hole was made in one side of the hamper towards the top, and some of the sailors often went and peeped in at him, but he never took the slightest notice of them. He did not refuse food altogether, partaking, however, very sparingly of cold fish and an occasional draught of water.

In due time the vessel arrived at the Island of Waibou. The captain immediately went to the Governor of the Island, who was a rich mulatto prince and the owner of the ship. The captain took Percy with him and introduced him to the Governor as the preserver of his (the captain's) life, and also of the Governor's ship, which the mutineers had intended to steal, carrying her off to some distant port, and there selling her with all her cargo. "He has in his possession," added the captain, "a very wonderful sort of Bird whose cries and screams were chiefly instrumental in frightening the mutineers from their purpose."

The Governor received Percy with great demonstrations of gratitude—asked many questions about his wonderful Bird—took Percy directly to live in his house, and declared he would do everything in his power to advance his fortunes.

After a few days the Governor recollected all that had been said about the extraordinary Bird that Percy had brought with him from the island, and expressed a wish to see him. Percy accordingly set off for the ship where he had left the King, but as he approached the sea-shore he began to feel so very uncomfortable, and as if he could not face the King, that he gave directions to some sailors to attend to the Governor's request. He then returned and walked up and down in the gardens of the Government House in a most disturbed state of mind, and once or twice hid himself in the shrubberies when he thought he heard some of the black slaves coming to call him into the house.

After a time, however, when he had reminded himself of all the promises of the Governor, and of his interest and advancement in the world which might be forwarded by means of the Bird-king, he returned to the house with a bold air, and entered the hall. There he saw the Governor talking to the captain; and between them was a large bamboo cage with the King in it, standing very upright, but with an abstracted air, and appearing not to see anybody or anything.

"We are examining your Bird," said the governor, addressing Percy. "I have occasionally seen some of the same class before, but never one who had so stately an air, nor with this ornamental crown upon his head. Where did you buy him?"

"I—I—did not,"—stammered Percy, "I did not buy him, exactly. I found him.—" Here the King gave Percy one look, and then turned his back upon him. Percy was unable to say another word.

"Upon the rocky island;—"pursued the governor, "Yes, I recollect; the captain told me about it, and that his loud cries assisted you in alarming the mutineers. Well, I greatly admire this Bird, and if you will give him to me, I shall have the greatest care taken of him." Percy was about to answer hastily, that he would be most happy to give the King to him, but he checked himself, fearing the royal captive should turn round and give him another look. He therefore bowed low, in token of respectful assent (hoping the King did not see him) and retired from the hall.

The ship which Percy (with the assistance of the King and all his bird-people) had been the means of preserving, had contained a cargo of very great value to the Governor, so that he did not know how to express his joy sufficiently. He loaded Percy with favours; gave him a very pretty house near his own, with a beautiful garden in it; lent him books, and sent teachers to him; exhorted him to study commercial affairs, and chemistry, and mineralogy, and to acquire the knowledge of all sorts of precious stones; and assured him that he might consider his fortune made; and his success in life as certain.

Percy forthwith went to work in the study of commercial calculations; he made a variety of chemical experiments (greatly to his own wonder and delight); he examined and tested the qualities of different minerals; he carefully and minutely observed the beauties and peculiarities of precious stones; he enjoyed his pretty house, and his lovely gardens; he indulged in all manner of bright hopes, and built all manner of castles in the air. But he was *not* happy. Every now and then he felt a strange weight at his heart.

Chapter VII.

Percy had an Arabian wise man to teach him chemistry, and the value of different mineral substances—a Greek merchant to instruct him in commercial affairs, and a Jew to direct his studies of precious stones. He had three horses, seven mules, and ten African slaves; and the slaves all called him "Lord Percy."

One evening he gave a grand party, at which the Governor and all the principal people of Waibou were present. His garden was lighted up with a thousand lamps of various colours, under which the visitors danced, and he had for his music five flutes played by negroes, accompanied by Indian guitars, banjos, a tambourine, and a gong. Percy danced with the Governor's daughter, who was a very beautiful Creole girl.

After the visitors were all gone, Percy retired to bed. He was very restless, and could not sleep. Something was on his mind. Amidst all his good fortune he was not happy.

His bed-room was on the ground-floor facing his garden; and as he lay in bed, he watched the coloured lamps in the trees die out, one after another. At last there were only three green lamps left at the farthest end of the garden, and these were glimmering in the sockets.

As he lay watching these dying lamps, he though he saw a strange figure move slowly across the faint green light at the end of an avenue of fruit trees. He sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes, expecting to see it again. But nothing came. He wondered what it could have been. At length he laid himself down again, closed his gauze mosquito curtains, and soon afterwards fell asleep.

He dreamed that he was walking along a pleasant corn-field near his father's house at home. He saw the ocean at a distance, with the sun shining upon it. He began to walk very fast in that direction, when he heard his father call him back. He still went on, however, until he came down to the edge of a steep cliff overhanging the ocean. He now saw that it was the moon that was shining, and not the sun. But the long stream of light that lay along the water was so beautiful—so like a broad silvery high-way across to the other side of the world—that he resolved to step forward and walk across. Again he heard his father call him back. Nevertheless he was determined to proceed. He stepped over the edge of the rock,—and *down* he went to the very bottom of the sea! At the same moment he heard a hollow voice—not his father's—call out "Lord Percy!"

He awoke with a start! How his heart beat! Well, it was only a dream. But the same voice again said, "Lord Percy!" It sounded close to him. This was no dream. And what is that, standing by the bed, outside the gauze curtains! Some one is standing there—and will presently draw the curtains and look in upon him!

"Lord Percy!" again said the voice,—"student of commerce, and many things that smoke, and shine, and pop-bang!—eater of hot fish, and hot meat, and hot greens; and drinker of pink waters, and yellow waters with bitter pips in it!—owner of many slaves, and master of many whistles, and strange string-twangles, and a banging hum! Prince of the beautiful lamps of colours, and dancer upon the wave-like roundabout earth, between trees and underneath—Oh, Lord Percy! hast thou forgotten thy friend of the rock, the once powerful King Penguin?"

"I have not!—I have not forgotten!" exclaimed Percy, "I never *can* forget, O, King!"

"Doth not his captivity press heavily upon thy heart? Doth not the memory of his bamboo cage, eat into thy soul?"

"It does—it does!" cried Percy.

"Are not his injuries as a shark's teeth in thy slumbers at night?"

"They are—they are!" ejaculated Percy, wringing his hands.

"Doth not his patience overshadow thee like a full cloud that will not burst in rain; and hath not his self-respecting silence a constant tongue within thee, whispering of what he was—and is—and what *thou* art?"

"I am a villain!" exclaimed Percy in a passion of tears—"a prosperous villain! King Penguin was a noble and humane bird-gentleman, and prince!—he *is* still the same noble prince—and I am a successful, miserable dog!"

"Thou art indeed miserable," said the King, "which is a wise arrangement of Providence; and thou art not a dog. Console thyself, Percy."

"I am worse than a dog!" said Percy. "I never knew any dog—poodle, terrier, hound, or cur—who would have done what I have. But I will set about repairing the injury. My own true heart will come back to me. I cannot bear this heavy sinful one, any longer."

"In three days," said the King, "I will visit you again."

With these words the King departed.

Chapter VIII.

The next morning Percy awoke at an early hour, as most people do who went to sleep with a good resolution in their minds. He jumped up immediately, and hurried to the Governor's house.

The Governor was not out of bed, so Percy went to walk in the gardens, for an hour. How different were his feelings from those he had experienced when he walked to and fro, and across, and around, on the first arrival of the betrayed King in his cage. Then he was all heaviness, and perplexity of mind; now he was all lightness, and clearness of thought. He felt equally light of body, and could not resist taking a run at some shrubs and raspberry trees, over which he leaped backwards and forwards. He had never jumped so high in all his life before. It was quite delightful. He started off to the aviary, and just took a peep in. There sat the King as usual, quite silent, and, apparently asleep. Percy hurried again into the garden. He resolved that the King should have his liberty, and be restored to his people. "Yes!" exclaimed Percy, "and I will myself take him back to the island!" As he said this, he ran at a wide marble basin that was sunk in the ground and full of water, over which he made a clean leap. He had never leaped so far in his life before. He was in an ecstacy of delight.

The Governor was up at last, and Percy went to him as he sat at an open window enjoying his long pipe and a cup of cocoa. When he had made known his wish, the Governor laughed, supposing that Percy was only in fun. But when Percy declared he was in earnest—and that he really wanted the Governor to give him back the Bird-king, and lend him one of his ships to go himself and restore the King to his island, then the Governor became very angry, and ordered Percy never to mention such a thing again, on pain of forfeiting all claim to his regard and countenance.

"Then," said Percy to himself as he walked away, "you and your countenance may keep each other company; for I have quite made up my mind to an honest course of action. I served you, Lord Governor of Waibou; and you have rewarded me. I am therefore, at liberty to resign your favour whenever I please."

Percy now went to the captain of the ship that had brought him to Waibou, and made known his request. The captain was astonished at it; but when he heard that the Governor had so entirely set his face against it, he flatly refused to assist in any way, as he dared not offend so great a man.

"But I saved your life," argued Percy, "I and the Bird-king whom I wish to restore. You owe us your life, recollect. Is it not better to risk offending a great man, than to be a dead man?"

"I don't know," said the Captain. "And yet what you say looks like the right view of the case. True—I *should* have been dead, if it had not been for you and the King of the Penguins. Let me see what can be done for you."

It was finally determined that Percy should hire a ship of one of the merchants of Waibou, saying it was for a secret purpose to take something of importance to an island round the Horn. As Percy was known to be so highly in favour with the Governor, secresy was promised, and no further questions asked.

On the third night, after the *fête* given by Percy at his house, the King found means of again escaping from his cage in the aviary, and made his way directly to the garden. Here Percy met him by moonlight coming down the most shady walk.

"Reflection," said the King calmly, "Reflection, my young friend, has awakened your soul, I perceive."

"A ship waits for us!" exclaimed Percy in a hasty under tone, "Come, without delay!"

"I rejoice at it," said the King, in his usual methodical manner, "I am glad of it for both our sakes."

"All is ready—let us lose no time!" cried Percy, with great impatience.

"I must again remark," said His Bird-Majesty, "that I am particularly glad to hear it. You will now have a pure conscience once again; you will be happy all day, and sleep sweetly on your roost at night; and I shall be restored to my loving Penguin people!"

"Quick! quick! this way," cried Percy. "We may be followed. We must make our retreat at the bottom of the garden!"

"And so out into the spice-grove—and across the sugar plantation leading down to the sea-beach," continued the King, in a mild and composed voice: "I have already reconnoitred the locality from this garden, to whose soft shades we are now bidding farewell. Oh, ye unknown flowers, which we look upon for the last time! ye fruit-trees of strange flavour, where the lamps of many colours were hung by Lord Percy;—and, Oh ye fragrant open spaces for the performance of the waving and tossing dance to the song of the whistles and string-twangles, and the banging hum, farewell! The years of our life are not ——"

"Gracious heavens!" cried Percy in a fever of excitement, "what *are* you about, with these dreadful—these fatally tender sentiments, at such a moment! Our intention will be suspected and frustrated. This way!—this way!"

"The years of our life are not — —"

"I know it—very true—they are not—come along!"

"Are not numerous — —"

"No—very true—and if we are seized they will be ended upon the spot. Quick! quick!"

"The years — —I was about to say"

"See! There are lights moving about in my house—our flight is discovered! We shall be followed and seized!"

"Oh, my people!" said the King, "but why do we delay? Catch us who can!"

With these words, away they scurried towards the sea beach, the King helping himself onwards with his wings, and pulling Percy along with him, who held fast by a tuft of feathers in his side.

CONCLUSION.

The ship was not a very good one, nevertheless they got safely round the Horn, and arrived at the rocky island of the Penguins.

What words can describe the rejoicings that took place among the bird-people when their beloved King was restored to them! The elders of the colony shed tears of joy, and slowly flapped their little black wings up and down with excess of emotion; while all the young penguins danced and fluttered round, and played all sorts of antics in the water. Finally, when they saw Percy and the King embrace each other on taking leave, all the Penguin people set up a great cry, which was intended to express regret and exultation, and farewell, and glad-to-see-him again if ever he came that way, all in one shrill echoing chorus.

The vessel bent her course round the Cape again, homeward to Waibou. The unpleasant part of the business was now to come for poor Percy Johnstone. How the Governor would receive him, or what punishment would be inflicted upon him, it was impossible to conjecture. All the favours he had received from the great man would no doubt be forfeited; his former service would be overlooked, and perhaps he should be cast into a dungeon. Perhaps he might even lose his head?

Just when Percy's imagination had worked his apprehensions to the highest degree, so that he had pretty well made up his mind to die, a sail hove in sight, and upon coming nearer, it proved to be an English vessel. Percy had a boat lowered, and went on board. Finding she was homeward bound, he agreed with the captain for his passage, and having paid this, he reserved nothing for himself, and sent his own vessel onwards to Waibou, with a letter to the Governor, excusing his recent conduct, thanking him heartily for all his kindness, and bidding him farewell.

Percy arrived in England, and was landed at Dover. He walked all the way to London, and then to his father's counting-house, where he arrived one evening, greatly fatigued, and in rags, with scarcely a shoe to his feet.

His father received him with open arms and a hearty shake of both hands, and his dear mamma was overjoyed and full of affection. That same evening before he went to bed Percy told his story to them both, concluding with these words:—"Thus, you see, my dear father,—though I once had fortune and success in my hands—yet do I return to you having lost everything. After all I have gone through I come back to you with nothing but raggedness and failure."

"Dear Percy," said his father, embracing him, "you have not lost everything, nor have you failed in what I should have expected of you. You have not lost your good heart, nor your sense of what was right and generous. Your resignation of all your wealth and good prospects, I regard as so much gain, since it was the only means of preserving your honour and good feeling. In this world all successes are not money successes. Some successes are higher; and these you have accomplished. I receive you as my own true son; I honour your ragged dress; I applaud your poverty; and I have the highest hopes of you as the partner in my house of business."

Note.—It may not be an ungraceful opportunity to confess to Mrs. Howitt and the readers of "HOWITT'S JOURNAL," that this is by no means my first appearance as a writer of Stories for Children (of all ages), and that a variety of Mr. Cundall's publications have my hand in them. It was a great pleasure to me to tell this to Hans Christian Andersen, when he was in England; and he exhorted me to read his "Ugly Duck" of which he seemed more proud than of any of his larger works.—R. H. H.

◆

FRUIT FROM PLATES AND DISHES.

By SILVERPEN.

(*Concluded from p.* 61.)

It was necessary for Alice to be up earlier in the morning, for she soon saw that a dirty hearth and dull fire did not suit the bright white table, and the brighter tea-things; and though it was cold and dark now winter was come round again, it fully repaid her to see her father come cheerfully in to tea, or breakfast, with a smile on his face, and always a kind word. By degrees, her mother, who at first would not sit near the "fine things," began to take her breakfast at the table with her husband and the little ones, and to admit that the fire "was really comfortable." It might be noticed, too, that these little ones grew more tidy in their habits at breakfast and tea, and were careful not to grease or slop the neat table. The more this change made him happier, the more poor Brown returned to his fireside, to hear of an evening Alice read, or to teach the other children. The kitchen walls, too, as he would sometimes look up and down them by the evening fire, looked dirty and bare; so, after a week or two's discussion, his wife consented to let them be papered with a cheap paper, and when this was done, the highly-coloured pictures bought at the door, of a hawker, looked so absurd and uncomely. that they were taken down again. Brown presently recollected that one of the burnishers had, some days before, offered him a well-shaped "waster" vase for a few pence, and as he knew that if this were bought, and placed upon a little wooden bracket, that his friend Hodges would easily make and paint, Alice would be wonderfully delighted, the pictures were given as toys to the children, and Alice one night was surprised by seeing on the middle of the bare wall, opposite the window, the pretty bracket, and its prettier vase. From this time, art, in its poor way, entered the humble household. The mantel, the shelf, the window ledge bore testimony to this.

Though Mrs. Mason had never co-operated in any of her husband's plans, she, as time wore on betrayed her unexpected jealousy of Virgine's success, by haughty coldness in their occasional intercourse, or by marked silence at other times. She never visited the little school, though an object of great interest for many miles around; and so persistingly opposed the removal of her father's collection of British antiquities, and splendid books on works of art, that Richard's projected museum was for the present at a stand still. Though thus crossed and vexed, Richard loved her dearly, and now looked forward with anxious interest to an increase in his household. The more anxiously, as he had on one or two previous occasions been disappointed. The hour came, and he was made happy by the birth of a son, but at such cost to Gertrude, that for weeks she lay so ill, as to be unable even to recognise her husband. No nurse could be found for the baby. It was at this moment, when his wife seemed dying and his child's life was perilled, that Virgine sent and proffered to be its nurse, though her own infant was only a fortnight old. This noble offer inexpressibly touched the soul of Mason. He felt that in saving his child, the poor designer of Beauvais rewarded him very largely for the service he had done, and in the moment of his happiness he made new resolves to further lift this household-art that had made the soul and home of this poor teacher so lovely and exalted. Virgine's were not mere words. She took the babe, and in maternal tenderness was more careful of it than of her own. As soon as she was sufficiently convalescent, she took it each day to the bedside of its mother, and poor Gertrude, once able to recognise her own blooming and thriving infant, cherished and preserved by the gentle, meek hearted foreigner, then all mere difference of rank, pride, and jealousy were cast forth from the contrite heart of the mother and the woman.

From this time a strong affection grew up between Virgine and Gertrude; and where the one had cast the seed with meek diligence, the other with more advanced culture of hand and eye raised and led onward. The lessons of the most intelligent children were soon wholly prepared by Mrs. Mason, and though one by one the boys were drafted into the various working departments of the pottery, amongst others, Jean, still they formed a class three evenings in the week to pursue what had been so well, and so artistically, begun.

Through the space of the next five years the children of the little geometrical lessons, who had sat round the garlanded table, and first paid worship to purity through the beautiful inkstands, became the full grown or growing youths of this pottery district. If original design was but yet in its infancy amongst them, it was already noticed that Mason's goods bore a remarkable finish; and that instead of as formerly, the most elaborate model could be perfected by his own workmen. But design itself was under development. True, Jean Marron was far above the rest in artistical genius and taste, though the youngest amongst them; still the correct hand, the cultivated eye, was fully alive to all the influences which generate the true and new in art. As inseparable the moral growth kept pace with the intellectual one. Instead of the dog-fighting, public-house hunting, rioting, which filled up the leisure of their fathers' early time, these youths now spent their few holidays, in what Jean truly called "design rambles," that is amidst the woods and fields, catching sweet nature in her loveliest forms and fancies. Many a graceful tea-cup handle, had in form, but the week before perhaps, been the mossied bough of some old tree; and the pendulous flower, that had suggested the curve of a vase or new drinking vessel, had drooped beneath some hedge row, or dipped into some stream.

It was during one of these summer holiday rambles that a floating bough in the shady recesses of an old country mere, suggested the outline of the imperishable form that was first to proclaim Jean Marron a great original artist, and to be well known in every European wareroom as the "Lily Water Jug." This was the form he had so long vainly sought to realize. It was faultless, and when executed in the relief of porcelain and scuit, orders poured in on every side for this rich ecimen of original British art. Various sizes of the g were made. With one holding about two pints an went to Brown's cottage, where, if the truth be oken, he now went pretty often, as between himself d Alice an affection had for some time sprung up. b Smith was still a lodger, and it being evening time, ice had just spread the supper table as Jean went in. t what a different supper table to the one of years fore, though the viands were not richer. The well ped dishes and plates were set on a neat cloth, the ives and forks and salt cellars were bright and clean; only thing that seemed out of place on the table s Bob Smith's remarkable Black Bet, which was still ed both at dinner and supper with a quart of strong r. Though not the drunkard that he formerly was, the culture that had commenced with the first set ea things had operated gradually upon his coarse, gh habits, still these daily quarts kept him without unday coat and shoes. Jean was invited to supper; l Alice at his bidding filled the beautiful jug with sh spring water and set it on the table. Bob looked l admired with the rest. "It really is beautiful" l mechanically he looked down at the beer pot by his e. Jean made no comment, he had already spoken le to both Brown and his daughter, but from this e the "Lily Jug" stood so regularly on the table t Bob was the first to miss it, if designedly forgotten Alice, and at last one day said, "Come, I've seen thing so long, that I begin to think what comes out t must be 'specially nice. Let's have a drop." Though h a circumstance had never been known before, ck Bet was soon after this forgotten to be filled. l Bob who would at one time have walked a mile to are his "dinner drop," now without a comment took er; and from this time the "quart" was so frequently gotten, that, at Alice's suggestion, Black Bet was nissed altogether.

And now Bob" said Alice, "dear Jean will be py, for though father and I have not told you, he er forgot what you said a long while ago, that no would ever make you like water. He thus thought nis own mind that he would try to make one so beautiful, that set on the table from day to day, you might be led to like water, for the reason that it stood in what was so much admired and what was so pleasant and nice to look at. This is the jug, and now, Bob, I'll take care of the money it once cost to fill Black Bet, and you'll soon have the worth of a Sunday coat."

The success far and wide of the "Lily Jug," and the moral of the little story attached to it, gave as it were a new and great impulse to the whole management of Mason's pottery. Anxious to compete with Jean, the young designers and modellers of the district soon formed a "Design Association," the products of which might be bought by any master potter, on the condition that they would manufacture certain of the designs to supply a cheap "Art-Lottery" for the people. Mr. Mason had just built some magnificent rooms, and arranged within them his now greatly enlarged museum. With his old liberality he at once gave over to the use of the Association his "British" rooms: and thus amidst relics of English battle fields, the wreck of buried cities, the riches of excavated *tumuli* and barrows, old carving, old missals, old stained glass, models of Stonehenge and old abbeys like those of Glastonbury and Fountains, rich paintings of native scenery and domestic life, and illustrations of the ideal of our poets, the great work of originality was comenced. From the first, success was wonderful. The design for a fish strainer by Jean sold for a large sum, and the designs for the "Material Art Lottery" were gladly executed by the master potters at half the usual cost for the mere sake of practice from such models.

As native art thus improved, wealth flowed in upon Richard Mason. He could afford to be liberal, to elevate his workmen, to still further their advance through lectures and books, for the reason, that he had wisely cultivated the native genius of the district. In no great while an equal moral change was perceptible.

I now come to the present time when British art is making such a change in the whole condition of the people. Mason is the greatest and most successful of English potters, and he has been the means of spreading the "Marron designs" far and wide upon the continent. As the good father prophecied, Jean has been heard of in *La belle Normandie*. But passionately attached to the country of his adoption, and married to one of the best and worthiest of its women, in good circumstances, he is still Mason's chief designer, and carrying out with singleness of purpose, the almost sublime image of the river drooped flower—"*The Beautiful contains the Pure.*"

I now finish with a true and fitting climax to my little story. No later than this very past Christmas eve. Mr. and Mrs. Mason with good old father Pacifique, who has come his last journey to England, principally for the purpose of bringing to Richard the gift of the Veiien vase, meet the whole body of workmen in the great room of the Museum. Gertrude looks kindly round upon the many faces, Virgine proudly on her foster son, and after some speaking Jean uncovers the table, and shows as a gift to Richard Mason, the great English Potter, the magnificent dessert service to be henceforth immortalized in British art as the "Shakesperian Service," because illustrating the grandest scenes in the greatest plays. It has been secretly in progress for five years; and subscribed for by the whole body of workmen, is gigantic evidence of luxuriant originality in those, that once, as little children, had sat round the garlanded table. Both plate and dish are matchless in form, and rich in painting and bas-reliefs. The latter, upholding the flower vase, shows Perdita bringing in the flowers to the feast of the sheep shearing!"

In the admirable thanks that Richard Mason gives, he says, "I have never doubted the artistic genius of this great country, and I am right. We will yet be immortalized by more things than by the grandeur of our poetry; and when I see around me as I do, the moral life that has sprung forth, like a stream, from this true and new estimation of the beautiful, I may justly say this is indeed divine—"Fruit from Plates and Dishes."

SONNETS.

By Anne C. Lynch, New York.

I.

Go forth in life oh friend, not seeking love;—
A mendicant that with imploring eye
And outstretched hand asks of the passers-by
The alms his strong necessities may move:
For such poor love, to pity, near allied,
Thy generous spirit may not stoop and wait,
A suppliant whose prayer may be denied
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace gate.
But thy heart's affluence lavish uncontrolled;
The largess of thy love give full and free,
As monarchs in their progress scatter gold;
And be thy heart, like the exhaustless sea,
That must its wealth of cloud and dew bestow,
Though tributary streams or ebb or flow.

II.

Night closes round me and wild threatening forms
Clasp me with icy arms and chain me down,
And bind upon my brow a cypress crown
Dewy with tears, and heaven frowns dark with storms.
But the one glorious memory of thee
Rises upon my path to light and bless,
The bright Shekinah of the wilderness,
The polar star upon a trackless sea
The beaming Pharos of the unreached shore;—
It spans the clouds that gather o'er my way,
The rainbow of my life's tempestuous day.
Oh blessed thought! stay with me evermore,
And shed thy lustrous beams where midnight glooms
As fragrant lamps burned in the ancient tombs.

III.

As some dark stream within a cavern's breast
Flows murmuring, moaning for the distant sun,
So, ere I met thee, murmuring its unrest,
Did my life's current coldly, darkly run.
And as that stream beneath the sun's full gaze,
Its separate course and life no more maintains,
But now absorbed, transfused, far o'er the plains
It floats, etherealised in those warm rays.
So, in the sunlight of thy fervid love,
My heart so long to earth's dark channels given,
Now soars all doubt, all pain, all ill above,
And breathes the æther of the upper heaven;
So thy high spirit holds and governs mine,
So is my life, my being lost in thine.

IV.

The mountain lake, o'ershadowed by the hills
May still gaze heaven-ward on the evening star,
Whose distant light its dark recesses fills,
Though boundless distance must divide them far.
Still may the lake the star's bright image wear;
Still may the star from its blue ether dome,
Shower down its silver beams across the gloom
And light the wave that wanders darkly there.
Oh my life's star! thus do I turn to thee
Amid the shadows that above me roll,
Thus from thy distant sphere thou shinest on me,
Thus does thine image float upon my soul,
Through the wide space that must our lives dissever,
Far as the lake and star, ah! me, for ever!

LITERARY NOTICES.

CHEAP POPULAR MUSIC.

1. *British Harmonist* in Nos. 1 to 25. A collection of Glees, Madrigals, Canons, Rounds, Catches, Sacred Choruses, and Anthems. Glasgow, W. Hamilton: London, Simpkin and Marshall.
2. *Hamilton's Select Songs of Scotland* in Nos. 1 to 7. Glasgow, Hamilton; London. Simpkin and Marshall.
3. *Caldwell's Musical Journal.* Parts 6 and 7. Edinburgh, Caldwell, Brothers; London, Orr.
4. *Musical Treasury*, in parts. Book 1st of Glees, Catches, &c. Book 1st of Comic Songs and Ethiopian Melodies. London, G. H. Davidson, Peter's Hill, Doctor's Commons.
5 *Davidson's Universal Melodist.* Vols. 1 and 2. London, Davidson, Peter's Hill, Doctor's Commons.
6. *Davidson's Little Songs for Little Singers. Little Pieces for Little Players.* London, Davidson, Peter's Hill, Doctor's Commons.

The system of cheap publication has been in nothing more favourable than to the cultivation of a musical taste amongst the people. The list of excessively cheap works whose titles we here enumerate are a striking example of this. No one, however limited his means, need be without a musical library of the very highest character. Were musical instruments made as cheap as first-rate music itself, the millions might indulge themselves as freely in the charms of melody as the people do in Germany, where the daughter of the turnpike keeper near our house used to be solacing herself with her piano continually as we passed.

The British Harmonist presents the public with fourpenny numbers of Glees, Catches, Madrigals, Sacred Choruses, Anthems, from the best and most established composers, boasting amongst them Mozart, Calcott, Danby, Arnold, Webbe, Stevens, Rossini, Atterbury, etc. *Caldwell's Musical Journal* abounds with excellent new music, both vocal and instrumental, beautifully got up. In *Davidson's Musical Treasury*, the Glees and Catches are much the same as in the *British Harmonist*, but printed in a large style, and handsomely bound in parts. *Davidson's Universal Melodist*, contains in the two volumes above a thousand songs, amongst which are many that every one would wish to possess. The work is a wonderfully cheap and comprehensive collection. *Hamilton's Select Songs of Scotland*, in folio numbers, will, when complete, form a very handsome volume of the best Scotch songs. In conclusion, we can safely recommend the Little Songs and Little Pieces for children, as good and appropriate.

◆

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

SEVERE REPROOF TO THIS COUNTRY.

At the different railway stations in Belgium, boxes are placed for contributions to a testimonial to Thomas Gray, the Railway Pioneer. This is sad reproof and reproach to his native country, which has reaped the glory of having introduced the great railway system to the world, but has not raised even a little finger in token of the merits of the man who first introduced this system to his country. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon."

LIBERATION OF M. CABET.

M. Cabet was liberated immediately on his examination before the judge. The utter groundlessness and folly of the charges against him, being too glaring.

DECLINE OF THE GIBBET.

This old murder-tree is rotten at the root, and God be thanked ! stoops rapidly to its eternal fall. An able deputation consisting of Charles Gilpin, Henry Vincent, and Spencer T. Hall, from the Anti-Capital Punishment Association, have recently held public meetings in Newcastle, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and others of our large towns, with an effect that is sufficiently expressive of the spirit of the age, to denote the speedy and utter termination of the system of public strangulation. The eloquent and unanswerable speeches of these gentlemen, were responded to by crowded audiences, with an enthusiasm which nothing hostile to humanity and sound policy ever yet long withstood. We believe that more than nine-tenths of the British population are agreed on the necessity of abolishing the hangman and the rope, and transferring our patronage to the schoolmaster, and the sooner we do it the better. Murders and suicides have been dreadfully rife of late, and we believe that they will continue to be so, so long as our Government depreciates the value of human life, by the present sanguinary law. Let our legislators stamp their belief in Christianity on the code of the country, and men will begin to respect themselves, and believe it too. We are glad to see that the solitary defenders of hanging, are driven from the New Testament to the Old for the shadow of an argument. When men are obliged to abandon the gospel, it is time to abandon their cause altogether.

THE GIN PALACE.

A correspondent from Bolton, referring to our statement, that the magistrates there, at the instance of the Temperance Society, had refused to issue further licences for Gin-shops, assigns as a strong motive for this conduct on the part of the said magistrates, their willingness to *improve their own property* in such houses. He asserts that one of them has *five* such, and another *three*. We are sorry for it. This fact throws additional light on the free grant of so many licenses of such places. Can it be a fact that magistrates in general are possessors of such houses? The inquiry is worth pursuing,

We have also received one or two letters from well-meaning, but very short-sighted individuals, objecting to our picture of a Gin-palace, and its degraded inmates. They think that such things should not be seen by any family, and particularly by no young men. Are they so little aware of the monstrous condition of our present towns, as not to know that neither young men nor young women can go five yards on any city pavement without meeting such unfortunate creatures, and that not haggard and repulsive, as there represented, but young, handsome, and arrayed in every attraction. It is precisely because this state of things is winked at that it prevails. Precisely from the squeamish and spurious modesty and morality that will not look at what is evil till it stares *us* in the face, that it is necessary to expose and denounce it by pen and pencil. What we present palpably to the public eye, is existing at almost every tenth house in all our cities, and are we to suppose that if ostrich-like we shut our eyes to it, it does the less exist? On the contrary, unless we take the nuisance by the horns it will not only exist, but increase till it corrupts the whole frame-work of society.

What we have delineated is nothing *alluring*, nor meant to be so, either to young or old, but on the contrary, most dreadful and revolting, and which, sooner or later, must be looked at without wincing or blinking. That which is not fit to be seen is not fit to be permitted by the moral and religious community of England, much less *licensed by our Government*. We must begin to put down Gin-palaces, and cleanse our moral sewers as well as those of brick and mortar. We must sweep our streets of more filth than can be taken up by the scavenger's shovel, and it gives us sincere satisfaction, that with the exceptions already mentioned, our attempt to turn the attention of the reformatory movement to the Gin-palace, has been cheered on by great numbers of letters of thanks and encouragement. We hear that the owners of these palaces are exceedingly irate against us, and that the friends of the Temperance cause are as cordially pleased. This is as it should be.

LITERARY, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT, AND TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

We have received many reports of the prosperity and recent meetings of these excellent institutions, which we regret that our crowded columns do not permit us to notice at length. Amongst the most interesting of these we may mention the festive anniversaries of *The Birmingham Athenic Institution*; *The Manchester Mechanics' Institution*; and the *Greenwich Mechanics' Institution*, where Christmas and New Year mirth and pageant were displayed on a brilliant scale. A report of the *Sunderland Temperance and Intellectual Improvement Society*; the *Kendal Working-Men's News and Reading Association*; the *Halifax Mutual Improvement Society*; *The Leeds Mechanics' Institution*; the *Dunmow Literary Institute, etc.* We regret to add to these indications of moral progress, the announcement of the suppression of the *Poor Man's Guardian* on account of not being stamped; a journal that was labouring effectually for the exposure and removal of the appalling evils of the condition of the labouring population in the metropolis.

CLOSING OF PROVINCIAL POST-OFFICES ON SUNDAYS.

A correspondent from Stockport is very zealous for the business of the provincial post-offices being suspended on Sundays as well as that of the metropolis. We must confess that we are advocates for every man, woman, and child enjoying the advantage of a sabbath's rest and relaxation, and devotional privileges, but at the same time there are reasons for the uninterrupted diffusion of letters which have their weight. In many cases ruin is prevented, and life itself saved by the arrival of a letter, which six hours later would have been too late. The simple question is whether the suspension for one day in every seven, or the constant action of the post-office be more conducive to the good of the human family. This is a question too extensive to be at once discussed and settled, but there is still another suggestion, for a single delivery on sunday, leaving the officials all the rest of the day. In London and other large cities, however, nothing less than the entire sunday is due to the officials. It is necessary to them on every ground. But the subject, presents too many phases to be pursued further within our present limits.

MEN OF THE PEOPLE.

One of the best editors of the *Westminster Review* was a cooper in Aberdeen; one of the greatest philanthropists of his day was an apprentice to a surgeon in Fraserburgh; one of the editors of a London daily paper was a baker in Elgin; the editor of the *Witness* was a stone-mason in Cromarty; one of the ablest London ministers was a watch-maker in Banff; the late Dr. Milne of China was a herd-boy in Aberdeenshire; the Principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong was a saddler in Huntly; one of the best Indian Missionaries was a tailor in Keith; the richest iron-founder in England was a working man in Morayshire; Sir J. Clarke, Queen's Physician, was a druggist in Banff; one of the members for Glasgow was a poor Ross-shire boy; and Joseph Hume was a sailor boy in Montrose.

THE NEW ORDNANCE SOCIETY.

The Metropolitan Sanitary Commission is giving, every week, new proofs of its activity and progress. Ever since the commencement of the Sanitary movement, when attention began to be directed to the state of the sewerage of the metropolis, the necessity of an Ordnance Survey had become apparent; and all those who had thought on the subject, and whose opinion was likely to have weight with the Government, had made earnest representation of the necessity of this work as the precursor of every extensive and real improvement. From the evidence taken by the present Sanitary Commission, it was fully proved that no thought of this kind had entered into the minds of the late Sewers' Companies, and that no effort had been made by them to obtain one, while it was equally proved that nothing of the kind actually existed. Such surveys as were found in the several districts having been submitted to Colonel Hall, of the Royal Engineers, he reported on them as being in effect worthless as materials towards any general work, none of the points being based upon points trigonometrically fixed.

Within a month from the appointment of the new Commissioners in London, this important object has been achieved. At the meeting of the Court held on Thursday at the Committee-room of the House of Commons, Lord Morpeth announced that in consequence of the representation of the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission, Government had consented to direct an Ordnance Map of London to be made: that is to say a block plan of the metropolis and the suburban districts, extending over an area of a radius of eight miles from St. Paul's, including a proper system of levels. This measure is a worthy successor to the writ of Supercedeas, and does equal credit to Lord Morpeth and the Sanitary Commission. It is the commencement of the work of re-construction, as the former was the completion of a wholesale measure of demolition.

It is to be regretted that an Ordnance Survey of London should be made without the full measure of details inserted in those of the towns of the North of England. But to save time and expense the Sanitary Commissioners have, we think, judiciously urged that the pressing requirements only should be sought in the first instance. An effective plan, with a proper system of levels, recorded in convenient situations by a sufficient number of permanent bench-marks is essential, and this has been ordered. This lays the foundation for any amount of detail for topographical, administrative, or sanitary purposes, which may hereafter be required.

It is a sort of poetical justice, though it does not present itself in the most poetical form, that the Ordnance officers and their sappers and miners who are to execute this work, are to be lodged in the offices of the superseded Commissioners. We are much mistaken if our friend *Punch* does not find here a subject for the pencils of his artists.

While this great step is made towards permament improvement, we have another example to record of the advantage which the public service derives from the appointment of earnest and intelligent men to important situations. The Sanitary Commissioners have not overlooked the present and pressing necessities of the time while providing for the future. They know that *Cholera* will not wait for Ordnance Surveys, and have already instituted an organized system for cleansing our unsewered districts. This is accomplished by means of force-pumps with long and flexible suction-pipes. The suction pipe is conveyed into the courts and alleys, private houses or wheresoever required, and inserted into the cesspools. An exit pipe or hose is then led away to the nearest gully-shoot, the grating being removed. At the same time a hose is inserted into the nearest water-plug in order to dilute the soil sufficiently to pass through the pump which is worked in the street. A cloth or sack is placed over the mouth of the gully-shoot to prevent offensive emanations, and where the situation requires it the disinfecting fluid is used before commencing operations. An ample supply of water being at hand by arrangements made with the Water Companies, a complete flushing concludes the whole. By these means there has been removed during the last fortnight an amount of soil equal to 3356 waggon-loads removed in the ordinary way, but which in the diluted form pumped up would have amounted to 8000. This has been done at from *one-sixth to one-tenth of the expense of the old method.* As some example of the different time required, it may be mentioned that one cesspool so large as to have required three night's work to empty it by hand, was completely cleansed in three hours and three quarters by the force pump and pipes.

A PROPOSAL FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

Under this title William Lovett has called upon reformers of all classes and shades to unite into one body and for one combined effort. Union is the cry that above all wants raising. Union has been and will be our constant exhortation to all the friends of liberty. Every one sees that little or no progress is made, and Mr. Lovett justly says:—

This slow progress for good is evidently to be attributed to the great variety of measures advocated by different bodies of reformers; to the contentious feelings too often engendered in their onward progress, and the consequent difficulty of uniting our brethren in favour of any *one* object; and, above all, in the great difficulty of *abrogating old laws, or instituting new ones* necessary to effect or facilitate the reform desired by any particular body of reformers, or portion of the people.

But as all those various classes of reformers are *equally the friends of progress*, all zealous and desirous of benefitting their fellow-men, and, it may be, all equally active in promoting the especial object they have espoused, it will be useless to call upon any of them to give up their particular object in favour of any *one* measure that may by some persons be considered more practical and important than another; for such appeals have frequently been made, and as often disregarded.

Mr. Lovett therefore proposes an Association which shall actively prosecute the following objects.

POLITICAL OBJECTS OF PROGRESS.

1st. The *Equal* and *Just Representation* of the whole people.

2nd. The abolition of all *State Religion;* and the right of conscience and opinion secured.

3rd. The *Absolute Freedom of Trade;* and the abrogation of all custom and excise laws.

4th. The *Abolition of all Taxes upon Knowledge*, such as the tax and securities on newspapers, stamps, and advertising duties, taxes on paper, books, pamphlets, &c.

5th. The *General Reduction of Taxation*, and a more rigid economy of its expenditure.

9th. *Direct Taxation on Property*, and the abolition of ail *indirect* means of raising a revenue.

7th. The Abolition of all *Political Monopolies* and *Unjust Privileges.*

8th. The Legislative improvement, impartial execution, and cheapening of *Law* and *Justice* for the whole people.

SOCIAL OBJECTS OF PROGRESS.

9th. *General Education* for the whole population, provided *by all*, and carried out and enforced *by all*, with the least possible government interference.

10th. The promotion of *Scientific Institutions*, *Schools* for *Adult instruction*, and *Libraries* for general circulation among the whole population.

11th. The Promotion of *Temperance*, *Sobriety*, *Cleanliness*, and *Health*, amongst all classes; and the securing of places of rational recreation for the people, *apart from intoxicating drinks.*

12th. The devising means by which the working and middle classes may have *comfortable Homes*, and be gradually enabled to become *Manufacturers*, *Traders*, or *Farmers* on their own capital.

13th. To labour for the general abolition of *War*, *Slavery*, and *Oppression*, and the promotion of *General Civilization* and *Christian Brotherhood* throughout the world.

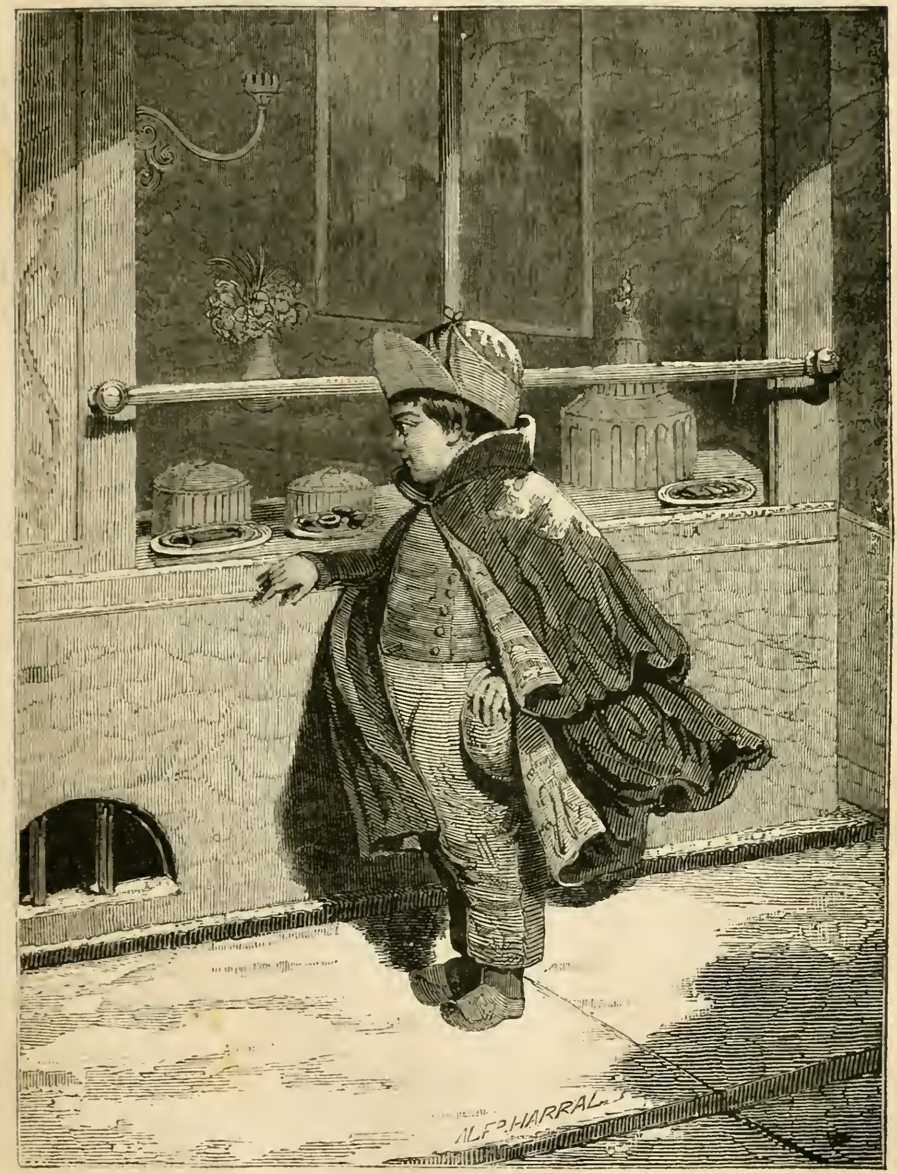
We are quite aware that it is much easier to recommend than to carry out such an object—much easier to get such an association together, than to make it work well; but an active union of reformers is imperatively necessary if we are not to go on from bad to worse—and the first step is to arouse men's attention to the fact.—One penny will put the reader in possession of the whole plan, at Cleave's, Shoe-lane.

CONTENTS.

Perils by the Way---Wolves.---Just too Late. A Tale, by ANNA MARIA SARGEANT---What the Beggar Said, by EDWARD YOUL---King Penguin. A Legend of the South Sea Isles, by R. H. HORNE (concluded)---Fruit from Plates and Dishes, by SILVERPEN (concluded)---Literary Notice. Cheap Popular Music---Sonnets by ANNE C. LYNCH, New York---Weekly Record.

PRINTED for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

PRICE 1½d. STAMPED, 2½d.



FIRST LOVE.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED HARRAL.

No. 58.—Vol. III. February 5, 1848.

FIRST LOVE.

Nothing is so true as that human nature is inexhaustible in its mysteries; that no subject is so hackneyed but that genius can throw new light upon it. Behold a striking proof! What subject has worn out so many pens as love? From the days of Sappho and Ovid to our own, who has not suffered from and written about that same? Flames, and darts, and wounds, and bleeding hearts, and broken ones, what a host of reminiscences do these words bring up! Young love! first love!—delightful sounds! and "never known but once!" What a bewitching phrase! But, unluckily for Pshychology and the truth of history, it turns out, at the eleventh hour, that the subject has never yet been fully and fairly treated. That half of our natural history has been overlooked, and the genuine first-love remains yet unsung. Ah! what signify the sighings and languishings of young men and maidens grown? That first love?—nothing of the sort! For that charming sensation we must go immensely farther back. We must catch the human animal young, and watch him in his real youth and tenderness. Ah! then you see what a first love is. Then you find that love commences, not in the heart, but a much more central organ—the stomach! What a season of sudden attachments and fiery passions is that! What languishments, and eager yearnings, and glorifications, and often cruel disappointments, in that abound!

See! our artist has let out the whole secret at once! Old man rise from thy easy chair! young man deceive thyself no longer with the idea of a first love! Behold your image as it once existed in the days of genuine passion, and of real first love. Ah! what sincerity is there! Mark that fixed gaze, that languishing, luxuriating eye! There is no falseness, no feigning there. No hollow flattery, no dreaming of desertion, even in the moment when vows rise from the soul thick and hot as sparks from a blacksmith's forge.

There stands the hero of a hundred fights, and of as many falls. Equipped in cap and cloak, he braves the frost and snow. His swelling front testifies to plentiful storing of internal ammunition—morning milk and roll, roast and boiled at noon. See that trouser-pocket, how it stands forth proudly, crammed to its utmost capacity with nuts, apples, and gingerbread, but in vain! his passion is unappeased, it is a boundless, quenchless, bottomless abyss! He walks amid continual perils. Ha! those treacherous confectioners' windows—those street stalls! He is shot through from heights of almond rock, perforated with bull's-eyes, instead of bullets, toffy, lollipops and oranges assail his imagination in whole batteries; *grape*-shot is rained on him, buns, not guns, slay him. He is discomfited with comfits, and all his aches come from cakes. That is the real sufferer and enjoyer of first love! When pence are plentiful, what a Tartar he is amongst the tarts, what a pie-rat amongst the pies!

But when the pence fail! then, indeed, behold the victim of tyrannic love! What a purgatory then are the streets for pocketless, and dinnerless, and shoeless urchins! That is the cruel age of hollow languishings, pale pinings, hopeless attachments, and cold despairs. Imagine the agonies of a Twelfth Night show! All the luxury and glory within, and the shivering emptiness without. What cruel *panes* they experience, the trembling and devoted admirers of so much sweetness and goodness. As they see one happy mortal after another enter the brilliant shrine of beauty and bear off a *rich* prize, well may they exclaim,

> "This world is all a fleeting show,"

and retire the unpitied victims of unrequited love.

First love! ahem! well, thank heaven, we understand it at last—it is an affection to which little boys and girls are particularly exposed.

A BATTLE OF LIFE AND DEATH.

A Tale.

By Berthold Auerbach.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

It is seldom you remark at the moment of its commencement, the deeply-seated disease which seizes on your frame; you may even for weeks and months pursue your avocations vigorously and cheerfully. It is only when the body endeavours to throw off the diseased matter; when the health within struggles with all its might, that you perceive how it is with you. You are cast down, and all seems enveloped in night; you know, and desire to know nothing of all that is passing without—if that anguish were only removed from you!

But (if this be only a transient indisposition) this very moment of sickness is the commencement of recovery; for now that you are aware of this strange and disturbing presence, your life begins to liberate itself.

And as with the sickness of the body, so is it also with the sickness of the soul.

There goes the stone-breaker Stephan through the village whistling a merry march; on his arm he carries a double-headed stone-breaker's hammer with a long handle, a cushion of straw, and a wooden clog with long straps. As he thus strides along you do not perceive that a worm eats into his soul; and if you were to question him, even, he could tell you nothing about it, for as yet the worm sleeps.

Stephan has now reached a neatly piled stone heap. He once more observes from which quarter the wind comes, for it is late in autumn, and it blows with a strong blast. He then jumps into the ditch where he has concealed the screen of woven straw, and places it in the direction of the wind as a protection. It is a draughty hut, but Stephan's heart is at home in a well-built house. He straps on his wooden clog and begins to work away industriously; for out of these stones springs his bread, even if it be a miserable pittance.

For two good hours Stephan has worked, only giving himself now and then a moment to recover his breath; he stops, he lays his cushion on the stone-heap, lights himself a pipe as a reward for his work, draws on a coarse mitten, and sitting down begins to break the large stones smaller. Eleven o'clock now strikes, and a little bare-footed boy from the village brings him a jug wrapped in a cloth. He brings his father bread and warm broth. It has a good taste to Stephan, and he works away again till the evening closes in; he then takes up his tools and returns home.

Stephan lives in a cottage out of the village, his little daughter of three years old stands behind the window and exclaims to herself "Father is come!" She would like to run out to meet him; but she has only a little shift on and no frock.

Stephan enters the "house-place" of the cottage, which is used also as a kitchen, greets with a silent nod his wife, who is standing at the hearth, goes into the dwelling-room, takes his little daughter, who pulls his moustache, on his arm, and looks into the cradle, where a fat little lad stuffs a corner of the bedding into his mouth, and struggles with his little feet to get at his father. He then goes to the chamber, and asks "how are you, grandmother?" A complaining voice replies: "The children are so wild and noisy, and Peter has taken my beans from me, I shall tell the master when I get well again and can go into the school!"

"I will bring you some more beans," returned Stephan.

"Yes, beautiful long brown beans, and round white ones also!"

"Both, both!" said Stephan, and went back again into the dwelling-room.

Nobody could talk long with the grandmother, for she was become quite childish, and was always playing either with the cat or with beans; she also was always wanting you to hear her repeat a verse out of the hymn book, so that she might not disgrace herself in the school. To-day Stephan was in no humour for this; he seated himself behind the table, beneath a large framed picture with a large seal, and waited until lights and supper came.

Thou sayest, dear reader, I can see daily such things as these if I only walk a couple of paces, and even this is not the greatest misery; I know far more terrible suffering.

Give heed whether something is not going on here more than thou can'st so easily observe; whether here in this little hut the greatest human struggle be not fought out; whether heroic deeds be not here achieved, bolder and more difficult than the campaigns of kings, which are chronicled for ages in the books of history.

The supper being so long in coming, Stephan fetched a light, and now we can see what that large framed picture signifies. It is the honourable discharge of the Rifleman, Stephan Huber, who served eleven years in the 5th Regiment. The ink has turned yellow, the coat of arms on the seal has dissolved, and the flies hold their last autumnal manœuvre on the flat expanse of glass.

Stephan sits there and stares into the light: the child on his knee sits equally still, with immoveable gaze, as though lost like her father in many thoughts. He sees nothing that surrounds him; as in a dream his past life like a shadow passes before him.

That was a merry day when he marched away to military service, for neither father nor mother wept his departure; he was early an orphan. From the service of his first employer he entered the regiment, where all served like himself. The years fled away, he himself knew not how, and when the prescribed term of service was over, he received bounty-money and remained as a substitute another five years. The lace sewn upon his left sleeve alone shewed his age, otherwise he seemed as young as ever to himself, and he now acquired a little property through the service. In the last year or two he became acquainted with his Margaret. Great as was the number of his comrades in the barracks, Stephan now perceived how solitary and forlorn was his condition; he should now belong to some one in the world. Days full of joy and sorrow arrived, for henceforth the soldier's life was irksome to Stephan, and after a year of faithful waiting he requested his discharge, and with the money he had lying in the regiment's fund he redeemed the mortgaged cottage and two acres of land of Margaret's mother's, returned with her into her native village, and there they dwelt together with her mother.

During his long soldier-life Stephan had grown unused to village life; he had worn gloves too long; but labour soon drew a tanned skin over his hands which could not be drawn off. Every kind of work was at first disagreeable to him, but that did not matter much, a healthy man soon finds himself at home in any toil. Yet one very sad effect remained; Stephan had forgotten how to provide for himself. In the barracks was food, and firing, and lodging, and everything comfortable, and all, as it were, of its own accord, and all in its regular routine, did you only fulfil your ordinary duty. Now, Stephan was his own commander, and his own regiment, and this was very burthensome to him; he would much rather have entered another service again, and thus have a fixed work and fixed wages. But this was not to be found, and it was well Margaret had a firm character.

During the first years, whilst the family was still small, all went well; but now the cottage was again mortgaged, one acre sold and vanished in daily bread, and nowhere hope of better times.

To burden your housd with a debt, is like making over your home to the evil one; there is a ghost in the house which suddenly rends holes in the thickest walls, and breathes coldly upon you from its concealment.

It seemed now to Stephan very draughty in the room, for he had just thought of the debt and called up the ghost. He asked himself how he could ever release himself, and became dejected.

This often happened: he was not qualified to invent plans for his deliverance, and he was utterly without dexterity.

A person sinking into poverty is like a ship-wrecked mariner standing on a little island in the middle of an ocean; he stands forlorn, and witnesses how the never pausing waves loosen and swallow for ever piece after piece. He still stands upon a fragment which bears him, and at length feels this also sink, together with himself.

The very worst which can happen to one sinking into poverty is that state of discouragement which prevents him from making use of his powers, and which despairingly allows misfortune to overwhelm him.

Stephan led a dull, introverted, monotonous life. He was ready for any work, and worked away at it industriously, yet although the proverb says—"labour has a bitter root but sweet fruit,"—he was no longer aware of either. No work was difficult to him; but neither had he the consolation of feeling that in it he had done his duty. His soul seemed covered up and buried as it were.

Thus yesterday he had seen how the body of his eldest child was sunk into the earth, yet had remained unmoved. When he saw the coffin, he thought where he should get the money to pay for it; and when the pastor spoke words of consolation and blessing, he thought that he should have to pay for these words. "Death is not without expense!" murmured he to himself.

Therefore, late in the night he had had a sharp dispute with his wife, because he upbraided her for her lamentations, and she him for his hard-heartedness. He now sate silent, lost in the recollection of the time when he stood alone and free in the world, when so many human lives were not yet bound up in his, and his past life seemed a lost paradise to him. He did not think of the many vexations of those times (and thus it is almost ever when we think on the past), how he was never his own master, or how often he had cursed his life. He saw only now the misery about him; and how different it had been when he had to care for no one in the world. A horrible thought must have arisen in him at this moment, for he started as if struck by lightning, and his face flushed crimson;—the child on his knee, frightened by this start seized him by the chin. Stephan's countenance brightened, he lifted up the child and kissed it fervently. It was as though by this kiss, he would beg pardon for the black thought which had sprung up within his soul.

He went with the child into the kitchen to his wife with whom, since last night he had not exchanged a word.

"Shall you soon be ready?" asked he.

"I have only two hands!" she replied gruffly. She was angry from last night, and thought Stephan also was angry. But in a mild tone he asked,—

", Cannot I help you?"

Margaret did not hear the mild tone and said,—

"No. Go back again. Men are only in one's way in the kitchen. Do you hear how the child cries? Go, I can't be at two places at once."

Stephan obeyed, but full of anger; he thought he had been so full of love, and had yet been so harshly treated; he forgot that his wife could not divine what was passing within him, and that in reality he had expressed none of his feeling to her.

Strange! When people begin quarrelling and disputing, the most timid become eloquent; yet, has a word of love or reconciliation to be spoken they writhe, and cringe, and stammer, or fancy that the others must see and know of their own accord what is passing in their hearts.

Stephan angrily rocked the child, who, with its little closed hands laid on its breast, soon fell asleep,—until he had almost flung it on the floor, and then he stopped. He was doubly irritable, for he was hungry. In an empty stomach gall soon overflows; thou canst remark this the hour before dinner, and this hour with the poor,—unhappy wretches!—often extends through the whole day. Thus may be explained why they so often excite themselves about trifles, and torment each other. The bitterest fruit of poverty is often, alas! discontent with yourself and those about you.

Full of anger, Stephan awaited the evening meal. It is true a piece of bread still lay in the cupboard; he looked at and examined it, and then laid it back in its place un-decreased in size. To-morrow was only Saturday, and no bread could be bought before Sunday.

At length Margaret brought the pot full of boiled potatoes, poured them out on the table, and placed salt near them. She then folded her hands and said grace. Stephan in a low voice repeated it after her. But what manner of prayer is that, when your heart is full of anger against your neighbour, whilst words of devotion are on your lips? How can your soul arise to the Highest when laden with such a burden? Does not such prayer become mere lip-worship and litany?

True, thou wilt say if prayer were forbidden to all such as are unjust and harsh towards their fellow men, many lips would long since have forgotten how to say amen, and on the church benches there would lie the dust of years!

But nevertheless think whether we have a right to fold our hands, instead of opening and extending them to reconciliation and the aid of others.

But now we will observe our couple at supper; truly by looking on, one does not eat a single morsel.

All is silent, for no one will speak a word. The little girl whom Stephan had placed on a chair near him, at length breaks the silence by asking,—

"Where then is our Anton?"

Peter replied with a wise look,—

"Oh, he is in heaven before now, and is eating his supper with our Lord God. Our master says there are many million miles between the earth and the sun, but that when you die, you are there in a minute."

Margaret heaved a deep sigh, large tears stood on her eyelashes; Stephan looked at her with compressed lips; one did not know whether it was anger and compassion which spoke in him.

"Be still and quiet at your supper!" he cried to the children.

With difficulty he compelled himself to swallow some potatoe, but it seemed to him as if his throat were tied up. He muttered to himself, "It would be a good thing if one were dead!" and then leaning back in the chair he shook his head, as if to get rid of the remembrance of that which had irrevocably happened.

We often are wonderfully successful in getting rid of oppressive thoughts: it was so with Stephan. It is true that he no longer felt hunger; but he now determined to eat, because now was the time for doing so and he remembered that he had experienced the pangs of hunger. At moments like this, whatever people put into their mouths tastes like dry straw.

In a while Stephan looked at his wife with a glance which said a great deal, but which in fact asked reproachfully and bitterly, "Am I to get nothing to-day?" It had hitherto been a rule with Margaret, before she put a morsel to her own lips, to peel with astonishing dexterity, the very best potatoe of the whole heap, break it in two, put in some salt, and give it to her husband. This little act of kindness went on while she ate. To-day however she was a long time about it, for she was rather out of humour, and therefore he cast at her that glance of which we have said so much. The wife saw in it only reproaches and anger. And what right had Stephan to her kindness! Could not he peel for himself what he wanted to eat? So thought Margaret, and handed the potatoes as she peeled them to the children, as if to show favour to them because their father was so out of humour with her.

With that Stephan smiled to himself, and partly out of a really kind-hearted desire for reconciliation, though partly also out of a suppressed feeling of revenge, that she might experience something of his sufferings (so mixed are often the sentiments and actions of men) he laid a potatoe which he had himself peeled before Margaret.

"Eat it yourself," said she obstinately, "and you have not even washed your hands after your stone-breaking!"

Stephan bit his lips and at length growled out, "where will you find the baker that has always clean hands when he kneads his dough?"

He shut his pocket-knife; rose from the table and left the house.

No sooner was he out of doors than he began to storm and swear to himself, the whilst an inaudible but deep voice replied to him,—

"I am, after all, the most miserable man in the world," thought Stephen ('that is how the question may be,' remarked the voice). Must I not labour for wife and children, and tire myself to death like a horse, in wind and weather? ('and the wife, she must stop at home with the sick mother and the crying children, slaving and caring for them without peace or rest.') I never get a good word for all my trouble. ('It is a question whether thou hast not received more good words than thou hast given'.) Every penny of my wages I give up and don't keep anything for myself. ('Do then thy wages belong to thee or thy family? and has thy wife a secret hoard of her own?') I never buy anything good for myself! ('Does thy wife eat roast meat and salad privately?') I hav'nt known these many weeks the taste of a drop of beer! ('Does thy wife drink wine every day?') And no thanks for all this! ('What thanks then dost thou want, when thou only dost thy duty?') She treats me like a dog; for all my kindness nothing but an ill-return; I never know a happy minute. ('Oh, how thou liest to thy own soul! How cans't thou have forgotten the hundreds of hours and days when her good heart made thee happy, and strengthened thee, and couldst thou not wind her round thy finger with only a kind word?') My home is hateful to me; my life is hateful to me! if a bullet might only be shot through my head! ('Do thou shoot the evil thought, that would be much wiser!') And then when I was dead she would find out for the first time what she had had in me. ('Yes indeed, what? A husband who has often allowed himself to be overcome and who now adds to his troubles, by tormenting himself,') If I could only go out into the wide world and never know about anything more! ('From me however thou wouldst know something; I should go everywhere with thee!')"

Thus thought Stephan to himself, and thus strove the voice of conscience to make itself heard within him; but he would not listen to it.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She was neither young nor pretty,
Not one earthly charm had she
When God sent her to our city,
A devoted nun to be.

None knew whether saint or sinner,
She had been ere here she came,
We knew that the soul within her,
Was an upward tending flame.

But the world was all unable,
With its dimmed and cloudy sight,
To conceive how robes so sable,
Could enfold a soul so bright.

Grief intense oft known to David,
In the whelming water-flood;
Grief by which the world was savéd
When the Saviour sweated blood.

Grief that probes our inmost nature,
Too intense for words to paint,
Turns the passions of the creature,
To the ardour of the saint.

So with her! so pure and holy
Was the air she seemed to breathe;
None so loving, none so lowly,
Ever dwelt the heavens beneath.

When the sufferer saw he blessed her
Of her sympathy secure,
And the father who confessed her,
Ne'er had known a nun so pure.

Her's was not a life of dreaming;
She to all who wept, seemed linked;
Love for every sinner gleaming!
Self-love only seemed extinct.

Oft-times tending wounds unsightly,
Oft-times breathing tainted air;
By the sick-bed daily, nightly,
Bringing consolation there.

To the soul in life's last stages
Breathed the hope of holier balm,
Then unto the Rock of ages
Bade him look, and he grew calm.

For she found him oft surrounded
By the outward aids of sense,
Dwelling in a credence founded
On the spirit's impotence.

Impotence to grasp the vision
Of the Saviour's dying love;
Deeming that in it's transition
From the flesh to things above,

Thought would never dare to enter
Unsupported into space
Guideless, where to find the centre
Christ,—its final resting place.

But that sister's faith had borne her
To a higher, holier sphere
And she gently led the mourner
Far beyond his trifles here.

Onward pressing, upward soaring,
Earth diminished and grew dim,
Lost in loving and adoring
What were earthly types to him!

If the sinner at the æra
Of conversion needed these,
As his view of heaven grew clearer,
They were banished by degrees.

Soon he held it profanation,
Aught of earth with heaven to mix;
And before that revelation,
Dropped his very crucifix!

Full his cup, to overflowing!
See him, now his race is run,
One last grateful look bestowing
On that meek and chastened one!

Thus she scattered blessings round her,
Thus the heaven-ward path she trod,
And the hour of vespers found her
Ever nearer to her God!

Now she sleeps! be silent, sorrow!
All regretful musings cease!
From our thoughts of her we borrow,
Help to reach the land of peace!

January, 1848.

◆

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By Frederic Rowton,

Honorary Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

No. VIII.

INQUIRY INTO MAN'S POLITICAL RIGHT TO INFLICT THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH. "RIGHT DIVINE." THE PROPER PRINCIPLE OF PUNISHMENT DEFINED.

We will now proceed to investigate certain other pleas put forth by the defenders of the gallows in support of that admirable and benevolent institution. We have inquired into man's *moral* commission to strangle his brethren: we will next endeavour to ascertain whether he has a *political* right to do so. Government, according to a particular tribe of philosophers, derives a right to kill from the surrender of that individual right to avenge which each man possesses in a savage state. Let us see if these great philosophers are correct.

The theory of these political sages is obviously based upon the doctrine that government is a compact or agreement, by which the mass of men give up into the hands of a general administrator the natural rights that belong to them in a condition of independence. This doctrine may, I think, with certain unimportant modifications, be admitted: it seems the only rational and consistent principle on which governmental authority can be founded.

Our only question is plainly as to the extent and nature of the rights which the ruler receives from the community. Amongst the rights possessed by the individual in his natural condition, is there a right to take the life of a fellow-creature? If there be, then he has the power to surrender it to the ruler: if there be not, then, of course, the ruler cannot possess such a right by popular delegation.

Now, it must be perfectly clear that man has no general right to kill his fellow-creatures, for if he had, there would be no criminality in murder. The right to kill, if there be one, must strictly be limited to a moment of actual peril, when the individual attacked would certainly lose his life were he not to destroy his assailant. I, for my part, am prepared to go beyond this, and to assert, that not even the peril of death can justify the destruction of an assailant. I know of no moral system which permits the commission of evil for the prevention of evil: certainly the doctrine is radically inconsistent with the principle that if we are smitten on the one cheek, we are to turn the other also to the smiter. The plea of self-defence, however, prevails so universally, that I am willing for the sake of argument to waive my extreme opinion on this matter, and to adopt for the moment, the general belief. Our cause will not suffer by this admission.

Granting, then, that the State possesses the right of destroying human life in self-defence,—that is, for the actual preservation of existence, and with no other pretext: we must now inquire whether, even upon this ground, the execution of a murderer is justifiable.

The argument in the affirmative is twofold: first, that the murderer must be destroyed to prevent him from murdering again; and, secondly, that he must be destroyed to prevent others from destroying.

If the murderer can be prevented from committing more murders by any means short of killing him, then, of course, his destruction cannot be justified. It is only in the emergency of a threatening moment that the right can be said to exist in the case of an individual, and if he can prevent his own destruction by any other means than the destruction of the life of his assailant, he is bound to adopt those other means, and is guilty of murder if he do not. Precisely the same with the State. If it can restrain the murderer by any other means than by killing him, it has no right to destroy him. Now, it must be evident that sufficient means can be readily devised for any murderer's future restraint. The prison which is strong enough to hold the madman is surely strong enough to hold the murderer. The proper prevention of future evil from the culprit is, consequently, simply an affair of stone and mortar. It is a matter for the mason, not for the hangman. Upon the ground, therefore, of any injury the murderer may hereafter do to the State, his destruction is not justifiable. Self-defence can be sufficiently ensured without killing him.

2. But it will be urged that it is rather to prevent others, than to restrain him, that the murderer's life is taken: it will be said that this murderer's destruction is our best means of self-defence against future murderers. In this case, the plea of self-defence is even less properly applicable than in the other. For here we strike the blow actually before we are attacked!—a sort of self-defence which it is difficult to reconcile with any known principle of logic.

Besides, it is found, as we have already proved at length, that the infliction of death upon murderers does *not* prevent other murders, but actually produces them. How the plea of self-defence can be made to agree with the fact, that the measure meant for self-defence, increases the crime, I confess myself at a loss to understand.

Upon any ground, then, this plea of self-defence fails to support the conclusion that the gallows is justifiable; nay, it absolutely leads us to a totally opposite result: for in the investigation we find that self-defence is best promoted by a discontinuance of the punishment.

But there is another sort of Governmental right which has been often pleaded when the acts of a ruler have been called into question, and which is not unfrequently urged as "a settler" of the question before us:—I mean the "divine right" of sovereigns. Into this topic I propose now for a moment or two to inquire.

Power—say the believers in this comfortable theory —Power always comes from the Almighty: it is derived (according to Dr. Paley) "by immediate donation from the Deity;" and its possession is a proof that the holder of it is the representative of the Almighty on earth; which being the case, God's right to take life may be lawfully exercised by his vice-gerent, the ruler. "Resistence,' (says Calvin) "cannot be given to the magistrate without at the same time resisting God*" I do not suppose that many of my readers, nay, I cannot believe that one of them, can believe so silly and mischievous a doctrine:—but as some few elderly ladies (of both genders) in other circles contend for it, we will be gallant enough to answer them, because of their sex.

The more we think of this divine right theory, the more we become persuaded of its utter childishness and folly. Look at it. Poor, weak, blind, faulty, misjudging man, set up as the judicial representative on earth of the all-wise, all-powerful, infallible God of the universe! Does that seem a probable arrangement? Does it appear likely that the Almighty would delegate his authority to a being that has neither the strength nor the wisdom to wield it to advantage? Does it seem possible that the sword and sceptre of omnipotence should be committed into mortal hands? Can any one believe that the power to inflict the irrevocable doom of death is delegated to fallible humanity—to be exercised, too, *upon* humanity? In my opinion there cannot be a more impious and blasphemous idea. For it in effect says, that the Supreme is either unable or unwilling to govern the Creation he has formed, and is obliged to delegate his authority to a creature!

And when we look at the list of sovereigns who we are told have been God's vicegerents for governing mankind, the theory becomes as absurd as we have found it to be unholy. From Saul, who was given to the children of Israel in God's wrath, down to the monarchs of modern experience, kings seem rather to have been representatives of Satan than of God. The Manassehs, Nebuchadnezzars, Neros, Caligulas, Henrys and Georges, are unfortunately but types of nearly the whole fraternity. Which of them has not "shed innocent blood," like the first, or used the "sword of justice" with the blind fury of a savage idiot—like the last? Will any man in his senses be daring enough to say that Richard III, was a minister of God? That Henry VIII, was a vicegerent of Heaven? That Charles II, was the Almighty's representative? That Robespierre was the commissioner of Deity? If there was such a man alive, I can only say that I heartily pity his credulity, and regret for the credit of humanity, that there should exist a mortal so like the animal that browses on the thistle.

Kings the representatives of Heaven! I can believe most doctrines sooner than that. Brethren, unless heavenly tribunals were very different from human ones, there were but small chance of justice for any man! If the laws of this world were samples of the laws of the world to come, alas! for the great multitude of mortals! What I have read and seen of human government has led me to see in it rather the antagonist than the representative of God. I find that the thrones of the world have produced the greatest monsters of mankind. The impious, the idiotic, the lascivious, the blood-thirsty, the hypocritical, the ambitious, the tyrannical, the revengeful of our species find their chief examples amongst our kings. Search the records of the world for the worst of man's crimes,—and it will be found that a ruler has been the criminal.

I shall be told, perhaps, that history has its Alfreds as well as its Herods; its Davids as well as its Sauls; its Victorias as well as its Marys. I acknowledge it readily and thankfully. It would be hard, indeed, if with a line of rulers so bankrupt in virtue, we never by chance could get the small dividend of a good one! and these I cheerfully confess to be Heaven's representatives, as all good people are, whether kings or clowns, princes or peasants. But because there have been one or two good sovereigns amongst many thousands of bad ones, it is somewhat too bad to say that all monarchs must be the representatives of Deity and repositories of Almighty Power.

The theory of the Divine right of rulers inevitably leads to one of two conclusions, both of which are fatal to the plea under examination. Either rulers are right in everything they do: or they may possibly be wrong. If they are always right, then we must defend Manasseh's slaughters, Herod's impiety, Nero's ferocity, and

---

* Inst. lib. IV. cap. 20, sect. 23.

Charles's licentiousness:—if they may go wrong, then they may be wrong in inflicting the punishment of death, and cannot offer the plea of divine right with any title to success.

So much for the sublime theory that rulers are commissioned representatives of God, when they choke a man on the Improved Drop at Newgate. I sincerely beg the reader's pardon for reviewing it at such length.

It must not be supposed, however, that I deny the right of a government to punish at all: I only wish to define the proper principle of Punishment: a few words upon that subject, then, will not be out of place.

Now I hesitate not to say that the only principle on which man can safely or morally inflict punishment on his fellow man is that of future prevention. He has no right to punish crime for its intrinsic demerit—that will surely be done by a greater and juster judge. He has no right derived from the community he governs; for the moral judgment of one individual by another is in no wise permissible by morality. He has no inherent right divine in virtue of his governmental office, as is proved by his errors and inability. What theory remains, then, but this—that his sole commission is to protect society by the exercise of those powers (and those alone) which society has the right to delegate to him?

Punishment, in the strict sense of *penalty for guilt*, man has no right to inflict. Paley admits this when he says, "The proper end of human punishment is not the satisfaction of justice, but the prevention of crimes." Blackstone says precisely the same. There is no need that man should have the right of adjudging penalty to crime, for the punishment of guilt *as guilt* is provided for elsewhere:—and there is ample reason why he should *not* possess the power, in the fact that he has not strength to wield it. The compensation, or satisfaction of justice, nowise falls within man's province. To judge motive is in no case his duty: the absence of power to see the heart, from whence motive proceeds, is proof of this at once. His sole business is to wield the right transferred to him by the community for the temporal good of those under his care: anything beyond this, it will be found as absurd to attempt as it is impossible to achieve. To any punishment (short of taking life) that will undoubtedly prevent social evil, he may have recourse; but any inflictions proceeding farther, or aiming higher, are indispensible. With property, liberty, and social comfort, he may interfere, because they are things gained by the institution of society; but life he must not touch for it is the gift of God, and God only has the right to dispose of it.

(*To be continued.*)

◆

CHILD'S CORNER.

THINGS PRESENT AND THINGS UNSEEN.

An Introduction to the Study of History.

By Mary Gillies.

A Mother took her two children out of the great city to a house on a high hill, and there resolved to live. She said, "their father was of pure and noble nature, and I will train them up to be worthy of him."

The air was free and sweet, as all mountain air is. The soft turf grew up to the door, and no sound was heard all night.

The children opened their eyes the first morning, and saw from their windows the green sloping side of the hill that led to the rocky summit, and above it the clear blue sky, with white clouds that slowly sailed across. They rose and went into the room where their mother waited for them. Everything there was cheerful and graceful, and a soft green light was spread throughout it; for the wide window was covered by vine leaves, and the bright sun came streaming in through them with chequered rays. As the wind stirred the leaves, their shadows quivered and danced on the walls and floor of the room, and covered them with lovely forms and colours. The children were delighted with their happy home and threw their arms round their mother.

After a little while she took them to the window. "What lovely green leaves!" they said. She asked them if they would not like to see what was beyond? They pushed aside a branch of the vine and saw the wide, distant view. It stretched away miles and miles, over plains, and hills, and forests. They saw winding rivers, and still lakes, and villages, and towns. Here and there a large mansion or castle; sometimes pleasant country houses; oftener little cottages and huts. They saw too, pasture land with sheep and cattle, and fields of growing corn, and wide waste commons, and rocky hills. The little vine leaves close to their eyes had shut out all this wide world from them. They exclaimed in wonder and ran out upon the green sward to see all round.

On every side but one, the view stretched away in varied beauty into the blue distance, where the sky seemed to bend down to meet the earth. On one side the rising slope of the hill with its rocky summit was all they could see.

"Let us climb up to the top of the hill," they said. So their mother went with them. It was very steep but the wild flowers sent up a delicious fragrance at every footstep, and the fresh air blew round them.

They reached the top at last, and found a firm platform of dark rock on which they rested, and looked round at the world that lay beneath them. Now it stretched out far beyond what they had seen before. From the height they had reached, they could see country, fertile and beautiful, and the blue sea in the far distance, beyond the point at which the sky had before seemed to meet the earth. Hills that had looked high, now looked like little hillocks. Their home lay at their feet and seemed to have become half its size. Cottages and woods, houses, flocks and villages that seemed large and numerous before, were like so many little points.

"We could not see it when we stood behind the vine leaves, but there the beautiful world was," they said; "and we could not see it before we climbed to this rock, but there the blue sea was."

"And now you cannot see beyond that line where sea and sky seem to meet," said the mother, "but the great world stretches on. If we could go to that point, again we should find the circling sky overhead, and should see more and more of the varied world all round us, and another line where the earth and the sky meet—another horizon as it is called. You must be able to imagine this extent of world that you cannot see. You must be able to think of the world we live in, not as if it were the small space under your eyes, but a great globe of varied surface of sea and land, rolling round the sun in space, carrying with it the light blue veil of air that clings to it all round on every side, so that go where you will to any part of it, you see, if you look up, this transparent blue air, through which comes to you the light of sun, and moon, and stars."

The children sat side by side and thought of the time when the world had seemed to them like a flat plain, with the blue sky for its roof. But now as they looked over the wide view and the distant sea, they fancied that they were conscious of the grand movement of the great globe which carried them round with it and when the white clouds sailed over the mountain and hid the sun, they said "a thick white spot has come in the clear, blue veil."

As they looked, a change came over one part of their wide view. The sky remained blue over their heads, while below them the mists gathered in dark masses, so that on one side they could see no more of the green earth, but only gloomy, lurid clouds. Presently the thunder rolled among the clouds, the lightning flashed, and after a fearful tempest the clouds fell in heavy hail and rain, and left the air clear again. The green earth shone and glistened in the sun as if the storm had refreshed it; everywhere but in one spot where there was fearful desolation. A village had been struck by the lightning and the fields, and the crops round it ravaged and destroyed by the hail and wind. Some of the cottages and corn stacks were on fire, and the inhabitants might be seen wandering abont as if overwhelmed by their misfortune.

The children mourned over this havoc; but they said "those other villages all round are not hurt, and their fields seem fresher and greener. Their people will go and help those poor villagers and give them all they want and comfort them."

Their mother smiled mournfully and answered,—"I hope they will, but we are not sure of it. If people would so help one another, there would not be much suffering; but they have not yet learned the true lesson of love. In the wide world there is always somewhere evil and pain, but always there is so much good and power that if men would help one another in the true spirit of love, the good would overcome the evil. They learn this lesson slowly, but they are learning it."

The children grieved that they were weak and far off, and could not help. But while they lamented, a sound of piteous bleating was heard near, and their mother pointed to where a lamb was caught in a thicket, a short distance below them. They scrambled down steep places, and through thorns, and set it free, and it ran swiftly to join the flocks that were returning towards the ruined village; and their mother comforted them by saying, "the shepherd will not have the grief of missing one of his lambs to-night, besides all the other losses there."

And now another change came. A bright rainbow appeared in the mists that hung over the earth below the mountain, and every object appeared in new and glowing colours—violet, gold, orange, crimson, blue, green. The ruined village was bathed in violet light. The mother told her children that all this beauty came out of the same elements that made the storm, and she said—"the bright colours are like the sympathy that wakens in man's heart; and the violet light is like the patience that sorrow teaches."

She said again,—"The great world is like this portion of it that is now under your eyes. You see rich valleys and uplands on one side, and rocky arid plains on others. Thriving towns and rich mansions in some directions, and poor huts and ruined cottages in others. So it is all over the earth. There are countries enjoying delicious climates and full of riches and plenty, and other countries in frozen regions sterile and poor, and there is every variety of country and climate between, producing wealth and good gifts. If you could see the whole, you would feel that if each would help all and all help each, none would want; for whatever is good for man is produced somewhere on the earth, and if disasters or ruin overwhelm any portion of it, there are abundance of prosperous portions to help, if only sympathy and love could light up in man's heart like the bright rainbow in the mists left by the storm."

She said also, "the great world is like what you see under your eyes in this respect also that it is thickly peopled in some parts, and lying waste and empty in others. It has always been so, and it is so still. There are countries full of life and progress, and there are wide tracts thinly peopled by wandering tribes, and others without people at all. Some of these are the richest and most beautiful parts of the earth, bearing splendid trees and glorious fruits and flowers, among which only wild beasts roam. What is called History teaches whatever is known of the events that have happened in those countries which are inhabited, and in which the people have had enough intelligence to preserve any records or accounts of past events. What is called the History of the World is therefore a history of only a small part of it. Even now we know nothing of what is happening in our own time in wide countries that were once the most advanced, and in others whose inhabitants are still in a savage state. Changes are always going on, and there is much evil and sorrow mixed with the good and happiness, because men have not yet learned to love one another, and the strong have generally crushed the weak, instead of helping them. But when you learn history and hear of violence, cruelty and suffering, you must remember the violet light over the ruined village. You will always find some goodness and greatness to rejoice in.

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world." *

As she spoke, the evening was drawing on. The earth in its daily round was bearing them away from the sunlight, and the slanting rays were filling the transparent veil with golden glory. All the mountain side was radiant, and the whole view was taking new aspects of beauty. They sat silently admiring and wondering at the loveliness. Meanwhile the quiet flocks, with their fleeces glowing like gold in the bright beams, cropped the grass, and never raised their eyes to look around.

And now another change came. The light faded—the sun was hid from their sight—the world below was shrouded in darkness. But one after another the stars appeared above, and soon the wide expanse was studded with their pure lights. They shone through the transparent veil of air, now of a deep blue. The children stood hand in hand, in the still night, and the mother said,—

"In the morning the vine leaves close to your eyes hid the distant view which stretched out there, though you did not see it. The beautiful world was spread out before you when you stood on the hill; and wider still it spread, and you saw the blue sea beyond from this rocky height; and then we thought of all that was beyond and out of our range of sight on the great globe,—lands and seas, and oceans.

Now all are hid in darkness. We cannot see what is near any more than what is far off. The present has become the unseen. But we see above and all round, these stars, which were there all day, but which were hid from us by the light that was present and the world that was nearer to our eyes, just as the distant view was hid by the vine leaves.

These stars are other worlds and other suns rolling in space. Remember how the present world and the nearer light hid them from your eyes, and learn to send your thoughts onward into what *is*, but is *unseen*."

She said again, "When the lovely sunset filled your hearts with wonder and admiration, you saw that the quiet flocks fed on, and did not raise their eyes to it. The spirit of beauty which is shed from all forms and colours into your hearts is unfelt by them. That spirit of beauty is shed again upon you from these stars, and tells you of their Creator—the Infinite Spirit, present, but invisible, because Spirit is hid from our eyes by the great universe, as the stars were hid by the light of the sun."

The children knelt beside their mother, but they covered their faces and said,

"God is great and we cannot see him. We are as nothing before him."

Then the mother said in a soft voice, "Remember Him who told us that He was the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He told us also, that the Infinite Spirit who was His Father and our Father, His God and our God, is Love."

The children raised their faces and prayed, and the first words of their prayer were "Our Father."

---

* This beautiful line is taken from "Orion" by R. H. Horne.

VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

By William Howitt.

Visit to Edgeworthstown.—Miss Edgeworth.

Edgeworthstown lies in the county of Longford, about sixty-six miles W.N.W. of Dublin. As this place was not far out of my way, in the Autumn of 1845, when I visited Laracor, the one-time residence of Swift, and Lismore, "The Deserted Village" of Goldsmith, I halted there for the night, in order to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Edgeworth. My way by the celebrated Hill of Tara, and the old town of Trim, led me amongst some of the most venerable ruins and renowned antiquities of Ireland. These I do not here pause to notice. A few miles drive from Trim, in a car brought me out upon the highway from Dublin to Longford, where I met the mail as I had agreed, and mounting it, soon found myself leaving the cultivated country, and advancing into a somewhat dreary, level, and boggy one. From about nine in the morning till three in the afternoon our drive continued through this kind of country. The farther we went the more *Irish* it became. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin was varied and beautiful. Farther on it was more monotonous, but still well-farmed and cultivated, with decent farming villages, and fine trees. But now the whole landscape became bare moorland, and extremely flat and uninteresting. The cottages degenerated from stone to mud. They then got to have wicker-work chimneys, and then no chimneys at all. There was a hole in the ridge of the roof, but much oftener out of the side for the escape of the smoke; and sometimes this hole was in the wall instead of the roof; sometimes neither chimney nor window was to be seen, but the smoke was rolling out of the door. Pigs, geese, hens, and asses, were walking in and out of the houses, as coolly as the people. By almost every cabin were two goats with their legs tied, and yoked together by a cord. They were the *cows* of these particular families. Then there were several enormous black and white pigs basking on the dunghill, which is, throughout Ireland, placed plump before the door; or they were wallowing in its wetter depths. Besides these creatures, there was sure to be a little dog with a little clog hung round his neck. This I was told was instead of a muzzle, and was required by the police, as the clog is supposed, if the dog run, to get between his legs, and impede his motions: but it is commonly tied up so cleverly short, that it is no inconvenience at all, and the dog generally rushes out to have a look at the passing car, and then goes and lies down with great satisfaction, no doubt persuaded that he has rendered a great public service, and driven horse, car, and traveller quite away from the village.

Besides these canine guardians of the peace, two or three policemen were, as everywhere in Ireland, generally in sight, in close jacket and trousers of olive green, with broad, black belts round their waists with a large gilt buckle, a little box like a cartouche box, and a bayonet appended. Over one door in each village was invariably a black board like a little coffin lid with a crown upon a cypher, and surrounded by the words, Police Station.

Rags and dirt became more plentiful at every step. There was a most amazing display of trousers without legs; waistcoats without buttons; and coats which are not patched, they are a matting of patches, all loose at one end; being a rude imitation of feathers. The true Irishman in his grey frieze short, bob-tailed coat, breeches, (he is faithful to breeches in spite of all changes) and his funny little hat with narrow and slouched brim, was there in abundance. The old women swarmed round us at every stopping, and promised heaven and earth to us for a halfpenny. "Grope out the copper, your honour, and the Lord surround you with his blessings. Drop us a little sixpence or a little fourpenny bit, and we'll divide it faithfully, and the childer will be a praying for you as they peel the taties. Divide the money, your honour, and the Lord divide heaven with ye."—"Now don't be a pushing me wid my poor arm," said a woman at one place to a man at her elbow, showing an arm wrapped in bandage no doubt to excite pity, and the thing said to catch your attention,—"I'm not pushing you," said the man.—"No ,I know ye ai'nt," replied the woman with the politeness of a Frenchwoman, "but I am only afeard lest ye should."—"Indulge your fatherly feelings towards the poor babby whose father's at sea," exclaimed another, holding up a child towards one of the passengers.—"I have nothing," replied the gentleman, and out of nothing, nothing can come."—"The Lord created the world out of nothing, your honour," replied the quick-witted woman.—"But I'm not the Lord," said the traveller."—"Your honour's one of the Lord's creation."—"And so are you," retorted the man, "and if that gives you any power of creating something out of nothing, why don't you create a penny and not bother me for it?"—"I'm no coiner, your honour."—"Nor I either," added the traveller.—"Oh! yes, your honour, you can coin the silver out of the gold, and the copper out of the silver, very aisy!"

The coach rolled on, and it was well, for the traveller had found his match. Instead of the old women whom we left behind, we now passed young ones walking along the road with their cloaks, not upon their shoulders, but upon their heads, and with dirty bare feet, which made one query whether they washed them before going to bed, if *they* ever do go to bed.

Such were the scenes that continued to present themselves in the villages; the country little enclosed and less cultivated; very fertile, but farmed in a most slovenly manner. It seemed to want every human assistance that land can want;—draining, fencing, planting, ploughing, weeding, and often manuring. In general, however, there were abundant crops, but nobody seemed the better for it. Amid occasional displays of harvests and potatoes, there were abundance of what may be called capital pigsties, but very wretched houses; a land of rags and cabins, of weeds, thistles, rag-wort, and rushes, which prosper unmolested.

Well, through such a country I advanced towards Edgeworthstown. To make the way more cheerful, however, we had a jolly Irish coachman, who did not let his tongue have much rest the whole of the time. He praised the country, the people, everything. His horses—"Aint they nate cattle now? Aint they good boys now? That's a fine large horse now—and that's a good dale to say—there are so many fine horses in Ireland." In the next village that we should arrive at, he assured me, who, he saw was an Englishman, that the young women were the very handsomest in all Ireland; and in the next the very best natured fellows in the whole land, and so on. As a country girl passed us—"Faith, is'nt she there a fine little darling. Ould Ireland is proud of her pretty girls, any how." The country-houses that we passed, which were few, were the very finest in all Ireland, and the inhabitants the most affluent. If you asked why these rich people did not enclose the wastes, and drain them. "Oh! what were the poor people to do for peats then?" If you objected to the rank crops of ragworts in the pastures, he assured you that it was capital farming—the grass grew so in the shade of the ragworts. In fact, he was a regular Irish optimist. Everything was the best in the world.

Then he and some of the passengers amused themselves with matches at counting the living objects on each side of the road for a certain distance—a rook, an ass, or an old woman, reckoning one, a sheep three, a horse or cow five, and so on. It was wonderful what merriment and interest they contrived to extract out of this. We came to a milestone that was broken in two. "Ah! see what some evil-disposed person has done now!" exclaimed the witty whip. "that is the eighth milestone to ———, and the villain has broken it in two, and made sixteen of it, and we shall have double the distance to go!"

And then he told stories. We may take one as a specimen. Some Irish reapers bound for England passing us, I asked whether it were true that on their return from the expedition the people of one vicinity would entrust their collective gains to one man to bring over? "Oh, no!" said he, "don't believe it. It is hard trusting any one in this world. A priest going along one Sunday on the road, saw a boy in a very ragged dress sitting dangling his feet in the water of a brook that ran by it.

"Well, my boy," said the good father, "what makes you sit there to-day, and why don't you go to the chapel?"

"It is because I'm not just fit to be seen there, because of the raggedness of my clothes," said the boy.

"And who may your parents be, and what are they doing that they don't see you better clad, and a going to the chapel on a Sunday?"

"I can't exactly say," replied the boy, "what they may be doing just now, because they have been dead some years, and I get along as well as I can without them."

"But you should not neglect going to chapel," said the priest, "and if you are ashamed of your clothes, why, I would have you get up betimes in the morning, and step into the chapel when nobody is there and say your prayers, and depend upon it God will be dropping something or other in your way."

So the boy thanked his reverence for his advice, and promised to follow it. Some time after, as the priest was going the same way, he saw the same boy, but now very much altered in appearance; and being very well dressed.

"Well, my boy, did you follow my advice, and do you go now to chapel?"

"Ah! bless your reverence," replied the lad, "that I did, indeed, and I wish I had seen you years before, for it was the best day of my life when I did see you."

"How was that?" asked the priest.

"Why, God bless your reverence! I got up early in the morning, as you advised me, and went away to the chapel, and as I did not want to be seen, I slipped in quietly and got behind the door, and began to say my prayers, and sure enough, it was just as your reverence said it would be—Providence was after dropping something in my way directly. When I first went in, there was nobody there, but presently there came a blind man, and he put his head into the chapel and said, 'Is anybody here?' and when nobody answered, for I kept quite still, for I would see what Providence would be after, the blind man entered and made his way to a seat, and began saying his prayers. And presently another blind man came and put in his head, and said, 'Is anybody here?' And the first blind man answered and said—'There is nobody but me, and I am blind.' And with that the second blind man entered, and made his way to the first blind man, and sate down by his side, and they began to talk. And the one blind man asked the other how long he had been blind, and he said "eighteen years."

"Eighteen years! that is a very long time, why, you must have saved a power of money in all that time."

"Nay," replied the first man, "not so much as you would think—bad has been my best luck. I have only saved £10, and I have it stitched into my cap here, lest any one should steal it."

"And that is very odd, i'faith," said the second man, "for I have been blind only six years, and I have saved just £10 too, and I have it stitched into my cap here, that nobody may steal it."

"And with that your reverence," said the boy, "I saw that all your reverence had said was the truth; and that Providence had dropped something in my way immediately. So I up and went softly up to the men, and took each his cap away out of his hand, and made for the door. But oh! the two blind men but they were astonished, and they seized each other by the throat, and one said—'O ye thief of the world! but ye have stolen my cap and my money from me!' and the other said—'Nay, ye thief of the world! but ye have stolen *my* cap and *my* money!' And to it they went like furies, and when the people came into the chapel they found them rolling on the floor together, and screaming that the one had robbed the other, and the other had robbed the one—but no caps nor money were there to be seen—and then both the men were more astonished than ever. But I was by that time far across the fields, blessing your reverence for the true words ye had said to me, for, true enough, Providence had dropped something in my way all at once. And now your reverence sees that I dress decently as any boy of them all, and go to the chapel every Sunday; and often I bless the day that I met your reverence as I did."

This story, which reminded me of something like it somewhere in "The Arabian Nights," elicited much merriment; and no one seemed to think anything of the morality of it. It was a capital joke; and illustrated the coachman's saw—"That it is hard trusting anyone in this world."

And so we arrived at Edgeworthstown. The town is, indeed, a tolerable village, but of a considerably better aspect; of stone houses with white-washed walls, glass windows, and, many of them, slate roofs. The Edgeworths' house is near the entrance from Dublin. It stands on the right hand, at perhaps two hundred yards distance from the road in its park, well wooded, and with a fine rich turf. It lies too, higher than the country in general, and therefore above the bog, and being well wooded, and encircled with a thick belt of trees, you walk in the park, which is a mile round, and forget all the dreary wastes around. The house is large, a fitting squire's house, and looks lordly and imposing as you pass.

At the only inn in Edgeworthstown I desired them to let me have a beefsteak, but found that no such thing was to be had. A mutton chop was the highest point in the culinary department to be reached. The waiter said, that no cattle were killed in Edgeworthstown—they got their meat from Longford, and that seldom more than mutton was wanted. This would have astonished a traveller in England in any place dignifying itself with the name of town, but in Ireland we soon cease to be astonished at anything but the general poverty. Having got such a luncheon as the inn afforded, I walked up to the hall. Here I found a very cordial reception. In the true Irish spirit of hospitality, Mrs. Edgeworth was anxious that I should transfer myself at once from the village inn to her ample mansion, where there was as much abundance as in any English house of the same pretensions.

I found the ladies sitting in a large and handsome library, busy writing letters. These ladies consisted of Mrs. Edgeworth, the widow of Lovell Edgeworth; Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, the wife of the Frank of Miss Edgeworth's tale.

Mrs. Edgeworth, a very agreeable and intelligent woman, surprised me by her comparative youth as the widow of Miss Edgeworth's father. She appeared not much more than forty, while Miss Edgeworth must be nearly twice that age. So far as age goes, it would have appeared quite in order, if that had been reversed, and Miss Edgeworth had stood as mother, and Mrs. Edgeworth as the daughter-in-law. Till that moment, I was not aware that Miss Edgeworth resided with her mother-in-law, but imagined her the occupant of the family mansion. I soon found, however, that Mrs. Edgeworth was the head of the establishment, and that Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Francis Edgeworth and his family resided with her. Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, a Spanish lady, lively, intelligent, and frank in her manners, surrounded by a troop of charming children, appeared as thoroughly familiar with English literature as if she had spent all her life in Great Britain.

My first impression of Miss Edgeworth was surprise at her apparent age. We read books and imagine their authors always young; but time is never so forgetful. He bears along with him authors as well as other people. They may put their works but not themselves into new editions in this world. Miss Edgeworth must, in fact, stand now nearly, if not quite, at the head of British authors in point of years. In person she is small, and at first had an air of reserve; but this in a few minutes quite vanished, and with it at least the impression of a score years in appearance. One would expect from her writings a certain staidness and sense of propriety. All the propriety is there, but the gravity is soon lighted up with the most affable humour, and a genuine love of joke and lively conversation. When I entered, the two other ladies were writing at the library table, Miss Edgeworth at a small table near the fire. The room was a large room, supported by a row of pillars, so as to give views into the grounds on two sides. We were soon engaged in animated conversation on many literary topics and persons; and Miss Edgeworth handed me the last new novel of Miss Bremer, which had been forwarded by me from the author; requesting me to place a written translation under Miss Bremer's autograph inscription of the copy to herself. To do this she put into my hand the silver pen which had been presented to her by Sir Walter Scott.

She then volunteered to show me the gardens and grounds; and this remarkable woman speedily enveloped in bonnet and shawl, led the way with all the lightness and activity of youth. Mrs. Francis soon joined us, and we went the whole circuit of the park, which as I have already said, is a mile. Not far from the house near the foot path, and beneath the trees I observed an urn placed upon a pedestal, and inscribed,

"To Honora,
1780."

Honora Sneyd, the lady affianced to the unfortunate Major Andre, but afterwards married to Mr. Lovel Edgeworth.

We then went into the gardens. The ladies appear to dig and delve a good deal in them themselves. Miss Edgeworth said she had been setting out some geraniums that day, though so late as September. The bog-plants appeared wonderfully flourishing, and yet no wonder, when we consider that the whole country is a bog, and that they can supply their beds at no expense.

In our round we came to a little secluded garden, which Mrs. Francis told me they had laid out for her, and her children, and where they had built a little summer-house of heath. It was very retired and pretty. Miss Edgeworth made some enquiries after a gentleman not far from London, and asked me if I knew him, to which I replied, that my only intercourse with him had been a correspondence about a gardener who offered himself to me, and referred to this gentleman as his former employer. That on asking the man why he had left, he said that it was entirely because this gentleman and himself could not agree on the true manner of cultivating a certain rose. That both master and himself were great rose fanciers, and each thought he knew best how to grow them. That in most cases he acknowledged his master's skill and knowledge, but that in this instance he could not. He believed himself right, and his master wrong; and that they grew so warm respecting it, that he gave his master notice to quit, rather than be compelled to murder, as he called it, a fine and unique rose, by an improper mode of treatment. That on referring to the gentleman, he confirmed the account in all its particulars, giving the man a most excellent character, both as a man and a gardener, but so obstinate about this one rose, that he threw up his place a martyr to his system of science, the master having become as obstinate from opposition to a favourite whim, as to let him do it!

This story infinitely diverted Miss Edgeworth, and seeing Mrs. Edgeworth at a distance she called her to hear it.

On our return to the house we were joined by Mr. Francis Edgeworth, and at dinner and during the evening we had a deal of talk of poetry and poets. Mr. Edgeworth seemed particularly to admire Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, and thought Keats had never yet had justice done him. In this we agreed, and indeed in most of the sentiments expressed; Mr. Edgeworth, being liberal in politics as well as in poetry. The ladies as well as Mr. Edgeworth, expressed their great obligation to Mrs. Howitt, for the introduction of Miss Bremer's works, and of a taste for the northern languages and literature in general. They had fallen into the error which has been very common, especially in America, of supposing William and Mary Howitt were brother and sister, instead of husband and wife.

We do not intend here to enter into any remarks on the writings of Miss Edgeworth, which are sufficiently well known to all readers, but there is one characteristic of them which has naturally excited much wonder, and that is, that in none of them does she introduce the subject of religion, but confines herself to morals and their influence. We have been told, and we believe on good authority, the origin of this. Her father being a disbeliever in revealed religion, she made a promise to him never to write in favour of religion if he would consent never to write against it. Through a long life she has faithfully observed the compact, and the fact of its existence may explain what to so many has been a source of surprise. Whilst she may thus have rendered a service to religion, in her opinion, by guarding it from what she might deem a formidable attack, she has rendered pre-eminent service to her country by pourtraying its wants and characteristic failings, and rousing a spirit of patriotism in the breasts of her countrymen. Long before any other writers of her country she made domestic fictions the vehicle of great and necessary truths, and at the present moment, after so many have followed in her steps, she again agreeably surprises us by her new volume for the young, displaying in her Orlandino a vigour that seems to bid defiance to years.

In conversing with Miss Edgeworth on the condition and prospects of Ireland, I was somewhat surprised to hear her advocate the *laissez faire* system. She contended that Ireland was steadily progressing, and would do very well if people would not force their political nostrums upon her. She described the advance in the condition of the country and the people in her time, as most striking. What must it have been then? Of course, she would have an equality of legislation for the whole kingdom, and that in fact includes almost everything. Ireland herself would rise from her present misery and degradation with that advantage; yet it would be slowly, for length of time for recovery must be in some proportion to the length and force of the infliction. With present justice, there requires a grand compensation for the past, by a kindly but fair application of every means that can employ the people, especially in the cultivation of the land.

As I was going the next day to visit Pallasmore and Auburn, the birth-place and youthful residence of Goldsmith, I could not have been in a better quarter for information, Pallasmore being on their own estate. About ten o'clock a stately old servant conducted me to the inn with a lantern, and thus closed my short but agreeable visit to Miss Edgeworth.

◆

THE SCAFFOLD.

A dog's-death for the blood-stained one!—
God-man of Nazareth,
Thus do we keep the holy words
Thy great Evangel saith.
Evil for evil render not,
Vengeance belongs to Heaven:
Shew mercy, if you hope by it
At last to be forgiven.

An iron chain, a fearful, dark,
And narrow prison cell.
With thoughts of horror all too great
For mortal tongue to tell;
The sinner with the tempter still
Is left to struggle on
Till from the soul repentance goes,
As Hope before hath gone.

A brother, crime hath deeply stained
In Heaven's clear righteous eye,
Yet still a brother grace may save,
Hurried away to die.
And such a death, oh! shame, oh! shame
Hop'st thou to be forgiven,
The wielding of the sword which yet
Belongs alone to Heaven.

Man, can'st thou give the life thus ta'en,
Hast thou omnipotence,
To bring again the soul, perchance
Unstained by blood, sent hence?
Thou cans't not, impious then thy hand
As is thy justice blind
To strike the blow of Heaven, yet lack
Heaven's all-discerning mind.

Blest law of gentleness, and peace,
By Christ's own lips proclaim'd,
Give us to follow him, that we
May by his name be named.
Oh thou that pourest healing balm
Into the wounded spirit,
Still may we, as we own thy power
Thy mercy too inherit.

Edinburgh. George Hume.

◆

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

By Robert Story.

The high-born commander who fearlessly leads
His host or his fleet in the "cause of mankind,"
Is enriched if he lives, and is mourned if he bleeds,
While his name is in song and in story enshrined.
But the soldier, or sailor, whose arm won the day—
Who survives, it may be, with the loss of a limb—
What hand will enrich him, what guerdon repay,
What song will resound through the nations for *him?*

The favoured by Fortune, the favoured by Birth,
Who earned, or inherit the wealth they have got,
Enjoy all the good Heaven pours upon earth,
And have flatterers that call them the gods they are *not.*
But the poor man whose toil has produced all this wealth,
Whose sinews have shrunk, and whose eyes have grown dim—
What heart thinks of him, in his sickness or health?
What flatterer will waste a soft phrase upon *him?*

Enough of old parties and leaders; we want
A leader and party with *heart* and with *nerve,*
Who will WORK with a zeal which no obstacles daunt—
To win for the masses the rights they deserve.
O, never did party in England yet drain
A cup filled, like theirs, with delight to the brim!
And never did leader the blessings obtain
That will gratefully shower from all hearts upon *him!*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Italy, Past and Present. By L. Mariotti. 2 vols. London, John Chapman, 1848.

Mr. Mariotti's work is well-timed. Italy, at all times a deeply interesting subject of study, is just now an object of lively attention. The phenomenon of a reforming pope has excited the wonder of the whole civilized world, and the hopes of the progressive party in Italy to no ordinary degree. At such a crisis we want a work, written by a competent authority, which shall enable us, at no great labour of research, to possess ourselves of a clear and comprehensive idea of the present condition of Italy politically, morally, intellectually, and socially. We want to understand what are the foundations for hope of advance there; to know whether the people give sufficient resting-place by their national and personal qualities, for our sympathies and congratulations. Perhaps we could not have a better expositor of the required facts than Mr. Mariotti. He has lived long in England, and is almost equally well acquainted with those for whom, as of whom he writes. He writes the best English style of any foreigner that ever came under our observations. There are, now and then, slight indications of the want of perfect acquaintance with our language; but these instances are rare, and the general style is vigorous, copious, and often eloquent.

As regards his views, also, he displays a great breadth and liberality, soundness, and impartiality. He has lived long enough amongst us to understand us well, and speaks of us with a manly independence that, even while he criticises our national peculiarities, wins our confidence by its justice. Nor is he blind to the faults of his own country and countrymen. With every hope of them for the future, he details the weakness and wants of both with equal patriotism and candour. He is soundly religious in his views without superstition or bigotry, and a zealous reformer, at the same time that he is an admirer of moral force. For these reasons we avow that we rely very much on his statements, and are of opinion that no where else can the English reader obtain in so short a time, and so agreeable a manner, anything like so lucid and correct a view of "Italy Past and Present."

The first volume, of course, comprehends the past; the second, the present. The author divides the first volume into periods, and heads all his chapters in both volumes with the name of some celebrated person who may be supposed to have influenced the era of his existence. Thus, in the first volume, stand at the head of successive chapters, the names of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Macchiavello, Michael Angelo, Ariosto, Tasso, Vittoria Colonna, Galileo, Alfieri, Napoleon. In the second, Mazzini, Foscolo, Manzoni, Grosi, Pellico, Giusti, Litta, Mayer, Anna Pepoli, Gioberti, D'Azeglio, Pius IX.

Under these brilliant names we have a most able, clever, and charming exposition of all that relates to, or can be comprised in a work of popular extent and character of the history, fine arts, politics, poetry, and philosophy of the nation. We confess to having derived from it a better notion of this interesting land, and its people, than from any other work. We are glad to learn from such an authority, of the firm hold that the moral force principle has taken of the leaders of Italian progress, and of the daily evidences of a spirit of union and co-operation amongst them for the restoration in Italy, not of shreds and patches, of petty principalities and petty interests, but of a great country, as it deserves to be.

In the second volume, we would particularly recommend to the reader the chapters on D'Azeglio, Gioberti, and Pius IX., as giving him a clue to the prevailing themes of political and religious reform agitating, or rather influencing, Italy. As Joseph Mazzini, however, has resided so many years, and excited so much attention in this country, it may be as well to quote a few passages regarding him. Many of our readers are probably not aware that he was the originator of the idea of Young Italy, Young France, Young Germany, Young England, etc. Nor are many aware how much Italy has outgrown his doctrine of physical force.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"Amongst the swarm of exiles which the calamities of 1831 drove to the French shores, a young enthusiast made his appearance, unknown as yet to the multitude, but uniting the boldest ambition to the highest capacities; a man of firm principles; of that pale, bilious temperament, so common in southern climates, whose passions all obey but themselves—a man born to rule; of that stuff of which, under favourable circumstances, Robespierres are made, or Napoleons; but who, in quieter times, are too readily set down as *hommes manquis*, or visionaries; a young student, a Genoese of good extraction and parentage—Giuseppe Mazzini.

"It was in June, 1831, that he first made himself known in France,—though his contributions to the *Antologia Firenze*, ought to have won him reputation before—by his address to Charles Albert of Savoy, on his accession to the throne of Sardinia, inviting him not to disappoint the expectations he had raised in Italy in 1820, when, being only Prince of Carignano, and presumptive heir to the throne, he was hailed as King of Italy, and styled himself the chief of all the Carbonari in the country. That address of Mazzini was a flash of divine eloquence, such as never before shone over Italy. His companions in misfortune gathered in adoration, and bent before his powerful genius. There was that in his massive brow, in his dark commanding eye, that at once set him apart from the common herd. In the first prime of youth, a beauty of the first order, and a frank and manly, yet winning and suasive address, gave him an easy victory over men's minds through their hearts. He did not fail to make the best of this well-deserved popularity. Ere the year had elapsed, he became the heart and soul of the Italian movement. He was the ruler of a state of his own creation—the King of Young Italy.

"He established himself at Marseilles as editor of a journal, called after the name of the new sect of which it was the intended organ, 'La Giovine Italia.' Several numbers of that journal appeared at different intervals in the course of that and the following year. Mazzini wrote the best part of its contents. In fact, he never was seconded by efficient contributors. Either because the management of his vast plans of conspiracy engrossed too much of his time, or because his genius was wearied and exhausted at its very first start, his articles seemed to have lost not a little of that calmness and serenity, of that dignity and temperance which characterised his first effort. The fretful jealousy of his fellow-exiles was easily alarmed by what they called his imperious ambition, his sweeping exclusiveness. The most high-minded and generous of his associates fell from him one by one; and, compelled to rely on the co-operation of blindly-devoted but indiscreet and incautious partizans, he hurried on his insurrectional schemes, leading to the more disgraceful than disastrous invasion of Savoy in 1833. Many an ardent patriot would have withdrawn from active life after so signal a defeat. Not so Mazzini. Humbled, but not disheartened—anxious to throw all the blame upon General Romarino, the military leader of the expedition, he widened still further the breach already existing between him and the moderate party. Disappointed in his plans by the new and more Catholic associations of 'Young France,' 'Young Poland,' 'Young Switzerland,' and, finally, 'Young Europe,' all of these based on his original notion—that of the expediency of trusting political movements with young, and consequently unpledged and uncompromising leaders—a notion which, under the strangest modifications and misconceptions, was destined to make the tour of the globe.

Mazzini's views, however, were at first perfectly correct, and had arisen from the conviction, of the utter impotence, imbecility, and even insincerity of the old Carbonari, who had hitherto had the upper hand in Italian affairs. Mazzini undertook to break the idols of the Italian patriots; to do away with the *prestige* of illustrious names—all was to be achieved 'by the people and for the people.' The revolution should acknowledge no leaders, save only such as might spring from its own bosom. The national cause should henceforth obey the impulse of new men, proceeding upon new principles—young believers, wedded to no preconceived system, who would disavow and trample upon the craven dictates of a timid, temporising policy, the wily intrigues of foreign diplomacy, who would march straight to their aim, regardless of all odds and chances, trusting to God only, and themselves, and the sanctity of their cause.

In the pursuance of such principles, the apostle was gradually left alone. The hopes of the lovers of Italy began to be grounded on mild and moderate measures. The revolution was to be effected by the ascendancy of moral force. D'Azeglio, Balbo, and the party now at the head of the Italian movement, gained the ear of the multitude. Mazzini was left to himself, and the few closely acquainted with him, whose devotion to the loftiness of his mind and heart was paramount to all prudential considerations. In common with all men of really transcendent abilities, of truly elevated character, it was the lot of Mazzini to be cordially hated by such as knew him least, and would, nevertheless, have been his worthiest associates; and loved with utter blindness by those who could neither comprehend nor aid him. Certainly, none of his intimates ever voluntarily fell away from his friendship; but subservient affection, ill-judged deference, contributed no less than ill-grounded aversion to obstruct his judgment and hurry his deliberations. Out of so many who sided for or against him, Mazzini never had a friend or an enemy worthy of him: hardly ever an agent that was not a passive instrument in his hands. Together with a gentleness—an almost feminine tenderness of outward manner—he combined the utmost stubbornness of conviction, and the fiercest intolerance of contradiction—Co-operation with him must imply blind uncontradicted compliance.

"Involved in rash attempts against all governments, condemned to death in Italy, banished from France, proscribed in Switzerland, he finally sought the only refuge against political persecution—the free soil of Old England. With a shattered constitution and a broken heart, a disappointed man, in spite of all his asseverations to the contrary, he engaged in the harmless pursuit of a literary career, diving, perhaps, too deeply into the dreams and vagaries of French communism, and choosing his associates among the English radicals and socialists, a grovelling, calculating race, as widely removed from the chivalrous disinterestedness of the Italian republican, as a London fog from the golden vapours of an Italian summer evening.

"In a vain endeavour to bring their ideas to bear some resemblance to his own luminous, however Utopian theories, Mazzini was gradually sinking in silence and oblivion, engulphed in what Count Pecchio not unaptly calls 'the tomb of living reputations,' the great world of London. Visited with awe and misgiving by the few young Italians who would snatch a passport from the reluctant hands of a jealous police, dignifying a few honest teachers and artisans, and others of his humbler countrymen established in London into a national association—an object of the vain regrets and longings of the rising generation, of the mistrust and rancours of the base Italian governments, who persisted in looking upon him as the unattainable head of the revolutionary hydra,

> "'By deepest pity here pursued,
> And hate no less profound;
> By love no fear could quell, by rage
> No length of time assuage.'*

he resigned himself to a life of silence and loneliness, satisfied with the foundation of an Italian school for mendicant organ-boys, in which he employed all his energies with the same zeal and earnestness as Macchiavello displayed in his diplomatic transactions between two rival communities of nuns; and, like a man conscious of the extent of his powers, no less than of the uprightness of his intentions, he was 'biding his time.'

The English Government thought proper to draw him from his retreat. The unknown writer of anonymous articles in the "Westminster Review" was dignified into a dangerous political character. By a base treachery which, up to the present time, was deemed utterly *un-English*, the Secretary of State made himself subservient to the demands of foreign espionage, outdid, by superior cunning, the dirtiest tricks of the most abject continental police, and, upon detection of his flagrant abuse of power and breach of confidence, he attempted to vindicate his conduct by the wilful repetition of long-exploded, long-forgotten falsehoods against the man he had wronged.

"Mazzini came out of that disgraceful contest with all the honours of the day. That insane persecution secured for him, in England, that public respect and sympathy to which his talents and integrity, no less than his misfortunes, would otherwise have entitled him. It had not, however, nor could it, add much to his reputation or influence in Italy. New ideas had long been springing up in that country, to which Mazzini was, from the first, too utterly a stranger ever to be willing to adopt them. The principles of 'Liberty and equality,' 'Unity and Independance,' on which the National Association was originally based, were no longer deemed practicable. Their very utterance was deemed in the highest degree impolitical. Mazzini's position was now untenable; and, as he was too well known for his unconquerable consistency and tenacity of purpose, he was left to perish alone, or with those few blind enthusiasts—like the ill-fated Bandiera and their accomplices—who still continued true to the militant faith of Italy.

"It would not be reasonable, however, to conclude that any well-meaning Italian entertains ideas greatly at variance with Mazzini's, as to the justice of his country's claims to the full enjoyment of her independent rights; or to fancy that any remnant of feudal or patrician interests might clash with the spread of purely republican principles; or that the least shadow of loyalty lurks in Italian hearts in behalf of any of the royal dynasties now in existence. We have said it; the Italians are all, at heart, republicans. Were the destinies of the country to be settled to-morrow by the return of universal suffrage, the result would most undoubtedly be what Mazzini, and a thousand before him proclaimed, 'The Italian Republic one and indivisible.'"

---

* Manzoni.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

REPORT ON THE CULTIVATION OF HALF AN ACRE OF LAND.*

On the 16th of November, 1846, two kind friends placed £10 in the hands of Edward William Bannan, aged then sixteen years and two months, that he might make his first step in life, in order to maintain himself.

ORIGINAL STATE OF THE GROUND.

His first step was to become the tenant of half an acre of garden ground. The staple of the land was good, but, owing to the negligence of the former tenant, it was full of *weeds* and large *weed roots*, and contained a vast vast number of *stones*. A *drain* which ran through it from the higher to the lower part had been neglected, so that the water it ought to have carried away, flowed over and saturated a large portion of the garden. He trenched the whole of the ground, from eighteen inches to two feet deep, as the soil reqüired it, removed all the stones into a heap, and gathered together all the weeds and weed roots, and mixed them with lime and salt, so as to form a compost heap with them. In all these proceedings he was assisted up to April, 1847, by his brother, Richard Harrison Bannan, aged twelve years and eight months.

THE EXPENDITURE OF THE MONEY AND THE CROPPING.

	£.	s.	d.
Implements, tools, etc.	2	10	3
Manure	2	0	6
Seeds and roots	2	16	0
Rent	3	2	6
Total	£10	9	3

The ground was cropped as follows in square yards of three feet each way.

	Yards.
Potatoes, followed by brocoli, borecole, and savoy	708
Beans	305
Peas	172
Onions	200
Parsnips	50
Carrots	165
Parsley	40
Scarlet runners	156
Lettuces	18
Shalotts	40
Onions for seed	22
Parsnips for seed	6
Celery from seed	6
Potatoes do., do.	6
Swede turnips	288
Radishes	75
Blank grown with currant bushes	108
Seed beds	126
Cabbages	72
	2,563

PRESENT STATE OF THE GROUND.

The ground is now cropped for spring and winter, It is now free from *weeds* and *stones*. The compost heap is quite decayed and fit for use, it is worth 10s. Some of the stones have been used to pave a pig sty, some have been given away to neighbours, and the rest are saved for any future use. The drain has been cleaned out and deepened, and it effectually carries away the surplus water. The crops now in the ground are brocoli to the number of 710, brocoli 474, savoys 255, vanack and Sprotboro' cabbages 150, lettuces 435, Cornish cabbages 312, eight pounds, onions to shoot into scallions, a bed of turnips twelve feet by eight feet, and some small beds of red Dutch and flatpole cabbages, onions, carrots, and also 60 heads of celery.

THE RETURN

	£.	s.	d.
Did not commence till 1st June, 1847, and the amount of money received from that time until the present day, is	10	2	1
The following seeds have been saved, and their value at present prices is			
Onion 17oz.	0	8	0
Parsnip 14¼oz.	0	3	7
Lettuce 6½oz	0	4	10½
Carrots 1oz.	0	0	3
Peas, 1 quart of Flack's Victory	0	0	10
Ditto, half-pint Early Warwick	0	0	2
Scarlet runners 2,000	0	1	8
Potatoe seed	0	2	6
Leek ½oz	0	0	3
Also in hand 187lbs. onions at 1d. per lb.	0	15	7
,, 130lbs. parsnips at ½d. per lb.	0	5	5
,, 40lbs. carrots at ¾d. per lb.	0	2	6
The compost is worth	0	10	0
Estimated value of crops should all turn out favourably	5	14	10
The Implements are as good as new and still worth	2	10	3
	£21	2	9

MANAGEMENT OF THE CROPS.	RESULT.
The *potatoes* were planted in winter from 5 inches to 9 inches deep, and were manured with stable dung. As they came out, the ground was immediately filled with brocoli, borecole, cabbage, and savoys.	The *potatoe crop* was fair, some of the sets were destroyed in the ground by slugs, but the frost did not injure them.
The *carrots* and *parsnips* were sown in drills and manured with guano.	The *carrot* and *parsnip* crops were good.
The *beans* were grown on the stiffest ground and manured with guano.	The *bean* crops were good.
The *peas* were manured with guano.	The *pea* crops were good.
The *swede turnips* were slightly manured with guano.	The *swedes* failed, owing to the very dry summer. The pig had all that was produced.
The *radishes* were not manured.	The *radishes* failed from the birds carrying away the seeds, in spite of all precautions.
The *shalotts* were manured with guano.	The *shalotts* were a good crop, but were attacked by mildew after thay were housed, and four-fifths were spoiled.
The *lettuces* ditto, ditto.	
The *onions* were sown broadcast and manured with guano.	The *onions* a good crop.
The *scarlet runners* were manured with guano.	*Scarlet runners* very productive.
The *cabbages* were manured with guano.	The *cabbage* crop was fair considering the dryness of the summer.
The radishes having failed, the bed was used to prick out cabbages and other plants from the seed beds.	Fine plants were produced.
As the beans came out, the ground was cropped with brocoli.	The crop is going on well.
As the seed beds were cleared they were sown with stone turnips.	The dry weather is much against this crop which is light.
The swedes were replaced by cabbages.	They are going on well.
The onion, carrot, and parsnip ground was intended to be sown with turnips before potatoes, but the dry weather prevented this being done, and the ground is fallowing for potatoes.	

---

* Drawn up by the cultivator himself.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR, BOSTON, UNITED STATES.

We extract the following from the description of this brilliant Bazaar by our friend H. C. Wright, in the *Liberator*:—

I am in Faneuil Hall. It is 5 o'clock P.M., Christmas-day. I am sitting on the platform, at the south end of the hall, facing the door of entrance at the north end. The hall, as I look off from the platform, seems like a forest of evergreens; over the platform are standing three beautiful cedars—one behind it and one at each end—so that I am really sitting and writing beneath cedar trees, and hid under their branches. Across the platform is a line, fastened at each end to the cedars, and on the line hangs a splendid black satin visite, or cloak, the work and contribution of Mary Welsh. On the left of the platform is the Book-table, where sits Maria W. Chapman; on the right of it is the Edinburgh-table, and down in front of it is the Glasgow-table. Down further, in the centre of the hall, and directly under the immense gasalier, is the Toy-stand,—a large circular counter, or table, covered with all imaginable toys for children, of all materials, forms, sizes, and shapes, from the New Haven fish-wife, of Scotland, with her creel on her back, going to market, to the splendid wax doll from Bridgewater, in England;—a toy which is the admired of all doll admirers. That table is, at this moment, surrounded by admiring and enchanted children, making the hall ring with their merry and delighted exclamations. It is impossible to sit here and look down upon that enraptured throng of children, and not feel that it is good and pleasant to be here. It is worth a voyage over the Atlantic to see that table and the delighted little ones who at this moment surround it. To crown the enchantment, the toy stand is embowered in beautiful high arches of evergreen, and the gas-lights reflect a glorious light upon the whole group. On each side of the hall are two rows of tables, or stands, and several women attending at each—some standing behind, and some in front of the tables, to accommodate the purchasers. On the right of the entrance-door to the hall, is the Provision-table, covered with all sorts of fruits and vegetable food and ice-creams. Ice-creams in winter; The thermometer is nearly to zero. No accounting for taste. The hall is comfortably warmed by two stoves. There are thirty-four different tables, and I could not begin to give an account of the variety, beauty, and richness of the articles now lying on these tables, and hanging around and over them, on lines attached to evergreen bowers and arches, that rise over and around the various stands. It is certain that this National Bazaar owes much of its attractions and its value to the Anti-Slavery hearts and hands in Great Britain and Ireland. This Bazaar has done, and is doing more to cement these two great nations into one, and to secure and perpetuate mutual love and peace, than all the Government Ambassadors and Treaties that ever passed between them. This affair is a Treaty of Peace between individual hearts; and let the individual hearts in the two nations be knit together in brotherly sympathy, each wishing and labouring for the good of the other, and no *governmental* organization could ever dash us one against the other in deadly conflict.

DEFECTIVE VENTILATION OF SCHOOLS.

Dr. M'Cormac, of Belfast, has turned the attention of the public to the subject of the Ventilation of Schools. No places could require it more. We have been astonished by the great neglect of this most important particular in the far greater number of schools that we have entered in every part of the kingdom. In too many of them the air has been fœtid and stifling—in fact, not only disagreeable, but deleterious. Dr. M'Cormac says—

Schools everywhere are ill ventilated. I hardly ever saw a perfectly ventilated school-room, public or private. The moment one sets foot in the crowded precincts, that moment the nostrils are invaded with a peculiar heavy, sickening odour, commingled with dust, and smoke, and ashes; for, rarely are school-rooms washed, and rarely are they well aired, even during the scholars' absence. We have thus a condition of the vital fluid quite repugnant to the health and physical well-being of the young creatures condemned for many hours to inhale the polluting medium. In vain have I reasoned with teachers. Perhaps, after much entreaty, they will open the lower part of a window—for the upper, perhaps, is not made to open—but as for thorough adequate ventilation, they have no idea of it. "How," they will say, "can the room be close, and the boys so many hours out of it?" Or it is,—"Peradventure the boys might get cold, and their parents will be angry." And the dusty, musty, smoky, rank-smelling school-room remains so to the end of the chapter. Teachers in general seem to have no idea of the necessity of pure sweet air; or, if they have, do not make the slightest effort to procure it. They are great in the knowledge of words; but, too often, small indeed in that of things. I wonder if it ever yet came into a schoolmaster's noddle that a school-room should absolutely have no smell. Why, the bodies and the garments of the young should be sweet and pure, and fragrant as the linen that hangs on the line; and the air which they breathe, both in the school and out of the school, as pure. The human frame necessarily has no evil odour; so far from it, that in all well-constituted perfectly cleanly individuals, the person is actually fragrant. I know no author, ancient or modern, except glorious Homer, who adverts, even partially to this fact, and he but utters the veritable and delightful truth.

In vain have I adjured the schoolmaster—"Sir, I beseech you to consider, each boy—each of those boys, breathes not less than twelve hundred times in an hour. Reflect, I beg of you, what the consequences must eventually prove, of continually inhaling and reinhaling a vitiated atmosphere. Only think, it poisons the blood, deteriorates the frame at large, and paves the way for deadly disease." But such entreaties are seldom successful, because people in general, and teachers of the young are not always an exception, will not look to remote consequences; the present is their only concern. If they could only pierce the veil of the future—if they could behold the fevered and perishing structure, the ravages of hidden decay, the early sepulchre, and refer it to its primary source—a poisonous, because tainted and ill-renewed atmosphere—they would take these matters to heart, and no longer condemn their pupils to a putrid and vitiated air, and life-springs tainted at their source; else, why is it that boys and girls at school should so often grow pale and sickly, unless it be owing to this most unjustifiable circumstance; or, how is it that teachers themselves are so often victims of dyspepsia and disease? I have often been tempted to wish there were no doors to school-rooms and factories; the pent-up vitiated atmosphere would thus have some chance of renewal. Boys and girls, too, would be better alternately standing and moving about, than sitting so habitually. Never, I think, shall I forget a girl of twelve —barely twelve, whom, not long since, I was requested to see, in the course of my vocation. I found her in a hot close room, tormented with flies, and in the last stage of decline. Ere my next visit she had expired. "And, ah!" said the bereft father, as I gazed at the pallid features of the poor departed sufferer; "she was so fine a child, no one in the school was her equal at her books; she was always at her lessons."— "What hours did she go at?" I inquired. "Why, first, from seven to nine; then from ten to three; and then from six to eight; she was such a learner, there was no keeping her from her books." In short, I ascertained that this young victim spent the greater part of the day in school; and what time remained besides her meals and sleep, was occupied with lessons; no exercise, no recreation; and thus was her young existence nipped in the bud, all that she might parse so well, and spell! But it is needless to pursue this topic further; suffice it to say, schools, colleges, factories, shops, workshops, dwelling-houses, hospitals, places of worship, are all abominably ill ventilated, or rather not ventilated at all, except in so far as the air finds casual admission, and as it were by stealth.

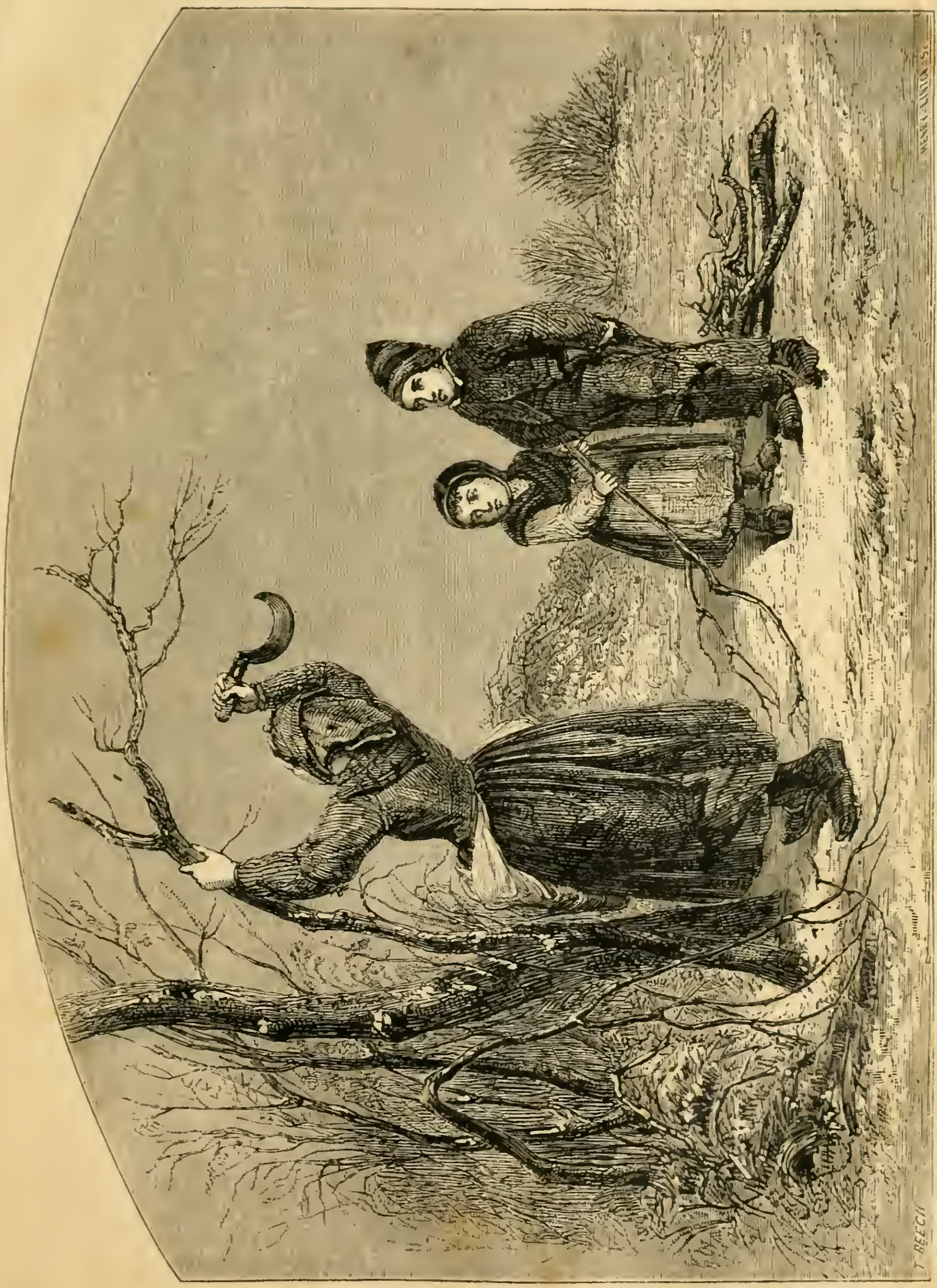
CONTENTS.

First Love—A Battle of Life and Death, a Tale, by BERTHOLD AUERBACH, translated by MARY HOWITT—The Sister of Charity —Capital Punishment, by FREDERIC ROWTON, No. VIII — CHILD'S CORNER—Things Present, and Things Unseen, an Introduction to the Study of History, by MARY GILLIES—Visit to Miss Edgeworth, by WILLIAM HOWITT—The Scaffold, by GEORGE HUME—The Rich and the Poor, by ROBERT STORY—Literary Notice—Italy, Past and Present, by L. MARIOTTI—Weekly Record.

PRINTED for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

PRICE 1½d. STAMPED, 2½d.

HOWITT'S JOURNAL.



COLD ABROAD FOR WARMTH AT HOME.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY LINTON.

No. 59—Vol. III. February 12, 1848.

COLD ABROAD FOR WARMTH AT HOME.

What an amount of endurance of one of these conditions there is in this world, for the enjoyment of the other. For this the traveller drives over the bleak heath with frost in his veins, and the hissing east-wind in his teeth, and cheers himself on with the imagination of the blazing fire, the warm supper, his pipe and his glass at the well-known inn—his home for the time. For this the shepherd treads the crunching snows and beats his fingers on his sides, on the wintry downs; for this the labourer spends his eight or ten hours over his monotonous task in field and wood; the sailor mounts the top-mast while the icy rain glazes the ropes as he ascends and glues his aching hands to them, and sits out his turn amid the midnight blast, and the roar of darksome seas. For this fifty thousand wretches in the streets of London alone, suffer cold, and hunger, and contempt;—*their* homes being the purchased threepenny lodging where they warm themselves by huddling together in heaps like sheep in a winter's pen. For this thousands of shivering children stand or trudge on through daily miseries, the impotent and passive ministers of their elders. It is theirs to "stand and wait." To hold hammers, hand nails, watch gates, guard open shops, sit in deathly lobbies expecting answers to messages, doing anything, or what is worse, doing nothing at the bidding of better clothed, fed, and warmed individuals. For this they offer flowers that nobody wants, pencils that nobody has faith in, and lucifers that nobody notices, and freeze against great bare walls, and at wind-whistling corners, half into statues, and half into crouching miseries. Yet for them there is some dismal nook of some dismal place where a bag of shavings or a heap of matting, presents a paradise of comparative warmth through a few dark hours, if they can only carry thither the sum which opens the inexorable door.

Immense is the amount of daily wretchedness throughout the world in winter, that is cheerfully endured for the warmth at home. In England the abundance of coal renders unnecessary the prowling and hacking in forest and on waste for fuel which is so common to the poor in most other countries. Here the fire like the bread must be sternly worked for; but in most other countries the forest supplies the necessary fuel, and the poor must out and gather it. We may see a little of this in those parts of our own country where coal is scarce, and commons are not wholly despoiled of their trees, but abroad, the supply of the fuel is generally the work of the women and the children. Woods except far from the towns and villages are no solitudes. At all hours of the day and all seasons, you find in them the peasant women and children, raking up the fallen leaves for the bedding of their cattle, and gathering sticks and dead wood for their fires. Down every path of the mountains you see them descending with their large bundles of long boughs, or you see the scratchings in the snow that are made by their trailing these after them.

The artist has seized a group of these in some one of his rambles and given it to us in a masterly manner, as we have given it to day to our readers. Behold the dreary, wintry edge of the forest. Behold the mother assailing in the absence of the wood-police, the bough of an outstanding tree, and yet fearing to cut too much. See the fine attitude which a shape too graceful to be wholly concealed by the peasant's attire, and the earnestness of the act gives to the mother. See the watching and waiting children. What patience in the girl, what cold in the boy. It is cold petrified, rather than personified. But anon, the turn of the youngsters shall come. Both shall receive their loads, and trudge home full of glee, dreaming inwardly of the warm room and the warm stove. The father will be come in from the barn and the byre. The evening meal will be set out, and the talk of the day's doings had over it; and then the mother will bring forward her spinning wheel, and the father will take from the shelf the book of wonders, and the children will place their stools behind the stove, and listen with all their ears. That is the hour of the peasant's felicity; that is the warmth and the paradise that have made all the long day's cold, and the wading through snows in the valley, and the dreary chill of the wood tolerable.

Then are all the simple souls entranced and rapt away into a land of loveliest enchantment and romance. The good old times of simplest faith and chivalrous adventure have come down to the peasantry of the continent in a literature of their own, to which they cling with an unconquerable affection, and which is to them ever new. In France, Germany, Denmark, and other regions of the north, the peasant's hut is enriched from the book-stall of the fair, with its own peculiar library of poetry and tale. There are the "History of Griseldis" and the "Mark-Graf Walther," the "Patient Grizel" of Boccaccio and Chaucer; the "Holy Genoveva," the "Emperor Octavianus," "Fortunatus with his Cap," the "Horned Siegfried," "Tristan and Isalde," the "Beautiful Melusina," a sea wonder, and the daughter of King Helmas;" the "Fair Magelona;" the "Four Heymon's Children," "Roland's Three Pages," "Snow White," and a score of others. Round thousands of winter-stoves the assembled families of the peasantry, and often with addition of in-dropping neighbours sit and spin, and listen to the reading of the "Four Heymon's Children" riding forth on the good horse Beyard; of the trials of Genoveva or Griseldis; how Octavianus avenged himself on the traitor who brought so much trouble on his empress and his children; or how Peter with the silver keys, after all his wanderings and adventures, won his beautiful and good Magelona, and lived long with her as the noble Count of Provence.

With these are mixed up the horrors of "The Three Miller's Daughters," a dreadful Blue-Beard story; the wild tale of the inestimable Lock in the African cave, Xaxa; or they laugh at the simplicity of the Schildburgers, or mingle a little modern marvel with the old—the Cruelties of the Turks towards the Greeks, or the Wars of Buonaparte.

Such are the hours of domestic warmth and intellectual enjoyment with which a good Providence recompenses the simple dwellers of foreign woods and wilds for the out-door cold and cares of the day. The wolf may howl amid the winds at the door; the dark forest may frown around, snow may bury the valleys, and the icy blasts sweep the wastes, but within there is light and comfort, and a world of wonder in which the imagination roams as on the sun-bright plains of heaven. Where poverty presses hardly come too letters from new lands beyond the Atlantic, where their kindred have established themselves in new homes, and invite them to plenty and independence.

It is in our own wealthy country, and especially in our most wealthy cities, and above all, in our unrivalled metropolis, that those who suffer the fiercest pangs of cold abroad enjoy the least of the warmth at home. The wretched street haunter of London, where is his or her home? The Gin-Palace alone invites them in to a warmth that scorches, and a blaze that kills. The dreary lodging-house admits them to what?—to scenes of the most revolting filth, discomfort, and depravity. In these, human creatures herd together in the rudeness of beasts and the infamy of devils. No songs of the olden time; no romance of beauty and grace, of tenderness and exalted love, breaks through the darkness of their spirits, and soothes them into virtue. Degradation the most hideous, vulgarity the most revolting; theft, and cunning, and murder, and brutal violence crowd and crouch together, and dream only of more successful lies, more adroit robberies, more subtle infamies for the morrow. Such is the grand triumph of our civilization, such the result of our wealth, such the blessing of our Christianity! Who would not prefer to this the peasant's fate? Cold abroad but warmth at home. The blazing fire, the assembled family, and the book that has in its pages worlds of fresh beauty, and the soul of Paradise?

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Translated for "Howitt's Journal,"

FROM LAMARTINE'S "HISTOIRE DES GIRONDINS."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THERE are objects in nature whose form you can only clearly distinguish by withdrawing to a distance. Proximity as well as distance prevents perfect vision. Thus it is in great events. The hand of God is visible in human things, but this hand itself casts a shadow which conceals what it accomplishes. Thus in the French Revolution we perceive, even at its commencement, the announcement of the grandest thing in the world: the advent of a new idea in the human mind, the democratic idea, and later a democratic government.

This idea is the product of Christianity. Christianity finding men enslaved and degraded throughout the whole earth, arose at the fall of the Roman Empire as vengeance, but under the form of resignation. It proclaimed the three words which two thousand years later were repeated by French philosophy: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! For a time this dogma lay buried in the souls of Christians. At first too feeble to attack civil laws, it said to the powerful: "I still for a little while leave you the political world, and confine myself to the moral. Continue if you can to enchain, to break into classes, to enslave, to profane the nations. I emancipate souls. Perhaps I may employ two thousand years in vivifying souls, before I burst forth in your institutions. But a day will arrive when my doctrine will escape from the temple and enter the councils of nations. That day the social world shall be renewed."

This day had arrived. A century of philosophy, sceptical in appearance, but in reality believing had prepared the way for it. The scepticism of the eighteenth century only attacked the external forms and supernatural dogmas of Christianity: it adopted with passion the morality of Christianity and its social meaning. That which Christianity called revelation, philosophy called reason. The words were different, the sense was the same. The emancipation of individuals, of castes, of people, was equally derived from it. The sole difference consisted in this, that the ancient world had emancipated itself in the name of Christ, the modern in the name of those rights which all creatures receive from God. The political philosophy of the Revolution could not, however, invent a truer, a more complete, or divine word than Christianity had already done, by which to reveal itself to Europe, and it had adopted the dogma and word of fraternity. The Revolution only attacked the exterior form of the reigning religion, because this religion had encrusted itself in the monarchic, theocratic, and aristocratic forms of government which it wished to destroy. Thus is explained that apparent contradiction in the spirit of the eighteenth century, which borrows all from Christianity, yet denies it whilst despoiling it. There was at once a violent repulsion and a violent attraction between these two doctrines. They recognised each other in the combat, and aspired after a yet more complete recognition when the struggle should cease by the triumph of liberty. Three things were thus evident to reflecting minds after the month of April 1791. First, that the revolutionary movement already commenced would march on from point to point, until it had obtained the complete restoration of all the rights of humanity, that it would pursue tyranny, privilege, inequality, and egotism, not alone on the throne, but in civil law, in administration, in the legal distribution of property, in the conditions of commerce, labour, and domestic relations, in fact, in every relation of man with man, and of man with woman. Secondly, that this philosophical and social democratic movement would seek its natural form in a government analagous to its principles and nature. And thirdly, that this social and political emancipation would bring along with it an intellectual and religious emancipation to the human mind; that the liberty of thinking, of speaking, and of acting, would not stop at the liberty of belief. That the idea of God confined within sanctuaries would issue forth to shine in every free conscience with the light of liberty itself; and that this light—revelation for some, reason for others,—would exhibit more and more gloriously truth and justice, which flow from God upon earth.

MIRABEAU.

Poets tell us clouds take the forms of the countries over which they pass, that moulding themselves upon the valleys, upon the plains, or the mountains, they preserve their impress, and thus bear them across the heavens. This is the image of certain men, whose collective genius, so to say, moulds itself upon their era, and in themselves embody all the individuality of a nation. Mirabeau was one of these men. He did not originate the revolution, he manifested it. Without him, perhaps, it would have remained a mere idea or tendency. He was born, and in him it found form, passion, language, that which causes a crowd to exclaim; "Behold here is the thing itself!"

He was born a gentleman, of an old family, originally from Italy, but refugees and established in Provence. This family was one of those which Florence had repulsed from her bosom during the tempestuous times of her liberty, and for whose exile and persecution Dante so severely reproaches his country. The blood of Machiavelli and the restless genius of the Italian republics shewed themselves in all the individuals of this race. The proportions of their souls are above their destiny. Vices, passions, virtues, all are beyond the common line. The women are angelic or wicked, the men sublime or depraved, their very language is emphatic and grand like their characters. Even in their most familiar correspondence there are the colouring and vibration of the heroic tongues of Italy. Mirabeau's ancestors speak of their domestic affairs as Plutarch of the quarrels of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey. You feel that they are great men lost amidst ignoble things. Mirabeau from his cradle was filled with this domestic majesty and this manhood. The source of genius is often in the race, and the family is sometimes the prophecy of destiny. Mirabeau's education was rude and cold, like the hand of his father, who was called the *Friend of Men*, but whose restless spirit and selfish vanity rendered him the persecutor of his wife and the tyrant of his children. Honour was the only virtue taught him. That was the name then given to that parade virtue which was often only the exterior of probity and the elegance of vice. Entering the military service early, he only contracted a taste for dissipation and play. His youth being passed in state prisons, his passions there exasperated themselves, his genius whetted itself on the chains of his dungeon, and his soul lost that modesty which rarely survives these precocious chastisements. Removed from prison to attempt, at the desire of his father and forming a connexion with Mademoiselle de Marignan, a rich heiress of one of the great families of Provence, he practised himself in cunning and audacious scheming on this little stage of Aix. He displayed cunning, seduction, bravado, all the resources of his nature to gain success; and he did succeed; but scarcely had he married before he is pursued by fresh persecutions, and the strong castle of Pontarlier opens to receive him. A love, which the "Letters to Sophie" have rendered immortal, once more open the gates for him. He carries off Madame de Monnier from her old husband. The happy lovers take refuge for some months in Holland. They are overtaken, are separated, are placed in confinement, one in the convent, the other in the dungeon of Vincennes. Love, which like fire in the veins of the earth, always shews itself in some recess of a great man's destiny, kindles into one ardent flame all the passions of Mirabeau. In his vengeance, it is outraged love which he satisfies; in liberty, it is love which he again wins and rescues; in study, it is also love which he makes illustrious. Entering obscure into his dungeon, he leaves it a writer, an orator, a statesman; but perverted, ready for anything, even to sell himself for fortune and celebrity.

The drama of his life has been conceived in his brain; a stage is alone wanting, and that time prepares for him. In the interval of the few years which passed between the time of his quitting the fortress of Vincennes, and his entering the National Assembly, he accomplished a mass of polemical work, which would have wearied any other man, but which only kept him in breath. The Bank of St. Charles, the Institutions of Holland, the work on Prussia, his encounter with Beaumarchais, his style and the part he had to sustain, those grand pleadings upon questions of war, of the balance of European powers, of finance; those biting invectives, those word-duels with the ministers and popular men of the time, already recalled the Roman Forum at the time of Clodius and Cicero. You feel the antique spirit in these modern controversies. You already believe you hear the first roaring of those popular tumults, which are soon to burst forth, and which his voice is destined to govern. At the first election of Aix, rejected with scorn by the nobility, he throws himself on the mercies of the people, sure to make the balance fall on that side on which he bestows the weight of his audacity and genius. Marseilles disputes with Aix the possession of the great plebeian. His two elections, the discourses which he delivers there, the addresses which he draws up, and the energy which he displays, occupy the attention of all France. His echoing words became proverbs of the revolution. From the moment of his entrance into the National Assembly, he alone occupied it; he in his own person is the entire people. His gestures are commands. He places himself on a level with the throne. His very vices cannot prevail over the clearness and sincerity of his intellect. At the foot of the rostrum he is a man without shame and virtue, at the rostrum he is an honest man. Yet the people are no religion to him, only an instrument. His God is glory; his faith posterity; his conscience only in his intellect, the fanaticism of his idea is entirely human; the cold materialism of the age deprives his soul of the motive and the strength given by imperishable things. He dies, exclaiming, "Cover me with perfumes and crown me with flowers, that I may enter into the eternal sleep." He is of time alone; he has imprinted nothing of the infinite on his work. He has not sanctified, either his character, his acts, or his thoughts, with an immortal sign. Had he believed in God he might have died a martyr, but he would have left behind him the religion of reason, and the reign of democracy. In a word, Mirabeau was the intellect of a people—yet that is not after all being the faith of a people!

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XVI.

Louis was at this time thirty-seven; his features were those of his race, rendered rather more heavy by the German blood of his mother, a princess of the house of Saxony. He had blue eyes much open, rather clear than dazzling, a round retreating forehead, a Roman nose, deprived somewhat of the usual energy of the aquiline form, by the nostrils being soft and heavy; a mouth smiling and gracious in its expression, thick lips, but well cut; a fine skin, a rich and bright complexion although somewhat flaccid. His stature was short, his figure stout, attitude timid, gait uncertain. In repose an uneasy balancing of himself, first on one hip, then on the other, it might be a movement contracted by him in the impatience which seizes princes forced to give long audiences, or a physical sign of the perpetual balancing of his undecided mind. In his whole person an expression of good-humour, more vulgar than royal, exciting at the first moment rather mockery than veneration, and which was seized upon by his enemies with a wicked perverseness and exhibited to the people as a symbol of those vices which they desired to immolate in royalty. In short, a certain resemblance to the imperial physiognomy of the last Cæsars at the time of the decay of their race and the empire; the gentleness of Antoninus, with the heavy corpulency of Vitellius; such was the man!

The young prince had been brought up at Meudon, in complete seclusion from the court of Louis XV. That evil atmosphere which had infected the age, had not penetrated to the heir of the throne. The soul of Fénélon seemed to have revisited this Palace of Meudon, where he had educated the Duke of Burgundy, to watch over the education of his descendant. That which was most nearly related to enthroned vice, was perhaps the purest thing in France. Had not the age been as dissolute as the king, it would have lavished all its affection upon him. But the age had reached that point of corruption when purity appears ridiculous, and when modesty is derided. Married at twenty to a daughter of Maria Thérèsa, he continued till he ascended the throne, his life of domestic seclusion and study. The horror inspired by his grandfather, formed his only popularity. For a few days he enjoyed the esteem of his people, but never their favour. Honest and well-informed he was, but spite of his feeling the necessity of reform, he had not the soul of a reformer; he had neither the genius nor the boldness necessary. He accumulated tempests without giving them impulse.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

The Queen seemed to have been created by nature, as a contrast to the King, and to excite for ages, interest and compassion in one of those state dramas, which are incomplete without the sufferings of a woman. Daughter of Maria Theresa, her life had commenced amidst the storms of the Austrian monarchy. She was one of those children which the Empress held by the hand when presenting herself as a suppliant before her faithful Hungarian subjects, they exclaimed,—"Let us die for our King Maria Theresa!" Her daughter also had the heart of a king. At her arrival in France, her beauty had dazzled the whole kingdom; this beauty was still in all its splendour. She was of a tall, graceful figure; a true daughter of the Tyrol. The two children she had presented to the throne, lent to her person that character of maternal majesty which suits so well the mother of a nation. The presentiments of her misfortunes, and the anxieties of each day had only somewhat paled her first freshness. The natural majesty of her carriage destroyed none of the grace of her movements; her neck rising freely from her shoulders, had those grand bendings which give such expression to attitudes. You felt the woman beneath the queen, the tenderness of her heart under the majesty of her destiny. Her light brown hair was long and silky; her forehead high and slightly swelling; her eyes of that clear blue which recalls northern skies, or the waters of the Danube; her nose aquiline, the nostrils open and distended with emotion, a sign of courage; her mouth large, the teeth dazzling, Austrian lip, that is to say, prominent and full; the contour of her countenance oval, her physiognomy changing, expressive, full of emotion. Her whole countenance clothed with that indescribable splendour, which sparkles in the glance, glows in the shadows and reflexions of the flesh, and surrounds all with a halo similar to the warm and coloured vapour in which objects bathed with sunshine seem to swim; the highest expression of beauty which gives to it the ideal, renders it living and changes it into attraction. Together with all these charms, a soul thirsting for affection, a heart easily moved and only asking for a resting place; and a smile pensive and intelligent.—Such was Mariè-Antoinette as the woman.

This was enough to make the happiness of a man, and the ornament of a court. To inspire an undecided king, and be the salvation of a state more was needed. Genius for government was needed; and this the Queen had not. Received with a mad intoxication by a corrupt court, and ardent nation, she was likely to believe in the eternity of their sentiments. She had let herself be lulled to rest amidst the dissipations of Trianon. She had heard the first mutterings of the tempest without believing in the danger. The court was become importunate, the nation hostile. An instrument of the court intrigues upon the heart of the King, she had at first favoured, then combated all those reforms which would have prevented or delayed the crisis. Her name became to the people the phantom of the counter-revolution. We are ready to calumniate what we fear. She was painted as a Messalina. The most infamous pamphlets were circulated; the most scandalous anecdotes believed. She might be accused of tenderness; of depravity, never. Beautiful, young, and adored; if her heart did not remain insensible, her secret sentiments, innocent perhaps, never justly gave room for scandal. History has her modesty; and this we will not violate. On these memorable days, the 5th and 6th of October, the Queen perceived only too late the enmity of the people. Emigration commenced, and she regarded it with favour. She was accused of plotting the destruction of the nation. Her name was sung aloud in the anger of the people. One woman became the enemy of an entire nation. Her pride disdained to deceive the people. She shut herself up in her resentment, and her terror. Imprisoned in the Tuileries she could not shew her face at the window without provoking outrage, and hearing insult. Every noise in the city made her fear an insurrection. Her days were desolate, her nights agitated. Her martyrdom was each hour throughout two long years, and multiplied in her heart by her love for her two children, and her uneasiness about the King. Her servants were spies. She caused much evil to the king; endowed with more mind, more soul, more character than he, her superiority only served to inspire him with confidence in her fatal counsel. She was at once the consolation of his woes, and the genius of his destruction; step by step she led him towards the scaffold; but she mounted it with him.

◆

VILLAGE PASTORALS.

By Richard Howitt.

1st—THE VICAR MISPLACED.

Stranger.

What pile is that, I pray you tell,
Round which clamour the starling and daw?

Villager.

Gothic and dark, with a monkish bell,
Intended the people to overawe:
A place where the flock is fleeced right well,
And made religious according to law.

Stranger.

I see how it is—I do not doubt it—
The Priest there preaches one day in seven:
I see the dead are buried about it;
They trusted in him and hoped for heaven,

Villager.

A merciful God must be their boot,
Or fearful thoughts we must have for *them;*
For where there's rottenness at the root,
But little good can come of the stem.

Stranger.

But teaches he not—has he no school
Whereby to better the next generation?

Villager.

Yes! yes! he canes the head of the fool,
And hopes, through pious flagellation,
To raise in him by regular rule,
For Church and Priest, great veneration.

Stranger.

The flock is ruined by such as he—
Who o'er the wall leap into the fold:
Pastors that Porters were meant to be,
But changed to Priests by the power of gold.

Good respectable men of straw,
Strong with musk and proud gentility;
Men correct in the moral law
And able to preach with neat ability.

Good friend—good friend—time out of mind,
Pastors were fat, and sleek and rich:
And it seems "the blind will lead the blind"—
Till Church and Priest fall into the ditch.

2nd.—THE OLD PRIEST AND THE NEW.

Stranger.

I passed through this village oft seasons ago,
And, knowing it then, I now seem not to know:
Of rude way-side idlers I now see not one—
Pray, where are the vice and the wretchedness gone?

The Primitive's chapel, a chapel no more,
A barn has become, as it once was before:
Where, for rant and for cant, that would quaver around,
The rational flail makes a sensible sound.

The Free-school long empty, a different place,
New glazed, is re-touched with a moderner grace:
'Twas the home of the bat; but now hark! 'tis alive,
With an undertoned hum, as from bees in a hive.

The village throughout has a pleasanter air:
Whilst the homes of the poorest show culture and care,
Pray tell me, good Villager, whence is all this?
All the good I perceive, all the evil I miss?

Villager.

In only one thing is the difference found—
Our stately old Vicar is laid in the ground:
He went—and we bade him a thankful adieu,
But hailed with warm greetings our Vicar, the new.

The first was seen seldom except in his coach,
A priest far too grand for poor men to approach:
A reverend justice, tenacious of power—
Most lordly in manner, in aspect most sour.

The poor and the lowly, he was not for them,
The fruit-laden boughs had too lofty a stem:
Whilst the modest and worthy still found in his breath
The freezings of winter, the March-dust of death.

His voice in the pulpit came far-off and low,
His meaning, few knew it, nor cared they to know:—
Our new one—God bless him! he enters your door—
His feet on the earth, find the homes of the poor.

His wife, and his daughters, too, see! are all out:
And no one who knows them their mission will doubt;
The sad will be solaced, the hungry be fed;
The dying will bless them, be blessed the dead.

The flock are their kindred—the living a trust:
The Priest is Christ's steward, and means to be just:
While he prays for the soul, for the body he cares:
And the poor feel him earnest in needful affairs.

We once went to church as a formal concern:
We now have an impulse, we listen and learn:
From the ice of dull pride melts the penitent tear:
Blind Justice has vanished—meek Mercy is here.

No more seems the pulpit the centre of cold:
Dropping snow-flakes of fashion on young and on old:
The winter is over—the ice-winds depart,
And the Plant of the Church blooms with flowers of
the heart.

Cold, cold in his earth-bed the old Vicar lies!—
But I firmly believe when our new vicar dies,
The ground will be warm, as where sunsets go down:
And a glory like Christ's his true servant will crown.

Stranger.

Good, good! I your Church now must pause to admire!
The graceful old porch, tall and tapering spire:
The walks and the graves, how exceedingly neat!
And methinks that the chime of these bells is most
sweet!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By Frederic Rowton,

Honorary Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

No. IX.

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH IMMORAL BECAUSE VINDICTIVE AND REMORSELESS. REFORM A NECESSARY END OF PUNISHMENT. THE PATERNAL MIND.

There can be very little doubt that the doctrine which affirms the murderer to be deserving of death, has its origin in the vindictive passions of our nature: in that wild desire to retaliate upon an injurer which Barbarism enjoins, and Christianity condemns.

We find that in a savage state the principle of retaliation invariably prevails as the chief rule of punishment; whilst, as a state advances in civilization, this principle of retaliation as invariably becomes discarded. This seems a proof, as plain as it is universal, that the principle of retaliation is simply a savage one, existing only in the mind of man before he has been instructed in morality.

I admit that there is a natural desire in the breasts of all men to see crime punished with its like: but I at the same time maintain that this vindictive passion is a senseless and barbarous one, and always gives place to a higher and better sentiment as men are cultivated.

Consider it. Retaliation rejects all discrimination in inflicting punishment. It is indeed, as Lord Bacon aptly describes it, "a *wild* kind of justice." The simple homicide and the wilful murderer receive the like award. Blood for blood requires that they should. Provocation, incitement, temptation, infatuation, frenzy, are alike put out of sight by it, and one remorseless unvarying doom is dealt to the sinner of every degree. That this blind vengeance has any title to be called morality, none, I presume, will pretend. If the term morality have any meaning at all, it is meant to distinguish between absolute good and evil; and consequently a punishment which falls on good and evil alike, can never be called a moral one.

The principle of vindictiveness is quite irreconcileable with the fair administration of human justice. Suppose a man with two eyes deprive a man who has only one eye of his sight. Upon the retaliatory theory of "an eye for an eye," the culprit would lose one of his own eyes for the one he had injured. Now, would this be a just and sufficient punishment? The culprit deprives his victim of sight altogether, and only loses part of his sight in return. It cannot be urged that he should be deprived of *both* his eyes, for this would exceed the law, and then the principle would be given up. Or again: suppose a rich man injure a poor man to the extent of five pounds—the poor man's all: would it be a fair and satisfactory punishment, to mulct the rich man only to the same extent! Such a proceeding would be manifestly most absurd.

In fact, the principle of retaliation is totally inapplicable in a community. It never can be satisfactorily carried out. How could retaliation be inflicted upon Slave-stealing? upon Piracy? upon Coining? upon Desertion? upon Forgery? upon Arson? upon Riot? upon High Treason? upon Burglary? upon Bigamy? upon, indeed, almost every crime that can be named? It is absolutely impossible; for there are no punishments analagous to the offences.

When it is said that the law of Retaliation is a moral law; that it is right for the perpetrator of evil to suffer evil—it is surely forgotten that the punishment falls upon the body, whilst the sin was in the motive of the soul. When you kill a man for the wilful murder of another, you punish the instrument that performed the act, but have no power over the thought of malice that conceived it. Do you call *this* morality—to punish the hand for the heart—the body for the soul? The proceeding is ridiculous. It resembles the act of a child who beats the table against which it has struck its head. The murderer who gloats and glories over his terrible act of revenge—what is it to him that you kill his body!

It is precisely as we grow more and more moralized, that physical punishments become more and more unjust. Whilst the Physical predominates in a nation's mind, then crime is more animal than mental in its nature, and requires Physical, rather than Moral, coercion. But as the Moral becomes stronger than the Physical, then crime becomes more and more mental in character, and demands mental, instead of physical, restraints. If a savage be stubborn, vicious, and brutal, you will affect him most by brutal punishment, and the *Lex Tali-*

onis will be at once the most effective, and the most just, that you can employ against him. But if a member of civilized society, however depraved, be guilty of offences against the community, it will be found both immoral and unwise to employ corporal punishments, especially of a blind retaliatory kind, for his correction. You flog a child for vice, because he feels through the body: but you deem it absurd to flog a man for crime, for you know he despises the lash, and thinks a sinful pleasure cheaply earned at the expense of a little pain to his body. Just in the same way you employ retaliatory punishments to correct the savage, because his crime is of a mere animal sort, and because he feels most that kind of suffering: but to a criminal educated in guilt, and fully sensible that his crime is of a moral and inner nature, the correction of the body is a punishment immoral and despised.

I think I have said enough to show that vindictiveness should hold no place in a human law professing to be just, and therefore that the doctrine of "life for life" is an immoral principle of punishment.

Of all the eternal laws that encircle humanity, there is not a more palpable and evident one than this—That all pain, suffering, or punishment endured by man, is inflicted for the ultimate purpose of purifying and reforming him. Nowhere in creation have we the slightest proof or hint that punishment is an *end*. It is always a means to reclaim the offender. We have never in all God's legislation, infliction for infliction's sake. He has provided, it is true, that if His laws be broken, the penalty must and shall fall upon the head of the law-breaker; but it cannot be doubted that the object of the punishment is to make the offender keep the laws whole for the future. "God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." The extermination of a criminal forms no part of His economy; we are told that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

And this reformatory principle of punishment seems as consonant with reason as with Almighty benevolence. What says Seneca, the first of philosophers, on this point? "The end of all correction is either the amendment of wicked men, or to prevent the influence of evil example." And what says our highest law of morality, hereupon? "If a brother be overtaken in a fault, *restore* such a one."

The very establishment of law exhibits a purpose. To what end exists a law if not to promote the good of those who are placed under it? The design of law is not the infliction of penalty, but the conservation of morality. In all human law professing to be moral, and to be founded on eternal principles, therefore, provision must be made for the reformation of the offender. In human law, indeed, the necessity is more stringent, if one may presume to say so much, than in divine law: for man owes more to man than the Deity owes to man: and the extermination of one malefactor by another, is a sight of cruelty at which even the relentless hell must shudder.

Tried by eternal principles, then, what must we think of this Law of the Gallows? Instead of attempting to reform the miserable culprits who infringe its enactments, —culprits who by the very showing of their judges, need reformation most of all, it seeks to destroy them altogether from the face of the earth,—flings their bodies into the remorseless grave, and rudely thrusts their despairing souls before the Judgement-seat of their angry God. What sort of morality is this?

Wordsworth in his Sonnets on behalf of the gibbet—a singular subject to sing sonnets upon, one thinks!—says, that in the infliction of penalty the wise ruler should

"Copy with awe the one Paternal mind."

I wonder if he can find in the Paternal example, an instance of punishment by utter extermination. I challenge him, and those who think with him, to survey the whole universe in search of such a principle, and to find one. I should like to know, too, whether there is much that is paternal in a punishment which cuts off the offender from all chance or hope of mercy. In the system of divine government, there is—even according to the gloomiest theologians—mercy for the very worst of sinners: nay, did not Christ himself say, that "he came to call, not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance:"—you, then, who tell us that we are to copy the one paternal mind, explain to us why it is that we are to violate the great example in the case before us?

We agree with you that the power of the state should be exercised in a paternal spirit; although we wish you would remember that principle more frequently. The members of a community *are* the children of the state, —and have a right to claim paternal care and kindness. Even the erring have this right: for it is no part of a parent's moral duty to his child to cast him off, however disobedient. He is bound to punish, but he is also bound to pity, the offender. What should we think of the father, who, when his son was disobedient, were to destroy him? The answer to that question will also answer *this*—What shall we think of that "paternal" law which, when a member of the social family infringes it, takes away his life, deprives him of his only season for repentance, and sends him to his everlasting account,

"Unhousell'd unanointed, unanneal'd
With all his imperfections on his head!"

(To be continued.)

◆

A BATTLE OF LIFE AND DEATH.

A Tale.

By Berthold Auerbach.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

(Continued from p. 84.)

If there were but some means of help provided for the troubled, bewildered soul which is seeking for aid! In former days the churches at all times stood open, in order that he who is tossed and tempested in the tumult of life might encompass himself with calm peace; that he might there raise his own soul to heaven, to the original fountain of spiritual life, to Him who guides the world by eternal laws, and who conducts the life of every human being by a wise plan which is only concealed from us during time. But they have now adorned the churches with all kinds of baubles, and jewellry of gold and silver, and this useless trumpery must be defended from the hands of those who do not always come hither for prayer. The churches are closed, and even if they did still stand open, it is only a few who would find the right entrance to the holy temple of their hearts, the key of which one has not first to fetch from the sexton, but in which, a determined will, and integrity of purpose loosens both bolts and bars.

How refreshing it is however in such bewilderments to meet with a friendly hand who can lead us out, and restore us again to ourselves!

Stephan longed after such a brother of the heart.

But has it not often happened to thee thus, that when thy soul has been agitated thou hast met with a true man, and yet he did not understand thy anxiety and distress, because he himself was moved by that which was foreign to thee, and of which thou had'st no knowledge, and thou wast afresh made aware, that deliverance seldom comes through others; it must proceed, and raise us towards heaven from the depths of our own souls.

In this state of mind, Stephan went through the village; he seemed forlorn and a stranger to himself, and to the whole world; he seemed as if he knew nobody, for he was an alien in his own heart as in his own home.

He was ashamed of going to the ale-house, and forgetting his sorrows in drink, because only yesterday he had buried his eldest child. In passing the schoolmaster's he saw a light in his room, and there he determined to go. To the schoolmaster, a man in the prime of life, and a good-hearted man too, Stephan was under an obligation; it was he who had obtained for him the little office that he held as highway-mender, and since then they often saw one another. Stephan who had lived in the city, and who had a particular sense of honour, fancied that this was the man for him, who, spite of his humble condition, was capable of feeling esteem for him, and this in fact was the case.

Stephan found with the schoolmaster a great number of men and youths; it looked at first almost like a prayer-meeting, everybody was listening with so much devotion. But they were talking about another world to which they wished to go while yet in the body. They were emigrants who were come to the schoolmaster that he might read to them books about North America, and the best means of becoming successful settlers there, etc.

A thought passed like a flash of lightning through Stephan's whole being; and whilst he stood there listening, he kept quietly lifting up first one foot and then the other, as if he would assure himself that he was not fast to the ground, but that he too could get away.

When the reading came to an end, they all went out noisily into the open air. Every one, if he might have had his will, would immediately have rushed forth into the primeval forests, and felled a tree which had stood undisturbed from the day of creation, and dug into the surface of the earth; every one fancied that there was such strength and power in him, that at one grasp he could break off a thick tree-trunk, as easily as a little switch. In moments of excitement and enthusiasm, such as these men are often capable of accomplishing great things, nay, almost superhuman; in such moments famous heroic deeds have been done on the battle-field. But it is much easier to stand forth boldly amid the thunder of cannon, than to labour on in a quiet determination, for years, fighting out a battle with the petty drudgeries of life—a battle in the heart.

Stephan had to fight through such a battle as this.

Many of the people withdrew to the alehouse. There, as in the meantime they could do nothing for their future, they fancied they might break all restraint, and give themselves up to idleness till the new activity began. There are men—nay, there are whole nations—who are always promising to themselves, and others, a life's-Monday, which is at hand. They say, or think, "At this time, at the middle of the week, one never can think of beginning any good thing; just let us wait till these two or three days, and Sunday are over, and then you'll see with what spirit we will set to." Reader, do you not know such as these who, so to say, are always getting ready, but never setting to work?

But this promising is nothing at all but an evasion. Every day has its duty, and he who gives himself up today to doing nothing, will be found a lazy helper for the future work.

There was high merrymaking at the alehouse, for there Duke Lumbus was carousing with his company, which consisted of the greater part of the younger emigrants. Duke Lumbus had been the proprietor of a pretty considerable farm, who, a few months before, had lost his young wife. He had been two days from home on a journey, when she fell down a ladder in the barn; and when, on the following day, he returned home, he received the horrible news of her death. After this he appeared to feel a disgust against life in the village, sold his farm, and thus, from his own property, and that which he had received with his wife, he was possessed of a considerable sum of ready money. He it was who was the original mover in this emigration scheme, and it was by him that the young people had been wrought into this degree of enthusiasm.

"It is I," said he to them one day, "who first showed you the way to America; I go in advance of you, and am your duke. I have discovered America for you; I am your Columbus."

"Duke Lumbus!" exclaimed they all; and, after that time, he bore the name with pride and majestic dignity.

The name of the noble man, who with inflexible courage discovered a new, unknown world, which has become a place of refuge for so many helpless beings seeking for freedom, was, on this occasion, turned to a joke.

Duke Lumbus was a large, well-made man, who, since he had determined to emigrate, had left his beard, which was of a ruddy colour, unshorn; it was now the only plantation he was possessed of, and he called it his princely territorial woods.

He had promised them on this evening a great drinking bout.

"We will drink a whole field," exclaimed he, and his company were quite agreeable to it. They behaved themselves as recruits sometimes do before they enter the garrison, who for days and weeks take every possible liberty, and will no longer be restrained by the customary regulations of the world.

Late in the night, when they rose up from their carouse, Duke Lumbus exclaimed, "Halloa! there, publican, undo the yard-door; a whole acre will go out!"

In the meantime Stephan had long been gone home with other quiet and sober people; they could very well see that all this drinking and rioting was not the true way for their ultimate success; but they could not succeed in dissevering their sons from Duke Lumbus, and several, therefore, often put a good face on the matter, and even drunk with them.

From this time Stephan went about cherishing in his mind thoughts of life in the new world. A man who gives himself up to the idea of emigration is like a tree which is suddenly torn up out of the ground; the roots, which have hitherto lain in darkness, are exposed to the light, and it is very possible that he may wither and die before he obtains the new soil.

Not one word did Stephan say to Margaret about his determination. He wished to perfect his plan in his own mind. He knew very well also what impediments there were in the way of its accomplishment, and it was not till these were overcome that he wished to make complete preparation. He was always thinking that here, in this country, he never could do justice to himself; *that* could only properly be done in the new world. It seemed to him as if now he had only just awoke to his power as a man; and, in a certain sense, this was perfectly the case. He felt a certain pride, a degree of self-esteem, in being able to form the whole plan himself without consulting with another; but he had yet to experience how it succeeds with him who dissevers himself from those who properly belong to himself, and how he rushes towards an abyss.

Margaret, on her part, also cherished a new life within her, and she dared not make it known to Stephan. He was her wedded husband before God and the world, and yet she wept in silence, as if she had to conceal her shame. Would not, indeed, new trouble come into the house with the new life, for he had borne the death of his eldest child with as much indifference as if by its death a burden had only been taken from his shoulders. Thus were two people, closely bound together, living under the same roof, separated as if by an ocean.

Stephan often shook his head over his work as if he "had bees in his bonnet;" then again he would stand for a minute with a stone under his foot and forget to strike it, so completely was he lost in thought. The time seemed to him to pass extremely slowly, because he was now deprived of the only treasure which he had preserved through all his misery—his watch. It is true that he had only put it in pawn, in order to meet the expenses of his child's funeral, but he knew that he could never redeem it; and it was to him as if he had lost a part of his own existence. It seemed almost to him as if one by one he should have to part with his limbs, as if he felt traces of poverty bodily upon him. Sometimes, it is true, he had not looked at his watch through the whole day, but now it seemed as if he missed a part of his mind. When he heard any hour strike in the village, he began to consider with himself what hour it could be, as if he must have it exactly in his head, else he could neither live nor work. If the wind were in such a direction as he could not hear the church clock, it seemed to him as if he were in a deep wilderness, far from any human being, and then again he thought, "thus will it one day be on thy estate in America; there will be no village clock; there no bell will sound, thou thyself must compute the time, and arrange all things thyself!" Whenever he thought of breaking up the new land in the primeval woods, every blow which he now gave in breaking a stone seemed to him like an unnecessary waste of strength; on his own land would he labour, and not merely for miserable days-wages.

One day as he felt at the pocket where he used to keep his watch he thought to himself, if the bed on which the grandmother sleeps were at liberty, then one might redeem one's watch. It seemed suddenly to him as if the thought of the old grandmother had taken the pillow from under his head; he laughed involuntarily, and the evil spirit drove him on yet farther. From this time he could think about nothing but the death of the old woman. So long as she lived, Margaret would not give her consent to the emigration, neither would any body buy the little house on which she had an annuity.

One Sunday morning, Stephan was the first person who left the church; outside the door, however, he remained standing as if he were rooted to the ground. He let all the congregation pass by, gazing at them fixedly and thinking to himself what would this and that person say, if the old grandmother were suddenly to die.

At home he was nearly always silent, or only broke out now and then into violent anger; the least thing put him in a passion; he quarrelled with the world because he quarrelled with himself.

Reader, has it not also happened thus to thee, that for days and weeks thou hast gone about the world, and scarcely seen anything of it, because thy soul was occupied by one single thought, which met thee everywhere? In what a state of intoxication thou then art! everything is strange to thee, and thou art become almost strange to thyself, and that which thou at length dost—may be decisive for thy whole life—thou scarcely any longer dost it with a clear, bright mind. It is well for thee when this absorbing thought is an honest one, which strengthens and encourages thee for actions which would otherwise be beyond thy weak strength.

Stephan now went regularly every evening to hear the readings of the schoolmaster; but he did not hear much of them; he sate there, but his soul was far away, engaged in a painful conflict. Margaret plainly observed what was passing within him, but she never suspected the latter.

The family distress increased; wages remained the same, and the price of provisions was more than double. The grandmother was again quite well, and this always excited Stephan's anger. An extraordinary change had taken place in him; he always held himself erect, and seized upon everything boldly and eagerly, because he was encouraged by a hope. But again, like a black speck, did that impediment stand between him and the bright future. It was a peculiar consolation to him to assist those who had determined to emigrate in working out their plans and making their preparations. It seemed to him like the time when he had assisted those who were returning to their domestic hearths; they could all of them go away merrily; they had a home waiting for them; now, however, Stephan wished to go himself. It seemed to him as if beyond the sea mighty trees and fertile fields were waiting for him, and, so to say, as if they inquired with astonishment why it was long before he came.

But in this intercourse with men who had no longer any obligations of duty at home, Stephan wasted a deal of his own time, and thereby increased his own necessities. And then when he was alone at his work he thus thought to himself; why is a man who kills hundreds of people in war lauded as a hero;—here is a human life which sinks us daily deeper into misery;—she *will* die some time, why should I not hasten that time? —Thus thought he, and he lifted the hammer high in the air, and struck with such force on the stone, that the pieces of it flew wide; and again he thought;—but there is nothing in this world more disgraceful than to be waiting and hoping for the death of anybody. Everybody is so glad to live, why then should they go out of the way for me? No, thou shalt live, old woman, as long as thou canst; it is a good thing that all our thoughts do not immediately become true.

When he got home, however, he could not look the old grandmother in the face; he was conscious of a heavy crime against her. And once, when he looked at her with displeasure and a low curse, because she ate up the victuals so eagerly, he remembered the sinful thoughts he had had towards her, and handed to her the morsel which he was just about to put to his own mouth. But it was not always that he was able to take a morsel from his lips for her, for the pale ghost of famine often laid its hand upon him.

There was no longer any bedding in the house, excepting that on which the grandmother lay; all the rest was sold. Stephan lay down at night hungry, and covered himself with his old torn soldier's cloak. Margaret had taken the children to her that they might keep one another warm, but she could get no rest at night, for it seemed to her as if there were a continual cry within her for food. To this was added discontent with her husband; she wished to talk with him; for words indeed were the only things that were given to them; she wished to open her whole heart to him; but her throat seemed choked, and her tongue dried up.

Reader, dost thou know how it is when a person lies down hungry to sleep? He rolls about sorrowfully and can find no rest. Heavy thoughts rend and tear him if he be not wholly exhausted by want, and when sleep really comes and rocks him for a while into forgetfulness, he trembles, at his sudden awakening as if he were terrified by evil spirits, and a gnawing pain consumes his life. Horrible are the shapes which rise before the famishing wretch in the solitary night! The whole world is dead and still, his sorrow and his want are alone awake. A curse out of the deepest gloom of his soul will arise—he will destroy—take heed oh afflicted one, that in the madness against thyself and the world, thou durst not burden thyself with an eternal sin!

Thus went Stephan hungry to rest, and thus he awoke in the middle of the night. He started up hastily. Who is it that has laid his hammer beside his bed? He seized it and, swinging it aloft, rushed towards the chamber of the old grandmother. At that moment Margaret, who woke when he did, called to him: "For God's sake, Stephan," said she, "you are not about to kill me and the babe that is yet unborn!"

Stephan involuntarily threw himself on his knees by the bed; he could not speak for a long time. Death and life met in this moment in his soul—he was about to commit murder, and a young life was announced to him.

At length he burst into violent tears. "That unborn child is an angel," said he, "it has saved me. Thou good, good Margaret, why hast thou told me nothing about it?"

She wept and explained to him that she very well knew his thoughts about emigrating, but that she was doubly afraid of him. Stephan was now angry with himself. Margaret comforted him with affectionate words, and at length he said,—

"Forget and forgive everything! I see it; I see it, how should I have been able to live in a solitary house, and I know what I have been guilty of in my own mind. Don't ask me any more; forget and forgive everything; you are so good and that I shall always think of. We two must, above everything, have only one heart, and one soul with each other when we emigrate; because out there in the wide world, and in the lonesome woods, we shall have nobody but ourselves."

And now all want and the long separation of heart was forgotten by the two, and it was to them as if they had enjoyed the best of food. They spoke confidingly to each other of their future, and endeavoured to strengthen each other to wait patiently for awhile.

Stephan now resolved with himself again to be industrious and to put an end to all evil thoughts in himself. This resolve enabled him at length to regain his peace.

The old grandmother who slept on the other side of a thin partition, must have heard during the night, some part of the conversation, for towards morning they were awoke by a violent bewailing cry from the old woman. They hastened to her and could not pacify her for a long time.

"You have been," at length she said when she could speak, "with little Mary (so she always called herself) to a great desert and there you have suddenly tied me fast and left me. I am left all alone in wind and snow; don't leave little Mary! When my father comes he'll give you a beating."

It was with difficulty that they composed her.

From this day Stephan was doubly industrious in his work. Spring approached and with it an amelioration of their want; still there was in his manner an indescribable tenderness towards the old woman, and Margaret did not understand what he meant when one day he said,—

"If grandmother might only live a long time yet! I have thought that our little child should learn to walk on our own ground in America—but it must be done here."

He would often play for hours in an evening with the old woman, and let her have her own way in everything for she was very wilful. All this is easily said, but it required in reality a great deal of patience and tenderness. He regularly heard her say her hymn out of her hymn book; often indeed she could not remember what was the hymn which she had learned by heart at school, and then he would read to her alphabetically the first line of each; and whilst he was reading, she would forget what she wanted and desired again to play with beans. It was an especial pleasure to her one day, when the schoolmaster who came to Stephan heard her say her hymn, and then gave her a little picture. Stephan also took an innocent part in this childish pleasure.

When in the spring the grand procession of emigrants prepared to set forth on their long journey, the old disquiet again agitated Stephan, and when he saw the train pass by as he was breaking stones by the roadside, he said, by way of parting salutation, with a bitter smile,—

"I must keep the roads in good order that you may get on well, but I can't help thinking that you are a sort of pioneers who open a way for me to come more easily after you."

Duke Lumbus shouted and sung incessantly, as they travelled onward; he would hear nothing of the deep, heart-sorrow, which so many experienced. With regard to Duke Lumbus, Stephan always stood in a peculiar position. He never allowed himself to be decoyed to his carousals; he felt a certain repugnance towards this man, and yet nobody could say anything bad against him. That he had spent a considerable part of his money nobody thought anything of. Perhaps the audaciousness, the overbearing impudence with which Duke Lumbus seized hold of the world, and dealt with men like puppets, which he now set here, and now there, and made to shout and dance according to his own whim—perhaps this it was which repelled Stephan from him. "The fact is," thought Stephan often to himself, "such a man as that, who has money, goes on quite in a different way in the world; he is every where at home, can run any where, and have any thing; whilst such as we, on the other hand, are always frightened and timid, and feel as if every moment somebody might come into the house and drive them out."

When Duke Lumbus drove past Stephan on the road, he said to him, "Hark you, Stonehammer, I shall buy a dukedom in America, and shall call it Lumbia; and, when you come, I'll make you a present of a hundred acres!"

Stephan made him no answer.

For the first few days after the emigrants had left the village, it was as if there was everywhere a gap; everywhere was missing a somebody whom they had long been accustomed to, and everybody thought they should never forget them. But how is it in reality? When a person, or a community, are sunk in the stream of life, and vanish from sight, it is only like a stone when it falls in the water; at first it opens and severs the stream; then it causes dissolving circles, till at length the waves flow on smoothly as before.

As the emigrants left the place, the young swallows councilled in familiar twitterings, as they rested on the willows by the brook, as to where they should fix their nests; and then, circling round many a roof-tree, they conversed in the air about their building-plans. And yet their nests were not finished when scarcely anybody in the village thought any longer of the emigrant-band which had removed itself hence to build for themselves in other climes. Where were they now wandering?

Stephan and the schoolmaster were the only two who frequently spoke of the wanderers, and accompanied them, in thought, over the sea.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

◆

[The following article has been in our possession six months; and has been prevented appearing by circumstances unconnected with the subject itself. It refers to an article in our Record of May 8th: "A Printer's Phonetic Alphabet," by M. Mathews, of Bristol.—Eds.]

THE WRITING AND PRINTING REFORM.

TO THE EDITORS OF HOWITT'S JOURNAL.

A few words in explanation of this projected Reform, with a copy of the new Printing Alphabet, and a specimen of its use, cannot fail to interest the readers of your Journal, particularly as the subject has been referred to, on two former occasions, and a "Printer's Phonetic Alphabet" proposed.

We all know that to learn to spell is one of the greatest difficulties in life, and one which but a small number of those who acquire the art of writing, ever master, so far as to escape the supposed dishonour of being "bad spellers." What a moral hangs by this tale! It takes a longer time to learn to spell than to learn to speak! *True* spelling is easy enough, being nothing more than the resolving of a word into its component sounds; and as the sounds or real letters of our language are only forty (including six compound letters, such as *i* in *bind*, and *j* in *jug*, which it is necessary for all practical purposes to treat as single letters,) a few hours' consideration of them by any one who has attained the full use of his reasoning faculties, would be sufficient to enable him to spell every word in the language; while children might be taught to do the same in the course of two or three weeks' practice and observation. *False* spelling must necessarily be difficult, and just in proportion to the *degree* in which it is false. Now, it is a subject capable of familiar demonstration, that every word in the English language, not excepting the three words that are composed of single letters, *A*, *I*, *O*, may be spelled in from sixteen to upwards of a million different ways! And, however so spelt, may be pronounced in from above a hundred to a great many million different ways!! according to the authority of other words in the language; and it is only by an amazing effort of memory, an effort continued through several years, and one of which the mind is almost incapable after we have passed the period of childhood—it is only by such an effort that the spelling and pronunciation of each word in the language can be attained.

Should the reader be happily oblivious of his schoolboy days, when he thumbed the spelling-book, bedewed with his tears, in the vain endeavour to remember contradictions, such as that *n*, *o* is *no*, and *d*, *o doo*, that *t*, *o* is *toe*, and *s*, *o soo*,—no, we mistake, this is not the custom, it is *t*, *o too*, and *s*, *o so*—if, since those would-be-happy days but for the dreadful spelling-book, he has never had the pleasure to "rear the tender thought, and teach the young idea" *a*, *b*, *ab*; *e*, *b*, *eb*; *i*, *b*, *ib*; *o*, *b*, *ob*; *u*, *b*, *ub*; every syllable being composed of sounds different from those employed in spelling it—or if he has never thought about the matter of letters being *intended* to be the representatives of sounds, and has consequently not looked into our orthography, he may possibly demur to the statement just made—that our English spelling sanctions so many ways of writing, and then of pronouncing every word. The tables of letters, sounds, and words, on which these calculations are made, will be found in a small pamphlet published in connexion with this reform, entitled "A Plea for Phonotypy and Phonography," by A. J. Ellis,* to which the reader is referred. The results of the tables are these—There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet and forty sounds in the language; each letter represents on the average four different sounds (some letters representing seven,) and each sound in the spoken language, is spelt, on the average, in our ordinary orthography, in nine different ways (some sounds being written in as many as twenty different ways.)

Let us arraign at the bar of common sense, one of our most familiar words, and hear its evidence. Take the monosyllable "it," consisting of only two letters; and, of course, the higher the number of letters and sounds in a word, the greater will be the variety of spellings and pronunciations to be obtained from them.

IT may be spelt in 154 ways, as in the first line below, on the authority of the words given in the second line; and when so written, each of the spellings may be pronounced in a great variety of ways, above ten on the average, thus giving more than 1500 modes of pronouncing the word!

IT.—*e*t, *ee*t, *ei*t, *i*t, *i*t*e*, *ia*t,
pr*e*tty, br*ee*ches, surf*ei*t, s*i*t, g*i*v*e*, parl*ia*ment,

*ia*t*e*, *ie*t, *ie*t*e*, *igh*t, *o*t, *u*t, *ui*t,
carr*ia*ge, stud*ie*d, s*ie*v*e*, se'nn*igh*t, w*o*men, b*u*siness, g*ui*lt,

*y*t. = 14 varieties for the vowel.
s*y*mbol.

I**T**.—i*bt*, i*st*, i*ed*, i*ght*, i*phth*, i*pt*,
de*bt*, indi*ct*, snapp*ed*, sou*ght*, *phth*ysical, *Pt*olemy,

i*te*, i*th*, i*tt*, i*tw*, i*zz*. = 11 varieties for the
me*te*, *Th*omas, ha*tt*er, *tw*o mezzotint.

consonant; 11 × 14 = 154.

The spellings in the upper line show what the orthography of the word *might* be, as justified by the word under it, and which contains the same sound; that is, the word "it" might be spelled "et" instead of "it," if we use *e* in "pretty" (pronounced pritty), and so with all the other variations. It is not necessary to illustrate the varieties of pronunciation of which the above spellings are susceptible, further than by exhibiting one example. Let us suppose that a person ignorant of the orthography of many of our words, and of "it" among others, should wish to spell "it." He might be acquainted with for*feit*, sur*feit*, etc, that terminate with the sound of "it," and would perhaps write "eit." Now, let this spelling be given to a foreigner, who, we will suppose, knows the pronunciation of a few words, and he might pronounce it in at least fifteen different ways, thus—

ƐIT (it.)—ɛit, ɛt, at, et, jt, — it,
b*ei*ng, con*cei*t, v*ei*l, h*ei*fer, L*ei*psig,—fi*t*,

ɛiʃ, ɛi.
na*t*ion, bus*t*le.

or five variations of sound on the vowel, and three (reckoning the mute *t* in "bustle") on the consonant. As each of the vowel varieties may be used with each of the consonant varieties, the number of variations is found by multiplying the two numbers.

What is the remedy for this monstrous evil. There is but one. It is alike simple and effectual, and is applied by phonógraphers and phonótypers with a zeal proportionate to the importance of the cause. It is, to have an alphabet that contains a letter for every sound, and to use such alphabet in a consistent way, by spelling all words in accordance with their pronunciation.

A bugbear seems to stand in the way of the reform; the bugbear of etymology; but we have only to look it steadily in the face, and it vanishes out of sight. Etymology and orthography are distinct branches of philological science; each is subject to its own laws, and the attempt to unite them is productive of the most disastrous consequences to both.

---

* Pitman, Queen's Head-passage, Paternoster-row, London.

In connection with this reform of our orthography, we have the advantage of a phonetic system of shorthand; briefer and better adapted for reporting than any system that ever was or ever can be, based upon the old alphabet—a system that is available for all the ordinary purposes of writing, is five times as expeditious as the common long hand, and equally legible. The following is the alphabet for printing, with a specimen of its use—

THE PHONOTYPIC ALPHABET OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Heterotype.	*Phonotype.*	*Example of its sound.*
VOWELS.		
ē	Ɛ ε	*ee*l
ā	Ꞻ a	*a*le
ah	Ɑ ɑ	*a*lms
au	Θ ɵ	*a*ll
ō	Ꞷ ω	*o*pe
ōō	Ɯ ɯ	f*oo*d
ĭ	I i	*i*ll
ĕ	E e	*e*ll
ă	A a	*a*m
ŏ	O o	*o*live
ŭ	U u	*u*p
ŏŏ	Ʊ ʊ	f*oo*t
DIPHTHONGS.		
ī	Ɉ ȷ	*i*sle
oi	Ơ ơ	*oi*l
ow	Ȣ ȣ	*ow*l
ū	Ɥ ɥ	m*u*le
COALESCENTS.		
y	Y y	*y*ea
w	W w	*w*ay
ASPIRATE.		
h	H h	*h*ay

Heterotype.	*Phonotype.*	*Example of its sound.*
CONSONANTS.		
p	P p	ro*p*e
b	B b	ro*b*e
t	T t	fa*t*e
d	D d	fa*d*e
ch	Є ç	e*tch*
j	J j	e*dg*e
k	C c	lee*k*
g	G g	lea*g*ue
f	F f	sa*f*e
v	V v	sa*v*e
th	Ŧ ŧ	wrea*th*
th	Ƌ đ	wrea*th*e
s	S s	hi*ss*
z	Z z	hi*s*
sh	Σ ʃ	vi*ci*ous
zh	Ʒ ʒ	vi*s*ion
r	R r	fo*r*
l	L l	fa*ll*
m	M m	see*m*
n	N n	see*n*
ng	Ŋ ŋ	si*ng*

ƋƐ PEN AND ƋƐ PRES.

Yuŋ Jεnius weɵct ȣt bȷ đε mȣntenz and stεrmz,
Entranst bȷ đε pȣ'r ov hiz ωn plezent drεmz,
Til đε sȷlent, and wawurd, and wonderiŋ tiŋ
Fȣnd a plɯm đat had fɵln from a pɑsiŋ berdz wiŋ.
Egzultiŋ and prȣd, lȷc a bơ at hiz pla,
Hε bωr đε nɥ prȷz tɯ hiz dweliŋ awa,
Hε gazd for a hwȷl at its bɥtiz, and đen
Hε cut it, and ʃapt it, and cωld it Ꞻ Pen.

But its majicel ɥs hε discuverd not yet,
Til hε dipt its brȷt lips in a fȣnten ov jet;
And ω! hwot a glωrius tiŋ it bεcam,
For it spωc tɯ đε wurld in a laŋgwej ov flam;
Hwȷl its mɑster rωt on, lȷc a bεiŋ inspȷrd,
Til đε hɑrts ov đe miliunz wer melted and fȷrd.
It cam az a bɯn, and a blesiŋ tɯ men,
Ƌε pεsful, đε pɥr, đε victωrius pen

Yuŋ Jεnius went fωrŧ on hiz ramb'lz wuus mωr,
Ƌε vɑst sunles cavernz ov erŧ tɯ ecsplωr;
Hε serçt đε rɯd roc, and wiđ raptɥr hε fȣnd
Ꞻ substens unnωn, hwiç hε brɵt from đε grȣnd.
Hε fɥzd it wiđ fȷr, and rεjơst in đε çanj,
Az hε melted đε ωr intɯ caracterz stranj,
Til hiz tɵts, and hiz eferts, wer crȣnd wiđ sucses,
Fɵr an enjin uprωz, and hε cɵld it Ꞻ Pres.

Ƌε Pen and đε Pres, (blest alȷens!) combȷnd
Tɯ sof'n đε hɑrt, and enlȷt'n đε mȷnd;
Fɵr ƋAT tɯ đε treʒɥrz ov nolej gav berŧ,
And ƋIS sent đem fωrŧ tɯ đε endz ov đε erŧ.
Ƌar bat'lz fɵr trɯŧ wer trȷumfent indεd,
And đε rod ov đε tȷrent woz snapt lȷc a rεd.
Ƌa wer mad tɯ egzɵlt us, tɯ tεç us, tɯ bles,
Ƌωz invalɥeb'l bruđerz—đε Pen and đε Pres.

J. C. Prins.

Corresponding with this, there is a phonetic longhand alphabet, like the one in every-day use, but with new script letters for the new printing letters, and formed on their model. Notwithstanding phonetic shorthand is so much more expeditious than phonetic longhand, and is, in general, plainer to read, it is advisable to employ the longhand on some occasions, as for the addresses outside of letters, in legal documents, etc.

In this *practical* age, I must confess I was somewhat disappointed to see in your Journal, (No. 19) Mr. M. Mathews's Phonetic Alphabet, without a single sentence printed in accordance with it, *to show how it works*, although its chief excellence is said to consist in the fact that it requires no new letters. The above specimen of Phonotypy is here repeated in it that the reader may compare the merits of the two alphabets.

ƲY PEN AND ƲY PRES.

Ynç Djynius wôkt awt bay ʋy mawntenz and strymz,
Entranst bay ʋy paw'r ov hiz œn plezent drymz,
Til ʋy saylent, and wæwurd, and wonderiç xiç
Fawnd æ plwm ʋat had fôln from æ pasiç berdz wiç.
Egzultiç and prawd, layk æ boy at hiz plæ,
Hy bœr ʋy niw prayz tw hiz dweliç awæ.
Hy gæzd fôr æ hwayl at its biwtiz, and ʋen
Hy kut it, and cæpt it, and kôld it Æ Pen.

But its madjikel yws hy diskuverd not yet,
Til hy dipt its brayt lips in æ fawnten ov djet,
And œ! hwot æ glœrius xiç it bykæm,
For it spœk tw ʋy wurld in æ laçgwedj ov flæm,
Hwayl its master rœt on, layk æ byiç inspayrd,
Til ʋy harts ov ʋy miliuns wer melted and fayrd.
It kæm az æ bwn, and æ blesiç tw men,
Ʋy pysfol, ʋy pywr, ʋy viktœrius pen.

Ynç Djynius went fœrx on hiz ramb'lz wuns mœr,
Ʋy vast sunles kavernz ov erx tw ecsplœr,
Hy sertet ʋy rwd rok, and wiʋ raytywr hy fawnd
Æ substens unnœn, hwite hy brôt from ʋy grawnd.
Hy fiwzd it wiʋ fayr, and rydjoyst in ʋy tcændj,
Az hy melted ʋy œr intw karakterz strændj,
Til hiz xôts and hiz eferts wer krawnd wiʋ sukses,
Fôr an endjin uprœz, and hy kôld it Æ Pres.

Ʋy Pen and ʋy Pres, (blest alayens!) kombaynd
To sof'n ʋy hart, and enlayt'n ʋy maynd;
Fôr ƲAT tw ʋy trejiwrs ov noledj gæv berx,
And ƲIS sent ʋem fœrx tw ʋy endz ov ʋy erx.
Ʋær bat'z for trwx wer trayunfent indyd,
And ʋy rod ov ʋy tayrent woz snapt layk æ ryd.
Ʋæ wer mæd tw egzôlt us, tw tyte us, tw bles;
Ʋœz invaliweb'l bruʋerz—ʋy Pen and ʋy Pres.

J. K. Prins.

The Pitman and Ellis alphabet (as we may call it for the sake of distinction; for in the toils of its construction and improvement, A. J. Ellis, Esq., formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, has shared perhaps equally with Mr. Isaac Pitman, the originator of this Literary Reform) has had the advantage of three years and-a-half constant working; while Mr. Mathews's alphabet has never perhaps, been tested by the composition of a single page. During these three years and-a-half, the New Testament, five sheets of the Bible, "Paradise Lost," a portion of the monthly *Phonotypic Journal*, for 1844-5, and the whole of the work from January, 1846, to the present time; some elementary books, and various pamphlets, averaging 1,000 impressions of each, have been printed in *the* phonotypic alphabet. It is not to be expected that so extensive a course of printing experiments could be prosecuted without yielding a rich harvest of practical improvements. I am inclined to think that if Mr. Mathews had printed but one small book in his alphabet, both it, and the vowel scale, would have been somewhat modified.

The "greatest advantage" of the other alphabet, "that it can be adopted for printing without the expense of new types," is no advantage at all. Phonotypes cost no more than common types, after the matrices for the new letters are prepared. At present they are paid for out of the Printing Reform Fund; but in a few years the type-founders will supply them, as they do those of the old letters. As types as well as other articles in this world, wear out, a printer suffers no loss in ordering a fount of phonotypes, instead of heterotypes.

I must not trespass further on your space now, but hope to have the pleasure of looking in upon your readers again shortly, as

Fωnɛ.

The following remarks from a correspondent recently received, may form an appropriate *pendant* to the above article. They express the opinions and enthusiasm regarding the Phonetic art which are entertained by a very large and growing class:—

"Isaac Pitman, the inventor of the Phonetic systems, is entitled to our warmest expressions of gratitude. He has more than doubled the power of the press; he has shown how it may, instead of addressing one class, be enabled to address all men. He has unlocked the treasures of the literary world; he has for ever abolished the monopoly of learning, and has called the people of all nations to drink at the life-giving streams of knowledge.

"Priest-craft, war, pestilence, slavery, and the thousand evils which afflict this beautiful earth, and which can only be perpetuated by maintaining a portion of the human race in ignorance will vanish before the light of easily acquired knowledge, as a dreary night disappears before the rising sun.

"To say that Isaac Pitman has immortalized himself, is to speak in very measured terms. He has created for himself a name, over which future generations will delight to linger. It may be safely predicted, that wherever a Bible, a Milton, or a Shakespere, are read, there will the name of Pitman form a sweet association. If ever the millions become readers, to Pitman will they be indebted.

Believe me to be,
Yours truly,
W. White."

34, Dundas-street, Glasgow,
20th Dec., 1847.

AMERICAN LYNCHING.—THE DESPERADOES OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

The *Harbinger*, the weekly organ of the American Associatists, a journal very ably conducted, notices a work recently published under the title—"The Desperadoes of the South-West," in which the following picture of the state of society in the New South-Western settlements is given:—

"After enumerating some of the incidents connected with Lynching, the popular frenzy excited by the commission of a series of crimes,—the panic of universal suspicion, in which men are dragged out of their beds at the hour of midnight, from the arms of their wives and the embraces of their children, and hurried before the stern tribunal of the Lynchers, by whom all not of their company are considered as enemies, and who, reversing the old maxim, that every one be regarded as innocent until his guilt is proved, require all suspected to establish their innocence by clear evidence of an *alibi*—the revival of torture as a test of guilt,—whipping men till their gashed backs dye the grass around with purple,—the burning of those for whom hanging is considered too good a death,—and so forth, our author remarks:—

"A few families, mostly poor labourers, select a rich valley in the forest, far from the old settlements, as the site of their future residence. Thither they drive their flocks, which are all their wealth, and *haul* their children in rude waggons. There they erect their little huts, out of rough, round logs; and then commences a battle with the toils of the wilderness. It requires the most arduous labours to clear away the forests, and turn them into fields for future harvests. And these labours have to be borne, under a total want, not alone of the luxuries of civilized life, but nearly always of the bare necessaries of subsistence also, save what the river and forest themselves supply—fish for the hook of the backwoods-boy, and game for the hunter's rifle. Often, in these wild new settlements have I stayed all night, in my travels, with families who had been for weeks together without bread. Often, after the toils of the day are over, the father must spend half the night in *fire-hunting*, to procure venison for the mouths of his children; the ensuing day again to be passed in severe labour."

"Let us not despise these rough pioneers. Such were all our fathers. They brave the arrow of the savage Indian, and the toil of the yet more savage woods, and cruel hunger, savager yet than all. Hidden from the eye of the world, the heroism of many Napoleons beats in their wild free hearts. Their keen axes hack away the tangled branches of the wilderness, that *we* may afterwards rear *there* our palaces of marble. They fell the oak and the giant-armed ash, that our church-steeples may soar up there, with dazzling glitter, in the sun-beam. Our cities rise above their graves: our banks are built upon their bones!

"When a new settlement has been once begun, it gradually, and often rapidly increases, by fresh families of emigrants. At last the wealthy begin to move in. The first valley broken up becomes a kind of nucleus around which other settlements are formed, farther and farther out in other valleys: while more remote still some hardy hunter pitches his camp in yet deeper solitudes.

"At this stage of progress no society can be more interesting. There are comparatively few people, and therefore they are all friends. As yet there is no law, and no need of law, for the fierce war of competition has not yet commenced—that competition which has reduced the world to one great battle-field of opposing interests, where friendship bleeds, and human sympathy is trampled under foot, and the love of man to man dies out; and even holy virtue, with the many, becomes a hollow sound, as of an echo from forgotten sepulchres! Then labour gives health. Luxury has not yet imported into effeminate towns her cohort of old diseases, and there is therefore no dear doctor, with sleepy syrups, and pills that poison while they cure. There are then few debts, and they are all debts of honour, and therefore need no coercion to secure a payment, that is prompted as much by an honest pride as by a sense of imperious duty. There are then no quarrels, because there are no lawyers, whose very life depends on the discord that breeds litigation. There are no splendid churches, with mellow-toned organ, and choir of dulcet voices, and golden-mouthed priest, with his manuscript of melodious words! But many a log cabin is a temple of humble prayer, where the simple itinerant preacher draws, with cords of the heart, the rustic worshippers around him, and utters mild sentences of mystic fervour, that melt, like music of heaven, on the soul. Then, if you be a traveller, a stranger, every man you meet with is a brother, and every house you enter seems your own. The hunter receives you with pure, though unpolished hospitality; presses you to stay all night; and, should you stay a week, or month, the tender of a remuneration would be the greatest insult you could offer him. His children crowd around your knees with timid gladness; the face of his good wife beams with smiles, as if you were an angel visitant dropped out of the skies. One who has so often experienced their kindness may be pardoned for thus alluding, in terms of so much enthusiasm, to the virtues of a simple-hearted people—virtues I have the sense to admire, if not the moral power to imitate.

Soon refugees from justice, of other states, fly to those peaceful woods for an asylum. They were once poor and happy. They have dug up wealth for themselves and their children out of the earth, God Almighty's free bank, that asks no security on her issues but labour, and knows no panic, and never stops payment. Now the pioneers are comparatively rich, and state sovereignty is extended over them; a judge is provided, and lawyers and a sheriff go round to assess and collect the taxes. But as yet they have no gaol and court-house, and the county-seat is perhaps a hundred miles distant. A different class of people now begin to settle among them—the aforesaid refugees: whiskered gamblers; land-speculators; and thieves in general. Small groceries spring up thick as mushrooms in April. And now their camp-meetings, that once came round one every year, so peacefully, and bringing so many happy greetings of the hand and heart, are disturbed and broken up by the fierce revelry of drunken riot, and the mad warfare of bowie knives. Scarcely a night passes without a horse being stolen. It is useless to pursue him in the morning. At the rising of the sun the rogue is off forty miles in the wilderness.

"Next follows the perpetration of all the most loathsome crimes in the criminal code—rape, robbery, and murder—in swift succession. The offenders who do not escape are taken. They must be guarded, for there is no gaol. The guard must be strong, as well as vigilant; for these villains are not without friends. To stand guard for six months is a great sacrifice, for men whose living depends solely on the labour of their own hands. And six months it must be, for the court sits only twice a year. But when court week comes, perhaps, as it generally happens, the judge does not come. Then the culprit must be be guarded six months longer. At last, after one or two years, the court opens. The prisoner employs counsel; and, if it be a bad case, the counsel puts it off for lack of a witness, who never yet has been born. Six months more elapse; the case is called, and the lawyer finds a fatal flaw in the indictment, which is accordingly thrown out. Six months more the criminal must be guarded; a new indictment is found. Then the case is again postponed for want of a material witness—one yet to be born.

"At length, after three or four years, a trial is had, a verdict of guilty rendered, and now you might suppose the murderer would hang. No such thing. In the West an attorney never goes to trial on a good indictment. He quashes all the good ones, and risks the fate of his client on one that he knows to be bad beyond question. Accordingly, the judgment is arrested. And now judge, juries, and prosecutors, heartily sick of the case, agree mutually that the prisoner be discharged. It is, one would think, high time to discharge him. He was poor as a beggar when arrested. He is now a gentleman of some considerable property. He has made it playing poker with his guard. Then, after all other means of redress have been exhausted, the honest, hard-working portion of the community organize themselves into a community of lynchers, elect a captain, appoint a committee, and as they say, 'take justice into their own hands!'

"Wo to the luckless lawyer who would hinder them. He may count on a coat of feathers without wings, and a jacket of tar, if not trousers! For the backwoodsmen view the disciples of Blackstone as their worst foes, who rescue every culprit from the clutches of justice. It is the lawyers who pick holes in every indictment. It is they who wheedle and mystify the judge. The arrival of lawyers therefore in a new settlement, is regarded as the most serious calamity, an evil omen of coming misfortunes. And it must be confessed, they usually take great pains to justify their worst apprehensions, by raising the devil of litigation among them at the earliest moment opportunity offers.

"The company of lynchers once formed, they proceed to the execution of summary justice. It is easy to conceive what sad work they must make of it, rendered furious, as they have been by multitudinous wrongs. And accordingly, they whip, bang, torture, burn, flay alive; and however they may begin, end at last by acting like a band of savages. What else could be expected of such men, however honest, however merciful, stung to ungovernable rage by so many injuries, and now placed as judges in their own case, in a position beyond responsibility. By and by, the more cunning rogues take shelter under their protection, and bawl out the loudest for justice. Then the fruit of ruin is ripe. Men accuse their enemies of the most appalling crimes, in order to glut feelings of private revenge. A hypocritical zeal for honesty becomes the cloak for rapine and murder. Vengeance supplants law, and brute force and fury trample down all show of order.—Government ceases, and every infernal passion stalks about at will, to prey upon the bosom of society. No lion of the Lybian desert was ever half so pitiless as the mob, in a period of excitement. The rage of one man is fearfully revolting to the eyes of a calm spectator; but it is no more to be compared to the fury of several thousands, than a dim spark is to be likened to the glare of a burning city. But the force is never wholly on one side only. The lynchers, or "regulators," as they are often called, soon find that their foes organize also; arm themselves, and prepare for systematic resistance, under the denomination of "moderators." Then commences a guerilla warfare as dark and deadly in its hate, as the old English contest between the Red and White Roses. It is a war of utter extermination."

◆

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

PICTURES OF THE PRESENT IN IRELAND, BY ONE ON THE SPOT.

We present a letter to our readers which deserves the most serious perusal. It is from the same hand which has already given in our columns some stern and true limnings of the state of things in that unhappy country. It would appear as if everything which is done to benefit the people there, is converted by the selfish and despotic system in operation from a benefit into a curse. The gifts of the Americans to the starving poor are actually turned into poison, and the philanthropy of our transatlantic brethren totally defeated, The Irish were laughed at and severely censured on the first introduction of Indian meal for refusing to eat it as poisonous. Here we have the evidence of a lady well acquainted with this corn, that it actually is a poison when the husk is not well removed, and that what is ground in Ireland for distribution to the indigent is sent out in this state. Humanity is deeply indebted to this brave-hearted American lady, who, undaunted by any difficulties, any amount of labour, and any hostility from the parties whom she exposes without scruple, devotes her life to going to and fro in such a country and making us acquainted with the actual state of things, and the real feelings, motives, and miseries of the population.

Croy Lodge, Bally Croy,
January 25th, 1848.

My Friend,

You need not be told that I am in Ireland, stil doing *nothing*, but walking "to and fro," up and down the woe-begone western coast of that stricken isle, and see no hope that a brighter day is dawning for the wretched inhabitants. Their cup is *all* gall; there seems to be no dashing or sprinkling of anything either stimulating or nourishing.

I have been at Newport and Achill Sound with a box of clothes sent me from New York; and surely had I gone forth with a palm-leaf to have clothed the sea, I should have gained nearly as much satisfaction and as much end by it. A nation of rags, with empty stomachs and decayed faculties, acting without judgment as hunger impels, lost to all sense of propriety, full of intrigue, and nothing to do but prowl from house to house, from garden to hen-roost, and what cannot be got for asking, taking by stealth, is the state of this part of the country at present. The last doings of Government for relieving the poor, seem, thus far, to be the worst of all; and my only hope is, that it may prove the finishing work of the whole:—it certainly must be effectual—it must bring all to be paupers, who have the least pretensions to anything like comfort; for those who were on the sliding scale, have now an impetus that will push them on to the bottom. The giving up land and tearing down cabins, for the sake of a pound of meat, the multiplied taxes upon such as have a hoof or horn left, will finally do a work that will soon say—Come and see what desolations are made in the earth! I say the *finishing* work—and mean by thus saying, that when the *worst* is done that *can* be—a change must be for the better. Another subject occupies much of my thoughts, which to *me* grows more formidable—*that is the donations.* On this subject I must speak plainly, for I feel deeply. Well do I know what many private individuals in England have done for the starving poor, but *better* do I know what my own country has done, and under what sacrifices and self-denials have they placed themselves to do these things; and too well do I know the abuse of these donations in Ireland; so fully am I convinced that a very great proportion has been misapplied, that I would not—I *could* not, as I now feel, ask a single pound to be sent from any quarter, till more trustworthy people can be found, than the greater part which are now in the field appear to be. I will descend to particulars, that you may clearly understand me. As I go from house to house I hear and see much concerning servants; and in large comfortable families I see many, and invariably hear the mistress say, that she takes them from charity, and often rebukes the poor dependant when she is faulty, by reminding her what a debt of gratitude she is under by being taken in to be kept from starving. This bare-footed menial must toil in doors and out for the yellow meal and butter-milk her generous mistress bestows; and with all this mighty favour, should the servant go away, notwithstanding she was not missed, yet her place is immediately supplied by another if she does not return. When my box of clothing was opened, some of these kind mistresses, in spite of their disinterestedness, shewed what manner of spirit they were of. They told me decidedly what my duty was—viz., to clothe *their* servants, as far as was in my power, that they had done their duty well by giving them the stirabout, and if meal or clothing were sent to them they would use the donations for them; I was spoken unkindly to because when I saw the outcast, who had neither food nor clothing, I put garments upon such, instead of putting them on servants who were toiling for them without compensation. In a few cases, I complied, because I saw that they certainly needed it, and that though they had earned it from their employers, still they did not get it. When I first heard persons accused of feeding horses, pigs, and poultry, as well as feeding and paying servants on the gratuitous meal, I doubted whether this was often done, but I have now no doubt but that this has been a common practice, and that starving creatures have been sent hungry away, when abundance was in the hands of distributors, who were using it for their own benefit. It cannot be expected that people who have brought their tenants and labourers to a state of suffering by low wages and unreasonable rents, but that these people when set to guard the rights of the poor whom they have oppressed, will again rob them of their due. Will the slave-holder guard the rights of the slave any farther than his own interests require? It is not always safe to entrust a dog with your dinner when he is very hungry.

Another serious difficulty is, the delay of giving out grants; hundreds, yes thousands, have died in Ireland when sacks and barrels of meal were in store-houses, oft-times going to waste. When I was in Bellmullet, an officer stationed by government shewed me into a store-house for meal, which was guarded by one hundred and thirty soldiers; here I saw sacks and barrels, the barrels marked "Irish Relief," the barrels from New York sent to the Quakers in Dublin. They had sent it there with no orders to give it out; the people were dying in sight of it, and now and then a sack or barrel was damaged, and taken out and sold at a reduced price, but not a pound given to the poor. Six weeks after, a gentleman wrote me, that death was making dreadful havoc, yet not a pound had been given out. Another sad and serious evil, has been, that the corn that is sent from America gets damaged on the passage, and is ground coarsely here, leaving the hull on, which is almost a fatal poison. Disease must follow, and often death. By cutting this, speculators too make a good profit on the hull. The American meal sent to the poor is always well ground, the hull taken off, and the meal kiln-dried; this makes a good wholesome food, and if kept in barrels will preserve its flavour and sweetness for many months, but in sacks it soon spoils. Many a boiler have I seen with *coarse, sour*, and *musty* meal boiling for the poor, and when I remonstrated, the answer has been—"*O they are glad to get it.*" Now here is wrong somewhere. The poor often complain that they cannot eat the meal, that it makes them sick, they are often told in reply, that "beggars must not be choosers." Now, the beggars of Ireland, to whom these donations are sent, have a right to be choosers; the meal was sent to them for their special benefit, and sent in the best possible order, and they have a right to demand it—their donors would wish them to do so? and whoever gives them an inferior quality, robs them of their right. Often do I hear it said of a poor article—"It will do for the servants—or, it is quite good enough for the wretched creatures who are starving." Another growing evil I fear is, the employment of the poor on wages, which must eventually starve them, and holding out to the public that so many men are employed, consequently they need no relief. I see no persons in a worse condition than these. I will be personal, and meet all that I say; and if I am found in a misunderstanding I shall be glad. When I was at Achill Sound, I saw a company of men digging in a bog, and enquired, what wages they had a day. Three pounds of meal a day; meal was then a penny halfpenny, or farthing a pound; this meal they got at the end of the week by going to Mr. Nangle's colony' nine miles, and losing a day. It was afterwards raised to three and a half pounds. These poor labourers often through the week, are obliged to ask food of Mrs. Savage, and one rainy Saturday, two wretched starving creatures called, who told us they were at work in another part of Mr. Nangle's vineyard for a stone of turnips a day—turnips were then three halfpence a stone, afterwards this price was altered to another half stone; they were fed, some money given, and sent away. Now, Mr. Nangle has told the public through his herald that he employs 400 people (I think this is the number), but had he said, *I oppress* so many, he would have come nigher the thing itself, for tell us if you can, how can men live even themselves on *that*, much less support their families.

How long will the public be duped, and how long must the poor suffer under such oppression?

I have written a tedious letter, yet I have left much behind. To-morrow I hope to be in Ballina, where if you write I shall meet it.

If any part of this letter is worth anything, do what you please with it.

Your friend,
A. NICHOLSON.

HULLAH'S CONCERT AT EXETER HALL.

On Wednesday last, January 26th, took place, the second of Mr. Hullah's Concerts at Exeter Hall, when were given the whole of Handel's "Acis and Galatea," selections from Mendelsohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and his "Walpurgis Night." The principal vocal parts were admirably sustained by Messrs. H. Phillips, Lochey, Williams, and Miss Stewart, whilst the choruses were steadily and accurately sung by the pupils of Mr. Hullah's "First Upper Singing School."

The whole performance gave a large and attentive audience the pleasure of hearing some of the finest productions of two great masters, most effectively and correctly performed,—and this at entrance prices, which admit a large portion of the public excluded from our more expensive concerts. Considering the choice as the result of the system of vocal training begun six or seven years back by Mr. Hullah, it cannot but be considered as a triumphant proof of the efficacy of his method. To those too, who look upon the cultivation of the musical taste of the people, as one of the most certain steps towards moral progress, both the excellence of the performance, and the evident appreciation of such refined and classical music by a crowded audience of the "people," must be hailed as an encouraging sign of the times.

SOIREE OF THE LINCOLN AND LINCOLNSHIRE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

We rejoice to see that Lincoln and Lincolnshire are resolved not to be behind any other city and shire in the diffusing of intelligence amongst the people. The Soiree of the Mechanics' Institution given in Lincoln on Thursday the 20th of January, was worthy of any locality in the Empire. Lord Monson in the chair.

Our space denies us to do more than give a general notice of occasions of this kind, but we must advert to one or two sentiments expressed in the course of a very admirable speech by Mr. Larken, one of the most zealous, enlightened, and fearless friends of the people in the kingdom and who, unlike too many of his brother clergymen of the Established Church, regards his position and influence as given him only to be employed for his fellow men of whatever creed or class. "It has been our wish to interest one class of persons more especially in behalf of our Institution, viz., those in whose power it is by becoming life or annual members, to extend most materially our powers of usefulness. The welfare of the richer classes is most intimately connected with that of the poorer; and it is impossible for the one class to be degraded, without the other suffering through that degradation; such is the wonderful identity that exists between the interests of the various ranks of men, and we shall have read history to but very little purpose, if we are not convinced of its existence. If ignorance, as it must be confessed, is the parent of degradation and crime, the ignorance of the masses must be enlightened by education, if we wish to be safe and happy ourselves; and it is to aid in that enlightening, that we now call upon the wealthy to assist us."

Mr. Linwood, in a speech of much outspoken and intrepid truth, said,——"Some thought that if they made the labourer intellectual, they would make him ashamed of his labour. Why, was there a being in the universe who should stand more esteemed among mankind than the worker, or be less esteemed than the drone in the society of bees? Without labour, what were the world but a wilderness, and man an ignoramus! (hear). It was well that they should burst the bonds of intemperance,—well that they should be instructed in their political rights and duties; but social reform must go hand in hand with those changes, for all tended to education. The star educated, the flower educated, the singing winds conveyed instruction, all in nature and art improved man. But it must not be forgotten that the unwashed, ill-ventilated home educated, that poverty educated—and educated for evil"—(loud cheers).

Our friend Spencer Hall, addressing the young of the class from which he had sprung, in a speech breathing of the green freshness of his native forest, said,—

"Yes, take advantage of what thou canst learn, and struggle on poor boy. Do not despair because thou mayest be unable to overtake the foremost; but still press on and keep as near to him as thou canst, assured that thy effort will obtain its fair reward at last, where honest efforts are ever understood and regarded—(cheers). Let no one fall into the mistake that even the humblest moral or intellectual effort is of no avail. It is the nature of thought, as much as it is the nature of corn to grow. We see a grain of corn dropped into the earth, and forthwith that grain produces an ear, the ear a peck, and the peck a harvest. Just so will a thought, once cherished in the mind, produce other thoughts, and these, others again, to the end of time; and thus it is, that the humblest man who, by his cottage fireside, prattles to his children when his day's toil is ended, is influencing mankind to the last generation."

MELANCHOLY EVENT AT THE EXCELSIOR COMMUNITY IN AMERICA.

Dear Madam,

The unfortunate news below can be made public in any way you please.

Sully shipwrecked in Spain, Cabet in prison, and Mackison dead!—but

> "Through exile, persecution and despair,
> Rome was: and young Atlantis shall become."

Very sincerely yours,
GOODWYN BARMBY.

To Mary Howitt.

11, St. Andrew-square, Glasgow,
Jan. 20, 1848.

Dearest Friend Goodwyn Barmby,

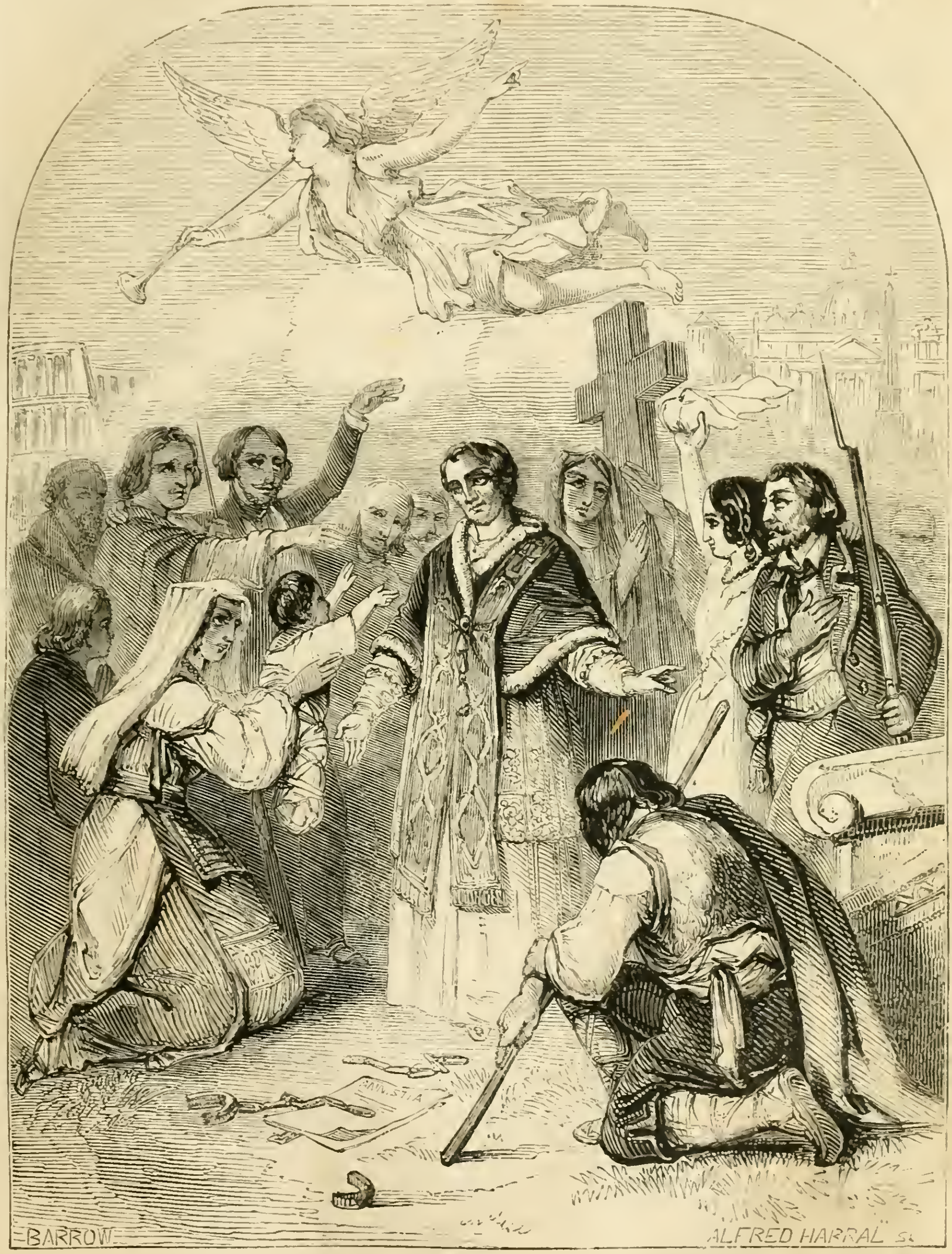
I write you at present to inform you, that loss and calamity have befallen the Community called "Excelsior Community." This is the one John O. Wattles has connexion with. Twas there James Walker, and James A. Mackison went to. But alas! Poor Mackison is now no more in this world. The waters of the Ohio rising, sapped the foundations of the building in which they were, and seventeen lives were lost, fifteen were saved. John O. Wattles and wife are safe. James Walker also. J. Walker was with material falling from the building, knocked four times down in the water, and with desperate effort only, secured his life. Mackison must have been covered with the falling bricks and wood, etc. of the building. Walker was with him when the crush took place, but saw him not afterwards alive. This was on the evening of December 15. Four children were saved by Walker after the knowledge that his dearest friend was gone. A few days after, the bodies of the dead were found and buried together. Alas! a friend, a dear friend has fallen, one whom I loved as a brother. I have written this hastily to inform you, knowing the friendship that existed between you and Mackison, and also John O. Wattles.

Affectionately your
DAVID HANORRER.

CONTENTS.

Cold Abroad for Warmth at Home—Scenes and Characters from the French Revolution, translated from Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins*—Village Pastorals, by RICHARD HOWITT. 1st, The Vicar Misplaced. 2nd, The Old Priest and the New—Capital Punishment, by FREDERIC ROWTON, No. IX—A Battle of Life and Death, a Tale, from the German by BERTHOLD AUERBACH, translated by MARY HOWITT. (Continued)—The Writing and Printing Reform—American Lynching; the Desperadoes of the South-West—Weekly Record.

PRINTED for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.



THE AWAKENING OF ITALY.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED HARRAL.

THE AWAKENING OF ITALY.

The unexpected accession of a patriotic Pope, has done wonders for Italy. The spirit of regeneration which has been growing and extending for many years, breaking out ever and anon, in partial and premature insurrections, has acquired immense vigour, and universality from these circumstances, and from the Alps to the Sicilian fields, there appears one enthusiastic resolve in the heart of the People, to win back their liberties, to drive out the foreigner, to curb their princes, and raise their beautiful and classic land once more into a great nation. Our illustration represents the hopes and the faith that are kindled in the bosoms of all classes, by the discovery that they have at length in the head of their church, a father and a champion.

"Consummatum est!" exclaims one of Italy's exiles, Mariotti.—"The Italians have achieved a great victory They have conquered their princes. It is a victory neither very difficult nor unprecedented. Naples and Turin equally dictated the law to their sovereigns in 1820. Princes were equally at a discount in central Italy in 1831. Twice and thrice did the day of freedom dawn upon Italy. Revolutions in that country were sudden, unanimous, bloodless; but as invariably, also, short-lived and unavailing. In every instance Austria stepped forward to the rescue. The fugitive princes came back at the head of thousands of Austrian bayonets. Italy, it was evident had only one ruler, only one enemy. Little did it avail it to turn against those sceptred lieutenants of an ever-present, though invisible power. Their native princes were but the lash that smote them. Their wrath should be turned against the hand that wielded it."

* * *

"But lo! a new Pope sits in the Vatican; a benevolent Pope, as Madame Tussaud has it. Greater harmony between a monarch and his people never existed; nor did an innovater on the throne ever meet with more unqualified, universal, applause. All the efforts of Austria, all her intrigues have failed to create one moment's alarm or disturbance. Old and new patriots, Monks and Jacobins, Carbonari and Young Italy, men of all creeds and parties proceed hand in hand. Greater mutual faith and reliance, compactness and unanimity, moderation and wisdom, the world never witnessed. Credit is given to the government to an unlimited amount. No shade of doubt as to the honesty of its intentions. A prince and state acting on such principles ought, in the nineteenth century to be invincible.

* * * * *

"They are a brave, mettlesome race, those Feretti, continues the same writer. "Firm even to stubbornness, bold even to rashness. They have also much of that inveteracy against Austria, which an all-wise Providence seems to have implanted in Italian bosoms. One of them, the Commander of Malta, stood alone against a whole Hungarian regiment; every officer of which he challenged to single combat, in 1815 in Bologna. He killed three of his adversaries; the surviving staff hastened to tender their most ample apologies. Such now are thy rulers, O Italy! The hour and the man are now with thee! What five and twenty years of delusions, of broken hearts, and martyrdoms have been slowly maturing, is now to be reaped in one summer day."

Such is the universal faith of the Italian people; and rapidly progressing events would seem to justify the opinion, that Italy is at length really awaking; that she is to be once more a united and great nation. Sicily has risen and shown what a people can do against hireling troops and imbecile tyrants. It has freed all Naples. Rome effervesces with the national enthusiasm. In the north, in the very states trodden under foot by the Austrian, the fire glows ready for outbreak. The eyes of Europe are fixed on the wily Metternich, and the Austrian armaments. A crisis approaches, and in every corner of Europe millions of restless spirits await the event. Not only Italy, but the world is awaking—and Liberty meditates one of its grand marches.

POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

By Poets of the People we mean poets belonging to the people in every sense. Poets who have risen out of the mass of the people, and who devote their genius to the people's benefit. We have long intended to give some collective notices of this class of poets, and we feel that in executing our task we shall be rendering a real service to the popular cause, and to our common humanity. We cannot too much impress upon the working classes a true idea of the place which they occupy in society, and in the great system of God's creation. We want them to feel that they are part and parcel of the human family, intimate and inalienable members of it; rightful possessors of its privileges; heirs to all its claims, promises, and glories. It is the duty of every man who can exert tongue or pen, to preach now-a-days the doctrine which Christ preached. That there is no serfdom in God's house. That we are all not only of one flesh and blood, but of one spirit. That the great All-father who knows nothing of respect of persons, has stamped in every human soul his own image, rich in every gift and faculty that can enable it to grasp the wonders of eternity, to develope itself in the progress of ages into all which makes bards, sages, philosophers, angels, and archangels. If the idea of ranks and classes, of aristocracies and diversities of blood had crept in and laid waste the unity of our nature in early and savage ages, Christ took care at his coming to shatter the delusion. He was born, bred, and walked amongst the poor. From the poor he chose his associates and apostles, to them he declared that he was specially sent; and by their hands and voices he made his wisdom known through the whole earth. To them he showed how clearly the most novel and abstruse truths may be enunciated. Unlike a herd of self-seeking philosophers of our later times who clothe their ideas in mists, and render their meanings difficult to be come at, that men may imagine them so vast and profound, that no ordinary terms can express them, the great Christian philosopher, uttered the most wonderful ideas, the most new and extraordinary truths, in language so simple and yet so perfect, that he who ran could read, and the way-faring man, though a fool, could not err in his conception of them.

Christ re-established the unity of human nature. He taught us the principles of eternal justice, and the grand secret of all harmony and happiness, on earth as in heaven—love. Till we arrive to that point of his system, we are unacquainted with Christianity, and are ignorant of our natures and our destinies. The dogmas and the mysteries that even the very highest disciples have wrapped around this glorious sun of the Christian system—this all-embracing sentiment of universal love, have only obscured its light from us, and screened from us its vital warmth. The gospel does not consist in doctrines and ceremonies, but in love.

But to love we must know who are worthy of our love, and here again the revelation of Christ embraced the infinite. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And then came the question—"Who is my neighbour?" And the answer, expressed in an immortal story was—"Every one who needs thy help." Therefore, far as worlds and systems of worlds can extend themselves—

through all the abodes of sentient beings in the infinitude of space—the chain of love—the spirit of neighbourhood extends itself. There is but one family and one father—one nature and one endowment. We are one flesh and blood—one soul—and in this great and kindred community, the only distinction is the excess of love—the only aristocracy that of divine virtue. Rank, classes, laws, and authority, can be only such as spring out of the will, and for the social and ultimate purposes of collective humanity.

There is nothing exclusive in God's law of life. The human soul contains in itself all the powers which are requisite to reach every height of intellectual greatness. It may be oppressed and retarded by circumstances, but it cannot be robbed of its divine dowry. Poverty and ignorance may obscure but cannot extinguish the eternal life within. As circumstances brighten, this great fact becomes every day more manifest. Mind quickens in what was before deemed the common clod; faculties unfold, sentiments warm into wondrous beauty, and what have for ages been termed the common people, demonstrate that they possess all the common properties of the race. The vital principle of grain will survive in the hand of the mummy for thousands of years; but the vital principle of human genius will survive much longer. Were a race to be wrapped in the funereal cerements of ignorance and oppression for ten thousand years, the spark of heaven would survive in the hidden dust, and at the first touch of the light of day would kindle up, and burn with all the intensity of unquenchable genius.

But in this world of ours, amid all the oppressions and degradations of the multitudes, the divine element has, from time to time, failed not to proclaim its existence and vindicate its rights. Amongst the greatest names of history, poetry, philosophy, and religion, those of the men of the people stand proudly conspicuous, the more brilliant from often having had to triumph over the sternest difficulties, and even over slavery itself.

Poetry, in particular, claims most illustrious votaries of this class, from the shepherd boy of Bethlehem and the blind wanderer of Greece to our own English poacher and Scotch ploughman. Having its seat in the intellect and the emotions, it has not depended so much on education and extensive research as are required by many other means of literary distinction—art, science, or accumulation of knowledge. It has in itself at once the faculty and the material necessary for its work. It deals with the great principles, passions, and sentiments of our universal nature, and startled into activity by circumstances which strongly excite these, it presents them in forms of life and fire to the public gaze with a power and novelty that partake of the character of divination. The school of the poet is the world, his books are men and women; his letters, the feelings, desires, and attachments that are the precious treasures of our souls. Whatever affects the great element of our being, whatever menaces our liberty, our love, our sense of independance or of devotion, calls forth the voice of the poet as the voice of God in the human heart. Hence Burns threw forth songs and sentences as he followed the plough, that no schoolmaster but the Eternal One could have taught him to construct, and which are become watchwords of freedom, guiding lights in dark places, spiriting to greatness and nobility all that come after him.

It is not the less true that the poetic faculty can be strengthened and expanded by travels into both books and countries. Neither Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, nor Milton, would have been exactly what they are or became, had they not wandered widely in the earth, and seen much of men and mountains, feeding freely on beauty and sublimity, and laying up store of experiences in their spirits. Men may widen their horizons, and add field to field in the regions of the intellect, but apart from the question of improving and strengthening, it is essential to maintain that poetry lives more or less in every heart, and comes forth in greater or less degree, according to the influencing cause, without regard to rank or exterior distinction. You may call it what you will. People have puzzled themselves immensely to define it—and we have yet no complete definition of it. It defies words. It lives in the essence of things. One man has called it "the flower of the soul." Campbell called it "the eloquence of truth." Wordsworth "the vision and the faculty divine." It is that faculty within us which is the spirit of our spirit. It is the electric fire of the heart, pervading it as the electric fluid pervades the earth, and becomes visible only at certain moments, soaring into the heavens, and flashing upon us; a fiery life, a beautiful death, a splendour that lights up the dark bosom of the tempest, a terror that makes the guilty tyrant remember that there is a power beyond his own.

Poetry is that part of our nature, which diffused through every other part of it, delights in whatever is great, beautiful, and generous. It was well termed by the ancients the *mens divinior*—the diviner mind. That perhaps remains to be, after all, its best and only definition. It mingles itself with all our feelings and emotions; it quickens our passions; elevates our sentiments, and becomes of all these not only the life but the language. There is nothing in our life, or in any of its movements, that has not its electric fire running through it. Our rejoicings, our adorations, our woes, our loves, our very crimes and tyrannies, all have their poetry, which retaining its own unchangeable properties, clothes them with their specific characters, giving beauty to the gentle and grandeur to the terrible. It is that which, though so intimately mingled with ourselves, is continually lifting us out of ourselves, and giving us feelings and views as of a heaven from whence it came; revealing its origin by its tendency. Ordinary natures we term prosaic yet, the very commonest and flattest mind at times betrays its presence—ceases to be prosaic, under some peculiar excitement, and we exclaim—"Why you are quite poetical!"

Poetry is everywhere. It is the finer spirit which God has breathed over all his creation. Wherever he is, there it is. The angels feel it, and worship. The world rolls on through space with all its lands, its seas, its forests and mountains, its cities and innumerable people, one great mass of poetry before God. The stars have been beautifully termed the poetry of heaven; the flowers the poetry of earth. Where the ocean swells and gleams around the globe, throwing its billows on all shores, from the frozen north to the fair islands of the south, all is full of poetry. The mountain top and all its eternal snows are steeped in it; the deep valley is hushed in its enchantment. The great river rushes along in the might of poetry; the little lowland brook with the flowers dipping into it hears its still small voice. The forest has it in its murmuring boughs, and its silent, shadowy heart. Where the clear blue air sweeps over mountain and moor, and brings to your gladdened heart, the sounds of solitary life, there is poetry. Where summer luxuriates with all her deep grass, her birds, and flowers, and humming bees, there broods the spirit of poetry. And where man dwells, poetry dwells. It dwells with poverty, and calamity, and ruin; these are the materials of great souls for great themes. Where armies strive, and men drop weltering in agonies and death, there is poetry, because man dares destruction, and is sublime even in his sins. Where men strive in solitary places, or in the desperate contests of civilized life, for power, for wealth, for the very lust of conquest, and in the violence of deadly hatred, there is poetry; for passions and power in their greatness have a grandeur however perverted; and out of these elements tragedies are created. Love, jealousy, revenge, cannot be divested of their atmosphere of poetry. Where the widow weeps, and the orphans droop in neglect, poetry weeps with them. It becomes divine often in sorrow—and generous sympathies have a poetry of tears. The past has its poetry of consecrated deeds and names—the future of magnificent hopes. Religion is poetry and poetry religion. In our veneration, in our wonder over God's works, in our gratitude for his goodness, poetry is upon us, and about us—bears us up into the infinite; gives emotions and words. It is that higher tone of the mind which brings it into sympathy with the best and most beautiful of everything in the universe. For, pervading all things, it is at once in us and around us, and finds alike in the interior and exterior nature food inexhaustible.

Universal, therefore, as is this divine faculty, it was quite certain that as the multitude began to partake of intellectual life, it would produce its poets, and that these would differ little from the poets of the schools, in the primary elements of their genius; differing amongst themselves only as these differ in the greater or less intensity of their poetic power.

No country has produced so splendid an array of the Poets of the People as our own. We propose now to give some notices of such as are living, or are but recently deceased; perhaps travelling amongst the latter in one or two instances farther backwards than we propose as a general rule, because we may think that there are facts concerning them which have been too much overlooked, and which it will be well to turn the public eye upon. The class will be found to possess some of the most illustrious of their whole order—Shakspeare and Burns were of them. But Shakspeare and Burns we need not introduce here. They are too entirely and universally known. We need not concern ourselves about Stephen Duck the thrasher, who, in the days of George II, was deemed such a wonder, that Queen Caroline made a clergyman of him, and converted him into so denaturalized a *duck*, that stumbling into the water near his house at Byfleet, he got drowned. There had been no Bloomfield then, though there was an Allan Ramsay. Nor need we swell our roll with Hogg, whose name, fame, and history are sufficiently familiar through his long connection with Blackwood's Magazine, and other periodicals. Wonderful shepherd and true poet as Hogg was, he, least of all his class, may be termed a poet of the people. The coterie with which he associated, and the high Toryism of the day, led Hogg to deal more with the imaginative and fanciful, than with the stirring topics of humanity, whilst the latter tendency is a great distinguishing and ennobling feature of almost every son of the multitude. The poets of the people, be it proudly recorded, are and have been, almost to a man, true to their order. Emphatically may it be said of them, that they have "learned in suffering what they teach in song." They have been born in "huts where poor men lie," and they have never been ashamed of their lineage. They have grown up amid true but sorrowing hearts, and their hearts never cease to beat with compassionate sympathies. They have felt the iron heel of oppression, and there is a tone in their writings which breathes a bold defiance, and hymns the advent of coming liberty. Their voice is like the voice of the forest which murmurs of the tempest ere it arrives. It is like the sound of the sea whose waves beat perpetually at the feet of the towers of tyranny. They sing of love, and freedom, and of the millennium of knowledge, whose dawn gladdens them, even as they traverse scenes of misery, and hear around them, the cries of hungry crowds. Though it be theirs peculiarly

"To travel near the tribes
And fellowship of men, and see ill sights
Of maddening passions mutually inflamed;
To hear humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish, or to hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities:—"

Yet of no men can it be more truly said,

"That even these
Hearing, they are not downcast or forlorn."

A spirit of strong endurance and of undaunted hope animates them.

They sing less of the present than of the bright future, and across the sea from France and Germany come kindred strains, like echoes of their noblest hopes. To these foreign Poets of the People we shall give also due attention—they are but few—yet necessary to give a complete *coup d'oeil* of the class, and of the spirit of the time. We shall commence our series next week with Robert Nicoll.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?

By W. Pickersgill.

How many glorious things might have been achieved—how many noble aspirations realized—how much enthusiasm usefully and properly employed—how much good accomplished for ourselves and our fellow-creatures but for one obstacle—one insurmountable barrier—one paltry and insignificant consideration—What will people say?

Fidgetty, nervous, shy and undecided, Abraham Falter was one of the most generous amiable little fellows in existence. He would not have harmed a fly—trodden upon a worm if he could have helped it. His weakness, indeed, was so great upon this particular point, that he would not keep a cat in his house, lest by any chance it should pounce upon a mouse and destroy it. He could not bear to have anything about him that delighted in taking away life. Many and many a time has he chased little moths round and round his room till he at length chased them out of the window, lest, caught by the glare of the candle, they should rush to their destruction. Pistols, guns, and swords, he hated the sight of. He regarded them, not as protectors of life and property, but as deadly instruments used for the purpose of taking away and destroying life.

Abraham Falter, as before observed, was a little man, much too high to be taken round the country and exhibited as a dwarf, and much too low to be considered a man of middle stature. He was, perhaps, about four feet ten, but we will not pretend to be exact to half an inch, or even an inch. He might be a trifle more or less. He was rather plain-looking, about five and twenty years of age, and particularly backward and unassuming. In fact, his backwardness was the curse of his existence, the barrier that retarded his advancement in the world, the rock (we regret to say it) on which he split. He hated to be quizzed by the world. He dreaded to forfeit people's good opinion. He had, by the way, as much of that as anybody breathing. He did nothing, undertook nothing, till he had put this question to himself—What will people say?

On the death of his father, Abraham Falter succeeded to his business, that of a hosier and haberdasher. The business was not an extensive one, but sufficiently remunerative to enable Abraham to live out of it in a plain and economical way, He had nobody but himself and a middle-aged housekeeper to provide for, his mother having died a few years subsequent to that period, when he first saw the light. He had no brothers nor sisters, but fate made him ample compensation; he had a cousin, who was as lovely as she was amiable. Emma Mayflower lived with her parents in the same town as Abraham Falter. They were, indeed, almost the only relations he had, and he was a constant visitor at their house. Emma was an only child, and her father was known to be exceedingly wealthy. She was younger than Abraham by a year or two. They had been playmates, schoolfellows in their early days; indeed, almost brought up together. Is it to be wondered at then, that Emma Mayflower should have taken a liking to her cousin? Is it to be wondered at, when her parents and everybody else made such a favourite of him that Abraham liked his cousin, nay, loved her, though he could not make up his mind to tell her so? Although the silly man had nothing to do but stammer out a few unconnected sentences to have at once become her accepted lover, and the son-in-law in perspective of his good uncle and aunt, still he could not muster courage. What it was that had all along prevented him will be seen from the following conversation that occurred one evening in his shop.

"Ah! Falter, you are a devilish lucky fellow," said a young man about Abraham's age, and a constant companion of his. "Here you have a snug little business, a little money in your hands, and one of the loveliest and most amiable girls in the place ready, at a few weeks' notice. to become your wife."

The latter part of the sentence startled Abraham Falter.

"Why certainly, Dakins, if you mean Emma Mayflower, she is a very nice girl indeed. But as to her becoming my wife, ha, ha, its quite absurd—ridiculous."

"Not at all. I would advise you to lose no time, for with her splendid prospects and other advantages, it is not likely that it will be very long before she receives some offer that she may be tempted to avail herself of."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly I do."

"Ha, ha, why you see, Dakins, I believe I should have as good a chance as anybody else, only it does appear to me so funny that I should offer myself as a candidate for her favours. We are almost like brother and sister, and have known each other so long. Besides, I think it would be presuming. She has a fortune—I have none; she is handsome—I am plain. If I were declaring my sentiments to her and aspiring to her hand, I might be considered to be taking an undue advantage of my position, and there is really no knowing what people would say."

"Never mind what people say. Between ourselves, people mind precious little what either you or I say."

"Well, I will consider of it."

"Do," said Dakins, "Give it your mature consideration, but don't brood too long over it."

With these words Dakins quitted the shop, and Abraham was left alone.

Abraham thought of the subject all that night and all the following day, and a thousand times did he determine to go boldly forward and declare his sentiments to his cousin, and if need be, throw himself prostrate at her feet, and a thousand times did he change his intention, and resolve to do no such thing. For some weeks did he remain in this wavering and undecided state of mind, but one evening he "screwed his courage to the sticking place," and came to the determination of speaking to her upon the subject. He dressed himself as neatly as he could, and set out for her residence. He got to the door of the house, was just on the point of lifting the knocker, when suddenly, by the aid of an over-excited imagination, he fancied he saw these words rise out of the wood of the door. "What will people say?" He turned upon his heel and hurried off home as fast as he could. On the following day, Miss Mayflower received an eligible offer from a gentleman with whom her family were well acquainted, which (not knowing what her cousin's sentiments towards herself were) she accepted.

A few months after the marriage of his cousin, Abraham Falter and his friend Dakins were sitting one evening in the house of the former, smoking their cigars and drinking their grog together. After talking over a variety of subjects, Dakins thus addressed his friend.

"Well, Falter, you've missed one excellent chance by your backwardness, I hope that you will not act so foolishly with regard to the one I am now going to tell you of."

"Much depends upon its character."

"I can speak for its eligibility in every point of view."

"What is it?" said Abraham.

"Why it's this. Old Pubbs, who you know as well as I do, has made a handsome fortune, is going to give up his business and retire into private life, in consequence of ill-health and growing infirmities. His shop is to let. Take it, and your fortune is made."

"Consider the rent, my good fellow."

"Consider the situation," said Dakins.

"The rent is three times as much as I pay," observed Abraham.

"The shop commands ten times the trade that your's does," said Dakins.

"That's very true," replied Abraham. "That's a point that should not be overlooked."

"I advise you, as a friend not to lose unnecessary time, but take it at once."

"I believe I shall," said Abraham, for it really does appear to be a good chance but ——"

"Let's have no buts," said Dakins.

"Why you see, Dakins, you've known me for many years. You know that I have always been a very humble, unassuming individual. You know that my present shop, though plain in its appearance, is very convenient, and all that; and that Pubbs's shop is really a splendid, a magnificent place, perhaps too much so for such a fellow as me. If I were going into it, I really do think it would look rather odd, rather strange, eh? It would seem to be going ahead rather too fast—sticking one's self up rather too high, and although I may take the shop (it's not at all unlikely, as I really do think it a good spec), yet if I should, 'pon my soul, I —I don't know what people will say."

"The old story over again," said Dakins. "If I were in your place, I would not hesitate a moment."

"I'll try and make up my mind in a few days."

"In a few days your chance will be gone."

"I don't think that," said Abraham.

Shortly after the above discussion the two friends parted for the night.

Three or four days elapsed, and still Abraham Falter was not decided as to whether he ought to take the shop or not. There were many temptations on the one hand. The shop was commodious, in a good situation, commanded a great deal of chance custom; but on the other hand, if he ventured to take it, would it not appear as if he were too aspiring—too ambitious? Would his conduct not be reprehensible? In short, what would people say? On the fifth day, he resolved to defy the world's opinion, and to take the shop in spite of everything. He went first to examine it previously to speaking with the landlord, but when he got there, the 'to let' was down—a new name painted upon the sign-board—and Abraham Falter's chance lost again! He returned home, and consoled himself as well as he could.

Two or three years passed over, and Abraham Falter still kept jogging on in his usual way, paying as much deference as ever to the world's opinion, and regulating his conduct accordingly. One morning an old friend called upon him, and they had a long and private conference together. Shortly after it was over, he went to call upon his friend, Dakins, who was a clerk in a merchant's office. He found him alone, his master being out of town on business.

"I want to ask your advice, Dakins," said Abraham, as soon as he got into the office.

"I'm at your service," said Dakins, placing a couple of chairs before the fire, and inviting his friend to take a seat.

"My friend Bobsly has just called upon me, and wants to know, if I'll do him a favour."

"What is it?"

"He wants me to be bond for him for three hundred pounds. He has a capital chance of making a good sum of money, he says, but it is necessary to get a party to be security for that amount. He has a large family, you know, and is a very deserving character."

"Have nothing to do with it," said Dakins.

"The amount is certainly large."

"Have nothing to do with it," said Dakins.

"There is a risk to be sure," observed Abraham.

"He may be very honest, but the thing may not turn out so well as he expects, and then what is to become of you!"

"That's very true, replied Abraham.

"I beseech you to take my advice this time. You refused to act promptly and decisively in two instances before, and I believe you now regret it."

"Well," said Abraham rising from his seat, "I will try to take your advice this time. I will, upon my word."

Abraham bade his friend good morning, and departed. Three days had been allowed him by Bobsly for consideration. At the end of that period, the latter again waited upon Abraham, who, however, summoned up courage to inform him, that he could not accommodate him. He regretted it, he said, exceedingly, but the risk was too great to enable him to comply with his wishes. Bobsly used every entreaty, referred to the integrity of his character, their long and uninterrupted friendship, and concluded by saying,—

"Well, my dear Falter, I am sure, if you persist in refusing me this favour, I was never more mistaken in my life. I have always thought you, and so has everybody, the kindest hearted fellow in existence. But now, what am I to think—what will everybody think? What will people say?"

It was all in vain, Poor Abraham Falter could not resist these all-potent words. He was undone. He agreed to become Bobsly's security.

Six months after, Bobsly was unable to fulfil his part of the contract, and his creditor seized everything that Abraham possessed, and cast him into prison. He was visited there by Dakins a few days afterwards.

"Ah! Falter, Falter," said Dakins, "you have ruined yourself at last. Had you taken my advice you would not have been here. Had you not paid too much deference to the world's good opinion, you would never have forfeited it. The gentleman who married your cousin has taken a house in the country, and is now enjoying his wife's fortune. Tyler, who took Pubbs's shop is rapidly saving money, and you are here incarcerated within these gloomy walls. What, now. my good friend, what now will people say?"

"What indeed," stammered out Abraham.

A short time after the interview referred to above, Abraham Falter was restored once more to society, but he never rose again. He was engaged as an assistant to Tyler the man who took Pubbs's shop. He was a martyr to the world's opinion, and the following interrogatory.—What will People say?

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Translated for "Howitt's Journal,"

From Lamartine's "Histoire des Girondins."

(Continued from p. 101.)

THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

Louis XVI. had read much history, and especially the History of England. Like all unhappy people he sought in the misfortunes of others — of dethroned princes—analogies to his own misfortune. The portrait of Charles I. by Vandyck, was unceasingly before his eyes in his cabinet at the Tuileries; his history often open upon his table. He had been struck by these two circumstances: that James II. had lost his crown through having quitted his kingdom, and that Charles I. had been beheaded through making war against his Parliament and his People. These reflections had inspired him with an instinctive repugnance to the idea of leaving France, or of throwing himself on the protection of his army. It was, therefore, inevitable that his freedom of mind should be completely overpowered by the imminence of present perils, and that the terror which night and day besieged the Tuileries, should have entered the very soul of the King and Queen. The atrocious menaces which assailed them the moment they showed themselves at the windows, the outrages of the journalists, the vociferations of the Jacobins, the disturbances and assassinations which occurred daily in the capital and provinces, the violent opposition to their departure for Saint Cloud, and last of all, the remembrance of the poniards which had pierced the very bed of the Queen on the 5th and 6th of October, made their whole life one continued pang. Flight was at length determined upon; it had frequently been discussed before the time when the King decided upon it. Mirabeau himself, bought over by the Court, had proposed it in the mysterious interviews he had had with the Queen. The King thus, at length, was about to suspend by a fragile thread, his throne, his liberty, his life, and the lives, yet a thousand times dearer to him, of his wife, his children, and his sister. His agonies were long and terrible; they were of eight months duration; his only confidants, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, several faithful servitors within the palace, and the Marquis de Bouillé without. The Marquis de Bouillé, cousin of M. De la Fayette, was of a character the most opposed to the Hero of Paris. He was a grave and determined warrior, attached to the monarchy by principle, attached to the King by a religious devotion. He had under his command the troops of Lorraine, Alsace, Franche-Comté, and Champagne.

The time of action being now arrived, the Count de Fersen, a young Swede, attached to the Queen with a chivalrous devotion, and who had hastened from Stockholm at the first signal given him by her—became the principal and almost sole agent in the hazardous enterprise. He undertook to provide the carriage which should await the Royal Family at Bondy. The fact of his being a foreigner gave a covering to all his plans, which were arranged with a happiness equal to his devotion. The old Gardes du Corps, M.M. de Valory, de Moustier, and de Maldan, were taken into his confidence, and prepared for the part which the King assigned them: they were to disguise themselves as domestics and mount the carriage.

The Queen, long occupied with the idea of this flight, had already in March desired one of her women to have conveyed to Bruxelles a complete wardrobe for *Madame royale*, and the Dauphin; in the same manner she had sent her dressing-case to her sister the Arch-Duchess Christina, Governor of the Netherlands; her diamonds and her jewels had been entrusted to her hair-dresser Leonard. The slight signs of a meditated flight had not completely escaped the vigilance of a treacherous female attendant. This woman had noticed whisperings and gestures, portfolios open on the table, jewels wanting in their cases; she had reported these symptoms to M. de Gouvion, Aide-de-camp to La Fayette, with whom she had intimate connexions. M. de Gouvion reported them to the Mayor of Paris and his General. But these reports had been so often renewed, and on all sides, had so often been denied by fact, that people had ended by attaching little importance to them. Nevertheless, on this day, the announcements of this woman caused the measures taken for nocturnal surveillance to be redoubled in the castle. Thus, one sees, what with sullen agitation in the public mind, and the severity of the King's imprisonment, how difficult the escape of so many persons at one time must have been. Yet, whether through the connivance of some of the National Guards, whether through the well-concerted measures of the Count de Fersen, or whether Providence was willing to grant a last ray of hope and preservation to those so soon to be overwhelmed by such misfortune, all the prudence of their jailers was deceived, and the Revolution for a moment let its prey escape.

The King and Queen admitted as usual at their hour of retiring to rest, those persons who were in the habit of, at that hour, paying their court to them. They did not dismiss their attendants earlier than usual. But as soon as they were left alone they re-dressed themselves. They put on their travelling costume, very simple, and suited to the character which each fugitive was to assume. They joined Madame Elizabeth and the children in the Queen's chamber, and passing by a secret corridor to the apartment of the Duke de Villequier, they issued forth from the Palace in separate groups and at different intervals of time, so as not to attract the attention of the sentinels. Favoured by the bustle of foot-passengers and carriages, which, at this hour, after the Royal audience, were accustomed to issue from the castle, and which doubtless Count de Fersen had taken care to increase this evening, they succeeded in reaching the *Carrousel* without being recognised. The Queen gave her arm to one of the Garde-du-Corps, and led the Dauphin by the hand. In crossing *le Carrousel* she met La Fayette, followed by one or two of his officers, who were entering the Tuileries to see that the precautionary measures called forth by the revelations made during the day, were already taken. She shuddered in recognising the man who, in her eyes represented insurrection and captivity, but in escaping his observation, she believed she had escaped that of the nation, and smiling, made a remark upon this deceived jailer, who, on the morrow, would be unable to render up his captives to the people. The King wished to follow last with the Dauphin. Count de Fersen, disguised as a coachman, walked at a little distance before them, acting as guide. The rendezvous of the royal family was on the *Quai des Theatins*, where two hackney coaches awaited them. The Queen's women and the Marquis de Tourzel had preceded them. In the trouble and confusion of so hazardous and complicated an enterprise, the Queen and her guide mistook their way. Perceiving thair error, they were seized with anxiety, and precipitately retraced their steps. The King and his son, obliged to reach the same spot by out of the way streets and another bridge, were half an hour in arriving. This was an age to the wife and sister. At length they arrived. and threw themselves into the first coach; Count Fersen mounted the box, seized the reins, and himself drove the royal family to Bondy, the first post-station between Paris and Chalons. They there found, through the Count Fersen's care, the *Berline* constructed for the King, and another carriage awaiting them. The carriages rolled along the road to Châlons; relays of horses were provided at all the posting stations. The number of horses, the splendour and remarkable form of the *Berline*, the number of travellers, the Gardes-du-corps, whose liveries accorded ill with their noble physiognomy and military bearing, the Bourbon face of Louis XVI, seated in a corner of the carriage, and which strangely contrasted with the character of the valet which he had assumed, were circumstances of a nature to awaken suspicion on the road. But the pass-port from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied to all this. It was in these terms,—"In the King's name, we grant this pass-port to Madame, the Baroness de Korf, returning to Frankfort with her two children, a maid, a valet-de-chambre, and three domestics;" and lower down, "Minister of Foreign Affairs, Montmorin." This foreign name, the title of a German Baroness, the proverbial opulence of the Frankfort bankers, all had been well concerted by Count de Fersen, as a cloak for whatever was suspicious or unusual in the royal *cortége*.

In effect, nothing did excite public attention, or stop their course, until they reached Montmirail, a little town between Meaux and Chalons. There some repairs which had to be done to the *Berline*, suspended the King's departure for an hour. This delay, during which their flight might be discovered at the Tuileries, and couriers despatched after them, filled the fugitives with consternation. The carriage was, however, promptly repaired, and the travellers departed, without imagining that the loss of this hour would perhaps cost the liberty and life of four out of the five persons who composed the royal family.

They were filled with security and confidence. The happy success of their escape from Paris, the punctuality so far of the relays, the solitude of the roads, the inattention of the towns and villages through which they passed, so many dangers already behind them, safety so near, every turning of the wheels bringing them nearer M. de Bouillé, and the faithful troops posted by him to receive them, the very beauty of the season and the day, so sweet to eyes, which, for two long years had only rested upon the seditious crowds of the Tuileries, or the forest of bayonets of an armed people beneath their windows, all consoled their hearts, and made them believe that Providence had at length declared in their favour.

They entered Châlons under these happy auspices—It was the only large town they had to pass through.—It was three o'clock in the afternoon. A few idlers grouped themselves round the carriages whilst they were changing horses. The King imprudently shewed himself at the window. He was recognised by the post-master. But the brave man, feeling that he had his sovereign's life in his hands, distracted the attention of the crowd, himself aided in putting in the horses, and hastened the postilions' departure. The carriage rolled through the gates of Châlons. The King, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth exclaimed at once "we are saved!"

At Pont-sommerville the King expected to meet M. de Bouillé, M. de Choiseul, and M. Guoguelas, at the head of a detachment of Hussars. Besides which as soon as they descried the royal carriage, an Hussar was to have been despatched to announce the arrival of the travellers at the post-stations of Sainte Menehould, and Clermont. He had felt confident of finding there, his devoted and armed friends. He found no one. M. de Choiseul and M. de Guoguelas and the fifty Hussars had departed half an hour before. People seemed excited and murmured round the carriages, regarding the travellers with suspicion. Nevertheless no one opposed their departure, and at half-past seven they arrived at Sainte Menehould. It was still broad day light. Uneasy at having thus passed two stations without finding his promised escort, the King, by a natural movement looked through the window to search in the crowd for some sign of intelligence which should reveal the motive of its absence. This moment was his destruction. The son of the post-master, Drouet, recognised the King whom he had never before seen, from his resemblance to his head on the coin.

Nevertheless, as the horses were already put in, the postilions mounted, and the town, occupied by a detachment of Dragoons, this young man did not alone dare to attempt in that place, the arrest of the carriages. The commander of these Dragoons had equally recognised the royal carriages from the instructions he had received. He wished his troop to mount and follow the King; but the national guard of Sainte Menehould quickly informed by the sullen rumour of the resemblance borne by the travellers to the portraits of the royal family, surrounded the barracks, closed the doors of the stables, and opposed themselves to their departure.

Meanwhile the son of the post-master saddled his best horse, and set out at full speed towards Varennes, there to anticipate the arrival of the travellers, announce his suspicions to the magistrates, and excite the patriots to arrest the monarch. Whilst the man galloped along the road to Varennes, the King, whose destiny he carried with him, pursued his course without mistrust towards the same town. Drouet was sure to arrive before the King as he pursued a nearer and more direct route, one only taken by horsemen and foot passengers. Drouet had thus hours before him, and destruction travels more rapidly than rescue. Yet, by a strange entanglement of fate death also pursued him,

A quarter-master of the dragoons shut up in the barracks of Sainte Menehould had alone found means to mount his horse and escape the observation of the people. Informed by his commander of the precipitate departure of Drouet, and suspecting his motive, he had hastened in pursuit of him on the road to Varennes, sure of overtaking him and resolved to kill him. He followed within sight of him, but always at a distance so as not to excite his suspicions, and thus insensibly approach him at a favourable moment and lonely part of the road. Drouet looking back several times to see whether he were pursued, had perceived this horseman, and comprehended his stratagem; born in the country and knowing all the paths, he suddenly quitted the road, and favoured by a wood into which he dashed with his horse, escaped out of the quarter-master's sight and with all speed, pursued his course to Varennes.

Arrived at Clermont—the post-station between Sainte Menehould and Varennes—the King was recognised by Count Charles de Damas who awaited him at the head of two squadrons. Without preventing the departure of the carriages, the corporation of Clermont, filled with vague suspicions by the prolonged stay of three troops commanded the Dragoons not to march. They obeyed, and Count Damas abandoned by his squadrons, found means to escape with one inferior officer and three Dragoons, and galloped toward Varennes at some distance from the King. Too feeble or too late a succour.

The royal family shut up in the *Berline* and seeing no obstacle opposed to their journey, were ignorant of these sinister events. It was half-past eleven when the carriages reached the first houses of the little town of Varennes. All slept or appeared to sleep, all was deserted and silent. Varennes was not on the posting line between Châlons and Montmèdy, and thus the King would not find post-horses there. It had, however been arranged between him and M. de Bouillè, that M. de Choiseul's horses should be stationed in readiness at a certain place in Varennes to conduct the travellers to Dun and Stenay, where M. de Bouille awaited them.

We have already seen that M. de Choiseul and M. de Guoguelas who, with their fifty Hussars were to have awaited the King at Pont Sommerville and follow him, had neither awaited nor followed him. Instead of being at Varennes at the same time as the king, these officers had with their detachment taken a road which increased the distance between Pont Sommerville and Varennes by several leagues, but which avoided Sainte Menehould where the passing through of the Hussars the day previous, had created some excitement. Thus it happened that neither M. de Guoguelas nor M. de Choiseul the King's confidants and guides were at Varennes, when he arrived. They arrived an hour later. The carriages stopped at the entrance of Varennes.

The King, astonished at seeing neither M. de Choiseul M. de Guoguelas, the escort, nor the relay of horses, awaited with anxiety the sound of postilion's whips. The three gardes-du-corps descended and went from door to door enquiring where the horses might be. No one could tell them.

The little town of Varennes is divided into two distinct quarters, the higher and the lower town; separated by a river and a bridge; M. de Guoguelas had placed the relay in the lower town, on the other side of the bridge. This measure was in itself prudent, because in case of a tumult, the changing of the horses, and the departure would be more easily effected, the bridge once passed. But the King should have been apprized of this, and he was not. The King and Queen, greatly agitated, alighted themselves and wandered through the deserted streets, trying to discover the horses. They knocked at the doors of houses where they saw lights, they inquired; no one understood what they wanted. At length they returned discouraged to the carriages where the impatient postilions threatened to take out the horses and abandon them. By entreaties, gold, and promises they persuaded these men to remount, and drive through the town. The carriages set out. The travellers reassure themselves, they attribute this accident to a misunderstanding, and imagine themselves in the midst of the camp of M. de Bouille. The high town is passed without an obstacle. The houses repose in the most deceitful calm. Only a few men are awake, and these men are concealed and silent.

Between the high and the low town there rises a tower at the entrance of the bridge which separates them. This tower rests upon a heavy, gloomy, and narrow vault, through which carriages are obliged to pass, and which the slightest obstacle can block up. A remnant of feudalism, a wicked snare in which formerly the people were taken by the nobles, but where, by a strange reverse, the people were destined one day to take prisoner a whole monarchy. The carriages have scarcely entered the obscurity of this vault, when the horses, terrified by an overturned cart, and other obstacles in their path, stop, and five or six men issue forth from the gloom with arms in their hands, rush to the horses' heads, to the boxes and carriage windows, and desire the travellers to dismount and appear before the magistrates to have their passports examined. The man who thus commanded his sovereign was Drouet. Just arrived at Sainte-Menehould, he had awoke out of their first sleep several young patriots, his friends; had imparted to them his conjectures, and inspired them with the uneasiness which devoured him. Still uncertain of the reality of their suspicions, they wished to reserve to themselves the glory of arresting the King of France.

At this sudden encounter; at the sound of these cries; at the sight of these flashing swords and bayonets, the gardes-du-corps rise from their seats, lay their hands upon their concealed swords, and, by a look, demand their orders from the king. The king desires them to desist. The horses heads are turned, the carriages are escorted by Drouet to the house of a grocer named Sausse, who at the same time was a magistrate.

There the king and his family were made to descend from their carriages to have their passports examined. At the same time Drouet's associates disperse themselves shouting through the town, knocking at doors, and, mounting the belfry, sound the tocsin. The terrified inhabitants awake, the National Guards of the town and neighbourhood arrive one by one at the door of M. Sausse; others hasten to the detachment of troops to disarm them. In vain the king begins by denying his rank; his features, and those of the queen, betray them; he confesses himself to the mayor and corporation; he seizes the hand of M. Sausse, and addresses him in the most moving terms.

These men affected, respectful in their violence, hesitate and seem vanquished. This spectacle of their suppliant king, of this queen now majestic, now kneeling before them, endeavouring, by her despair, or her prayers, to wring from their lips a permission to depart, overpowers them. They would have yielded, had they listened to their hearts alone. But they begin to feel for themselves the responsibility of their indulgence. The wife of M. Sausse, whose husband frequently consults her by his eye, and in whose heart the queen hoped to find compassion, is the most insensible of all.

Whilst the king addresses the members of the corporation, the queen weeping, her children on her knees, seated between packages of goods, thus addresses Madame Sausse: "You are a mother, madame, you are a wife. The fate of a wife and mother is in your hands! Think what I must suffer for these children, for my husband! I might owe their lives to one word of yours! The Queen of France will owe you more than her kingdom—more than her life!"

"Madame," replied the good grocer's wife, drily, "I should like to serve you. You think of the king; I think of M. Sausse. A wife ought to think of her husband."

All hope is gone, since there is no longer pity in the heart of woman. The queen retires indignant and furious, with Madame Elizabeth and the children to two little rooms high up in Madame Sausse's house. She bursts into tears. Below, the king, surrounded by the members of the corporation, and National Guards, has also given up endeavouring to move them; he ascends and descends unceasingly the miserable wooden staircase: he goes from the queen to his sister; from his sister to his children. What he has been unable to obtain by compassion, he hopes still to obtain through time and force. In any case, he is convinced he shall be delivered by M. de Bouillé before the return of the courier sent off to Paris; he only wonders that succour is so long in coming. Hours, however, pass, the night goes over, and yet no succour arrives.

The officer who commanded the squadron of Hussars at Varennes had not been taken into entire confidence. He had only been informed that a treasure would pass the town, which he must escort. No courier had preceded the royal carriages. M. M. de Choiseul and De Guoguelas, who ought to have been at Varennes before the king, and have communicated the latest orders of their secret commission to this officer, were not there. Two other officers, put into complete knowledge of the plans for the journey, and sent by M. de Bouillé to Varennes, were at the inn in the lower town, with the horses of M. de Choiseul destined for the carriages; they were ignorant of what was passing in the other parts of the town, and awaited the arrival of M. Guoguelas; they were only aroused by the sound of the tocsin.

M. de Choiseul and M. de Guoguelas, with Count Charles Damas, and his three faithful dragoons, escaped with difficulty from the insurrection of Clermont; galloped, however, towards Varennes; arrived at the town-gates three quarters of an hour after the king's arrest; they were recognised by the National Guard, stopped and forced to alight. They demand permission to speak to the king. They are permitted. The king forbids them to attempt violence. He awaits each moment the superior forces of M. de Bouillé. Nevertheless, M. de Guoguelas, quitting the house, sees hussars mingling in the crowd, which fills the place; he wishes to prove their fidelity.

"Hussars!" he imprudently exclaims, "are you for the nation or the king?"

"Vive la nation!" reply the soldiers; "we are and shall always be for the nation!"

The people applaud. Their commander escapes, and, joining the two officers placed with the horses in the lower town, all three quit Varennes, and hasten to inform their general at Dun.

These two officers had been shot at, when, hearing of the arrest of the king, they had attempted to hasten to him. The night had passed in these vicissitudes. Already the National Guards from the neighbouring village had arrived; barriers had been erected between the high and low town, and couriers despatched to Metz and Verdun to request the corporations of those towns to send troops and cannon to Varennes to prevent, as was expected, the carrying off of the king by M. de Bouillé's forces.

(To be continued.)

◆

A BATTLE OF-LIFE AND DEATH.

A Tale.

By Berthold Auerbach.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

(Concluded from p. 106.)

It was again Autumn. A lively little girl had increased the number of Stephan's family; but he had lost a friend. The schoolmaster was put in prison, because he had received a letter from his brother who had gone out with the emigrants, and in it their lamentable fate was described in vivid colours. They had had to wait many weeks before the commencement of their voyage, and could meet with assistance from no one. The persons who had contracted for the voyage had been faithlessly released from their bargain by the owners of the ship, and the unhappy emigrants could meet with no one who would take up their cause and give emphasis to their complaints, hence it happened that many of them fell into the hands of sharpers and kidnappers, and from want of money and friendly advice were induced to become settlers in the unwholesome English and French colonies, where, after a few years, their death was certain.

The brother's letter ran thus:—

"Oh, we Germans! Be it known to you, you are Germans! Of all people in the world blessed in the highest degree with a paternal government, and when you pass the gaily-painted barrier-lines of your native land, you find of what value you are in the world, and how guardians of your safety are everywhere established. We pay by our taxes for ambassadors being sent to every capital of the world, in order that couriers may be despatched on panting horses to announce what festivals have been celebrated, and what great lady has been delivered—but the subjects who pay these taxes, they require no protection in foreign lands. They may go to the dogs, the ridicule of the world, or the objects of their utmost compassion—what do they signify? If an acquaintance or a customer of ours who has helped to support us dies, we accompany him to his resting-place in the grave; but the subjects, who until now have helped to maintain the state, and who have emigrated for the greatest part from want, or from fear of want in the future—they are no longer worthy of the care of the paternal government. It is only so long as you can pay taxes that you are under its protection; when you cease to pay these you may go to the devil. That is the law of the paternal governments!"

With the intention of warning people from emigrating in this improvident manner, the schoolmaster had made several copies of this letter, which he put in circulation, because the police refused to sanction its publication in any newspaper.* And for this cause the schoolmaster was now imprisoned.

Stephan stood leaning against his door-post one Sunday morning, and quietly watched the swallows which darted through the air with the speed of arrows. The thoughts of emigration which had been for some time slumbering again awoke: he thought that these swallows were now also about to emigrate, and had no longer any rest, because otherwise they would have to suffer cold and hunger. They were able to remove at will, for animals have only to care for themselves and their young while they are little; of parents they know nothing.

That was only, after all, a remnant of the bad, old thought, but to Stephan it seemed as if another person and not he himself, had cherished such thoughts within his heart formerly.

All at once a sudden shout was heard on all sides, "Duke Lumbus is come back again! Duke Lumbus is come back again!"

A man in tattered clothes rushed through the street towards the church-yard, and foaming at the mouth cried, "My wife! give me my wife! Where is she? If she is not there, kill me at once!"

The bell rang for church, and still he cried, "Is she yet buried? Who is it that has murdered her? Who says that it was I?—It *was* I! Kill me at once!"

The people who were going to church surrounded the madman, who smote his breast and cried,

"Do you see! she stood up aloft on the rope-ladder in the ship; her apron fluttered in the wind, and I could not mount into the ship; I couldn't throw her down. I threw her down from the ladder in the barn and hid myself three days in the hay—did you think I was gone on a journey? I never was away—I never was away—I was there!"

He sunk down in violent convulsions, and Stephan was the first who, trembling, and yet full of strength, laid hold upon the fever-stricken man to carry him into the nearest house—it was as if he himself were carrying in his own double.

Here was one who had accomplished that which he had meditated. He busied himself tenderly about the frantic man, and when at length he was calmed and restored to his senses, he cut Stephan to the heart by saying to him, "Thou art good, Stephan, I thank thee; thou hast always been good."

At home Stephan regarded the old mother with a feeling of thankfulness. He had always looked upon her as the prime cause of his remaining behind in poverty, and after all she had been the means of preserving them from much greater misery.

After a few days the schoolmaster was again released; but he now saw with regret that even his own poor means of gaining a livelihood were ruined to him, and therefore he determined to emigrate in company with Stephan. Stephan had, however, yet to suffer a severe chastisement for the wicked thoughts which he had formerly harboured in his mind.

One day he fastened down some boards which had become loose in the floor of the loft; formerly he had with an untroubled mind seen everything in disorder and falling to pieces, the window in the roof with difficulty holding itself up by one hinge, or people stumbling a hundred times over the broken boards—now, however, he set himself to put all to rights; it seemed to him as if he must put his whole house in order, since he had begun to regulate all his thoughts and actions. The grandmother sate upon the stairs which led up to the loft, and played with the cat. All at once a shrill cry was heard, and the grandmother fell down stairs. Stephan hastened to her help, rushing down the steps with the hammer in his hand. Several neighbours hurried to the spot and gathered round the old woman who lay as in the last extremity on the stone floor.

Stephan stood staring at the lifeless form, pale as death; now that had happened which formerly in the secret of his soul he had so often wished. An intense horror seized him, as if his wishes had accomplished the deed. He desired to be alone, and ran about as if out of his mind; he did not know what to do. Before long the police came and took Stephan into custody.

That which he had concealed in the most secret corner of his soul, and against which he had combated, and which he fancied no mortal soul could ever conceive, now was suspected by everybody, and therefore a complaint was lodged against him. He was accused of having struck down the old grandmother with a hammer, with a design of thus taking her life.

The conscience-stricken Duke Lumbus who had voluntarily delivered himself into the hands of justice had easily given occasion to this suspicion in the public mind.

And yet this terrible occurrence might on the other hand have suggested that it would have been the means of deterring every one from such a crime.

Again Stephan had to experience all the horror of his former premeditated murder, which seemed now laid open to the eyes of the judge, as an accomplished crime worthy of punishment. He could and would not deny that which had formerly burdened his soul, but then would not this establish and make known his guilt?

Margaret, resolute as she was, had only had one glance at her husband as he was led away by the police, and she now speedily resolved to leave no means of recovery untried with her mother. Fortunately she succeeded; the old woman recovered her speech and, as so frequently happens in the hour of death, recovered also the full power of her mind, and told that she wanted to catch the cat, and when this sprang away from her, she fell to the ground. In the evening she died, but before that time Stephan was restored to liberty.

---

* The censorship of the press, which is in the hands of the police in Germany, prevents any freedom of expression in the public papers.—Eds.

When the grandmother was buried, Stephan stood weeping over her open grave; those were the last tears which he shed on his native soil, for in undisturbed peace he now prepared for his emigration. His character had become strengthened by his battle with himself and the world.

He had been saved out of the deepest temptations; he had become acquainted with himself and those who belonged to him through severe trial, and now he was in unity with himself and them. He could now with renewed courage prepare for a new life.

The schoolmaster and Stephan had also a new bond of union between them; they had become acquainted with the prisons of their native land. Stephan had persevered in his scheme of emigration, but only in the same way that he ate his supper on the first evening when he made his acquaintance, only because he had determined to do so, and without its having a relish; now, however, there was a new excitement; he had endured a public punishment for a combat in his own heart.

Stephan and the schoolmaster with their families were among the very first who were enabled, by aid of the society which was just then established for the protection of emigrants, to remove to North America.

From the time of leaving their native village until they reached the place of their destination were they conveyed from one kind hand to another, and they often silently blessed those who, out of no self-interest, but from pure human-kindness smoothed to them the sorrowful path of emigration.

Stephan's youngest child, which bore the name of the grandmother, learned to run alone on American ground, and he loved to call it "Grandmother," and thus to keep alive the memory of the deceased.

A VALENTINE.

By W. C. Bennett.

Prithee, said I, heart of mine,
Who shall be my valentine?
And my heart it made reply,
With a start and with a sigh,
For the matter care not I,
Nay in sooth the choice be thine
Who shall be thy valentine.

Nay, thy secret prithee tell.
Trust me, heart, I know it well
By thy current's quick retreat,
Breathless pause and fluttering beat,
By the flushes quick to meet
Her sweet coming, know I well
All, and more than thou can'st tell.

Said I, silly heart reveal
What thou canst no more conceal,
And my heart that found no use
Further 'twas to urge excuse
Gave its curbed passion loose—
Emma, would that thou wert mine,
Mine—for aye my valentine.

Greenwich.

THE POOR AND THE POOR LAWS.

Although there may be unquestionable data for assuming that England is the greatest country in the world, we must by no means take pride to ourselves that we have all the attributes of a great people. There is confessedly much about us that is small, much from which we ought to endeavour to purge ourselves. Care should be taken that we are not excessively humane on the one hand, or extremely cruel on the other—in fact, that we have not in our nature too great a mixture of good and evil. If we look into our Arts and Sciences, we have therein names of which we are justly proud—Reynolds, Wilkie, Watt, Arkwright, Cavendish, Davy, and a thousand others whom we could name, are men whom any country would honour. As a literary nation we occupy no mean position—England has produced men whose writings will live for all time. If we examine our wealth we shall find that we are the richest nation in the world. Our exports, alone exceed in amount the whole revenue of many kingdoms, and our empire extends over one third of the globe. The sun never sets on our dominions—a company of British merchants rule, *de facto*, a country one of the richest and most extensive on the face of the globe. We are unquestionably masters of the ocean, and it is true what a celebrated foreigner once said to us—"You conquer one half of the world and you bully the other." But with all this brightness in our national picture, a terrible fact stares us in the face. In the back-ground may be seen in unquestionable colours the glaring amount of destitution we possess beyond other nations of the world. How is this? A country so magnanimously great and wealthy as to afford shelter to the exiled foreigner—to give freedom to the slave, and yet to possess the most poor. Impossible! one would say. But, alas! too true. It is a fact, a stubborn, a great fact, and what is more, the tide of national humanity as been rolling against our own poor. A bad law and the apathy of its administrators to the wants and habits of the poor have placed us in this dreadful position.—What have they done? Have they suppressed mendicity? Look at the innumerable number of beggars that infest our streets and homes—see them clothed in nature's hideousness, until we are disposed to question whether they were originally intended to walk erect. Is crime dismayed by the harsh treatment of the poor? Alas! see the daily records of our police courts—magistrates assaulted in the open streets—windows belonging to the courts of justice broken! *bread* stolen! and for what?—that the poor wretches may obtain in gaol that protection which they are illegally denied by the authorities of unions and workhouses. These things are too true. They have all occurred within these few weeks.—Where then our boasted greatness—in arts—in sciences—in literature—our vast empire!—Shame on us!—We should clothe ourselves "in sackcloth and ashes"—we should expunge from our national flag the *lion rampant*, and place in its stead the figure of a *poor starving wretch* dying from want at the door of an union workhouse.

We have said that the tide of our national humanity has long been flowing against the poor. It is true—men in authority act on this principle. The Lord Mayor of London does so, while the City begrudges the sum of £4000, about one half the Lord Mayor's salary, for the support of the casual poor. Of what use are the daily examples of individual sacrifice for the public good? Men like Lord Ashley and Mr. Cabbell may spend their time and patience in mitigating the sufferings of the poor, but of what use are our hospitals and houses of refuge for the destitute while persons in authority act so inhumanly. Let us not be charged with a maudlin sentimentality in favour of the poor. We possess no such feelings. We say that it will be found to be the soundest principle of social economy to afford food and shelter to the deserving and destitute, but to punish the impostor. Why a worm would turn on us if cruelly treated, and inhuman conduct will rouse the most docile spirit. The same blood courses through the veins of the poor as the rich—their hearts and pulses beat alike—nature made the same air for both, nor can the rich man respire oftener than his unfortunate fellow-creature. To look at the picture is most discouraging. To see the laws, and the dispensers of the laws very frequently declare against the interests of the poor is not a very hopeful sight. But things will yet change for the better, for although we find but one or two individuals sacrificing the whole of their time and money for the benefit of their fellow creatures, the seed which they are sowing must eventually bring forth fruits. It is to be hoped for the honour—for the interest of the nation—that we shall see our error in neglecting the interests of the poor. Our statesmen and our authorities should endeavour to find work for those who are able and willing to do it, and food for those who are in distress and unable to labour. Both are to be had—God never designed that men should live in idleness, nor that they should starve. He has given us abundance, and as Heaven has done its part, man should take care to do his also. While we are, as we ought to be, a great people, we should be so in every sense of the word. To be great we must be good—to be good we must be humane—and to be humane we must have no more "Deaths from Starvation." They tell against the character of the nation. If the Poor Law is bad, and no one doubts it, let it be amended.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

To persevere in a headlong course of oppression towards the poor is inconsistent with the interests of all classes. The nation should be governed as if we were all one family, and though the guilty should be punished, we have no right to condemn the innocent.

THE SIN OF SUFFERING.

By William Kennedy.

"What call you that creature, dark couched in its lair?"
"It once was called woman"—
"Why lurketh she there?

I hear a low moaning, the hovel within,
An infant one crying—sure here must be sin!"

A dying voice murmurs—"The worst of all sins,
Which, from sisters and brothers, small sympathy wins!"

"Thou wretched hut-dweller, now give it a name—
This sin, without solace, must wed thee to shame?"

"To shame and to sorrow I'm wedded—a curse
Lies on the poor baby, as well as its nurse!"

"But name me the sin which to sorrow hath wedded
And shame, the pale pair in the straw-heap embedded?"

"The sin and the curse we are bound to endure,
You view it—we feel it—we're poor—we are poor!—
The will of the stronger has fashioned the law,
Which leaves us these rags and this heap of old straw;—
The scowl of the stronger upbraids us, for being
The work of that will—the sad wreck you are seeing!"

They have passed from the hovel—she ceases to moan—
A motherless babe's in the wide world alone.

A WELCOME TO EMERSON.

Welcome brave thinker! Comest thou to drop
Into our life the plummet of thy thought,
And by thy soundings give us faith, and hope
In Truth and Liberty? Or hast thou brought
The subtle harmonies of song, by thee
Learned in the antient forests, to unfold
For us the delicate sphere of melody;
To bear our spirits upward, and to mould
Our manhood into strength, and love like thine,
And take us with thee into Nature's shrine?

Welcome thou clear discerner of the light,
Beaming through the world's shadow upon man.
Lead us to follow thee up to the height
Of purer thought and vision, and to scan
The hopeful future and the signs that loom
Over our present, big with peace, and truth:
Quicken our ears to hear the knell of doom
Rung o'er all tyranny; we feel the youth
Of the world's action in our spirits play,
Welcome brave preacher, pointer of our way.

Literary Notices.

Ecclesia Dei: a Vision of the Church. London: Longman & Co.

Here we have a little volume, written, as is very evident, by a clergyman of the Established Church, at once learned, zealous, and possessing great poetical and satirical powers; which deserves, and, we think, will attract very marked attention. When the very servants of the altar begin in strains so energetic, and unsparing as this, to denounce and expose the corrupt condition of that church, it is high time that those who have the power, should look to a resolute reform of the mischief.

The author appears to be one of those who would be classed with the Puseyite party, but to our mind he must be classed with the best section of that party. He is evidently a man whose poetical and humane disposition leads him to regard everything which is connected with the dignity and beauty of his system of devotion, and with the advantage of the people, with peculiar interest. The fine old gothic architecture, and the music and chanting of the cathedral service have seized on all the poetic sympathies of his nature. He deplores their neglect, and desecration, but he does not the less deplore the mercenary practice which, by pews, at once defaces the interior of our churches, and shuts out the poor from their proper enjoyment. He has an eye for the picturesque, the venerable, and the English in our old country-houses, parsonages, and deaneries, but he does not fail to lay lustily on the base spirits that have contrived to creep into them.

The poetry has a fine musical rhythm, reminding us of the versification of Moile, and of Rogers, with the satiric vigour, and boldness of Churchill. He treats the bishops as they richly deserve, but he passes tenderly over the cause which makes them what they are, the immense and ill-distributed wealth of the church, and its unnatural alliance with the state. The Kingdom of Christ never was the Kingdom of this world, and never will be, let men do all they can to make it so. Secularize the church, and its bishops will secularize themselves. Make statesmen of them and they will become sorry shepherds of the flock of Christ. Make them very rich, and put them into nicely lined carriages, and set them down to a continual feast, and cocker them up with all sorts of absurd titles, as, My Lord Bishop, and Right Reverend Father in God, and His Grace, and the like; enthrone them and bedizen them with fantastic robes; and set them up in Parliament before the whole body of temporal peers, and give them all sorts of worldly duties to perform, and worldly goods to take care of, and if you can make decent pastors of God's flock out of them, why then you may make an Elihu Burritt out of the Iron Duke, or you may do any other miracle that you have a mind to.

But what says our able and candid author of the Bishops? here is a bit of his prose,—"A man may question the policy or the taste of thus charging home upon the Bishops of the Church the sad estate of the Church herself; but can any one deny the fact—the fact, I mean, of their being notoriously deficient in those gifts and graces which should be inseparable from a bishop and overseer of Christ's Church? Where is their gentleness? Where their kindness and other than bare civil courtesy, and cold hospitality to their humbler and poorer brethren of the clergy and laity of the church? Where their heartiness and zeal towards the church itself? The bishops of old time built, endowed, and "visited." The bishops of to-day meet in St. Martin's-place, and vote themselves houses with other people's money, and contract for cheap church fabrics which they never, or scarcely ever see—never, perhaps, but on the day of consecration—and "visit" in the sense of a continual personal interest and oversight not at all.

* * *

"If with the clergy, if with the churchwardens, if with the children of the parish, bishops did but know how greatly their kind and parental influence would act in the way of comfort, encouragement, and quickening of the spirit of love and to good works, they would not artificially but naturally, not politically but spiritually, become through God's most present and ready grace, themselves the most popular of men. Whereas, what are they now? Almost unknown in their dioceses, save by some casually occurring confirmation or church meeting; or, at most, by a chance counter-signature of some formal Queen's letter of demand for money, which should, in justice, have been the alms of the church to the poor belonging thereto, and worshipping under the shelter of those walls within which the offertory was gathered. The writer of this has known a quire of boys walk voluntarily a very considerable distance to see a bishop, and make their dutiful obeisance to him, who, when he passed them close by, never deigned to look at them, and took no notice of them at all. How at variance was this with His precept and practice who said—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

True, but then Christ made bishops in a very different way; and would expect nothing from such bishops as we make but what such bishops do. His bishops walked on foot, ours ride in carriages. His bishops sate on rocks, and fed the poor with loaves and fishes; ours sit on thrones and look after the loaves and fishes for themselves. His bishops were poor and humble, ours are rich and fat, and therefore proud. His bishops did all the good they could and suffered for it; ours do no good at all, and are rewarded for it. It surprises one to see clever men like our author—capital logicians and shrewd fellows altogether, expecting to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles. Expecting that a thing shall be anything but *the* thing for which its material, construction, and circumstances form it. A steam-engine is not a wet-nurse nor a common milch-cow, for reasons that everybody sees. They never were *made* to be such; they *can* be only what they *are*. Take an humble, pious, loving man, then, and put him into a pastoral charge with a modest income, and a clear understanding that he is to mind his spiritual duties, and nothing else, and you will have a good servant of God and man, call him what you will. Take another, and make him as rich as a Jew; let him be an aspiring adventurer naturally; and set all sorts of worldly grandeur and rivalries, and still loftier heights and prizes before him; dip him deep in the gall-fountain of politics, and you'll get—just such as you do get. Our author sees plainly what they are, and what the consequence is. He says, "Who so blind as not to see the estrangement of affection and alienation of heart which such palpable discrepancy and chilliness is calculated, and, indeed, almost sure to engender? This, indeed, is but a sample, yet it is a frequent sample of the manner in which the bishops forget themselves, their high office, their holy, yet humble brethren. But men do not, therefore, forget them. They see them without natural affection, or heart, or inclination for either the things or persons of the church, so they cease to love, begin to hate, and end in despising them, and disclaiming their jurisdiction and power. Then it is that the lay-peers vote them nuisances, the crown contemns, and the prime minister of the day, who may make lay-peers by the score, with seats in Parliament, and no one find any fault with him therefor, excludes every new bishop from the house until some elder brother has died off to give him his seat."

Such are bishops in our author's prose, what are they in his poetry?

"Again I say, what wonder is there, when
Bishops be such, that such are meaner men?
That such be bishops—what? when they who make
Bishops, such notions of a Bishop take
As Graham voided erewhile in the House—
Graham, Rat Robert's most consentient mouse;
Who deems, he says, from living proofs, that all
A Bishop has to do is nought withal,
But once in each three years to come and lay
His hand on little boys, and go his way,
And for another three enjoy his pay;
His Palace, dinners, clubs and rents enjoy,
Sans interruption, hindrance, or annoy.
From parish priest, or little girl or boy!
Save that of each year's ember-days some twain
He needs must choose, whereon church clerks t'ordain,
And this beside no further charge hath he
On time or purse for hospitality;
To him for rede or rule no brother goes;
He sees few Rectors, not a Curate knows.
A Prelate he, to lordly post preferred,
They but th' ignoble "working clergy" herd;
And if they really must communicate
With him, as touching church or parish state,
A penny pays the half-ounce letter's weight!
Men without influence would gain influence so;
'Omnis ignotus pro magnifico!'
Keep Bishops out of sight, and great they seem;
Unveil them; and they vanish like a dream.
Unloved, unloving, how unlike are they
Their sainted brethren of an elder day."

The author gives us a passing sample of the Bishop crew, and singles out Philpotts for a most vigorous and deserved onslaught.

"Immortal Philpotts! man infatuate!
In wisdom dwarf-like, but in mischief great,
Brother Benhadad's most approved mate—
In leading men to scrapes, then leaving them,
First to command, and foremost to condemn.

* * * * *

From all such cruel step-fathers, may He
The God of love defend his family:
And grant us overseers of the flock,
Whose chair of state may be the Church's rock;
Where far and wide, o'er meadow and fresh brook,
They may their church's champaign lands o'erlook,
And love each modest spire, that, o'er the green
And shadowy grove that guards it as a screen,
Just peers aloft, and peeps as doubting to be seen:
And love each old grey tower, that, strong or old,
Stands like a fortalice of borderer bold,
Stemming from day to day, from year to year
The tide of war, the foeman's fierce career."

With a like searching and honest quill the poet passes through deanery, college, and cathedral, goading callous indifference, and casting a kindly eye on the poor and neglected. He places with much pathos before you the poor Cathedral-boy Michael, who

"day by day and hour by hour
Faded and fell to earth—a gentle flower—
Whose sweet breath oft had cheered that fragrant garden-bower.
But jostled by rank plants, pent up, confined,
Thrust in the shade and poisoned, there he pined;
With none to shield him, or his cause maintain:
Bullied and bruised, yet scorning to complain."

But we must not be tempted too far. There are many sweet sketches of gabled deanery, minster library, and the like, as well as lusty flagellation of the clerkly tenants of "Epicurus' sty," but we will close our notice with one which is most English in two senses. English equally in the scenery and the character which it introduces. The volume is one as remarkable for its poetic merit as for its singular honesty and boldness. All those who love their country and wish well to it, both churchmen and others should read it.

"Dear homes of England! dear unto mine heart!
How glad we greet you, and how sad we part!
When through the flower-crowned lodge we wind and pass
Along the moss-way, over the soft grass;
Up toward the hall, fast by the green wood-side
Skirting the bank with flowerets pinked and pied.
Then through the tall-grown grove, where trunks between
The path-way lies, at whose far end is seen
A mulliond window, through whose tracery lines,
Of branches wrought, the glorious sun-light shines
Like the east window of our minster shrines.
Then down the velvet slope, beneath whose breast
Of swelling turf the hall lies manifest,
In all its lordly garb of red and brown—
Time-toned and dim, the Hall of Underdown.
Toward whose high gabled porch that tops the roof,
Whence quaint, fantastic chimneys reek aloof
Our light limbs bear us, while our glad hearts beat
In those calm courts with thoughts of eld to meet—
Manners all holy, as on holy ground—
Looks patriarchal, like the trees around,
And customs ancient as the casks of wine
That deep within those cellared vaults recline.
Hushed mirth, yet hearty—joy sincere, though staid,
Meet for that race that there their home have made
And walked and mused in yon fair colonnade
At day-break, when for chapel-bell too soon,
Or in the silence of the summer noon,
Or at fresh fall of eve, or underneath the moon:
A Christian household!—for methinks therein
None but a house of Christ could ere have been:
Their thoughts, their hopes, their being wholly given
To good of men on earth, to God in heaven.
The village poor, the tenants on the estate,
The petty farmers, and the farmers great,
The yeoman freeholder, the country squire,
The acred gentry, up and down the shire—
All love the hall-folk, and their love desire:
True to their church, their country, and their king;
They stand the centre of a charmed ring—
A bower of joyance wherein peace doth dwell
Fresh as the palm-tree grove o'er Elim's silvery well.
Stately, yet sweet as yonder trancing scene,
The hall's fair garden with its alleys green—
Thorn hedge, like wall of some beleagured hold,
And leafy maze, with windings manifold:
Walks terraced high with marbled steps and urns,
And there a wilderness of flowery turns,
Hither and thither leading to and fro,
To the dark fish-pools—in their beds below.
While all around, her arms form native wreaths,
Aad the sun glistens whilst the west wind breathes;
And ever as the winds those bright leaves shake,
Sparks, as of shot-stars, from the foliage break,
Lightning, as if with tongues of fairy fire,
The hollows of that Pleasaunce of Desire,
A fairy scene, in sooth, and false as fair;
The race of Pursey Poulters dwelleth there.
Poulter the Great! the great Protectionist!
The great Church-patron—at election list!
The great Church-plunderer—at Commission-Board,
The great tithe-hater—tithes by all abhorred,
Save those who steal them from the Church's lord—
Great Agriculturist, with whose great scythe
The landed gentry learn to mow down tithe,
Great justice, ever judging for himself,
Great judge, of horse-flesh, oxen-flesh, and pelf;
Great joker—at the poor in work-house pent;
Great jeerer—at the priest on duty bent;
Great jester at all men and things that wear
A look of holiness, and, if less rare
Than once a week, a giber great at prayer!
O Justice Pursey Poulter, coarse and fat,
With liver white as is thy week-day hat,
Though black thy Sunday beaver—yet than that
More black is thy black-heart—go, fare ye well,
Thou and thy kith and kin;—when rang thy bell
For the last time to let me out, I felt
Like qualmy ice just rescued from a smelt.

* * * * *

Alas! that England's Island-homes should be
The mansions of the Poulter family:
That they should house them there who ought to dwell
No where but in the sides of Dante's hell:

* * * * *

Bred, at good things and honest men to rail,
To vegetate when finer nature's fail—
And gorge and swill much pudding and more ale."

Sketches of Protestantism in Italy, Past and Present, with an account of the Waldenses. By Robert Baird, D.D., New York. Collins: Glasgow and London.

This is a reprint of an American work, and in a compact form, contains a complete view of the past persecutions and present statistics of Protestantism in Italy. It would be well for those who are intending to visit that fine country, to read this volume ere setting out.

◆

THE POETICAL RECORD.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

BY D. FARISH, A VILLAGE TEACHER.

Nobody notices my birth-day,
The people are silent on my birth-day,
No roaring of cannon, no rocket display,
No bon-fires blaze on my birth-day.

No barrels are broached on my birth-day,
No healths go round on my birth-day,
No gentlemen sit in splendid array
Round the smoking sirloin, on my birth-day.

No music is heard on my birth-day,
No tales are told on my birth-day,
The world goes on in its jog-trot way,
And never attends to my birth-day.

No bard is inspired on my birth-day,
To woo the muse on my birth-day,
To pour forth the bought, or the unbought lay
In praise of me on my birth-day.

But why this neglect on my birth-day?
Of common respect on my birth-day?—
I cannot look back on a fair array
Of Dukes and Earls on my birth-day.

No lineage ennobles my birth-day,
No broad lands smile on my birth-day,
My sires—no hides of land seized they—
Too honest by half—for my birth-day!

GOOD NIGHT.

SONNET. BY H. F. F.

"Good night," we say with careless lip and brow,
"Good night," we smile to some beloved embrace,
While gazing on a dear familiar face;
We look not farther than the present *now*,
Forgetting that a morrow may not dawn
For us on earth; *to-morrow* we may be
Beyond the stars, and our eternal morn
May open on us; we may ne'er foresee,
If we shall waken to earth's blooms again,
Or view the brilliant flowers of Paradise;
If we again shall greet our fellow men,
Or heaven dawn on our death-strengthened eyes;
"Good night," perchance the night may soon be o'er,
"Good night,"—perhaps good night, for evermore.

WORK, NOT COMPLAINT.

BY J. D.

Man, grieve not though thine eye sees not
Beyond the far horizon's bound:
Complain not though thine intellect
So weak and limited is found!

From hill to hill, through vales make way
And form a new horizon's bound:
From truth to truth, in toil ascend,
And day by day take in fresh ground!

The sun, the ruler of the heavens,
Sees not at once the wide earth o'er:
Shall man, a tenant of the earth,
The heavens with a glance explore?

THE ENGLISH HEARTH.

BY GEORGE TWEDDELL.

"O pleasant hour! O moment ever sweet!
When once again we reach the calm retreat,
Where looks of love and tones of joy abide—
That heaven on earth—our dear, our *own* fireside!"
Heaviside's Pleasures of Home.

When Autumn's fruits are gather'd in,
And trees and fields are bare;
When merry birds no more are heard
To warble in the air;
When sweetest flowers have droop'd and died,
And snow is on the ground;
How cheerful is an English hearth,
With friends all seated round!

Then is the time for festive mirth,
Then is the time for glee;
'Tis then the tales of by-gone days
Give pleasure unto me:
And when the wild storm howls without,
With deep and hollow sound,
I love the cheerful English hearth,
With friends all seated round.

And when those touching strains are sung,
Writ by the bards of old,
How swift the evening seems to fly;—
Unfelt the piercing cold:
What though the snow-flakes thickly fall,
And icicles abound!
I have a cheerful English hearth
For friends to sit around.

And when the clouds of worldly care
Are gathering o'er my brow;
When sorrow's frost hath nipt my heart,
And check'd the blood's warm flow;
When grief has in her heavy chain
My buoyant spirits bound;
How cheering is an English hearth,
With friends all seated round.

Though slander's foul, envenomed shafts
Should pierce my spirit through,
There is *one* smile, *one* sunlit eye,
To beam upon me now;
And though my fate should be to roam
Where strangers all are found,
I'll think upon my English hearth,
And friends who sat around.

Then fill each glass with nut-brown ale,
And smoke the fragrant weed;
Our English hearths we will protect
In every hour of need:—
Come, let us drink one parting toast,
Though Europe let it sound;
It is, the cheerful English hearth,
With friends all seated round.

Stokesley.

A SONG FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONOPOLIST.

There's a voice on the breeze and its wailings are dread,
For it comes from the land of the starving and dead.
And it *startles* the wretch with his thousands untold,
And he *pities* and *prays*, but he *sticks* to his gold;
And it *sighs* through the aisle in the *Temple of God*,
But is *mock'd* with the cry *'tis His chastening rod!*—
And it steals on the slumber of Princes and Kings,
And whispers forebodings of terrible things;
And it sweeps o'er the hall where the mighty ones tread,
And groans as it passes, "Give, Oh! give us bread!"

There's a *curse* on the breeze for the man and his *store*,
Who *pilfers* his *wealth* from the *woes of the poor*.
A canker-worm crawls through the pleasure it buys,
And it gnaws at his heart till, detested, he dies.

THE SECRET.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

We are mighty, we are strong;
Why have we borne the yoke so long?
This the only cause can be—
Want of faith and unity.
Rich men know their interests well.
Seek they e'er their wealth to swell;
Higher raise their high estate—
Do they not co-operate?
Poor men burning with desire,
From their miseries to aspire;
Rich men scoff, and jeer, and slight,
Their endeavours to unite.
Toilers hence this lesson learn—
Ye have power, by toil to earn
Bread, and change life's dreary state,
If ye but co-operate.

A FIRST OFFENCE UNPARDONED.

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

O there has many a tear been shed,
And many a heart been broken,
For want of a gentle hand stretch'd forth,
Or a word in kindness spoken!

Then O! with brotherly regard
Greet every son of sorrow;
So from each tone of love his heart
New hope—new strength shall borrow.

Nor turn—with cold and scornful eye
From him that hath offended;
But let the harshness of reproof,
With kindlier tones be blended.

The seeds of good are everywhere:
And, in the *guiltiest* bosom,
Sunn'd by the quickening rays of love,
Put forth their tender blossom.

While many a noble soul hath been
To deeds of evil harden'd—
Who felt that bitterest of griefs—
A first offence unpardon'd!

For O! if one that slightly errs
Be pass'd by unforgiven
By kindred beings, weak and frail,
How can he look to Heaven?

FATHERLAND.

Dir ist dein Haupt umkränzt
Mit tausendjährigem Ruhm.
KLOPSTOCK.

Thy head a wreath of glory wears,
The glory of a thousand years,
My Fatherland!
A name that's nam'd 'neath every sky,
And a renown that cannot die,
Are thine, my Fatherland!

Voices of mighty ages gone
Tell of the deeds thy sons have done,
My Fatherland!
What hearts have dar'd, what hands have wrought,
What Poets sang, what sages thought,
For thee my Fatherland.

Thy shores, thy oaks, thy mountain sod,
The Immortals of our race have trod,
My Fatherland!
A precious charge 'tis Thine to keep;
For Wisdom, Genius, Virtue, sleep
In thee my Fatherland.

Oh! be thou still the patriot's boast;
Still may thy martyrs' noble host,
My Fatherland!
Invincible around thee spread,
A fellowship of glorious dead.
Guarding their Fatherland.

And I that common lineage share;
I tread thy soil and breathe thy air,
My Fatherland!
Oh! let this heart, where'er I be,
Still beat for Freedom, Truth, and Thee,
My dear, dear Fatherland.
PASCAL.

THE POTTER-BOY.

BY J. B. SOUTHWICK.

His haggard cheek is pale with care
Dim and deep-sunken is his eye;
He never breathed the moorland air,
Nor chased the bee nor butterfly;
Yet you may trace in his wan face
A faint and glimmering spark of grace.

Reared in an alley dark and dim
Where flowrets wild ne'er met the view,
Where smoke impedes the sun's warm beam—
He never saw the harebell blue.
The poisonous reek hath from his cheek
Seared the rose and left all bleak.

For ever labouring in the clay
And flinty dust, in which lurks death*
He rarely sees the light of day,
Or breathes the summer's balmy breath.
The wild bird flies, the fishes swim,
But freedom comes not unto him.

His coffee's weak, his bread is poor,
More hollow grows his hectic cheek;
Each day beholds him more and more
Consumptive, haggard, pale, and weak.
He's in the world but cannot bide,
Disease his comrade and his guide.

His childhood never learned to pore
Upon the Bible's sacred page
With all its loved and gracious lore,
The guide o'er life's disheartening stage.
And oaths, and gin, and many a sin,
Darken the light of God within.

Yet who, the erring youth shall blame,
The child of ignorance and woe,
Through shame into the world he came,
With shame he through the world must go.
Still ye may trace in his wan face,
A faint and glimmering spark of grace,

Yet knowledge none vouchsafe to him,
Where toiling on he gasps for breath;
Dim grow his eyes, his path grows dim
And round him close the shades of death,
Then to the grave is borne away
The Potter-boy—clay unto clay!

---

* Sir, I am a potter, and we blame the flint which is in the clay for shortening our days.

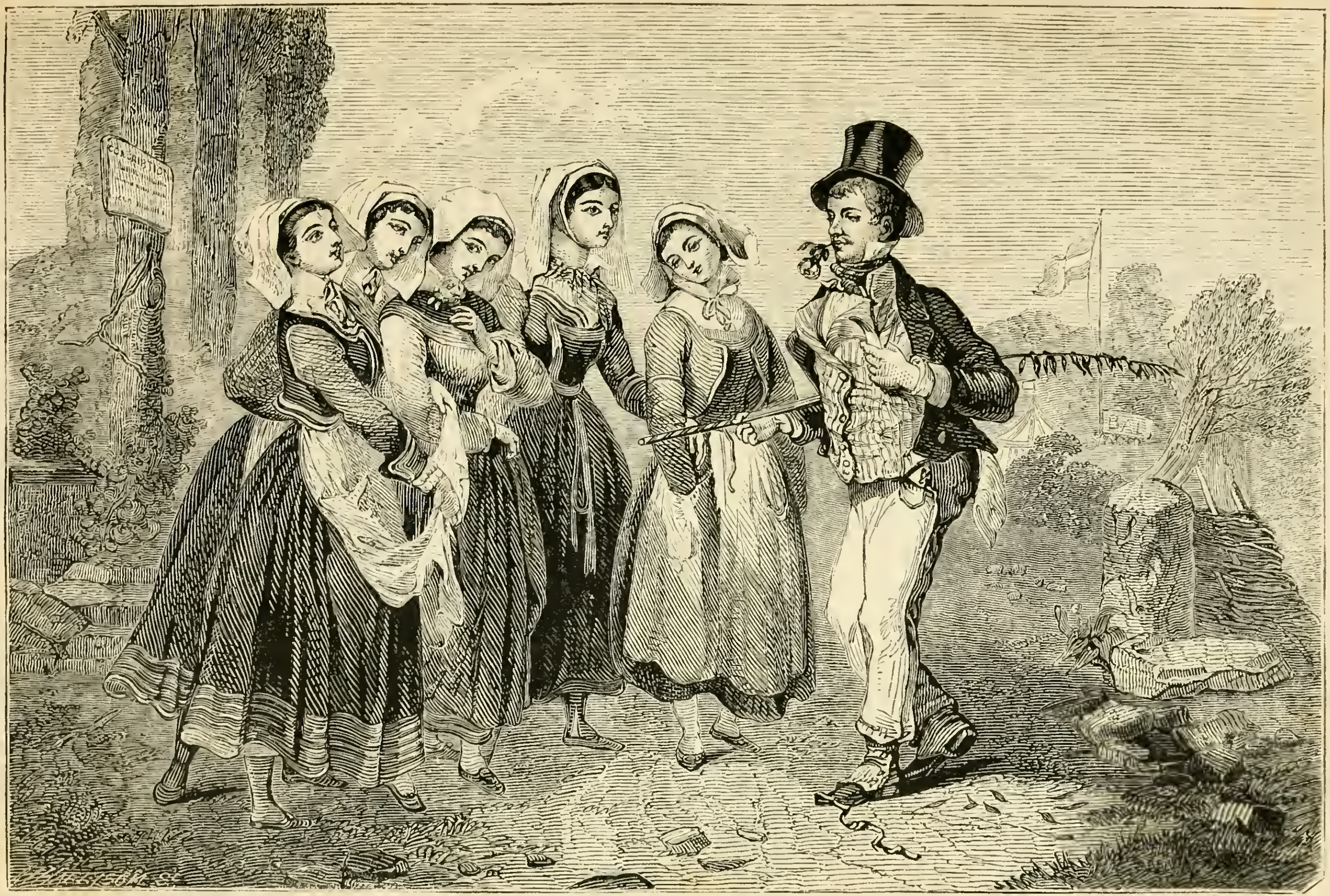
CONTENTS.

The Awakening of Italy—Poets of the People—What will People say? by W. PICKERSGILL—Scenes and Characters from the French Revolution, translated from Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins* for Howitt's Journal. The Flight to Varennes—A Battle of Life and Death, a Tale, from the German by BERTHOLD AUERBACH, translated by MARY HOWITT. (Concluded)—A Valentine. By W. C. BENNETT—The Poor and the Poor Laws—The Sin of Suffering. By WILLIAM KENNEDY—A Welcome to Emerson—Literary Notices: Ecclesia Dei; A Vision of the Church—Sketches of Protestantism in Italy, Past and Present—Poetical Record.

PRINTED for the Proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

PRICE 1½d. STAMPED, 2½d.

HOWITT'S JOURNAL.



DAYS OF THE CONSCRIPTION.

THE LAST YOUTH OF THE VILLAGE.—THE LAST CHANCE FOR THE GIRLS.

No. 61—Vol. III. February 26, 1848

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE SUGAR-POT.

The greedy, extravagant, aristocratic, lazy, improvident, and ill-managing West Indians are at us again! They have got *Twenty Millions* out of the English public, to pay the debts on their estates; they have laid a perpetual burden on the laborious people of this country of *Eight Hundred Thousand* per annum—and now what do these modest fellows want? First, to tax us to the amount of *Two millions* per annum more! They have laid a heavy and intolerable weight on the daily labour of the wretched and starving population of these islands, to pay for their own reckless extravagance, and now they just want to tax the poor man's Sugar-Pot! Fie on them! and on all that assist them in so audacious a demand!

And in truth we are no little astonished at seeing a number of those who ought to know better, radical editors and advocates of the people, already imposed on by this old, trite, and despicable cry. Is this a time to lay fresh taxes on the necessaries of the working classes? Have we not starvation and misery enough at home without attempting to aggravate it by additional impositions on the toiling, for the idle. There never was a period when distress was greater or more universal. There have been times when the distress has shown itself in a more impatient and outrageous form. Half a century ago, and the same amount of suffering would have burst forth in riots, and in attacks on butchers' and bakers' shops; in smashing of machinery, and all the horrors of conflict with the soldiery. But the people are now gradually quietened down to the endurance of almost any amount of privation. They are more educated, and taught to look to moral means. They are somewhat too, like the eels, so accustomed to skinning, that they do not care for it. They are in fact, too patient by half. A general and united demonstration of discontent would compel their rulers to adopt *some* means of alleviation—to try some endeavours for the extension of trade. But the people bear, and the government is quite contented that they should. So long as bearing and forbearing continue, so long all the old places, pensions, and extravagant salaries will continue, and parliament and ministers will gull the nation with their machinery of talk, that is always rolling round, and never arriving at any end or good result.

But if nothing is taken off, it is *rather* too much to talk of putting more on. Is it not enough that we have fought everybody's battles all the world over, and taken the debt for every country's defence and rescue upon our own backs, so that all these nations are now at liberty to manufacture without encumbrance, and take all our trade by way of thanks? Is it not enough that with the mountain of other nations' debts on our shoulders, the very attempts at free trade are ruinous to us, because we trade with that debt and charge upon our labour, and they without it; placing us exactly in the position of a man who undertakes to run a race against all the world with half a hundred weight of lead on his head, and to fight everybody with one hand tied up? Is it not enough, therefore, that we are now feeling the effect of this preposterous state of things, of this our absurd Quixotism, but that we must listen to the West Indians' desire to tax the poor man's cup of tea, and his bit of pudding? Is not his sugar-pot little enough, and badly stored enough, but we must knock it clean off his table, and kick the fragments out of the house.

And for what? If there were anything new or reasonable in the demand of the West Indian Sugar-planters, we would listen to it, and give them some good advice how to manage their estates, but in the name of all that is sacred, even then refrain from laying the burden of their troubles on a class which has far heavier troubles of its own; which has nothing else but trouble, and has not the slightest reason to care whether the West Indians sink or swim. The people of England have done enough and too much for the West Indies. They have paid a monstrous sum for what, in our opinion, they ought never to have paid a farthing. They have done an act of the most unreasonable munificence towards the lazy and proud aristocracy of those islands—and if they are no better, for it—why, then let the islands take their own course, and take care of themselves.

What is the real fact regarding the West Indies? Is it the abolition of slavery that has injured them? Not in the least. If that were the case they would deserve some sympathy. But no fact is more notorious, than that the real cause of the ruin of these islands is and always has been, the indolent, proud, wasteful, and imprudent habits of the proprietors. The principal estates belong to the English aristocracy. They are absentees, living in splendour and profuse extravagance in London. It is Ireland over again. Their agents imitate in the islands their extravagance and laziness out of it. The property is nine-tenths of it mortgaged to its full value, and the outcry arises from the fact that the demand of the effeminate absentee aristocrat, and the equally urgent demand of his leeches, the mortgagees, cannot be met on such a system.

This is no new system. It is as old as the English possession of the islands. The islands as lucrative property, were utterly ruined long before the abolition of slavery in them. We happened to be in the House of Commons on the night of a debate after the West Indian party had demanded £30,000,000 of compensation for giving up slavery, and the Government had offered them £15,000,000. Mr. Godson of Kidderminster was arguing for more money, and secure already of £15,000,000, he let the house know that the planters would and must have more. He threw overboard with the coolest impudence all the raw-head and bloody-bone stories with which John Bull had for years been terrified into acquiescence with the slavery system—that the blacks, if freed, would rise and cut all the white people's throats, and the like, as if any people were likely to rise when free who had not done it when slaves? These tales he himself laughed at. There was no further use for them, and he, therefore, candidly confessed that they were all hum. The single fact, he told them was, that money was wanted, and money must be had. That all the estates were over head and ears in debt—that their mortgagees would come down upon them, if they saw no chance of being paid by a sufficient parliamentary grant, and that the whole body of proprietors were then waiting in breathless anxiety for the decision. They were already ruined—nothing but a sufficient grant could save them.

Now is it not *rather* presuming on the gullibility of the British public, to come forward again with the cry, that abolition, and the withdrawal of the bounty on West Indian sugar, throwing the islands open to competition with slave-grown sugar in Brazil, are the causes of the present distress of the West Indian proprietors. The simple cause is that which has always been the cause there—the system of living at a monstrous rate, and expecting the people of England to pay the mortgagees. Had the West Indian proprietors been a flourishing body *till* the abolition, *then* there would have been a plausible case, but it is not Mr. Godson only who tells us that they were a ruined and beggared set before—ruined and beggared in the palmy days of slavery and monopoly, but also ruined and beggared at the cost of thousands of lives every year.—In eleven years, ending with 1831, the black population of the British West Indies decreased 52,000 out of a population of 850,000, and this ratio of decrease continued up to the period of the abolition, 1828. At this rate were the West Indian ogres devouring human life, and ruining themselves, and yet they clamoured as loudly for the continuance of this state of things, as if it had been the most humane and blessed imaginable. Ruined, however, by their old habits, they got a prop of twenty millions for giving up their slaves—and since then the *increase* of the black population has gone on as steadily, and rapidly as any other population. If, therefore, it *had* been true that a few proprietors were thrown into difficulties, by the abolition, we are sure that the British people would still have rejoiced at the change; they would think the increase of thousands of lives, and the comfort of the main population, a grand recompense for the loss of some property by a few planters.

But the fact is, that no loss of property *has* accrued to the planters by the abolition—they were ruined before by their extravagance—and they are ruined still by it. Their debts have again accumulated in the hands of their mortgagees against them, and they want the English public again to pay them. But as they dare not ask for another direct bonus of twenty millions, they ask to tax the poor man's sugar-pot, and to be allowed to renew the slave-trade into the bargain, under the name of importing free-blacks from Africa! In a word, slavery and the slave-trade are to be fully restored, and the tax of *two* millions a year on sugar to be added to the twenty millions already sunk in these wretched islands.

The West Indies in fact are but another Ireland. We have a proud, unfeeling, and reckless aristocracy, fleecing our honest, and industrious population, for their riot and revelry at home, and calling on us to keep up the odious system by continued impositions on our own laborious and struggling people. Let it then be clearly understood, that no such concessions can avail the West Indian proprietors anything, but would inflict a desperate wound on humanity abroad, and a gross oppression on our working population at home. It would be a retrograde and ruinous step. Nothing but a change of the proprietory system can serve either Ireland or the West Indies. It is not Mr. Godson alone, in his candid confession, but all history is united on the subject of the West Indian properties. A writer in the *Plymouth Journal* who professes to be well acquainted with the subject, places these facts in a striking light.

JAMAIÇA BEFORE THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Long, the historian of Jamaica, an authority which few connected with that island will feel disposed to question, writing at a period as remote as 1750, and speaking of a period still more remote, informs his readers that the planters were at that date, and had been for a long time, labouring under the most severe distress. Such was the state of that Island in the palmiest days of slavery, when no legislative measures of the British Parliament had interposed to restrict the despotism of the cow skin, or check the supply of labour—when wages were unknown, and the liberty, the life, and the industry of the sable cultivator were at the absolute disposal of his white employer—and Africa poured her unhappy children in one unebbing tide upon her shores.

But it may be said, that the testimony of a single individual, however respectable, is open to various and grave objections; and that, in no case, is the evidence of a single individual uncorroborated by that of other witnesses, of equal, if not superior credibility, admissible.

Hear then the allegations of the legislature of the island, made in a report of the assembly printed forty years later, and embracing a term of twenty years, from 1772 (twenty-two years from the date of Long's evidence) to 1792, fifteen years before the appeals of christianity had arrested the tide of misery, hourly flowing from the shores of Africa. In that memorable document the representatives of the various parishes throughout the island, possessing the best means of ascertaining the truth of what they state, solemnly assure us that 'In the course of twenty years, ONE HUNDRED and SEVENTY SEVEN estates in Jamaica, have been sold for the payment of debts; FIFTY-FIVE have been thrown up, and NINETY-TWO are in the hands of creditors;" making an aggregate of no less than THREE HUNDRED and TWENTY-FOUR estates in a condition of hopeless embarrassment, notwithstanding the unmolested sway of SLAVERY—the unchecked supply of LABOUR—the absence of PECUNIARY WAGES—and the wholesale blessings of monopoly!!! But the report goes on farther to state—" It appears from a return made by the Provost Marshal, that EIGHTY THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY ONE EXECUTIONS, amounting to TWENTY-TWO MILLIONS, FIVE HUNDRED and THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED and EIGHTY-SIX POUNDS STERLING, have been lodged in this office in the course of TWENTY YEARS!!"

JAMAICA SINCE THE YEAR 1807.

In 1807, about half a century after Long wrote, and fifteen years after the *official* publication of these startling and almost incredible facts, a Liberal Administration sympathizing with the Christian feelings of an almost unanimous nation, put a final end to the hideous traffic in human misery which tarnished the British banner, without conferring, as the evidence of the Jamaica Legislature abundantly attests, any *real* or *durable* benefit upon our colonies.

Five years after, we find the Planters of Jamaica harping upon the old string, and complaining in a memorial addressed to his Majesty George III., that—

" The SUGAR PLANTERS call especially for PROTECTION and INTERPOSITION."

"Protection!!!" from what? MONOPOLY swayed in all its heartless and unmitigated rigour. A prohibitory differential duty excluded effectually the sugars not only of foreign countries, but even of our own Oriental possessions, from the British market—the Negro still writhed in hopeless agony beneath the lash of his remorseless master—and the Planter held undisputed rule over all he called his own, animate and inanimate. From whom, from what then did they seek PROTECTION in 1812, and again in 1848? from what but the effects of their own cupidity—their own improvidence—their own forgetfulness of the Christian command TO DO AS THEY WOULD BE DONE BY, in their dealings with those they called their slaves, but spurned as inferiors and degraded below even the level of their dumb brutes.

" The *ruin* of the original possessors," continues the same document, " has been GRADUALLY COMPLETED." Such was the declaration solemnly made in 1812—and now, in 1848, after a farther lapse of SIX and THIRTY YEARS the same cry is raised almost in the same words, but with a somewhat varied cause, namely, the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY, and the DOCTRINES OF FREE TRADE. We reject the petition of the beggar because of the sameness of its complaints with those of former and detected impostors. If the ruin of the West Indies was consummated as the memorial of 1812 would lead us to believe, what farther ruin can be effected in 1848—

what farther evils can be apprehended from equal competition with all the world? Are we upon such untrustworthy evidence to retrace our steps—become apostates from our Christianity, and make Britain a by-word among nations—that corn monopolizers may flourish and the planters in the West Indies pursue their reckless game at the expense alike of the toiling producer in Jamaica and the starving consumer at home?"

And what is the real condition of these islands? Is it that of ruin and destitution? Nothing of the kind. The ruin remains just where it always was, with the absentee, the extravagant, and unmanaging. If we are to believe the reports and despatches of the Governors to the Ministers at home, the change from slavery to freedom has been most auspicious and encouraging to the general property and population of the islands. By the Parliamentary Report of 1846, it appears that the population has steadily increased: that the free blacks are ready to work for reasonable wages; and a shilling a day, the ordinary rate, cannot be called *un*reasonable: that they are an industrious, peaceable, loyal, rapidly improving, and on the whole, thriving and prosperous peasantry. Lord Elgin writing from Jamaica to Mr. Gladstone, declared that the results of the change had been most satisfactory; that the black population was most meritorious, and everything was "full of gratification as regarded the past, and of hope for the future." Governor Sir C. G. Grey, writing to Lord Stanley from Barbadoes, declared the island "more genially prosperous than it ever was before." Governor Light, of British Guiana, wrote—"I have gone over the greatest part of this province; there is nothing that bespeaks retrogression; new sources of riches are presenting themselves unthought of in former days. The internal prosperity of this colony, as regards the mass, is undoubted." Lieutenant-Governor Campbell, gives the same testimony of St. Vincent's. He says that villages and hamlets of free labourers are springing up everywhere: that the fears regarding the diminution of field labour had proved groundless; that considerable prices are realized for land unfit for the cultivation of sugar; and that the certain benefit to the adjoining estates is obvious from this industrious population.

Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens gives the same testimony regarding St. Lucia—"The enfranchised population is in a high degree grateful to the British Government, and by their contentment and their orderly conduct, they vindicate both the policy and the justice of emancipation." He declares that their disposition to labour improves, and adds a very important fact. "The rise of a class of small proprietors or farmers is apparent amongst the emancipated population. This class of negroes, the most industrious, has established settlements in many parts of the country hitherto covered with forests, and yet near enough to permit the negroes at crop time to resort to the corn fields. The cultivation improves from year to year. In good hands, and with sufficient capital, it appears to realize to the planter an ample return." We could quote many such despatches from other islands. Now, therefore, what is really asked for? Why simply this. That all this scene of growing prosperity on the part of the labouring population shall be blotted out. That the lazy and luxurious absentee shall still live at the expense of the industrious both here and there. That, on the one hand, a tax shall be levied on the sugar-pot of the English mechanic, which shall raise the profit of the mortgaged estates to this useless and worthless tribe, and on the other, that permission shall be granted to renew the slave-market under the feigned name of free importation. That this rising class of free blacks shall be crushed. That their wages, now a shilling a day, shall be utterly swamped by importations of hordes of fresh Africans, and all the horrors of the old state of things shall be restored.

Now what free importation means we have a fine example of in Mauritius. There 70,000 Coolies who were inveigled over on the plea of wanting free labourers, have been thrown into the most complete slavery, partly under direction of Lord Grey's "Heads of Ordinance," sent out about a year ago, and partly under that of laws famed in the colony in accordance with these "heads." These ordinances may be adopted in all our West Indian colonies, are already so in Guiana and Trinidad, and will no doubt soon be so in all the others. By these regulations, any such immigrant coming into the colony is compelled to bind himself to a sugar planter. He is not allowed to move anywhere without a ticket from his master, who may give or withhold it at his pleasure. He can be arrested and imprisoned, and subjected to penalties and punishments; and the moment any one *does* manage to get free from a master, he is subject to a poll-tax of 4s. per month for all above 44 years of age, and 2s. for all under, to be paid *in advance*, so long as he remains in the colony *unengaged to a planter*.

Slavery is, in fact, fully re-stablish under these abominable regulations; and with nothing short of this will the West Indian be satisfied, if you will only concede to his audacious demands.

Let the people of England, therefore, be awake. Let them resist these daring attempts to undo all that we have paid our *twenty millions* for, all that we pay *eight hundred thousand* pounds per annum for. Let every poor man look at his sugar-pot and vow that, out of that shall never rise an infernal spirit in the shape of a tax of 10s. per cwt. on slave-grown sugar, and the permission to *import free negroes* to blast the rising prospects of their coloured fellow labourers and fellow subjects in the West Indies. Let the people of England remember that the West Indian planters who are asking this power and privilege are no other then the aristocracy in both our houses of parliament. They are the chief proprietors as they are likewise the chief proprietors of Ireland. In both countries they have sown misery, crime, and death, to support their bloated state at home, and will sow them again, and as long as we, or a retributive Providence will let them. It is for the people of England now to show that they will no longer be duped by these schemes of combined villainy and despotism. The West Indian property is flourishing when it is in the hands of resident and industrious people. But the system of absenteeism and a factitious condition of unnatural splendour based on the oppression of the labouring million must everywhere come to an end. The insidious foe however, so long as in existence will never remain idle. We spend years and millions to effect a reform, and then we are speedily met by some specious manœuvre to restore the abuse. We have won the Ten Hours Bill, and there is an attempt to neutralize it. We have established freedom in the West Indies, and there is an attempt to neutralize *that*. To be defeated *after* the victory, is worse than never to have fought for it. Let us keep what we have achieved—freedom for the negro, and cheap sugar for the white man. We cannot afford to fight our battles twice over—we have so many others yet to win for the first time. Let us shew, and that sternly, that what is once done is done for ever. Down, therefore, with the conspiracy against the Sugar-pot!

W. H.

◆

POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

No. I.

ROBERT NICOLL.

By Dr. Smiles.

The name of Robert Nicoll will always take high rank among the Poets of Scotland. He was one of the many illustrious Scotchmen who have risen up to adorn the lot of toil, and reflect honour on the class from which they have sprung—the laborious and hardworking peasantry of their land. Nicoll, like Burns, was a man of whom those who live in poor men's huts may well be proud. They declare, from day to day, that intellect is of no class, but that even in abodes of the deepest poverty, there are warm hearts and noble minds, wanting but the opportunity and the circumstances to enable them to take their place as honourable and zealous labourers in the great work of human improvement and Christian progress.

The life of Robert Nicoll was not one of much variety of incident. It was alas! brought to an early close, for he died almost ere he had reached manhood. But in his short allotted span, it is not too much to say, that he *lived more* than most men have done, who have reached their three score years and ten. He was born of hard-working, God-fearing parents, in the year 1814, at the little village of Tullybelton, situated about the foot of the Grampian hills, near Auchtergaven, in Perthshire. At an early period of his life, his father had rented the small farm of Ordie-braes, but having been unsuccessful in his farming, and falling behind with his rent, his home was broken up by the laird; the farm-stocking was sold off by public roup; and the poor man was reduced to the rank of a common day-labourer. The memory of Ordie-braes afterwards haunted the young poet, and formed the subject of one of his sweetest little pieces—

> "Aince in a day there were happy hames
> By the bonny Ordé's side:
> Nane ken how meikle peace an love
> In a straw roof'd cot can bide.
> But these hames are gane, and the hand O Time
> The roofless wa's doth raze:
> Laneness and sweetness hand in hand,
> Gang o'er the Ordé Braes."

Robert was the second of a family of seven children, six sons and one daughter, the "sister Margaret," of whom the poet afterwards spoke and wrote so affectionately. Out of the bare weekly income of a day-labourer, there was not, as might be inferred, much to spare for schooling. But the mother was an intelligent, active woman and assiduously devoted herself to the culture of her children. She taught them to read, and gave them daily lessons in the Assembly's Catechism, so that, before being sent to school, which they were in course of time, this good and prudent mother had laid in them the foundations of a sound moral and religious education.

"My mother, says Nicoll in one of his letters, "in her early years, was an ardent book-woman. When she became poor, her time was too precious to admit of its being spent in reading, and I generally read to her while she was working; for she took care that the children should not want education."

Robert's subsequent instructions at school, included the common branches of reading, writing, and accounts; the remainder of his education was his own work. He became a voracious reader, laying half the parish under contribution for books. A circulating library was got up in the parish, which the lad managed to connect himself with, and his mind became stored apace.

Robert, like the rest of the children, when he became big enough and old enough, was sent out to field-work, to contribute by the aid of his slender gains, towards the common store. At seven years of age, he was sent to the herding of cattle, an occupation by the way, in which many of our most distinguished Scotchmen,—Burns, James Ferguson, Mungo Park, Dr. Murray (the Orientalist), and James Hogg—spent their early years. In winter, Nicoll attended the school with his "fee." When occupied in herding, the boy had always a book for his companion; and he read going to his work and returning from it. While engaged in this humble vocation he read most of the Waverley novels. At a future period of his life, he says, "I can yet look back with no common feelings on the wood in which, while herding, I read Kenilworth." Probably the perusal of that beautiful fiction never gave a purer pleasure, even in the stately halls of rank and fashion, than it gave to the poor herd-boy in the wood at Tulliebelton.

In his "Youth's Dream," he looked back with delight to that glad period of his life,—

> "Oh, weel I mind how I would muse,
> An' think, had I the power,
> How happy, happy I would make
> Ilk heart the warld o'er!
> The gift, unending happiness—
> The joyful giver I!
> So pure and holy were my dreams
> When I was herdin kye!"

When twelve years old, Robert was taken from the herding, and went to work in the garden of a neighbouring proprietor. Shortly after this, when about thirteen years of age, he began to scribble his thoughts, and to string rhymes together. About this time also, as one of his intimate friends has told us, he passed through a strange phasis of being. He was in the practice of relating to his companions the most wonderful and incredible stories as facts—stories that matched the wonders of the Arabian Tales,—and evidencing the inordinate ascendency at that time of his imaginaiion over the other faculties of his mind. The tales and novel literature, which, in common with all other kinds of books, he devoured with avidity, probably tended to the development of this disease (for such it really seemed to be,) in his young and excitable nature. As for the verses which he then wrote, they were not at all such as satisfied himself; for, despairing of ever being able to write the English language correctly, he gathered all his papers together and made a bonfire of them, resolving to write no more "poetry" for the present. He became, however, the local correspondent of a provincial newspaper circulating in the district, furnishing it with weekly paragraphs and scraps of news, on the state of the weather and the crops, etc. His return for this service, was an occasional copy of the paper, and the consequence attendant on being the "correspondent" of the village. But another person was afterwards found more to the liking of the editor of the paper, and Robert to his chagrin, lost his profitless post.

Nicholl's next change was an important one to him. He left his native hamlet and went into the world of active life. At the age of seventeen he bound himself apprentice to a grocer and wine merchant in Perth. There he came into contact with business, and activity, and opinion. The time was stirring with agitation. The Reform movement had passed over the face of the country like a tornado, raising millions of minds to action. The exciting effects of the agitation on the intellects and sympathies of the youth of that day, are still remembered; and few there were, who did not feel more or less influenced by them. The excitable mind of Nicoll was one of the first to be influenced; he burned to distinguish himself as a warrior on the people's side; he had longings infinite after popular enlargement, enfranchisement, and happiness. His thoughts shortly found vent in verse, and he became a poet. He joined a debating society, and made speeches. Every spare moment of his time was devoted to self-improvement; to the study of grammar, to the reading of works on political economy and politics in all their forms. In the course of one summer, he several times read through with attention "Smith's Wealth of Nations," not improbably with an eye to some future employment on the newspaper press. He also read Milton, Locke, and Bentham—and devoured all other books that he could lay hands on, with avidity. The debating society with which he was connected, proposed to start a periodical; and Nicoll undertook to write a tale for the first number. The periodical did not appear, and the tale was sent to *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*, where it appeared under the title of "Jessie Ogilvy," to the no small joy of the writer. It decided Nicoll's vocation—it determined him to be an author. He proclaimed his Radicalism—his resolution to "stand by his order," that of "the many." His letters to his relatives, about this time, are full of political allusions. He was working very hard too,—attending in his mistress's shop, from seven in the morning, till nine at night, and afterwards sitting up to read and write; rising early in the morning, and going forth to the North Inch by five o'clock, to write or to read until the hour of shop-opening. At the same time he was living, on the poorest possible diet—literally on bread and cheese, and water—that he might devote every possible farthing of his small gains to the purposes of mental improvement.

Few constitutions can stand such intense labour and privations with impunity; and there is little doubt but Nicoll was even then undermining his health, and sowing the seeds of the malady which in so short a time after, was to bring him to his grave. But he was eager to distinguish himself in the field of letters, though then but a poor shop-lad; and, more than all, he was ambitious to be independent, and have the means of aiding his mother in her humble exertions for a living; never losing sight of the comfort and welfare of that first and fastest of his friends. At length, however, his health became seriously impaired, so much so, that his Perth apprenticeship was abruptly brought to a close, and he was sent home by his mistress to be nursed by his mother at Ordie Braes,—not, however, before he had contributed another Radical story, entitled "The Zingaro," a poem on "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," and an article on "The Life and times of John Milton," to *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*. An old friend and schoolfellow, who saw him in the course of this visit to his mother's house, thus speaks of him,—

"Robert's city life had not spoiled him. His acquaintance with men and books had improved his mind without chilling his heart. At this time he was full of joy and hope. A bright literary life stretched before him. His conversation was gay and sparkling, and rushed forth like a stream that flows through flowery summer vales." His health soon became re-established, and he then paid a visit to Edinburgh, during the period of the Grey Festival,—and there met his kind friend Mrs. Johnstone, William Tait, Robert Chambers, Robert Gilfillan, and others known in the literary world, by all of whom he was treated with much kindness and hospitality. His search for literary employment, however, which was the main cause of his visit to Edinburgh, was in vain, and he returned home disappointed though not hopeless.

He was about twenty when he went to Dundee, there to start a small circulating library. The project was not very successful; but while he kept it going he worked harder than ever at literary improvement. He now wrote his Lyrics and Poems, which were soon afterwards published, and extremely well received by the press. He also wrote for the liberal newspapers of the town, delivered lectures, made speeches, and extended his knowledge of men and society. In a letter to a friend, written in February, 1836, he says, "No wonder I am busy. I am at this moment writing poetry; I have almost half a volume of a novel written; I have to attend the meetings of the Kinlock Monument Committee; attend my shop; and write some half dozen articles a week for the *Advertizer;* and to crown all I have fallen in love." At last, however, finding the library to be a losing concern, he made it entirely over to the partner who had joined him, and quitted Dundee, with the intention of seeking out some literary employment by which he might live.

The Dundee speculation had involved Nicoll, and through him his mother, in debt, though to only a small amount. This debt weighed heavy on his mind, and he thus opened his heart in a highly characteristic letter to his parent about it:—"This money of R.'s (a friend who had lent him a few pounds to commence business with) hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle, and to work, that he may be made humble and pure hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. Cowardly is that man who bows before the storm of life—who runs not the needful race manfully, and with a cheerful heart. If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and mammon worship on earth than is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man. To man it cannot be made a source of happiness unless it be cultivated; and cultivated it cannot be unless, I think, little [here some words are obliterated]; and much and well of purifying and enlightening the soul. This is my philosophy; and its motto is—

Despair, thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

Half the unhappiness of life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. That is not my way. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Fear not for me, dear mother; for I feel myself daily growing firmer, and more hopeful in spirit. The more I think and reflect—and thinking, instead of reading, is now my occupation, I feel that, whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better. Pain, poverty, and all the other wild beasts of life which so affright others, I am so bold as to think I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing respect for myself, faith in man's high destinies, and trust in God. There is a point which it costs much mental toil and struggling to gain, but which, when once gained, a man can look down from, as a traveller from a lofty mountain, on storms raging below, while he is walking in sunshine. That I have yet gained this point in life I will not say, but I feel myself daily nearer it."

About the end of the year 1836, Nicoll succeeded, through the kind assistance of Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, in obtaining an appointment as editor of an English newspaper, the *Leeds Times*. This was the kind of occupation for which he had longed; and he entered upon the arduous labours of his office with great spirit. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, labouring with the energy and devotion of one who felt that there was social and political existence and freedom in the truths he gave utterance to. During the year and a half of his editorship, his mind seemed to be on fire; and, on the occasion of a parliamentary contest in the town in which the paper was published, he wrote in a style which to some seemed bordering on phrenzy. He neither gave nor took quarter. The man who went not so far as he did in political opinion, was regarded by him as an enemy, and denounced accordingly. He dealt about his blows with almost savage violence. This novel and daring style, however, attracted attention to the paper, and its circulation rapidly increased, sometimes at the rate of two hundred or three hundred a week. One can scarcely believe that the tender-hearted poet and the fierce political partizan were one and the same person, or that he who had so touchingly written

> "I dare not scorn the meanest thing
> That on the earth doth crawl,"

should have held up his political opponents, in the words of some other poet,

> "To grinning scorn a sacrifice
> And endless infamy."

But such inconsistencies are, we believe, reconcileable in the mental histories of ardent and impetuous men. Doubtless, had Nicoll lived, we should have found his sympathies becoming more enlarged, and embracing other classes besides those of only one form of political creed. One of his friends once asked him why, like Elliot, he did not write political poetry. His reply was, that "he could not: when writing politics he could be as *wild* as he chose: he felt a vehement desire, a feeling amounting almost to a wish, for vengeance upon the oppressor: but when he turned to poetry, a softening influence came over him, and he could be bitter no longer."

His literary labours, while in Leeds, were enormous. He was not satisfied with writing from four to five columns weekly for the paper; but he was engaged at the same time in writing a long poem, a novel, and in furnishing leading articles for a new Sheffield newspaper. In the midst of this tremendous labour, he found time to go down to Dundee to get married to a young woman, since dead, for whom he had for some time entertained an ardent affection. The comfort of his home was thus increased, though his labours continued as before. They soon told upon his health. The clear and ruddy complexion of the young man grew pallid; the erect and manly gait became stooping; the firm step faltered; the lustrous eye was dimmed; and the joyous health and spirits of youth were fast sinking into rest. The worm of disease was already at his heart and gnawing away his vitals. His cough, which had never entirely left him since his illness, brought on by self-imposed privation and study while at Perth, again appeared in an aggravated form; his breath grew short and thick; his cheeks became shrunken; and the hectic, which never deceives, soon made its appearance. He appeared as if suddenly to grow old; his shoulders became contracted; he appeared to wither up, and the sap of life to shrink from his veins. Need we detail the melancholy progress of a disease which is, in this country, the annual fate of thousands.

It almost seemed as if, while the body of the poet decayed, the mind grew more active and excitable, and that as the physical powers became more weakened, his sense of sympathy became more keen. When he engaged in conversation upon a subject which he loved—upon human progress, the amelioration of the lot of the poor, the emancipation of mind, the growing strength of the party of the movement—he seemed as one inspired. Usually quiet and reserved, he would on such occasions work himself into a state of the greatest excitement. His breast heaved, his whole frame was agitated, and while he spoke, his large lustrous eyes beamed with an unwonted fire. His wife feared such outbursts. They were followed by sleepless nights, and generally by an aggravation of his complaint.

Throughout the whole progress of his disease, up to the time when he left Leeds, did Nicoll produce his usual weekly quota of literary labour. They little know, who have not learnt from bitter experience, what pains and anxieties, what sorrows and cares, lie hid under the columns of a daily or weekly newspaper. No galley-slave at the oar tugs harder for life than the man who writes in newspapers for the indispensible of daily bread. The press is ever at his heels, crying "give, give;" and well or ill, gay or sad, the Editor must supply the usual complement "of leading article." The last articles poor Nicoll wrote for the paper, were prepared whilst sitting up in bed, propped about by pillows. A friend entered just as he had finished them, and found him in a state of high excitement; the veins on his forehead were turgid, his eyes were bloodshot, his whole frame quivered, and the perspiration streamed from him. He had produced a pile of blotted and blurred manuscript, written in his usual energetic manner. It was immediately after sent to press. These were the last leaders he ever wrote. They were shortly after followed by a short address to the readers of the paper, in which he took a short but affectionate farewell of them; and stating that he went "to try the effect of his native air, as a last chance for life."

Almost at the moment of his departure from Leeds, an incident occurred which must have been exceedingly affecting to Nicoll, as it was to those who witnessed it. Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn Law Rhymer," who entertained an enthusiastic admiration for the young poet, had gone over from Sheffield to deliver a short course of lectures to the Leeds Literary Institution, and promised himself the pleasure of a kindly interview with Robert Nicoll. On inquiring about him, after the delivery of his first lecture, he was distressed to learn the sad state to which he was reduced. "No words, (says Elliott in a letter to the writer of this memoir) can express the pain I felt when informed on my return to my inn, that he was dying, and that if I would see him I must reach his dwelling before eight o'clock next morning, at which hour he would depart by railway for Edinburgh, in the hope that his native air might restore him. I was five minutes too late to see him at his house, but I followed him to the station, where about a minute before the train started he was pointed out to me in one of the carriages, seated, I believe, between his wife and his mother. I stood on the step of the carriage and told him my name. He gasped: they all three wept; but I heard not his voice."

The invalid reached Newhaven, near Leith, sick, exhausted, distressed, and dying. He was received under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Johnstone, his early friend, who tended him as if he had been her own child. Other friends gathered around him, and contributed to smooth his dying couch. It was not the least of Nicoll's distresses, that towards his latter end he was tortured by the horrors of destitution; not so much for himself as for those who were dependent on him for their daily bread. A generous gift of £50 was forwarded by Sir William Molesworth, through the kind instrumentality of Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, but Nicoll did not live to enjoy the bounty; in a few days after he breathed his last in the arms of his wife.

The remains of Robert Nicoll rest in a narrow spot in Newhaven Churchyard. No stone marks his resting-place: only a small green mound that has been watered by the tears of the loved he has left behind him. On that spot the eye of God dwells; and around the precincts of the poet's grave, the memories of friends still hover with a fond and melancholy regret.

Robert Nicoll was no ordinary man: Ebenezer Elliott has said of him, "Burns at his age had done nothing like him." His poetry is the very soul of pathos, tenderness, and sublimity. We might almost style him the Scottish Keats; though much more real and life-like, and more definite in his aims and purposes than Keats was. There is a truth and soul in the poetry of Nicoll, which come home to the universal heart. Especially does he give utterance to that deep poetry which lives in the heart, and murmurs in the lot of the poor man. He knew and felt it all, and found for it a voice in his exquisite lyrics. These have truth written on their very front—as Nicoll said truly to a friend, "I have written my *heart* in my poems; and rude, unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there."

Need we cite examples?—"We are lowly," "The Ha' Bible," "The Hero," "The bursting of the Chain," "I dare not scorn," and numerous other pieces which might be named, are, for strength, sublimity, and the noble poetic truths contained in them, equal to anything in the English language. "The Ha' Bible" is perhaps not unworthy to take equal rank with "The Cottar's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns.

To this interesting memoir by our friend Dr. Smiles, we will add a few sentences.

William Tait, in a note to us, observes, that "Robert Nicoll's manners were uncommonly gentle, yet he was spirited in conversation. I recollect when he and Mr. M'Laren, of the *Scotsman*, dined with me and a few friends more, Mr. M'Laren remarked the strange brilliance of Nicoll's eyes, in which there appeared what might be supposed to be the true poetic fire, or—mayhap, one of the well-known signs of consumption."

It was in Edinburgh that we ourselves saw Robert Nicoll, just before he went to Leeds to edit the *Times;* and we thought that we had never seen any one who so completely realized the idea of the young poet. Somewhat above the middle size, of a free and buoyant carriage, and with a countenance which was beautiful in the expression of intellect and noble sentiment. His eyes, struck us as most poetical,—large, blue, and full of enthusiasm. There was an ingenuousness about him that was peculiarly charming, and the spirit of freedom and of progress that animated him, seemed to point him out for a brilliant, ardent career in the cause of man.

He accompanied us to breakfast at the house of an old Friend, a leading member of the Society there, and the order, the quietness, and seriousness of the family, made a most lively impression upon him. After breakfast the [illegible] gentleman brought the Bible and read a chapter, after which we sate some time in silence, and when the conversation was renewed, it was not of the ordinary matters of the day, but of the progress of the Peace Society, the Anti-Slavery Society, and similar topics, all embracing human improvement and welfare. As we retired, Nicoll said it was a peep into an entirely new life to him, and brought strongly to his imagination the life of Covenanters and Patriarchs. We may well understand his feelings when we read his "Ha Bible," with which, as a fine specimen of his poetry, we will close this article.

THE HA' BIBLE.

Chief of the Household Gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!
While looking on thy signs
That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon me comes—
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd,
Like Childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!

The Mountains old and hoar—
The chainless Winds—the Streams so pure and free—
The God-enamel'd Flowers—
The waving Forest—the eternal Sea—
The Eagle floating o'er the Mountain's brow—
Are Teachers all; but O! they are not such as thou!

O! I could worship thee!
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;
For Love and Hope and Joy
In thy Almighty-written pages live!—
The Slave who reads shall never crouch again;
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!

God! Unto Thee I kneel,
And thank Thee! Thou unto my native land—
Yea to the outspread Earth—
Hast stretched in love Thy Everlasting hand,
And Thou hast given Earth and Sea and Air—
Yea all that heart can ask of Good and Pure and Fair!

And, Father, Thou hast spread
Before Men's eyes this Charter of the Free,
That all Thy Book might read,
And Justice love, and Truth and Liberty.
The Gift was unto Men—the Giver God!
Thou Slave! it stamps thee Man—go spurn thy weary load!

Thou doubly-precious Book!
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?—
Thou teachest Age to die,
And Youth in Truth unsullied up to grow!
In lowly homes a Comforter art thou—
A sunbeam sent from God—an Everlasting bow!

O'er thy broad ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored?
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored?
How many Mothers, by their Infants' bed,
Thy Holy, Blessed, Pure, Child-loving words have read!

And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted Love been join'd,
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!—
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'!

◆

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

WARNINGS AND PROVIDENCES.

The proof of the truth of the following statement, taken from the *Courier de l'Europe*, rests not only upon the known veracity of the narrator, but upon the fact that the whole occurrence is registered in the judicial records of the criminal trials of the Province of Languedoc. We give it as we heard it from the lips of the dreamer, as nearly as possible in his own words.

As the junior partner in a commercial house at Lyons, I had been travelling for some time on the business of the firm, when one evening, in the month of June, 1761, I arrived at a town in Languedoc, where I had never before been. I put up at a quiet inn in the suburbs, and being very much fatigued, ordered dinner at once, and went to bed almost immediately after, determining to begin very early in the morning my visits to the different merchants.

I was no sooner in bed than I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream that made the strongest impression upon me.

I thought that I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the day instead of the evening, as was really the case—that I had stopped at the very same inn, and gone out immediately as an unoccupied stranger would do, to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. I walked down the main street into another street, crossing it at right angles, and apparently leading into the country. I had not gone very far when I came to a church, the Gothic portal of which I stopped to examine. When I had satisfied my curiosity, I advanced to a bye path which branched off from the main street. Obeying an impulse which I could neither account for nor controul, I struck into this path, though it was winding, rugged, and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several gaps in it wide enough to admit four carts abreast. I approached an old well which stood, solitary and gloomy, in a distant corner, and looking down into it I beheld distinctly, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and the wide gashes whence the blood was flowing.

I would have cried out: but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. At this moment I awoke with my hair on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewing my forehead,—awoke to find myself comfortably in bed, my trunk standing beside me; birds warbling cheerfully around the window: whilst a young clear voice was singing a provincial air in the next room, and the morning sun was shining brightly through the curtains.

I sprang from my bed, dressed myself, and as it was yet very early I thought I would seek an appetite for my breakfast by a morning walk. I went accordingly into the street and strolled along. The farther I went the stronger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to my view. 'It is very strange,' I thought, 'I have never been here before, and I could swear that I have seen this house, and the next, and that other on the left.' On I went till I came to the corner of a street crossing the one down which I had come. For the first time I remembered my dream, but put away the thought as too absurd, still at every step I took, some fresh point of resemblance struck me. 'Am I still dreaming,' I exclaimed, not without a momentary thrill through my whole frame. 'Is the agreement to be perfect to the very end?' Before long I reached the church with the same architectural features that had attracted my notice in the dream, and then the high road, along which I pursued my way, coming at length to the same bye path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before—there was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree, every turn, was familiar to me. I was not at all of a superstitious turn; and was wholly engrossed in the practical details of commercial business. My mind had never dwelt upon the hallucinations, the presentiments that science either denies or is unable to explain, but I must confess that I now felt myself spell-bound as by some enchantment—and with Pascal's words on my lips—'A continued dream would be equal to reality,' I hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage, and this really was the case. In all its outward circumstances it corresponded to what I had seen it in my dream. Who then could wonder that I determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every other point! I entered the garden and went direct to the spot on which I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—well there was none. I looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, went round the cottage, which appeared to be inhabited, although no person was visible, but nowhere could I find any vestige of a well.

I made no attempt to enter the cottage, but hastened back to the hotel in a state of agitation difficult to describe; I could not make up my mind to pass unnoticed such extraordinary coincidences—but how was any clue to be obtained to the terrible mystery?

I went to the landlord, and after chatting with him for some time on different subjects, I came to the point and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on a bye-road which I described to him.

'I wonder, Sir,' said he 'what made you take such particular notice of such a wretched little hovel. It is inhabited by an old man with his wife, who have the character of being very morose and unsociable. They rarely leave the house, see nobody, and nobody goes to see them; but they are quiet enough, and I never heard anything against them beyond this. Of late, their very existence seems to have been forgotten; and, I believe, Sir, that you are the first who, for years, has turned your steps to the deserted spot.'

These details, far from satisfying my curiosity, did but provoke it the more. Breakfast was served, but I could not touch it, and I felt that if I presented myself to the merchants in such a state of excitement, they would think me mad; and, indeed, I felt very much excited. I paced up and down the room, looked out at the window, trying to fix my attention on some external object; but in vain. I endeavoured to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street—but the garden and the cottage pre-occupied my mind; and at last, snatching my hat, I cried—'I will go, come what may.'

" I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly. I saw directly that he was much impressed by my statement.

'It is, indeed, very strange,' said he, 'and after what has happened, I do not think I am at liberty to leave the matter without further inquiry. Important business will prevent my accompanying you in a search, but I will place two of the police at your command. Go once more to the hovel, see its inhabitants, and search every part of it. You may perhaps make some important discovery.'

I suffered but a very few moments to elapse before I was on my way, accompanied by the two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. We knocked, and after waiting some time an old man opened the door. He received us somewhat uncivilly, but shewed no mark of suspicion, nor, indeed, of any other emotion when we told him we wished to search the house.

'Very well, gentlemen, as fast and as soon as you like,' was his reply.

'Have you a well here?' I enquired.

'No, Sir; we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance.'

We searched the house, which I did, I confess, with a kind of feverish excitement, expecting every moment to bring some fatal secret to light. Meanwhile, the man gazed upon us with an impenetrable vacancy of look, and we at last left the cottage without seeing anything that could confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more, and a number of idlers having been by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two armed men engaged in searching the premises, I made enquiries of some of them whether they knew anything about a well in that place. I could get no information at first, but at length an old woman came slowly forward leaning on a crutch.

'A well!' cried she, 'is it the well you are looking after? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember it as if it were only yesterday, how, many a time, when I was a young girl I used to amuse myself by throwing stones into it, and hearing the splash they used to make in the water."

'And could you tell where that well used to be?' asked I, almost breathless with excitement.

'As near as I can remember; on the very spot on which your honour is standing,' said the old woman.

'I could have sworn it,' thought I, springing from the place as if I had trod upon a scorpion.

Need I say that we set to work to dig up the ground. At about eighteen inches deep, we came to a layer of bricks, which being broken up, gave to view some boards which were easily removed, after which we beheld the mouth of the well.

'I was quite sure it was here,' said the woman. What a fool the old fellow was to stop it up, and then have to go so far for water!'

A sounding-line furnished with hooks was now let down into the well; the crowd pressing around us, and breathlessly bending over the dark and fetid hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable obscurity. This was repeated several times, without any result. At length, penetrating below the mud, the hooks caught in an old chest, upon the top of which had been thrown a great many large stones, and after much time and effort, we succeeded in raising it to daylight. The sides and lid were decayed and rotten; it needed no locksmith to open it, and we found within what I was certain we should find, and which paralysed with horror all the spectators who had not my pre-convictions—we found the remains of a human body.

The police-officers who had accompanied me, now rushed into the the house, and secured the person of the old man. As to his wife—no one could, at first, tell what had become of her; after some search, however, she was found hidden behind a bundle of faggots.

By this time nearly the whole town had gathered around the spot, and now that this horrible fact had come to light, everybody had some crime to tell of, which had been laid to the charge of the old couple. The people who predict after an event, are numerous.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities and privately and separately examined. The old man persisted in his denial most pertinaciously, but his wife at length confessed, that in concert with her husband she had once, a very long time ago, murdered a pedlar whom they had met one night on the high road, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him, and whom, in consequence, they induced to pass the night at their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep induced by fatigue, to strangle him, his his body had been put into the chest, the chest thrown into the well, and the well stopped up.

The pedlar being from another country, his disappearance had occasioned no enquiry; there was no witness of the crime; and as its traces had been carefully concealed from every eye, the two criminals had good reason to believe themselves secure from detection. They had not however been able to silence the voice of conscience; they fled from the sight of their fellow men; they thought they beheld wherever they turned, mute accusers; they trembled at the slightest noise, and silence thrilled them with terror. They had often formed a determination to leave the scene of their crime, to fly to some distant land, but still some undefinable fascination kept them near the remains of their victim.

Terrified by the deposition of his wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man at length made a similar confession, and six weeks after the unhappy criminals died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse.

They died penitent.

The well was once more shut up, and the cottage levelled to the ground; it was not, however, until fifty years had in some measure deadened the memory of the terrible transaction, that the ground was cultivated.—It is now a fine field of corn.

Such was the dream, and its result.

I never had the courage to re-visit the town where I had been an actor in such a tragedy. The story was told again by me last winter in a company where it gave rise to a long and animated discussion upon the credibility to be attached to dreams. Ancient and modern history was ransacked to find arguments on both sides. Plutarch was quoted in what he says of a certain Lysimachus, grand-son of Aristides, who embraced the profession of interpreter of dreams, and realized wealth by the trade. Cicero states that a dream of Cecilia, daughter of Babaricus, appeared of sufficient importance to be the subject of a decree of the Senate. One of the most indefatigable commentators of the sixteenth century, Cœlius Rhodizinus, when labouring to correct the text of Pliny which he has singularly obscured, was stopped by the word *ectrapelis.* In vain did he work at the meaning for a whole week—he ended by falling asleep—and in a dream the solution of the difficulty came into his head. It was during sleep that Henricus ab Heeres, a Dutch writer, very celebrated in his day, but very obscure in ours, composed all his works; once awake, he had but to transcribe from memory.

Two rather rare works published in 1690, and 1706, had for subject, the dreams of Louis XIV. The following occurrence is well known in Scotland.—

A gentleman residing some miles from Edinburgh, had occasion to pass the night in that city. In the middle of the night, he dreamed that his house was on fire, and that one of his children was in the midst of the flames. He woke, and so strong was the impression upon his mind, that he instantly got out of his bed, saddled his horse and galloped home. In accordance with his dream he found his house in flames, and thus arriving, saved his little girl, about ten months old, who had been forgotten, in a room which the devouring element had just reached.

Another fact we borrow from a recent work by a physician. A mother who was uneasy about the health of a child who was out at nurse, dreamed that it had been buried alive. The horrid thought woke her; and she determined to set off for the place without a moment's delay. On her arrival she learned that after a sudden and short illness, the child had died, and had just then been buried. Half frantic from this intelligence, she insisted upon the grave being opened, and the moment the coffin-lid was raised she carried off the child in her arms. He still breathed, and maternal cares restored him to life. The truth of this anecdote has been warranted—we have seen the child so wonderfully rescued—he is now, in 1843, a man in the prime of life, and filling an important post.

The Jesuit Malvenda, the author of a Commentary on the Bible, saw one night in his sleep, a man laying his hand upon his chest, who announced to him that he would soon die. He was then in perfect health, but soon after being seized by a pulmonary disorder, was carried off. This is told by the sceptic Bayle, who relates it as fact too well authenticated, even for the apostle of Phyrrhonism to doubt.

We will conclude this present paper by the following which is not merely given on the authority of the most illustrious of our modern chemists, but which is related as occurring to himself.

Sir Humphrey Davy dreamed one night that he was in Italy, where he had fallen ill. The room in which he seemed to lie struck him in a very peculiar manner, and he particularly noticed all the details of the furniture, etc., remarking in his dream, how unlike anything English they were. In his dream he appeared to be carefully nursed by a young girl whose fair and delicate features were imprinted upon his memory. After some years, Davy travelled in Italy, and being taken ill there, actually found himself in the very room of which he had dreamed, attended upon by the very same young woman whose features had made such a deep impression upon his mind. The reader need not be reminded of the authenticity of a statement resting upon such authority, eminent alike for truth that would not deceive, and intelligence that could not be deceived.

(*To be continued.*)

◆

A SOLDIER'S SKULL; OR, THE MURDERS OF DISCIPLINE.

By R. H. Horne.

Since no one can imagine that the epithet of a "thick-skull" refers so much to the density of the external bone, as the density of the brain within, it would appear that military commanders entertain a fixed opinion that anything in the world may be done with the skulls of their men, and the said men never find out that they are treated either as beasts of the field, or fools of the barracks. Their backs may be flogged till bereft of skin, and the blade-bones become visible; they may be cast into dark dungeons for any period, there to linger upon bread and water, and constant midnight; and they may be hanged up to any tree, or their skulls may be blown to pieces—*not* in the regular way of business and by the infuriate foe,—but as a special example of "discipline" by their own friends, and in cool blood. A striking instance of this has recently occurred in India.

If the "sacredness" of human life be at the mercy of the slightest movement of a minister's pen, a field-marshal's baton, or a naval commander's momentary impulse, and that, directly or indirectly, the noble gift of God, can be instantly snatched away by a man in "authority," and cast back before the footstool of its Creator; and if we, living in a state of what is called highly civilized society, must hear ourselves assured that these legalized murders are necessary as great examples (which we deny) we must still feel strongly that it is permitted to the denizens of every free country, and imperatively demanded at the hands of the public writer, to enter his solemn protest against all useless cruelties, and to denounce all revolting exhibitions of horror, and hold them up to public execration. They are most undoubtedly "examples" (of *something*) but as to their effect, they are utterly demoralizing and breed a spirit of mortal hatred and resistance in all those whom they are intended to overawe.

It appears that, under the imposing term of "discipline" military commanders, and many others who ought to know better, consider that any crimes against humanity, any deliberate barbarity, any possible atrocity may be committed. They may be committed, it seems, not only without reprehension, but with a certain side-wind of commendation.

"A terrible example" says the *Times* (December 2 th) "has lately been given of military discipline in India." How exemplary this discipline, a few words which should be printed in letters of blood, will suffice to display.

The soldiers' life in India, when not engaged in active service, is of a kind the monotony and vacuity of which are of the most wearisome and intolerable description. Having really nothing to do, he is ordered long purposeless drills, marches and counter marches, over the same dull piece of ground, after which he again returns to his loitering, and dozing, and drinking of rum, until he experiences all the self-disgust of utter idleness. His existence eventually becomes unbearable, and he commits some offence, solely in the hope of getting transported—anything for a change, and to save himself from going mad. Several offences have recently been committed in the army in India with no other object. With a view to stop this desire for transportation—to cure this natural yearning after some relief—the Commander-in-Chief has taken to shooting the men. He hopes by these means to reconcile all the rest to their situation, reclaim them to a sense of the pleasures of duty, and revive in their hearts the love of a military life in India.

Here is the whole pith and poison of the matter, very fairly and fully stated, from the *Times* newspaper:—"Now the point to which we would particularly direct attention is the moving cause of all this fearful disorganisation. It will at once have occurred to any one familiar with such matters, that the ordinary materials of mischief could not solely have been at work here. An injudicious commanding officer, tyrannical sergeants, the leaven of a few bad spirits, an unpopular station, or occasionally, even too severe a service, will doubtless disorganise any particular corps and produce such disasters as these. But here it is moralty impossible that such conditions should have concurred, in different regiments, and in different quarters, to develope, at the same time, the same examples of mutiny. Some one predominant influence must have been operating throughout all the cantonments quite irrespective of the peculiar constitution of the corps; and it happens that we are left in no doubt as to what this influence is. It is simply the intolerable burden of the every-day life of a soldier in India. The punishment of imprisonment was avowedly inefficient, only because it was found less irksome than ordinary duty. Transportation was equally useless as a threat, because the men preferred any imaginable prospect to the reality before them. The sufferer in the case related above, made no secret of his motives. The officer whom he had insulted was not an abusive or an aggravating sergeant, but one whose disposition was peculiarly inoffensive. In fact, he avowed on the court-martial that he had *committed the crime solely because he was weary of his life*, and would fain be transported; so that he had no more criminal intention of breaking the articles of war, than a poor creature has of outraging the laws of his country, who smashes a pane of glass in order to get a night's lodging in the station-house. Surely such conditions as these cannot be the inevitable conditions of military life in India, otherwise it is but too clear that even the most terrible penalty will fail to preserve discipline, and that of the two horrible alter-natives which we humanely submit to the soldier, the discharge of his bounden duty will appear the worst. It is necessary, perhaps, that we should inform our readers that the conditions alluded to do not involve any tremendous service, any intolerable privations, any unparalleled exposure, or any vindictive severity at the hands of the officers. On the contrary, the duty in these parts is mainly confined to the drilling grounds; rum and rations are almost unlimited; of exposure there is literally nothing; and the spirit of the officers has been shown by a refusal, in more than one case, to pass sentence of death, even at the *direct instance of the Commander-in-chief*, conveyed in no palatable terms. The truth is, that it is just this *absence of every possible rational occupation which has engendered the evil.*"

Observe this well, all ye who love peace, and desire to see the social and intellectual progress of humanity—the British soldier has at last discovered that his head was given him for other purposes than to be a mark for bullets—that he has a mind as well as a bayonet—and that he is capable of desiring rational occupation to a degree that drives him half mad!

Let us now turn to contemplate the "exemplary" fate of the last victim, who is stated to have raised his hand against a sergeant of no tyrannical or bad nature, and with no provocation, but having literally no other object than to get transported from a maddening life of idleness and monotony—this man's last scene is thus recorded.

"The awful apparatus of a military execution was duly arranged—the open square, the muffled drums, the dead march, and the silent muster. The prisoner was left kneeling on his coffin before the firing party, and the fatal signal was given,—when a slight shiver was the only perceptible result of the volley which should have sent him to his last account. The reserved fire of the rear rank was delivered with no greater effect, and the horror of the scene was consummated by the act of the Provost Marshal, who in discharge of his hideous duty *stepped up with a pistol and literally blew the criminal's skull to atoms.*"

Here is discipline in its most exemplary form! Could any reasonable Commander-in-Chief wish for more? Nor was this all. It was attended with the narrow escape of a second victim.

"In his agitation he directed the pistol sideways instead of against the butt, and the ball, after doing its deadly work, actually passed through the cap of a man in the ranks, who thus escaped by an inch the fate of his guilty comrade."

This would have been one of those arguments that "prove too much." But does not this monstrous scene already prove too much? We think so. What says our contemporary just quoted.

"It is not," continues the writer, "with any desire of questioning the necessity of these examples, that we have introduced so fearful a subject."

Not!—surely the duty of a public journalist lies the other way? It is expressly to question this diabolical act, misnamed a necessity, that we now address our readers. These hideous examples—of what are they examples? Of ignorance, chiefly; of wilful blindness, in part, and of old despotic habits in the army, too rooted in evil and arrogance to be moved by the reforming, refining, and enlarging intelligence of the present times. We have, at last, found out that the British soldier is not a *mere* machine; and that he actually has his own human nature at bottom—and enough of mind (though canteens are encouraged, and reading-rooms are discountenanced) to be capable of loathing utter idleness, and of being driven nearly insane by the sheer futility of monotonous days—hopeless days, listless and stupified, full of oaths and rum, and dull vice, and self-loathing—and of the objectless and intolerable drudgery of drills up and down—marches and countermarches without end—halt, right wheel, and halt, left wheel, equally to go nowhere—right about face, only to see what he has seen already to sickening sameness—forward, as before—evermore "as you were." To escape from this he has risked the chance of death—and found it. He did not care about his life, but he had in fact, intended only to get himself transported to some other place, he cared not where, to do some other sort of thing, he cared not what. The Commander-in-Chief, however, thought that an "example" was necessary, and that this poor fellow would make a particularly good one—and so "his skull was blown to atoms."

But there is one thing in all this, far more important than the display of how contemptuous an estimate is formed by a military commander of the heads or hearts of the men whose lives have been placed at his disposal. It is the very marked circumstance of the fire of an entire rank of men missing the object, succeeded by a collective fire from the rear rank with precisely the same result. Let commanders endeavour to see something in this, besides a bad aim, or a feeling of "insubordination"—let them see the spirit of outraged nature in it, and have a care how they carry their contempt of their fellow-creatures to so insufferable a pitch. There will come of it much more than mere mutiny.

◆

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Translated for "Howitt's Journal,"

From Lamartine's "Histoire des Girondins."

(Continued from p. 121.)

THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

Meantime the Royal Family had taken a few moments repose without undressing in M. Sausse's rooms, spite of the threatening murmurs of voices and hurrying of feet which each moment increased under their windows. Such was the state of things at seven o'clock in the morning. The Queen did not sleep. All the passions of the wife, the mother, the Queen, anger, terror, and despair, so besieged her soul, that her hair, fair the night before, was white on the morrow.

Yet still the captives were far from despairing. Every instant they expected to see M. de Bouillé arrive; the slightest movement in the crowd, the least sound of arms in the street, they imagine the announcement of his arrival. The courier despatched to Paris had only left Varennes at three in the morning. It would take him twenty hours to reach Paris, as many to return. The time consumed in convoking the Assembly, and in its deliberations, could not be less than three or four more hours. Thus, at least, M. de Bouillé was eight and forty hours in advance of the orders from Paris. Besides, in what state would Paris be?

The King had been able to communicate freely with several officers of the detachments. M. de Guoguelas, M. de Damas, and M. de Choiseul, had penetrated to him. The Corporation of Varennes shewed much respect and pity for the King, even in the execution of what they considered their duty. M. Derlons, who commanded a squadron of hussars, informed by the commander of the Varennes detachment who had escaped at two o'clock in the morning, of the arrest of the King, without awaiting the orders of his general, had caused his hussars to mount, and had galloped to Varennes to carry off the King by force. He found the gates barricaded and defended by numbers of National Guards. His hussars were refused admittance. But M. Derlons leaving his squadron without, dismounted, desiring to be introduced to the King, which was agreed to. His object was at first to inform Louis that M. de Bouillé was preparing to march at the head of the Royal Germans. But he had also another object, to assure himself with his own eyes whether it were impossible for his squadron to overcome all obstacles and carry off the King. M. Derlons returned in despair from his interview, but remained before the gates awaiting the superior force of M. de Bouillé.

The aide-de-camp of M. de La Fayette, M. Romeuf, despatched by that general, and bearing the order of the Assembly, reached Varennes at half-past seven. The Queen, who knew him, reproached him in the most pathetic manner for the odious mission with which his general had charged him. M. Romeuf sought in vain to calm her irritation by all the marks of respect and devotion compatible with the rigour of his orders. The Queen, passing from invectives to tears, gave free course to her despair. M. Romeuf having placed the written order of the Assembly on the bed where the Dauphin lay, the Queen seized the paper, threw it on the ground, and treading it under foot, exclaimed that such a paper defiled the bed of her son.

Preparations for departure were hastened, in fear that M. de Bouillé might force the gates or cut off their return. The King, as much as possible, retarded their departure. Every minute gained gave him a chance of deliverance; he disputed them one by one with his captors. At the moment of departure, one of the Queen's women feigned a serious and sudden indisposition. The Queen refused to depart without her. She only yielded to threats of violence and the cries of the impatient people. She would not allow any one to touch her son. She took him in her arms, got into the carriage, and the royal cortège, escorted by three or four thousand National Guards, slowly pursued its way towards Paris.

What had the Marquis de Bouillé been about during this long time of suspense and anxiety? He had passed the night before the gates of Dun, two leagues from Varennes, awaiting the couriers who were to announce to him the approach of the carriages. At four in the morning fearing discovery, and finding no courier arrive, he returned to Stenay, so as to be enabled to give orders to his troops, should any accident have occurred to the King. He was at the gates of Stenay at half-past four, when the two officers whom he had placed there the evening before, and the commander who had been abandoned by his troops, informed him of the King's arrest at eleven the previous night. Confounded by this intelligence, he gave instant orders for the regiment of Royal Germans to mount and follow him. The colonel of the regiment had received orders the evening before to have the horses ready saddled: this order had not been attended to, and thus three quarters of an hour were lost in preparations. It is nine leagues from Stenay to Varennes by a mountainous and difficult road. M. de Bouillé used all possible speed. At a quarter past nine he reached Varennes. His regiment followed close behind. Whilst reconnoitring the town, M. de Bouillé perceived a troop of hussars, also apparently reconnoitring. It is the squadron of Dun commanded by M. Derlons M. Derlons informs his general that the King has departed already an hour and a half, that the town is in a regular state of defence, and that M.M. de Choiseul, de Damas, and de Guoguelas, are prisoners. M. de Bouillé resolves to follow the King and rescue him from the National Guard. He sends out scouts to discover the fords by which the Royal Germans may cross the river; but although there is ono they do not discover it. He learns that the garrisons of Verdun and Metz are advancing with cannon; the country swarms with National Guards; his cavalry show hesitation; the horses are wearied with their journey of nine leagues. All energy is lost with hope. M. de Bouillé silently conducts them back to the gates of Stenay. Then, followed by one or two of his officers, he crosses the frontiers amid shots, rather desiring death than avoiding punishment.

* * * * *

Rapidly the royal carriages returned towards Châlons. All the population lined the roads to see this captive King brought back in triumph by the people, who believed itself betrayed. It is with difficulty the bayonets and pikes of the National Guards open a way through this crowd, which ever increases. Cries and gestures of fury, laughter, and outrage, never weary. The clamour of the people ceases and re-commences with each turning of the wheels. It was a calvary of sixty leagues, of which each step was a martyrdom. One man alone, M. de Dampierre, an old Royalist, wishing to approach and express a respectful compassion to his master was massacred beneath the carriage wheels. The Royal Family had to pass over his bleeding body. The King and Queen having made the sacrifice of their lives, summoned for death all their dignity and all their courage. Passive courage was the virtue of Louis XVI. There was sufficient hatred of the people in the blood and pride of the Queen to cause her inwardly to scorn the insults with which they profaned her. Madame Elizabeth besought in a low voice succour from on high. The two children were astonished at all this hatred. The august family would never have reached Paris alive, had not the Commissioners from the Assembly arrived in time to intimidate and govern this sedition.

The commissioners met the carriages between Dormans and Epernay. Barnave and Péthion hastened to enter the King's *Birline* to partake his danger and shield him by their persons. They succeeded in preserving him from death but not from outrage. The popular fury withdrawn from the carriages, shewed itself farther off along the road. All persons suspected of attachment to the King, were basely outraged. An ecclesiastic having approached and exhibiting signs of respect and grief on his countenance, was seized by the mob, thrown down by the horses, and would have been immolated under the queen's eyes, had not Barnave, by a sublime impulse, thrown himself out of the carriage window exclaiming,—

"Frenchmen, will you become a nation of assassins!"

Madame Elizabeth, struck with admiration of Barnave's courage, and fearing he would precipitate himself into the crowd, and be himself massacred, held him fast by the laps of the coat. From this moment the pious Princess, the Queen, and the King himself conceived a secret esteem for Barnave. They were astonished to find a respectful protector in the man they had considered an insolent enemy.

Barnave's countenance was full of strength, but kind and frank, his manners polished, his language decent, his bearing saddened in the presence of so much beauty and fallen greatness. No doubt restrained by his colleague Péthion, he did not express openly how during this journey, he had been vanquished by the seductions of pity, admiration, and respect, but this was shewn by his acts, and a treaty was concluded by looks. The royal family felt that they had conquered Barnave. From this day forth, his whole conduct justified this confidence. Audacious against tyranny, he was yet powerless against weakness, grace, and misfortune. It was this which cost him his life, but which ennobled his memory. Péthion, on the contrary, remained cold as a sectarian, rude as a *Parvenu;* he affected a rough familiarity with the royal family; he ate before the Queen, and flung the rinds of fruit through the carriage window, nearly soiling the King's face with them; when Madame Elizabeth poured out wine for him he took up the glass without thanking her. Louis XVI having asked him whether he was for the system of the two Chambers or for the Republic,—

"I should be for the Republic," replied Péthion, "did I believe my country ripe for that form of government."

The King offended, did not reply a single word till they reached Paris.

The Commissioners had written to the Assembly from Dormans to inform them of the King's route and to prepare them for the day and moment of their arrival. The approach to Paris offered the greatest danger from the number and fury of the people, the cortége had to traverse. The assembly redoubled their energy and prudence to assure the safety of the King's person. Thousands of placards were posted about, setting forth, "That he who applauded the King should be bastinadoed; he who insulted him should be hanged."

It was seven in the evening on the 25th of June when the captive King entered Paris. The people were gloomy, not furious. Thousands of eyes glared death into the carriages; not a voice expressed it. This sangfroid of hate did not escape the King.

The day was intensely hot. A burning sun, whose rays were reflected from the pavement and bayonets, devoured the *Berline* in which ten people were crowded together. The clouds of dust raised by the feet of two or three hundred thousand spectators, were the only veil which from time to time concealed the humiliation of the King and Queen. The sweat of the horses, and the feverish breath of this thronging and excited multitude corrupted the atmosphere. The travellers wanted air. The brows of the two children were bathed in perspiration. The Queen trembling for them, precipitately lowered one of the carriage windows, and addressing the crowd in the hope of touching their feelings,—

"Gentlemen!" cried she, "see the state in which my poor children are, we shall be suffocated!"

"We will suffocate thee in another way!" replied they in low voices.

No military honours were rendered to the supreme head of the army. The National guards leant on their arms, but did not salute; they looked on as the cortége passed with indifference and contempt.

The carriages entered the garden of the Tuileries by the draw-bridge. La Fayette on horse-back at the head of his staff, had gone to meet the cortége and now preceded it. During his absence, an immense crowd had inundated the garden, and the terraces, and obstructed the entrance to the château. The escort, with difficulty, passed through these tumultuous waves. Every one was to keep on his hat. M. de Guillermy, a member of the Assembly, alone remained uncovered, spite of the menaces and insults which this mark of respect drew upon him. Seeing that they were about to employ force to constrain him to imitate the universal insult, he flung his hat into the crowd so far that it could not be brought back to him. It was at this moment that the Queen, perceiving La Fayette, and fearing for the lives of the faithful Gardes-du-corps seated on the box of the carriage, and threatened by the populace, exclaimed,—

"Monsieur de la Fayette, save the Gardes-du-corps!"

The royal family descended from the carriage at the bottom of the terrace. La Fayette received them from the hands of Barnave and Péthion. The children were borne in the arms of National-guards.

The prolonged clamours of the crowd at the King's entrance of the Tuileries announced to the Assembly their triumph. Business was interrupted for half an hour. A deputy rushes into the hall and reports that the three Gardes-du-corps are in the hands of the people, who are about to tear them to pieces. Twenty commissioners instantly depart to save them. They return a few minutes afterwards. The sedition has calmed itself before them. They have seen, they say, Péthion covering the window of the King's carriage with his body. Barnave enters and mounts the rostrum,—

"We have fulfilled our mission," he says, "to the honour of France and the Assembly. We have preserved public tranquility and the King's safety. The King has told us that he never did intend to pass the frontiers of the kingdom. We travelled rapidly to Meaux to avoid the pursuit of M. de Bouille's troops. The National Guard and the troops have done their duty. The King is at the Tuileries!"

Such was this flight, which, had it succeeded, would have changed the whole character of the revolution. The King so resigned and impassive, sunk for a time under so much grief and humiliation. For ten days he did not even exchange a word with his own family. His last struggle with misfortune seemed to have exhausted his strength. He seemed vanquished and longed, as it were, to die in advance. The Queen throwing herself with her children at his feet, at length broke the silence. The Queen had the heart of a hero; Louis the soul of a sage; but genius which unites wisdom with courage was wanting in both; one knew how to combat, the other how to submit, neither how to reign.

(To be continued.)

◆

THE POOR MAIDEN AND THE ANGELS.

By Mrs. E. S. Craven Green.

She sleeps! for she is weary
With toil and watching long,
And her spinning-wheel no longer
Hums its busy even-song.

Almost a child she seemeth
Just reaching girlhood fair;
And her young face palely gleameth
'Midst her soft unbraided hair.

Ah! poor and lowly maiden,
Not long thy rest must be—
Life hangs upon thy spindle!—
All ask their bread from thee.

The little weeping children—
The dying mother pale—
Thine eyes must know no slumber,
Thy fingers must not fail!

Yet still, yet still, she sleepeth;—
For serenely at her side,
Its watch an angel keepeth,
With white wings floating wide.

Her innocence it foldeth
With calm from heaven around;—
And a solemn stillness holdeth
That spot of holy ground!—

Sleep, poor and pious maiden,
Till wakes the summer sun—
Thy spindle is unladen—
Thy work by angels done!

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

THE CHURCH PLUNDERING THE MEETING HOUSE.

My dear Howitts,

In your report of some recent Church-rate larcenies in Bishopsgate ward, I observe the item of *forty-two chairs taken from the Friends' Meeting-house*. Has it occurred to you that these chairs may be intended for "free seats" in one of the many superfluous new churches about the metropolis? Such things are known to have come into fashion, since the public eye has been more observant than formerly of priestly avarice, and its sneaking temple-traffic. Now the seats in a Quaker's Meeting-house are well known to be *all* free, and as "our venerable establishment" is very much of a novice at doing anything without an equivalent, she may have felt it a great relief, to *grab* so many *real original free seats* ready made. The honesty of such doings she has yet to be taught how to estimate; but the lesson is arriving, and she must needs con it, either by persuasion, or under the rod.

I am, yours faithfully,

ELIAS.

Avonside, Feb. 2, 1848.

PROGRESS OF SOCIAL REFORMS.

The numbers of reports that we receive of the movements of associations for social improvement, are at once cheering and perplexing. We find it impossible to state them at length. We must from time to time, content ourselves with a brief reference to the main facts of these reports, as below.

I. THE ICARIANS.

The effect of the government arrest of M. Cabet has been all that the friends of the cause could desire. The enthusiasm excited, and the propulsion given to the scheme of emigration is immense. It does not confine itself to France but already extends to England, Belgium, and Spain. Dr. Rovira has taken his departure with the *Avant-garde* of the French Icarians, who embarked at Havre on the 3rd instant, as the pioneers of the Spanish, and particularly the Barcelona Icarians, who are about to purchase a vessel furnished with everything, both necessary for the voyage and for their settlement on their arrival in Texas; and who propose to sail in March. The *Avant-garde*, consisting of 69 healthy and intelligent men, made a sort of triumphal procession to Havre, amid the great excitement of the people. We are happy to announce that Mr. Sully, the agent of the Icarian Society in London, has not been shipwrecked, as Goodwyn Barmby supposed, on the coast of Spain. The Committee have received a most cheering account of his voyage from him, dated January 12th, at the Virgin Isles, on his route for New Orleans, so that he hopes to be at Texas to receive the French *Avant garde*. So far, all bids fair for this great enterprise. The main drawback to our expectations for the future being, however, the dreadful state of society in Texas from the influx of slave-owners and abandoned Americans since the annexation. M. Cabet's colony will enjoy protection from their numbers; and there lies the chief hope for them. Of climate and fertility there can be no question.

II. UPHOLSTERERS' INSTITUTE.

We regret to learn that this excellent association, which has set so laudable an example to the other trades of quitting public houses, and holding their festive meetings with their wives and female relatives at places where temperance and intellectual enjoyment may prevail, has suffered a severe loss from the defalcation of a confidential member, and is in need of a helping hand from institutions of a similar character and object. The Committee-room is in Great Marlborough-street.

III. PEACE SOCIETY.—NATIONAL DEFENCES.

The Peace Society is manfully at work to defeat the plundering schemes of the Aristocracy. They are holding public meetings in various places, and issuing printed statements. In one of these the following paragraph is enough to settle the question of peace or war with any man in his senses.

The people of England are far more heavily taxed than any other nation under heaven, as the following comparative statement will show:—

Taxation per Head per Annum among the principal Nations.

	£.	s.	d.
The United States	0	9	7
Russia	0	9	9
Austria	0	11	6
Prussia	0	12	4
France	1	4	0
England	2	12	6

And wherefore is this? Mark well the following figures. The interest of the National Debt, *every penny of which was incurred by the War system*, amounts annually to £28,045,000. Add to this the present annual cost for the Army, Navy, and Ordnance, together with the charge of collecting the taxes for these, of £20,000,000 more. It will thus appear, that if the people of England are taxed more than double the amount of any other nation, and more than four times that of most nations, it is because 17s. 6d. out of every pound they pay, is brought upon them by the past or present cost of War operations and establishments. And yet, with all these facts staring us in the face, it is now proposed to introduce a measure still further to augment taxation for similar purposes.

IV. EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT IN HAWICK.

Through the instrumentality of the young men in their employ, the Grocers, Drapers, Tobacconists, and others, with very few exceptions, have agreed to shut their places of business at seven o'clock during the winter months, and at eight o'clock throughout the rest of the year.

V. PROGRESS OF THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT IN GLASGOW.

About three months ago, after a steady though protracted advocacy of their rights, the young men succeeded in getting the Grocers and Victuallers of this city to close their shops at eight o'clock. This agreement was strictly observed for some weeks after it was entered into, but since then it has been gradually departed from, except in the case of several of the more respectable establishments connected with these trades. The causes of this are briefly stated in a paragraph, which I quote from the *Examiner* newspaper, one of the few Scottish papers, by the way, which has given a distinct utterance on the subject:—

"The practice of early shop-shutting, by the avarice of masters, the thoughtlessness of the public, and the indifference of shopmen themselves, is now little more than a name. In scarcely a shop in the city is business suspended at the appointed hour. Grocers and other dealers put up their shutters in sufficient time, but the doors are kept open long after, and all who enter to purchase are served, whatever may be the hour. The result of a movement, which has cost so much time and agitation, and received the sympathies of all good men, by want of discretion on the part of the public, and a little exercise of firmness on the part of the young men, is gradually being destroyed."

This witness is true.

A supper was given by a few members of the Grocers' Early Closing Association, on Thursday night, to those employers who had remained faithful to their engagement, when the interchange of sentiment on both sides was such as to gratify every real philanthropist and lover of equality, and to give evidence of approaching amelioration. Too long has a false dignity separated the served from the servant. Too long has the former assumed airs of superiority sanctioned neither by reason nor revelation; too long has the latter fawned and crouched on monied ignorance. "A better time is coming." Such meetings as the above are its harbingers. Up, men of independent mind in both classes, up! up! Give to the world not your theory, but your *practice* of thoroughly benevolent Christian masters, served by devoted diligent servants.

The bulk of the Goldsmiths, Watchmakers, and Jewellers, also, about the beginning of winter, agreed to close their places of business at seven o'clock—an hour earlier than the others—and so far as I have had opportunities of observation, have kept regularly to their time.

The Curriers and Leather Merchants have just announced their determination to shut also at seven o'clock. A printed bill, which I now enclose, gives the names of the various employers. The same has been done by the Ironmongers. Most of the Drapers are now closing at seven o'clock, although inside work and open doors after that hour are lamentably prevalent. Two or three firms, whose names ought to be published, are particularly noted for this. One of them, a bang-up cheap establishment, where a great number of young men are employed, and where a great amount of business is done, makes it a regular practice to work inside one hour, two hours, and sometimes three hours after the street-door is shut. They came out lately in a newspaper advertisement somewhat to this effect:—

Owing to the great press of business, our young men have agreed to sacrifice their dinner hour, and we, on our part, have resolved to close our warehouses at six o'clock; we hope, therefore, that our numerous friends and the public will come forward and make their purchases before then.

What is the result? Still the deceptive, roguish, inside work continues; and with aching stomach and wearied limbs, the young men frequently sit down to dinner at eight o'clock p.m.! Yet such employers have the impudence to appear on the platform at our public meetings, and express great sympathy with their assistants. Thus they impose on the public, and the public—aptly termed, "a gullible animal"—heaps upon them its favours and caresses. What can the young men do at a time like the present, when trade is so wretchedly bad? Why, they must submit to the treatment, and keep quiet. Expostulation or temperate resistance would, in most cases, cast them penniless on the wide world. When selfish and unprincipled men can get hundreds, aye thousands, to do their work uncomplainingly, at a rate of compensation barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, they will not submit to be lectured by an inferior, even mildly, on humanity, justice, or benevolence.

Disunion appears to be the chief element in the failure, past and present, of the Early Closing Reform in Glasgow. It is so in all our popular reformatory movements. The moral power of individuals can only make itself felt when bearing *unitedly* and *harmoniously* on a given object; when divided, its strength becomes weakness. One man is not thoroughly convinced of the badness of such-and-such a cause, therefore he intermits his efforts and vigilance for its downfall; another is jealous of his neighbour's reputation or influence, so he gratifies this personal animosity by injuring in some shape the common good; another, of a quarrelsome temper, resents a supposed insult by abandoning his professed principles; multitudes are similarly influenced; thus the defection goes on, till the whole scheme is frustrated. So in the present case. One employer agrees—reluctantly to be sure, but still as the movement appears general, and as his neighbours are signing the requisition, he agrees—to close his shop at a particular time. He observes the regulation for a few nights; customers, however, somehow crowd in upon him just as he is about to shut the door; he can't thrust them out; a few shillings more are added to the day's proceeds; the assistant's time is encroached upon, and by and by the old long-hour system is resumed as before. An opposite neighbour, grasping and avaricious, who, ever since the first night's experiment of short hours, has been eager to detect a transgressor, now sees the above, and, emboldened by precedent, forthwith becomes the public's servant till—any o'clock! Others, after the novelty has subsided, lose all interest in it, and swing back, like a struck pendulum, to their old regular pace. Thus the game goes on, till the whole affair is completely dished. Here comes in the *necessity* of public action. If the public were deeply convinced of the evils resulting from long hours of business to themselves and others, and firmly resolved to put a stop to them by making their purchases during daylight, or at least early in the evening, it is not likely that shopkeepers would pay for two or three hours'gas, or keep a number of persons hanging on, when there was nothing to do. I know there are some hard-headed, hard-hearted persons, who, even in such circumstances, would contrive to spin out the young men's time to its utmost length, sooner than let them have it to themselves; but these are in the minority, and public odium would soon shame them into liberality. Hitherto the Early Closing Movement in Glasgow has been regarded more as a matter of accommodation between master and servant, than one on which public feeling must be elicited, and public influence must decide. Some time ago, the ministers of different religious bodies in the city, were requested to bring the subject before their churches and congregations. With one or two exceptions, they consented; but to our knowledge, they have not yet done it. A large amount of good might be expected to accrue from an earnest pulpit advocacy of the young men's claims: we fear the bugbear of secularizing the sanctuary will prevent them from receiving it.

Young men, shop-assistants of Glasgow, of London, of Britain, your hopes, doubtless, have been crushed by the failure of a scheme you thought would emancipate at once your mind and your body, but hope on, work on. Make it your business, by means of tracts, lectures, public meetings, &c., thoroughly to enlighten the public mind as to your position, influence, aims, and requirements, and the public once gained, everything is gained; opposition, if offered, will be feeble, and soon vanquished; you will advance to knowledge, feast upon her treasures, and take your place as the lights of the nation. No slumber, then, no sleep! J. B. J.

Glasgow, 5th Feb., 1848.

WHITTINGTON CLUB.

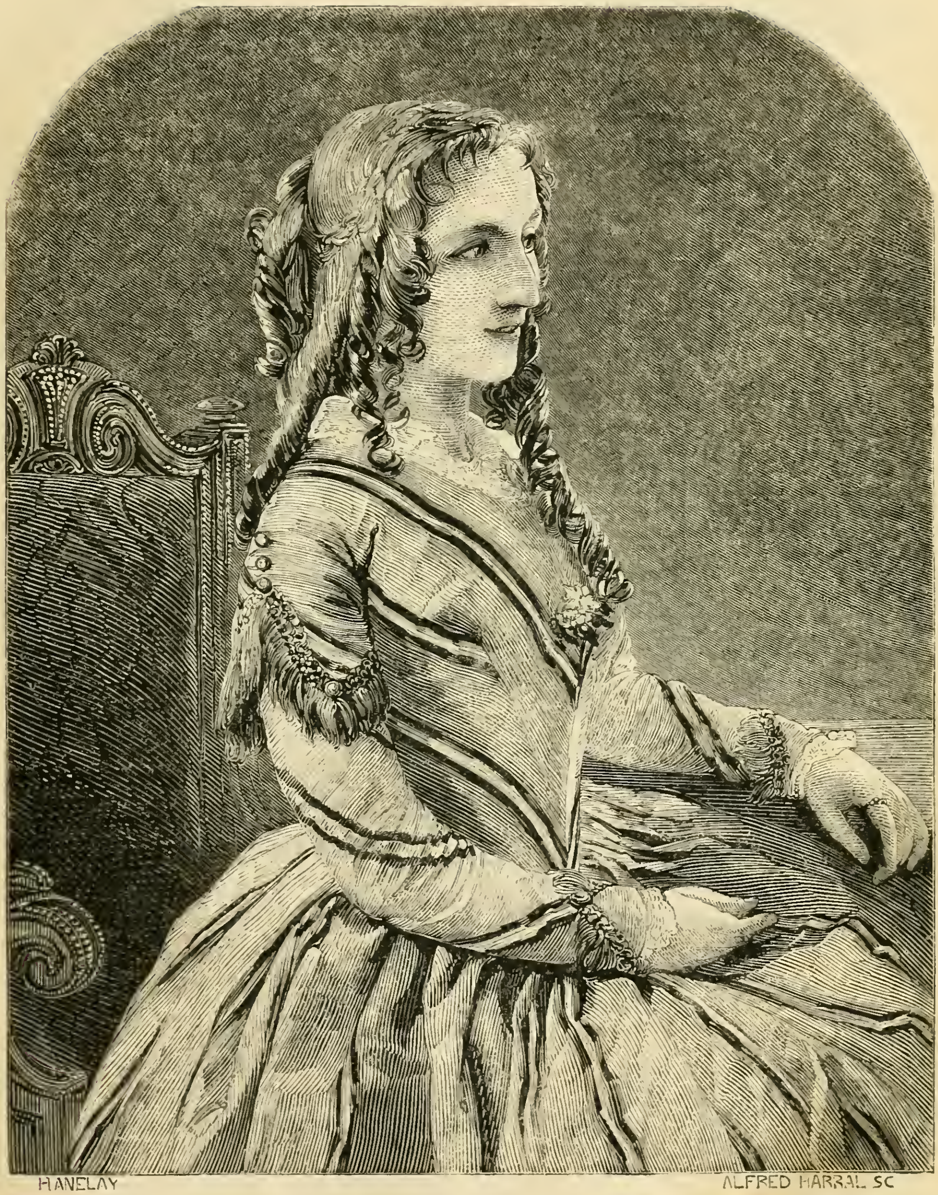
Besides the many privileges which the members of this club have for some time past been enjoying, there have recently been some interesting classes established for the benefit of the Institution. Both the City and West End branches have now Discussion and Elocution classes, which are likely to be well attended, and to be productive of great benefit. On Tuesday evening the 1st inst., the Discussion Class of the City branch held its weekly meeting, when the question of "Our National Defences," which was proposed by Mr. Passmore Edwards, was searchingly investigated. After an interesting and spirited discussion, the proposer of the question replied at some length to many of the statements made on the other side, and judging from the feeling of the assembly as manifested by warm demonstrations of approval, it may be stated, that it was almost the unanimous opinion of the meeting, "that it was not necessary or proper to increase our national defences or war expenses at the present time." On the following morning (Wednesday) the Elocution Class met in the large dining-room, when several very interesting pieces were recited, much to the credit of the gentlemen who volunteered to join the reciters. On Saturday evening, the 5th inst., the Elocution Class of the West-End branch met for the first time. A large number of members were present. Recitations were admirably given by Messrs. Heat, Tawell, and Gardner, much to the instruction and gratification of all present. A discussion on the merits of the pieces recited, and the manner in which they were given followed each recitation. Messrs. Wilkes, Thakerly, Jones, Passmore Edwards and others, severally expressed their opinion, some in criticism, others in encouragement. The meeting, after two hours of recitation and discussion, separated, apparently highly delighted. These classes have commenced under very favourable auspices, and will in all likelihood not only contribute to the edification and enjoyment of the individuals attending them, but do much to promote the interests and secure the prosperity of the famed Whittington Club. On the evening of Tuesday the 15th inst., was held the Third Anniversary, at which 750 persons were present, and the usual amount of speaking, music, and dancing, gave *eclat* to the opening of its new location in the Crown and Anchor Hotel.

CONTENTS.

Conspiracy against the Sugar-Pot. By William Howitt—Poets of the People. No. I. Robert Nicoll—Remarkable Dreams, Warnings and Providences—A Soldier's Skull; or, The Murders of Discipline. By R. H. Horne—Scenes and Characters from the French Revolution, translated from Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins* for Howitt's Journal. The Flight to Varennes—The Poor Maiden and the Angels. By Mrs. E. S. Craven Green.—Record.

Printed for the Proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d



MRS. MOWATT.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED HARRAL.

MEMOIR OF ANNA CORA MOWATT.

By Mary Howitt.

> Her dawn
> Was bright with sunbeams whence is drawn
> A sure prognostic, that the day
> Will not unclouded pass away.
>
> *Philip van Artevelde.*

It has been my happy lot to introduce many noble and distinguished Americans to our readers. Again another American worthy of our warmest regard is amongst us, let us hasten to show this regard in the best manner we are capable of, let us hold forth a hand of fellowship, and speak those kind words of welcome which are always so cheering to the heart of the stranger.

Our readers need not be told that we consider the stage as capable of becoming one of the great means of human advance and improvement; and for this reason it is that we especially rejoice to see amongst its ornaments men and women, not only of surpassing talent and genius, but which is far higher and much rarer, of high moral character and even deep religious feeling. Let not the so-called religious world start at this assertion; we know what we say, and we fearlessly assert that there is many a poor despised player, whose Christian graces of faith, patience, charity, and self-denial, put to shame the vaunted virtues of the proud pharisee; nor are they always the purest who talk most about purity.

Welcome then, and doubly welcome be all such reformers as come amongst us, not only with the high argument of their own pure and blameless lives, but who having passed through suffering and trial know experimentally how to teach, and who teach through the persuasive power of genius and the benign influence of a noble, womanly spirit!

Anna Cora Mowatt was born in Bordeaux. Mr. Ogden, her father was a man of large fortune, the capitalist in the well-known Miranda expedition into South America, which ultimately involved him in ruin. He then embarked in mercantile business, which connecting him with Europe, caused him to remove from the United States with his family to Bordeaux, where he resided some years. The wife of this gentleman belonged to a family of high standing in America. She was the grandaughter of that Francis Lewis, whose signature, with those of so many other noble republicans, is affixed to the Declaration of Independence; and whose brother, General Morgan Lewis, distinguished himself greatly in the revolutionary war.

Mr. Ogden had a large family; of seventeen children living, by his first wife he had fourteen children, the tenth of whom is Mrs. Mowatt. The years spent in France were delightful, and Anna's recollections of her childhood are of the most pleasing kind. Her father's mercantile transactions being very successful, enabled him to live in a magnificent old chateau, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town to which—as is often the case in these old French houses—a theatre was attached. Little Anna, as well as such other of the children as were born at this place, became French citizens, it being the law of Bordeaux that all children born there should be so registered, within four and twenty hours of their birth. She was then according to legal registration, presented to the needful authorities, within the specified time, and made a citizen of France.

It is a singular fact that although neither of the parents had a more decided taste for the stage than people of cultivated minds have commonly, yet that all the young members of this numerous family had more or less a degree of histrionic talent, which this domestic theatre enabled them to indulge. Amongst Anna's earliest recollections is one particular occasion on which "Othello" was performed. The elder brothers and sisters furnished sufficient persons for almost all the characters of the play, whilst the younger ones, Anna amongst them, were dressed up in wigs and gowns, and served to personate the judges in the first act.

One little domestic custom is worthy of mention, as being not only interesting in itself, but as calling forth the poetical tastes and feelings of the children. On the birthdays of the parents, the children entered the breakfast room in procession, walking two and two, beginning with the eldest and going down to the youngest, to offer congratulations to the parents, and to present a bouquet and poem, which they had either composed themselves or had carefully copied out. These poems were often the labour of weeks and even months, and all the little talent that the children possessed was exhibited in them, not only in their literary composition but in their embellishment; for as some of them had considerable talent for drawing this was an opportunity for its exhibition which was not to be missed. Speaking of this talent, we may as well mention here that as they grew up, some of them cultivated it to a great extent, and Charlotte, the eldest, in after years, having married unfortunately, and having five children to maintain, became a professional artist, and succeeded so well as to provide a handsome maintenance for herself and family. Wishing to perfect herself still more she left America for Paris, where she studied with unexampled industry, and having exhibited pictures at the Academy of Drawing and although her name was unknown there, and amid thousands of native competitors, she carried off the highest prize. Her devotion to her art and her anxiety for her children, however, were more than her strength could sustain, and at an early age she died. Several others of this remarkably endowed family have turned their attention to literature, and one of the sisters has distinguished herself by her theological works which take a high rank. These works have all a Swedenborgian tendency.

But now to revert to Anna. At about six years of age she returned with her family to America. They embarked at Havre, and on reaching the gulf-stream were wrecked. During the first commotion and dismay of the tempest in which they suffered, two of the brothers, one nine the other eleven, were swept overboard. The distress and agony of the mother were indescribable—as yet there had been no deaths among her children; the youngest only was recovered, and to the end of her days she continued to bewail the one thus lost, who to her yearning and bereaved heart seemed the most beautiful and bright of all her children. The crew and passengers remained for many days on the wreck suffering extremely, and at length when nearly perishing of cold and hunger, they were rescued by a vessel and taken back to Havre, whence they again embarked and reached their native land in safety.

Mr. Ogden settled in New York in his old family residence, and where the children still pursued their theatrical amusements, at the same time that no pains nor expense were spared in perfecting their education. As Anna grew older she became remarkable for her exquisite talent in reading aloud. It is customary in American schools to cultivate this faculty much more than with us, and in this respect they are wiser than we; whether they are so in some other particulars which we will mention seems to us doubtful. It is customary even in ladies schools of the highest reputation and fashion in the United States as it was in this country half a century ago, to have public examinations and public distributions of prizes. The manner of the thing is this: the day before the school vacation commences, a numerous company assembles according to invitations sent out;

the young ladies are publicly examined, and prizes awarded according to the degree of proficiency displayed; a play, generally a French one is performed by the children, and if the school be large, two and even three are exhibited that all the school may have a chance of distinguishing themselves in some way; to this succeeds performances in instrumental music and singing, and the whole concludes with a ball in which all unite. It was on these occasions as a school-girl that Anna obtained her first triumphs—the prizes for reading and recitation was always hers, while her skill as a juvenile actress drew the attention of every one.

At thirteen she was a literal devourer of books; she read immensely, and among other works great numbers of French plays, altering several of Voltaire's for private theatricals, in which she took part. One of these, "Alzire," which was represented on her mother's birthday, and in which she performed the heroine, led to an important event in her life; but, before we speak of this, we must turn back a year or two. Mr. Mowatt, a lawyer of wealth in New York, having become acquainted with the elder sister Charlotte, the artist, was introduced by her to her family. At this time Anna ranked among the younger branches of the family, and belonged rather to the school-room and nursery, according to the arrangements of American domestic life, than to the drawing-room and its visitors. But though she was not permitted to take her place there, her curiosity being much excited by all she had heard about this new acquaintance of her sister's, she resolved, at all events, to get sight of him and judge for herself. Coming in, therefore, one day from school, and hearing that he was there, she rushed into the drawing-room where otherwise she had no business, with her satchel of books on her arm, her straw hat carelessly thrown on her head, and her beautiful hair flying wildly upon her shoulders, and having given a sly glance at the much-talked of visitor, departed abruptly.

"Who is that?" asked he, no little astonished at the sudden appearance and departure of the little girl.

"It is only one of the children," returned the sister; "she has no business here."

"Do send for her again!" begged he with a sentiment very unexpected even to himself. The child was recalled but would not come.

On leaving the house he met her, however, in the hall, and then the thought again passed through his mind, "If ever I marry woman I have now seen my wife."

From this day he became a constant visitor in the family, and whilst his feelings were still unknown to all, took upon himself the pleasant and grateful task of cultivating the taste of the young girl, and of directing her mind, which had hitherto been almost entirely devoted to light literature, to more important and beneficial study. This continued for nearly two years, at which time the play of "Alzire" was got up in the family, the character of Alzire being performed by Anna. She was then but fourteen. The following day Mr. Mowatt declared his passion, and made a formal proposal to her parents, which was accepted by all parties, with but one restriction, namely, that they should not be united until she had attained her seventeenth year, her extreme youth being the only objection to the marriage.

This new state of affairs made no difference in her life; she still went to school as formerly, and still found her best and most efficient instructor in her affianced husband, who took the utmost pride and delight in his intelligent and accomplished pupil.

We do not like hackneyed phrases, even though they be Shakspere's, but in this case we must make use of one, because none better can be found, "the course of this true love did not run smooth." In spite of the good will and countenance of both father and mother there was some danger of the match being broken off. A divided household rendered the visits of the lover so unpleasant, that at length, as the father was inexorable with regard to time, an elopement seemed the only way of ending all dispute. A sister but two years older was admitted into the confidence of the young bride elect, but they two soon discovered a difficulty which, however, was not altogether insurmountable. Anna's wardrobe as yet had been that of a child, but as she was now about to be married, some alterations, and considerable preparation was needed, and, for this, funds were indispensible. The mother must not be taken into the secret, else all would be put a stop to; but what will not the wit of woman accomplish? Anna was possessed, young as she was, of some jewelry of considerable value, and by the sale of this the two young girls determined to purchase the wedding gear. The purchases were made, not without some strange adventures, and the two sisters, who fortunately, were clever needlewomen, spent night after night in making preparation for the important occasion. Needlewomen they did not venture to employ, for fear of detection.

The 17th of October was the father's birthday, and this occasion, as usual, was to be celebrated by the performance of a play. The piece selected was the "Mourning Bride," the part of Almira being, as a matter of course, given to Anna. For weeks beforehand had the play been in preparation; new dresses were made, parts studied and rehearsals had. Anna perhaps entered with all the more zest into her part because, about two months before she had, for the first time in her life, been within the walls of a regular theatre. Nothing was talked of, or apparently thought of among the young people, but this celebration of the father's birthday, which was intended to be more than ordinarily splendid. A very unexpected termination, however, was put to all these theatrical doings—unexpected, at least, to all but two members of the family, who knew that the 6th was fixed for Anna's wedding-day. As her notions were very proper and aristocratic, she resolved to be married by no less a personage than the bishop, and the lover accordingly waited upon this dignitary of the church to announce his intentions and engage his services. The bishop, to whom all parties were known, refused to perform the ceremony, stating that he had daughters of his own, and the example which he should thus sanction would be bad for them. From the bishop he went to another noted clergyman, but he again refused on the plea that Anna's family attended his church. A third was applied to, but he also had some reason for declining. It seemed quite a hopeless affair. At length, hearing of a French clergyman who had eloped with his wife, Mr. Mowatt applied to him, for he certainly could have no objection, and with him the whole business was satisfactorily arranged. Before we get them married, however, we must be allowed to remark that it was a singular fact that, though three of the most respectable clergymen in the city knew that such a marriage was clandestinely to take place, not one betrayed them, so great was the confidence that all had in the parties themselves. Some months after the marriage, the bishop meeting Mrs. Mowatt, voluntarily gave to her his blessing, which he had refused to her on a former occasion.

The 6th of October came, as beautiful a morning as ever dawned upon earth; and Anna having put on her new embroidered cambric muslin dress with white roses and a sprig of geranium in her hair, went into the parlour where both father and mother were sitting, kissed them both, and then left the house, neither of them taking the slightest notice of her dress or appearance. Her sister accompanied her; the bridegroom and his friends met them on their way to the French clergyman's, where the service was performed in the French language. On their return they were unexpectedly met by Anna's father, who was then struck by her appearance, and, joining the party, walked on with them joking his daughter on her bridal appearance, and remarking to the real bridegroom, "She looks quite like a bride this morning; why, when she grows up, she will be quite handsome!"

From church they returned home, and at dinner the sister-bridesmaid said, as if in joke, "Let us all drink Mrs. Mowatt's health!" and this the unsuspecting family did, which affected the young wife almost to tears.

The next day was to be the grand elopement; and Anna, who had risen early, went to her father's bedside before he had risen to take her leave of him; she kissed him and bade him farewell; her mother, who was arranging the breakfast table, was greatly struck by her daughter's manner, and inquired where she was "going and what she meant." "Do not be angry with me, mother," was all the daughter could say.

"Why, my child?" asked the mother, "why should I be angry with you?"

The mother was a woman of a beautiful spirit and almost angelic character; her children never remember to have heard her voice raised in anger, and their love to her was unbounded.

"Do not be displeased with me, dearest mother," was all that Anna could say.

The mother stood with the door in her hand, and watched her daughter as long as she was in sight. The faithful sister, who had been her confidant throughout, accompanied her to the steam-boat, where her husband was impatiently awaiting her. When they had embarked, she returned home, bearing with her a letter to her father, from Anna, confessing all. The news excited the utmost astonishment in the family; there was a long consultation as to the best method of communicating this intelligence to the mother. After some prelude and circumlocution, she was informed that Anna was married, and was now gone up the North River!

"What in this cold weather, and without her flannel petticoats!" exclaimed the mother. "Poor child! she will catch her death of cold!" added she, her tender anxiety for this delicate daughter roused at once, and stifling all displeasure, had any existed. It was a sort of anti-climax for which no one was prepared, and which made every one ready to laugh. The mother's heart, however, was deeply touched; and going directly into her daughter's chamber, she found the little sprig of geranium which she had worn the day before in her hair. This she immediately planted and tended with the greatest care. It grew and flourished, and was through the two remaining years of her life her favourite plant, being always called by her "the bride's flower."

The father was by no means so easy to manage as the mother. He refused to read his daughter's letter, lest he should be melted by it. She was his favourite child, and he made many angry vows of never seeing her more. The vows, however, were broken within eight and forty hours, and the following day he wrote, desiring her to return, when all should be forgiven.

The re-union with the beloved parents was very affecting. All was now reconciliation and peace, and as a seal to this the father resolved that the festivities of the long-talked of 17th should be held even more joyfully than ever, but as the performance of the Mourning Bride was no longer to be thought of, a splendid ball was given by him, on which occasion, instead of Anna personating a "Mourning Bride" she was presented as a Happy Bride by her father to all his friends.

After her marriage, Mrs. Mowatt resided at a fine estate of her husband's, about four miles from New York, which had formerly been the residence of the Revolutionary General Giles. This place had very much the style of an old English aristocratic mansion, with its varied and beautiful grounds. The hospitality of its master, and the attractive manners and social accomplishments of its young mistress, failed not to gather about them the first people of the city. Yet although much time was devoted to society, Mrs. Mowatt continued her studies with renewed energy, her husband being now more than ever her intellectual companion and guide. French, Spanish, and music were her principal studies at this period. During the first two years of her marriage, she published her first works, two volumes of poems, which, however, do not possess more merit than the ordinary run of such juvenile productions.

Her seventeenth birthday was celebrated in a most poetical and picturesque style; verses were presented to her, and she was crowned with flowers, and as it so happened that intelligence of this intention had been conveyed to her beforehand, she also prepared for the occasion a number of poems and *jeu d'esprits*, which being appropriately spoken by herself, gave to her for the time the character of an *improvisatrice*. Her life at this period seemed to embrace every element of human happiness; love, talent, beauty, wealth, and all those numerous amenities which gather about worldly prosperity.

To add brilliancy to the approaching nuptials of a younger sister, she wrote her first operetta called "The Gipsey Wanderer," in which she took the opportunity of bringing out the talents of her sister Julia, now only eight years old, who had already displayed an extraordinary turn for music and comedy. This operetta was written purposely for the child, Mrs. Mowatt herself taking a secondary character in the piece.

But this bright and splendid life was not without its deep and for the time overwhelming grief. That beloved and affectionate mother, whose angelic character had taken strong hold on the hearts of all her children was removed by death from among them. It was a somewhat singular circumstance, that she had throughout her whole life expressed a wish to die at the age of fifty, and as this time approached she made preparations for the awful event, even before it was anticipated by others. How can such prepossessions be accounted for, or do they bring about their own fulfilment? For some months she appeared to be, as it were, slowly dying. At the tidings of her illness her children gathered around her from their various residences and wanderings, all except one son who was at sea. These to the number of twelve with their children also were around her at the moment of her death; she expired in the arms of her daughters Anna and Charlotte.

Mrs. Mowatt's health began to decline—great fears of consumption being entertained, a residence in Europe was recommended. At that moment her husband's professional engagements prevented his leaving New York; she therefore accompanied her lately married sister and her brother who were about to make a bridal trip thither. The voyage apparently restored her health, and hastily passing through England she and her maiden-aunt to whom she was greatly attached, and who accompanied her, settled themselves down at Bremen, while the young married couple made their tour; it being Mrs. Mowatt's wish to devote herself to the study of the language, as well as to await there the arrival of her husband, who after three months joined them. They remained upwards of six months in Germany, when they removed to Paris where they had an opportunity of mingling in the first and most influential society of that gay and intelligent capital. Amid all this gaiety, however, she found time for study, and devoted herself to the Italian language in which she took great delight.

After an absence of a year and half they returned to their own land, but while yet in Paris and in contemplation of this return, she wrote "Gulzare, the Persian Slave," a five act play, by the performance of which, at their own house, she determined to celebrate their return among their New York friends. Dresses and scenery for this play were prepared in Paris by the best artists, for at this time expenditure was no object. A principal character in this play was again designed for that young sister Julia of whom we have already spoken, and in whose talents Mrs. Mowatt took the utmost pride.

Their return to New York was as brilliant as wealth could make it. A month was devoted to prepare the play, during which time the *corps dramatique* took up their residence with Mrs. Mowatt, that they might study and perfect themselves in their parts under her own eye. Many an amusing scene occurred during this time, among others, as it was necessary for the heroine to scream and faint, this had necessarily to be rehearsed over and over again, and in order that the household might not be disturbed by their exhibitions, the actors retired to a large barn on the premises where they imagined themselves to be secure from intrusion; nothing therefore could equal their astonishment during one of these rehearsals, when they found themselves interrupted by peals of the most vehement peasant-laughter, and looking up to the quarter from whence it proceeded, they beheld in a hay-loft an assemblage of labourers, who being aware of these theatrical doings, had come to enjoy what was to them the fun of the scene.

The return of the Mowatts was intended to have been celebrated on the 17th of October, which was the father's birthday, but as they had to wait for moonlight, which was necessary for many of their visitors who had to come from a great distance in the country a later day was selected. All that money and taste could do was done on this occasion; forest-trees were cut down to form bowers; a long avenue was illuminated, and the whole place was like a palace in a fairy tale.

The little sister Julia performed to the admiration of all; the father was the happiest of the whole party; he sate in the front seat with his majestic form, venerable white hair, and his children all around him, and received with pride the congratulations of the whole company. A ball closed the festivity of the night.

The play was afterwards published.

This however was the last ball; the last fete. All as yet had been success and triumph; the splendour of a cloudless summer day; but storms were gathering below the horizon which were ere long to burst above the heads of our friends, and to overturn all the goodly fabric of their worldly prosperity.

(To be continued.)

◆

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Translated for "Howitt's Journal,"

FROM LAMARTINE'S "HISTOIRE DES GIRONDINS."

(Continued from p. 142.)

THE PRESS AND THE JOURNALISTS.

INDEPENDENT of the National Assemblies which the Revolution had created for itself as instruments of Government, it had created two levers still more powerful and terrible to move and remove these political bodies when they attempted to pause where the Revolution willed them to advance. These two levers were the Press and the Clubs. The Clubs and the Press were to the Legislative Assemblies what fresh air is to confined air. There might be stagnation within, but there was a current without.

The Press, during the half century preceding the Revolution, had been the exalted and serene echo of the thoughts of sages and reformers. Since the Revolution had burst forth, it had become the tumultuous and often cynical echo of popular passions. The Press sent forth no more books—there was no time for them; at first it circulated popular thought, in the form of pamphlets, later in a multitude of flying and daily sheets, which disseminated at a low price among the people, or gratuitously affixed to the walls of public places, excited the crowd to read and discuss them. The treasury of national thought, whose gold coin was too pure or too heavy for the people's use, was, so to say, converted into a multitude of base coin, stamped by the passions of the day, and often soiled with the vilest oxides. Journalism, as an irresistible element of a revolutionary life, had made itself a place without listening to the law which had sought to shackle it.

Mirabeau, who had needed to make his words resound through the departments, had created this speaking-trumpet of the Revolution, spite of the decrees of council, in his "Letters to my Constituents" and in the "Provence Courier." At the opening of the States General and the taking of the Bastille, other journals had appeared. To each new insurrection responded an insurrection of new journals. The principal organs of public agitation were about this time—"The Revolutions of Paris," edited by Loustalot, a weekly journal with a circulation of two hundred thousand copies. The spirit may be read in its motto: "*The great only appear great, because we are on our knees before them: let us arise!*" "Voices from a Street-lamp to the People of Paris," later transformed into the "Revolutions of France and Brabant," was Camille Desmoulin's journal.

This young student who had commenced his career of orator on a chair in the garden of the Palais Royal at the first popular movements in July, 1789, had preserved in his style, often admirable, something of his first rôle. His was the sarcastic genius of Voltaire descended from the saloon to the market place. No one ever more completely personated the mob than did Camille Desmoulins. He resembled the mob in their unexpected and tumultuous movements, in their mobility, their inconsequence, their fury interrupted by laughter or suddenly changed into emotion or pity for the very victims they would immolate. A man at once so ardent and so volatile, so trivial and so inspired, so undecided between blood and tears, so ready to stone that which he had just deified in his enthusiasm, was likely to have through this resemblance all the more influence over a revolutionary people. The part he had to act was his very nature. The journal hawked about at evening in public places, or cried about the streets with bitter sarcasms, has not been swept away with the other filth of that day. It remains, and will remain a Menippean satire steeped in blood. It is the popular chorus which led the people to the greatest movement. and often only died away in the whistling of the cord from the *lanterne* or in the stroke of the axe of the *guillotine*. Camille Desmoulins was the cruel child of the revolution.

Marat was its fury. There were the gambols of the wild beast in his thought and the gnashing of its teeth in his style. His journal, "The People's Friend," sweated blood at every line. Marat was born in Switzerland. A writer without talent, a *savant* without name, enthusiastic for glory, without having received, either from society or nature, the means of rendering himself illustrious, he avenged himself on all that was great, not only on society, but on nature. Genius was not less odious to him than aristocracy. He pursued as an enemy anything that he saw elevating itself or shining any where. He would have liked to level creation. Equality was his rage, because superiority was his martyrdom. He loved the Revolution, because it brought all down to his own level: he loved it even to its blood, because blood washed away the injury of his long obscurity. True prophet of demagogues, inspired by madness, his dreams of the night became conspiracies by day. Like all oracles, he affected mystery. He lived in the gloom, and only issued forth at night: he only communicated with men by sinister means. A cellar was his dwelling. There, invisible, he took refuge from the dagger and from poison. His journal had for the imagination something of the supernatural—Marat had enveloped himself in a true fanaticism. The confidence placed in him had something of worship in it. The fumes of blood which he unceasingly demanded had mounted to his brain. He was the delirium of the Revolution, a living delirium himself!

Brissot, still obscure, wrote the "French patriot," a politician, and aspiring to high achievements, he only excited such revolutionary passions as he hoped some time to be able to govern. Constitutional at first, the friend of Necker and Mirabeau, he only saw in the people a sovereign whose reign was near at hand. The republic was his rising sun. He sought it as his fortune, but he sought it with prudence, often looking behind to see if opinion followed him.

Condorcet, an aristocrat by birth, but an aristocrat of genius also, was become a democrat by philosophy. His passion was the transformation of human reason. He wrote the "Paris Chronicle."

Carra, an obscure demagogue, had made himself a name of dread through the "Patriotic Annals." Fréron, in the "People's Orator," rivalled Marat. Fauchet, in the "Iron Mouth,', exalted democracy to the height of a religious philosophy. And, last of all, Laclos, an artillery officer, author of an immoral romance, and confidant of the Duke of Orleans, edited the "Jacobin's Journal," and spread through the whole of France those incendiary ideas and words whose focus was in the clubs.

All these men sought to force the people beyond the limits which Barnave had prescribed on the twenty-first of June. They wished the people to profit by this instant, when the throne was vacant, and cause its disappearance from the constitution. They heaped scorn and infamy on the King, in order that a prince, thus degraded, might never again be placed at the head of affairs. They demanded trial, examination, forfeiture of rights, abdication, imprisonment: they hoped, in degrading the King, to degrade royalty for ever. The republic, for the first time, had a glimpse of its hour. It trembled lest this hour should escape. All these hands at once propelled the public mind to a decisive movement. Their articles called forth petitions, petitions popular commotions. The altar of the country on the Champs-de-Mars still standing for a new federation, was destined to be the Mount Aventine where the people should retire, and from thence govern a timid and corrupt senate.

THE MASSACRE OF THE CHAMP-DE-MARS.

Early on the seventeenth of July the people, without leaders, began to hasten to the Champ-de-Mars, and to surround the altar erected in the middle of the great square of the Federation. A whimsical, yet ill-fated accident opened the scenes of murder of this day. When once the multitude is aroused, the least trifle becomes a crime. A young painter, who was copying before the hour of assembly, the patriotic inscriptions on the face of the altar, heard a slight noise under his feet. Surprised, he looks about, and discovers the point of a gimlet with which some men, concealed beneath the steps of the altar, are piercing the boards. He gives the alarm. One of the steps is taken up, and two old soldiers are discovered, who had introduced themselves during the night, with no other design, they declare, than a childish and silly curiosity. Immediately the rumour takes wind that the altar has been undermined to blow up the people, and that a barrel of gunpowder has been discovered with the conspirators; that the *invalides*, surprised in these preparations, were known to be paid by the aristocracy; and that they have avowed their design, and the promised recompense of their success.

The crowd, deceived and furious, surround the guard-house where the two *invalides* have been taken, and, as soon as they come forth to be conducted to the Hotel-de-Ville, fall upon them, slaughter them, and their two heads are promenaded about on pikes to the very neighbourhood of the Palais-Royal.

The news of these murders reaches the assembly, and there excites a variety of sentiments. The indignation of one party and the suspicions of the other, increase the agitation. Bailly (Mayor of Paris) informed of these events, despatches three commissioners, and a battalion to the Champ-de Mars. Other commissioners read to the people in different quarters of the capital the proclamation of the magistrates, and the address of the National assembly.

The old site of the Bastille was occupied by the National Guard, and by the patriotic societies who were to repair from thence to the Field of the Federation. Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Freron, Brissot, and the principal leaders of the people, had disappeared; some say to concert insurrectional measures with Legendre in the country, others, to escape from the responsibility of the day.

The crowd, however, continued to rush on to the Champ-de-Mars. It was an excited, yet an inoffensive crowd. All the battalions of National Guards were under arms. One of these detachments which had arrived with cannon on the Champ-de-Mars in the morning, had retired. There was no desire to provoke the people by a needless display of an armed force. At noon, the men assembled round the altar, finding that the Jacobin commissioners, who had promised to bring the petition to sign, did not arrive, elected four from their own body to draw up one. One of the four took a pen. The citizens pressed round him, and he wrote:

"On the altar of our country, 15th July, a.m. Representatives of the nation! You approach the close of your labours. A great crime is committed; Louis flies, he has basely deserted his post. The empire is within a hair's breadth of anarchy. He is arrested; he is brought back to Paris; the people demand that he shall be judged. You declare that he shall be King—this is not the will of the people! The decree is null. It is null because it is contrary to the will of the people, your Sovereign. The King has abdicated by his crime. Receive his abdication; convoke a new constituted body, point out the guilty and organize another executive body."

This petition was borne to the altar, and sheets of paper placed at the four corners received six thousand signatures.

Preserved to this day in the municipal archives, this petition bears the impression of the people's hand. It is the revolution army medal, struck on the spot in the melted metal of popular agitation. Here and there appear notorious names, which for the first time here issue forth from obscurity. The acts of men become famous since that day, when they signed names unknown, have given a retrospective signification to their signatures. The eye gazes with curiosity on their characters which seem to contain in a few lines the mystery of a whole life, the horror of a whole epoch. There is Chaumette, then a student of medicine, "Rue Mazarine," No. 9. There is Maillard, the president of the September Massacres. Further on Hébert; below Henriot the general of the executioners of the reign of terror. The slender and shape signature of Hébert who was afterwards the "Pere Duchesne," or "the Angry People," has the form of a spider which extends his legs to catch his prey. Santerre has signed lower down. This is the last name of note. The others are only the mob. You see how multitudes of hands, eager and trembling, have impressed their ignorance or their rage upon this paper. Many of their hands even knew not how to write. Many a circle of ink, with a cross in the middle attests anonymous zeal A few women's names may be read. Many names of children may be recognized by the uncertainty of the hand guided by another.

The municipal body informed at two o'clock of the murders committed on the Champ-de-Mars, and of the insults offered to the National Guard sent to disperse the assembly. M. de la Fayette himself who headed these detachments had been struck by several stones thrown by the crowd. It was reported even that a man in the uniform of a national guard had fired a pistol upon him, but arrested and brought before the general, he had been generously pardoned; this threw an heroic interest over La Fayette. Bailly hesitated now no longer to proclaim martial law and display the red flag, the last resource against sedition. On all sides the insurgents alarmed by the aspect of the red flag floating from the windows of the Hôtel-de-Ville, sent a dozen of their body as a deputation to the magistracy. The deputation approached the hall of audience through a forest of bayonets. They demand that three citizens shall be given them. Their demand is not listened to. Hostile measures are decided upon. The mayor and the municipal body descend the steps of the Hôtel-de-Ville murmuring words of menace. The square is covered with National Guards and citizens. At the sight of Bailly preceded by the red flag a cry of enthusiasm bursts from the ranks. The public, electrified by its indignation against the clubs, was in one of those nervous shudderings which seize whole bodies as well as individuals.

La Fayette, Bailly, and the municipal body put themselves in motion, preceded by the red flag, and followed by ten thousand National Guards. An immense multitude followed, by a natural attraction, this current of bayonets which slowly proceeded to the Champ-de-Mars. During this march, the other multitude, assembled since the morning around the altar, continued peacefully to sign the petition. They expected a display of military force, but they did not believe in violence. Their calm and legal attitude, and their long impunity during these two years of sedition, made them believe in an eternal impunity. They only regarded the red flag as another law to be despised.

Arrived at the outer *glacis* of the Champ-de-Mars, La Fayette divided his army into three columns, Bailly, La Fayette, and the municipal body, with the red flag being at the head of the middle one. The roll of four hundred drums and the thunder of the cannons along the pavement announced from far the approach of the military. At the moment Bailly became visible, the crowd burst forth into mad cries against him, threatening with menacing gestures the National Guard. Pieces of earth, wet from the rain which had fallen, the only arms of this crowd flew towards the National Guard, reached the horse of M. de la Fayette, the red flag, and Bailly himself. Several pistols they said were fired from far upon them. Nothing, however, is less proved. Bailly caused the proper legal proceedings to be gone through. The crowd replied by shouts. With the impassive dignity of the magistrate, and the solemn sadness of his character, Bailly ordered the people to be dispersed by force. La Fayette at first commanded his soldiers to fire into the air, but the people encouraged by this vain demonstration, and closing in again before the National Guard, a mortal discharge burst forth along the line, killing, wounding, throwing down five or six hundred men, the republicans said ten thousand. At the same moment the column gave way, the cavalry charged, the artillery-men prepared to fire. The path of their discharge would have been strewn with corpses. La Fayette unable to restrain his gunners by his voice, spurred his horse to the cannon's mouth, and by this heroic movement preserved millions of victims.

In a moment the Champ-de-Mars was evacuated. There only remained the corpses of men and women, children thrown down or flying before the cavalry, and a few intrepid men on the steps of the altar, in the height of the fire and under the cannons' mouth endeavoured to save the petition as sacred leaves. The columns of the National Guard and the Cavalry, pursued the fugitives to the neighbouring fields of the Military School. Hundreds were made prisoners. On the side of the National Guard not a man perished; on the side of the people the victims are unknown. One party decreased the number to lessen the odium of an execution without a struggle; the other increased it to strengthen the resentment of the people. In the night which already fell, the corpses were swept away; the Seine bore them towards the ocean. People are divided as to the nature of this execution, some call it a crime, others a severe duty; but the popular name has been retained till the present day; it is called the Massacre of the Champ-de-Mars.

The National Guard returned to the heart of Paris victorious, but sad. You could see by their attitude that they marched between shame and glory, little certain of the nature of their deed. Amidst a few acclamations were heard muttered imprecations. They passed mournfully beneath the walls of that assembly which they had just defended, still more mournfully and silently beneath the walls of the palace whose King's cause they had not so much maintained as that of the monarchy. Bailly cold and impassive as the law, La Fayette resolute and icy as a system knew not how to impress upon this deed a higher sense than that of rigorous duty. The National Guard furled the red flag, stained with its first blood, and dispersed, battalion by battalion, through the gloomy streets of Paris. more like *gens d'armes* who return from an execution than an army returning from victory. Such was the day of the Champ-de-Mars.

◆

Literary Notices.

Festus. A Poem. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Third Edition, with Additions. London, William Pickering.

Mr. Bailey's noble poem we had the pleasure of recommending to the public on its first appearance, through the pages of the "Eclectic Review," and in other quarters. We rejoice to see it not only reach a third edition, but to reach it with those careful corrections and elaborations which a work destined to immortality deserves; and we moreover rejoice that it is now published at a price which will bring it within the reach of the multitude. Where individuals are yet too poor to procure it, there is not a mechanic's library which ought to be without it. Philip Bailey is especially a poet for the people. The soul of progress breathes through every line of his writings, and the sentiments with which it is throughout sentient and glowing are of that noble, pure, lofty, generous, and unworldly kind, which one would have breathed through the multitude as a soul of the most genuine regeneration. The wonder and delight with which we read this singular and most beautiful production at first, have been only increased by our present reperusal. We are struck with amazement at the vast affluence of thought and imagery that flow like a great and inexhaustible river from the heart of the young poet—for very young was Philip Bailey when he published "Festus;" nor are we less amazed at the range of experience which so youthful a mind could have reached, and that without lowering the standard of its feelings or the tone of its morals. It may seem bold, but we say it boldly, that we recollect no young poet, for many years past, whose wealth of mind appears so great, genuine, instinctive, and exhaustless, as that of Philip Bailey. The fault of "Festus," in fact, is that uncommon one of exhuberant poetic affluence. In the creative power of imagination perhaps this is least shown. The cast and plan of "Festus" at once and altogether remind us of "Faust." Had there been no Goethe there would have been no "Festus," though there can be no question but that there would have equally been a Bailey. The flood of thought and feeling which fill "Festus" must have burst forth, and would have filled and overflowed some other vehicle. Yet even "Festus" has its own machinery, and its own peculiar character. Lucifer does not confine his range with his intended victim like Mephistophiles, to this lower earth; he traverses all creation with him, and the cold and sceptical philosophy of Goethe stands rebuked before the more genial, spiritual, and transcendental genius of the young Englishman. The spirit of Bailey is at once cosmopolitan and Christian, at once liberal as the light itself, yet firm in its faith in the divine destinies of man as the most orthodox. The orthodoxy of "Festus," in truth, is the true orthodoxy of the gospel—that which is built on love, and resting in triumphant confidence that God the Creator is God the Regenerator and perfector of all his rational creatures. He looks through the infinitude of the universe, and finds everywhere written infinitude of blessedness. We look on "Festus" as doing that which Faust failed to do, and correcting the grand fault of that great poem by lifting the spirit of the reader into a superior philosophy, the philosophy of faith and progression.

It is for this reason that we feel how essential it is that "Festus" should be made accessible to the million. Besides the charm of its poetic beauty, there is at once an embodiment of every great sentiment and aspiration of the age in it, combined with the cordial sunshine of a belief that never fails for a moment, but adds to the experience of the man the all heaven-seeing assurance of the child. This is the tone that our labouring classes must recover before they will recover their merest social rights. The spirit of infidelity that has been diffused amongst them by half-informed agitators, has deadened their aspirations to a degree that is fatal to their whole cause. The tendency of the age, we rejoice to perceive, in its most intelligent classes, is to a spiritualism at once liberal and invigorating; at once free from sectarianism and priestcraft, yet strong in its faith and hope. As that advances the cause of man at large will advance, and such works as "Festus" will be found amongst its most genial and efficient corroboratives. We have no room to quote as we could wish, but will satisfy ourselves with one extract. It is from Festus's prayer in the crowd:—

"Grant us, All-maintaining Sire!
That all the great mechanic aids to toil
Man's skill hath formed, found, rendered,—whether used
In multiplying works of mind, or aught
To obviate the thousand wants of life,
May much avail to human welfare now
And in all ages henceforth and for ever.
Let their effect be, Lord! to lighten labour,
And give more room to mind, and leave the poor
Some time for self-improvement. Let them not
Be forced to grind the bones out of their arms,
For bread, but have some space to think and feel
Like moral and immortal creatures. God!
Have mercy on them till such time shall come;
Look Thou with pity on all lesser crimes,
Thrust on men almost when devoured by want,
Wretchedness, ignorance, and outcast life!
Have mercy on the rich, too, who pass by
The means they have at hand to fill their minds
With serviceable knowledge for themselves,
And fellows, and support not the good cause
Of the world's better future! Oh, reward
All such who do, with peace of heart and power
For greater good. Have mercy, Lord! on each
And all, for all men need it equally.
May peace and industry and commerce weld
Into one land all nations of the world,
Rewedding those the Deluge once divorced.
Oh! may all help each other in good things,
Mentally, morally, and bodily.
Vouchsafe, kind God! Thy blessing to this isle,
Specially. May our country ever lead
The world, for she is worthiest; and may all
Profit by her example, and adopt
Her course, wherever great, or free, or just.
May all her subject colonies and powers
Have of her freedom freely, as a child
Receiveth of its parents. Let not rights
Be wrested from us to our own reproach,
But granted. We may make the whole world free,
And be as free ourselves as ever, more!"

Three Letters on Sanitary Reform and Agricultural Improvement. By Charles F. Ellerman, Esq. Letter I., *Drainage, Sewerage, &c.* London: Price and Hyde, Strand.

Mr. Ellerman proposes a plan for conveying away the contents of water-closets for the purposes of agriculture, in a separate pipeage from the ordinary contents of the sewers. This plan, which he explains by the assistance of a plate, is deserving of careful attention, and will, from the importance of the subject, no doubt secure it. He protests against the proposed plan of the New Commissioners of flushing the sewers, and doing away with all cesspools, as being a plan not to improve the public health, but to destroy it, and quotes the expression of the people of the continent from Dr. Granville—"You in England are as cleanly as possible, but then you swallow all that which we do not care about smelling; you throw it out into the river and drink it immediately afterwards."

It is only too true; and it is not the best way to improve the public health by poisoning us all. What that best way is is the great question of social science at this moment. Ellerman's plan gives a solution to an essential portion of it.

VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

By William Howitt.

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

We mounted the mail at Belfast, myself and a young Scotch friend, Mr. Dempster, and set forward to visit the Giants' Causeway. Not aware that we should be allowed time to breakfast on the way, we secured that important point before leaving the inn. It was a piece of policy which appeared good and careful at the time, but which was destined to occasion us an Irish adventure. At the little town of Ballymena the mail drew up at the inn door to change horses, as we supposed, but in reality for the passengers to breakfast.

"The coach breakfasts here, gentlemen," said the guard, as my companion and myself still retained our seats, while the rest of the passengers hurried down and into the inn.

"We have breakfasted already," we replied.

"Then you had better get down and stretch your legs a little," added the guard.

"But they don't want stretching—how long do you stay?"

"A quarter of an hour."

"Then we will sit and look about us."

No, you had much better get down; you can walk on awhile if you like, and we'll take you up."

"Which way shall we walk?"

"Straight a-head as you can go, that is our way. We'll soon overtake you."

The old fellow appeared to take so much interest in our stretching our legs, that we at length complied with his desire, descended, and went right a-head, like two actual Americans.

We had not advanced very far, however, when we came to where the street divided into two, and inquired which was the way to Ballymonny, the next stage. The reply to our astonishment was—"Neither! you are coming quite away from the road, and must turn back."

"How far?" we asked.

"How far?" Why, to the coach inn."

"To the coach inn! Why we are come from it, and the guard told us to go straight a-head."

"The guard told you so! Oh, the old knave! Why, you should have gone round the house corner, and off to the left as fast as you could—that is the way to Ballymonny."

In a moment we suspected that it was a trick on the part of the guard; and we ran back as fast as we could, but to our consternation the mail was gone! Luckily for us, the coachman, who went no farther than this stage, was on the look out for us, not having had his fee. There was only one way of regaining the mail, and that was to have a car and pursue it. The coachman called to a man going up the street, and told him our case. "Let these gentlemen have a car as fast as you can," said he, "the mail is gone only five minutes."

The man promised wonders. The car should be ready in two seconds, and such a horse! we should catch the mail in no time. But after waiting a considerable time, and no car appearing, we told the coachman that before we paid him his fee, he must be so good as to show us the way to this carman's. Thither we went, and though nearly a quarter of an hour had already elapsed, there was no sign of horse and car. In fact, on proceeding to the stable, the man was coolly rubbing down the horse. He had been to hunt for a driver, who was coming, we need not fear,—we should soon overtake the mail—the blackguard it for *laving* of us.

But for people in a hurry they might have been Germans. We were on thorns, but the car man seemed on roses. "Oh! we need not fear—such a horse it was—we should be at the mail in no time at all."

At length, out came the horse, and a fine horse it really was, and our driver, a regular Irish lad, appeared. The horse was put into the shafts with an air of immense bustle. We were told to get into the car as it moved off, for the horse was so spirited that it would not stand. We complied—we were ready to comply with anything—for the mail was bowling away over hill and dale towards Coleraine and Derry with our luggage, and whether we should see it any more, appeared less than probable.

Great as was the car master's hurry, we were rendered somewhat suspicious by his having given the driver some instructions, in a low whisper, as he passed him in the yard, and the effect of this whisper we soon experienced.

"Drive away, my boy," said we, "the mail has a long start of you."

"Faith! and won't I drive away too? Och! your honours shall see what the pretty creature of a mare can do. She's the finest baste in all Ireland, let the other be where she may. Och, and won't she go then!"

But the mare, which was well able to trot fifteen miles an hour, went at about four.

"Put her on, man!" we exclaimed, "put her on, or at that rate you will not be at Ballymonny when the mail is at Coleraine."

"Faith! and don't I know what I'm a doing!" said Paddy; and that he did know quite well. "Isn't the mail creeping along at five miles an hour, and arn't I going at eight. We'll be upon her in a twinkling, we will."

"Put her on man!" we exclaimed again. "Give her head and she'll go." But Paddy kept a good tight hand upon her, and it was quite plain that as he earned sixpence a mile he did not mean to overtake the mail too soon. That was the secret of the whisper. Paddy was comfortably bound in his own mind for Coleraine, about twenty miles, or for Ballymonny, half the way at the least.

"Our impatience augmented every moment. Paddy grew warm in his temper under our remonstrances, but kept a tight hand on the reins. We reached first one hill top and then another, but no mail was to be seen.

"Drive man! drive in heaven's name—we are losing ground every minute. Let the horse go: it would soon take a different pace if you would let it."

"And don't I know the mare better than ye," screamed Paddy. "And is'nt she going like the wind? Would ye have me kill her, and all to catch the mail—that we'll catch by and by sure enough."

Our patience was exhausted. There was a stimulus that would have been effectual, and which Paddy was probably aiming at, which would have neutralized the whisper at starting—and that was a single half-crown—but of this we never thought till it was too late—but giving up the man we began to urge on the horse by our voices and by a touch of the stick in our hand. At this Paddy became frantic.

"By Jasus! and will ye make the mare dash us and the car all to shivers? She'll do it in a minute, I till ye, if you touch her with your sticks"

And he pulled her in with all his might. But at this moment we caught a sight of the mail rolling over a hill some two miles before us, and, paying no regard to Paddy, but telling him that he should either drive on, or we would make the mare either shatter the car or take another pace, we gave her two or three good smart strokes as far as we could reach her, and away she went like the wind, spite of Paddy's shrieking like a fiend, and hauling at the reins with all his might. But he soon saw that the game was up, and letting the mare go at her own speed, we began visibly to gain on the flying mail. As it rose on an opposite hill, we shouted and waved a handkerchief to let them know that it was us—but it took no notice—over the hill it rolled and disappeared. We were now soon over the hill ourselves, and on a long plain with the mail full in sight, but making no sign of seeing us, or of slackening its pace. The mare, however, flew along at a noble speed, and we gained on them. We shouted! there was no answering shout—the guard, seated behind in his scarlet coat, never seemed even to turn his head. The thing was most provoking. They knew that they had left us, and ought to have been on the look out for us—but no—it seemed rather that they did not want us to overtake them. At all events they were excessively cool about it. As we made these remarks, Paddy, who had been sulkily silent for some time, now laughed out merrily, and said,

"Faith! and is'nt the guard paid by her blessed Majesty the Queen, and what need he care for the passengers?"

The truth was out! the guard, we recollected, was paid by the government, and no longer depended on fees from the passengers, and the effect of it seemed to be pretty apparent in the *nonchalance* with which he left us, and allowed us to pursue him.

But we were now too near to be longer unnoticed. We were within call, and call we did, lustily. Still no notice. We drew nearer;—we came actually alongside of the mail, and demanded whether they meant to stop for us or not! With the most unimaginable *sang froid*, the guard pointed to an inn at some distance onward, and said, "Go on there! We change horses there!"

This put the climax to our indignation. We insisted imperatively, that they stopped instantly, and they did stop.

We asked the driver his charge, and flinging it to him, climbed up, and cried "All right!" But all was not right. The car driver who had missed a sixpence in the dust where it fell, came screaming after us, vowing that we had not paid him in full.

"What have you paid?" asked a gentleman on the mail. We told him. "It is too much" said he, "Drive on." But at the attempt to drive on the car driver clung to the mail like a monkey, and screeched like a cat-a-mountain, and at the call up seemed to start a dozen great ragged fellows as it were out of the ground. They all joined in the screeching, and in swinging their cudgels about their heads, and howling for justice for the car-driver. It was as wild and strange a scene as one could imagine.

"What is all this about," said the gentleman who had before spoken, and who proved to be the Sheriff of Downshire. "Stop the coach! What have you got there, fellow?"—

"Five shillings."

"Then you have got too much. Cease your bellowing, or come along to Ballymonny, and I shall know how to deal with you."

This seemed to cast considerable oil on the waters—and at this moment one of the ragamuffins picking up another sixpence—the clamorous crew fell behind, and we prepared to roll on. But here another difficulty presented itself. There was no room. Our places were occupied; and it turned out that the guard had had two passengers waiting by appointment from Gracehill—and had purposely got rid of us strangers at Ballymena to make way for them. The trick was too palpable, and the sheriff advised us on our return to Belfast to lodge a complaint against the guard, and assured him that he would certainly be dismissed. The man hoped to have out-gone us, and would probably have left our luggage at Ballymonny for us. The old fellow appeared struck with consternation at the advice of the sheriff, and at the intelligence that we were returning to Belfast. To complete this part of the story, on our return from the Giants' Causeway, we rejoined the same mail at Ballymonny, and proceeded with the guilty guard to Belfast. As we paused to change horses at one of the stations, the coachman came to us and privately begged that we would forgive the old guard—for that the evidence of *two* gentlemen was sure to go against him, and that he had a great plea for mercy attached to him—a large family. Duty to the public gave way before this reason, and on the coachman's assurance that he had never seen him guilty of such a thing before, instead of a complaint *against* him, we satisfied ourselves with a piece of advice *to* him.

This transaction, however, has hindered our progress to the Giant's Causeway, in the relation as it did in the reality. But we were now at Coleraine, and procuring a car, rolled away along the coast to the Causeway. To our left lay the ocean, and the rocky coast, and the Causeway seemed to fly before us, for we had continually to round the creeks and inlets of the sea. Finally, after seeming to approach Dunluce Castle half a dozen times, and then to diverge as rapidly from it, we turned our backs upon it, and now were told that we drew near the Causeway, which lay out of sight a little beyond the village of Bushmills. Through this village the driver, however, passed and told us that we must go on to the Causeway Hotel, a large house in the fields full in view, and where all the visitors to the Causeway go.

We found this a large, new, and excellent inn, so full as with difficulty to gain an entrance. Looking around us here, there was nothing to lead us to anticipate the often heard-of grandeur of the Giant's Causeway. The country was flat, bleak, and very bare of wood. Having dined, we we were anxious to hasten to the Causeway, and were joined by a party of Americans whom I had met before. A guide, of whom there were numbers all eager to be employed, showed us the way across some green fields, and by a rapid descent down to the shore. Here we came at once amongst wild rocks, and to the margin of water so clear that its lowest depths were as visible as its surface. But there were no wonders such as we had come to see. These a number of boatmen assured us we must go out to sea to see, and were very eager to haul out a boat and be off with us. We had inquired at the hotel what we ought to pay for a boat to see the whole, and were told that we might have a boat and men to row it for the whole day for eight shillings—our good fellows demanded ten. As it was now evening, we told them that we would postpone the sea view till the morrow, and pay *eight* shillings for as much as we pleased rather than ten for half an hour's row. The men were excessively importunate, that we should just go so far as to get a view of the headlands, assuring us that "the scene was very imposing." To which we replied that we could not doubt it, seeing that the scene we then saw was more imposing than we had beheld for a long time, namely—they themselves asking ten shillings for half an hour's row. At this the whole troop so far from being offended, burst into laughter, and offered to take us for half the money for the very good saying. Nay, the next morning as we approached them on the same spot, they appeared quite delighted, and exclaimed "See! There come the gentlemen who said we were the most imposing features of the scene."

That evening we walked down to the Causeway, for a part of the way wondering what there was to have made so much talk of, and saying "Oh! this is nothing to Staffa." We came to two lofty conical hills standing out in the ocean called the Steucans, turned to our right along a footpath at the foot of the cliffs, and went on in great disappointment till turning a point, at once a very magnificent scene burst upon us. This scene is not the Giant's Causeway, but the lofty sweeps of cliffs that surround the Causeway on the land side, and overlook it; cliffs with tier above tier of basaltic columns, reared in the most superb style of grandeur. The Causeway itself at first disappoints you. You expect to find yourself walking on the heads of these basaltic pillars at the top of the cliffs—but the columns of the cliffs are not the Causeway. They are surmounted with huge masses of plain rock, and covered with earth, presenting above only the awful sublimity of any other precipice of equal height overlooking the sea.

The Causeway, you are surprised to find, lies at your feet when you are down under the cliffs. It runs in three diverging directions called the Little, the Middle, and the Great Causeway. The mass of basaltic columns of which these are composed, does not at the shore rise many feet above the water, and gradually declines for about three hundred yards towards the water, which then covers the rest of it. In swelling tides, however, the whole are no doubt perfectly covered with the waves.

Having, however, corrected your ideas of what the Giant's Causeway really is, you begin to be extremely interested in it, and the more you examine it the more your wonder and interest increase. You are walking on the heads of a congregation of columns, all cut off and levelled as it were for a giant pathway, and fitted together with a symmetry which no art could excel. The greatest number of the columns are hexagonal, but there is a variation in the number of their sides, as well as in the width of particular sides. All, however, have wonderfully in the time of their being in a state of fusion adapted themselves to each other, so as to make one compact mass, yet without in any case adhering together, or quitting the prevailing form. When we regard these as an aggregate of most accurately formed columns, consisting again of transverse sections joined as it were with a mortise and tenon, and rising from the depth of the sea, into a noble promenade, then indeed we began to feel a grandeur that we did not at first perceive.

But, after all, though that causeway excites the wonder of the intellect, they are the succeeding scenes that strike the imagination with delight and awe. Precipices and headlands pushed forward into the sky soar up four hundred feet above you, and in solemn sweeps half enclose you on the wild and craggy margin of the solitary sea. After wandering and gazing on these noble objects till it was nearly dark, we retired to the inn, and the next morning, descending to the shore again, we took boat for a regular reconnoitring of the whole scene.

We first stood westward to the great cave of Port Coon. This cave does not present the magnificence of the cave of Fingal, at Staffa, because it has not that perfectly columner formation; but still it is a splendid cavern. The solid rock in the *coup d'œil* presents the aspect of a vast gothic aisle, and the water beneath you is diaphanous as air itself. Your boat seems to swim on air; and every corner of the submarine space is as discernible as that around and above you. The effect is novel and wonderful, and reminded me of the Grotto d'Azurra, near Pæstum, so finely described by Andersen in the "Improvisatore." We sailed under the cavern for a hundred yards, or so, in the calmest water, and seemed to be existing in some fairy world. There are other caverns in the neighbourhood, but none of the same magnificent extent.

Returning towards the causeway, we now traversed the whole wonderful scene of soaring precipices, projecting headlands, and wild sea-worn rocks, which are included in the general name of the Giants' Causeway, and which cannot be contemplated without the deepest wonder, and the most singular sensations. They make you feel as if living in some world of ruins and of desolation, and the strange aspect of galleries and colonnades of regular columns aloft on the faces of the stern precipices, may well have suggested to the people the idea of giants, and their mighty works, and ærial palaces.

We cannot follow all the names of places and distinctive features of these sublime scenes. They may be found very carefully detailed in "Hall's Ireland," in "Curry's Guide Book," and in various tours. The boatmen tell you them as you go along. There are various ports, or imaginary harbours, formed by the successive indentures of the coast, as Port-na-baw, Port Gannaiy, Port Noffer, Port Reostan, Port Spania, Port Pleaskin, Port Fana, and the like. But, for three miles, the whole coast is one series of wild and wierd magnificence. The Giants' Organ, which you see above you, as you stand on the Giant's Causeway, is a stupendous range of basaltic pillars, like the pipes of some enormous organ, showing themselves aloft in the face of the precipice, reaching a height of upwards of a hundred feet, and covered with a huge mountain mass. What a peal of wondrous music does that organ send forth in the imagination, tuned by the winds, and roaring forth over the midnight ocean beneath the hands of some stupendous nature. But you sail on, and pinnacles and pillars salute you from grim eminences, and you thread your way amongst strange, stern, and worn, and dreamlike crags that stand aloft in this transparent ocean, which for ever dashes around them, and rocks your boat as with a pulsation of mysterious marine life. Steep, black promontories, and dark, receding sweeps of adamantine wall, whose feet are in the ocean, and their splintered heights in the sky, present their strange features one after another. Here large black rocks, with their spectral, mastlike columns of rugged basalt reared into the sky, stand petrified monuments, as they tell you, of the wrecked vessels of the Armada which perished here. The heron sits silently on their summits above, the penguin and the puffin sit as silent on the sea-rocks below.

The iron-crags as you float on assume all fantastic, half human, and grimly visionary shapes. The priest and his flock—the king and his nobles—the ghostlike scholar of the seas with his book of grey stone in his hand, weigh on your imagination with a phantom power, and make you cease to know whether you wake or dream. And anon, the sublime Pleaskin towers into view. Tier above tier of ranged columns stand on the dizzy front of the precipice, with strange intermixtures of black bands of horizontal stone, and red ocherous earth which seems as if it would crumble beneath the weight of these ponderous colonnades, or be washed down by the deluging tempests. All is vast, spectral, and strange. Aloft frown the ever varying and passing physiognomies of the everlasting eminences, and around you moans the ocean, and sweeps the melancholy wind. The eye ranges onward, catching still some new or savage scene of wonder—and you reach the land, filled with a magnificent chaos of images that will come back on the mind for years.

Such are the impressions which a view from the sea gives you of the Giants' Causeway. But it has other and as noble views from above on land. It would require many days to familiarize you with all its aspects and points of view. As you stand on the forehead of one of these sublime promontories, the distant Western Isles catch drearily the eye, and the busy steam-ship slackens its course, that its passengers may take a full view of this august spectacle, and there are few that do not pronounce it worthy of the divine hand that shaped it, and of all its fame.

◆

WAR.

By Newton Goodrich.

Friends of the free in spirit; Folly's foes;
Denizens of the world of intellect;
Virtue's applauders; lovers of all power
In meekness; advocates of truth;—whate'er
The land ye tread, the air ye breathe,—to you,
At this grand era, I, a simple bard,
Weak in resources, only strong in love,
Urge my brief plea,—the might of gentleness.

Ye're not your own. All things which vice can sink,
Or virtue raise, have part in you,—the plant
Ye rear, and care for, and all-potent mind,
Which lives but by you; with you, for you. Oh!
Will ye forego your high vocation's end,
Though your inauguration be of Heaven,
And suffer murd'rous error to sweep on,
Uncheck'd, unmark'd, because the gaudy fiend
Fashion, strews dazzling baubles on its path?
"Kill, kill! bid husbands die, that wives may weep!
Teach sons and daughters hate and curses! tear
Babes from the breast for vultures! spoil! destroy!
Till waste and slaughter force affrighted realms
To shriek your fame!"—Thus do the war-dogs howl.
"Vengeance," the cities shout, and Wisdom seeks
A home with Contemplation, in the shade:
"War!" and destruction roars till Echo gives
To fairest solitudes the ugliness
Of strife, and not a rood but bears of blood
Some fearful token. And who, blotting out
The law, "thou shalt *not* kill," give God the lie,
And goad us on to murder?—earth's *real* lords,
The tillers of the soil, Art's thoughtful sons,
Whose hands are puissant, whose hearts are brave,
Or brainless *nobles*, who, too seldom seen,
Too often heard of, pass their useless years
In plotting our confusion,—who exclaim,
"*Die* for thy *country*," while *they live* for *self?*
Oh, we are scorn'd by slaves whose scope of wit
Is but the cunning of an idiot!

And should we brook that princes,—things, perchance,
Which neither heed, nor know us—idly spend
The purchase of our strength on bickerings
Bred of vague humours, or—while, gall'd, we feed
The doubly vile dependant, Avarice—
Cry "danger," in the safest days of peace,
And mock us with pretences?—striplings, born
To strut in feathers, and abuse the word
"Courage," till, tired of toys, they fret themselves
Into their graves, forgiven and forgotten,
Or grey-beard courtiers, shaking feeble heads,
May smile at our long effort to oppose
This strange oppression, and pronounce us fools!
But we are arm'd with knowledge, nerve, and faith;
Are rich, though wretched; daring, though despised;
And, led by justice, must, at length, prevail.

Let them cry, "might is right,"—the might is *ours!*
Believe this paradox, or doubt my tale.
"Beneath a lowly roof, around a hearth,
Cheerful, though homely, gather'd, in grave talk,
A little group of labourers are cheating
Their leisure moments of monotony.
Plying her evening care, the housewife treads
With cautious silence; stopping oft, to peer
Into the countenance of one calm man,
Who, seemingly absorb'd by other themes,
Hath mark'd their argument; and, taking up
Its broken thread, now, leads them through the maze
Of feeling, on to pure benevolence,
He reasons high, until the cottage clock
Concludes the conference; then, shaking hands,
Wishes his poor apostles a good night;
Closes the door; and sits, to muse again!

"And now a new day's dawn is brightly breaking;
And old employments claim the waking cares
Of struggling millions. In a smithy's gloom,
Moving among their trade's rough implements,
A band of men, already at their toil,
Improve the hour while richer mortals rest
From mean debauchery, or sage debate.
Standing before a forge's fitful glare,
The fire-side teacher of last night, pursues
His dingy calling; with an action quick
And steady, moulds the metal to his will;
And pausing not,—save once, when, in swift showers,
Sparks from the anvil spread about the scene,
To shut up in his brain some sudden hint

For subsequent reflection,—doth appear
Form'd for unceasing labour.

Weeks and months,
Have pass'd; and that poor blacksmith is the guest,
And glory of the nations. Monarchs hear,
With wonder, his meek mission; and the shouts
Of hoping myriads, from each shore which bounds
The broad Atlantic, tell the selfish few
That all the people praise him; for he speaks
The still sublimity of that one thought
Which is his being—universal peace—
Till scarce a loving wish that's borne above
But with it bears for him some ardent prayer,

And such, with few exceptions, was the course
Of dauntless genius in *er'ry* age:
The wise are nurtured in the lap of care:
The strong of heart are from the school of toil:
The peaceful are the strong; and gentleness
Aye marks the mighty arm, or giant soul.
And shall we, traitors to the holy cause
Which hath upheld us, hear the paltry lie
With patience, which holds *passion* forth as power;
Calls *riches*, *birth*, or *rank*, acknowledged right:
And talks of *sweet* revenge?—say, injured honour!

War!—'tis the knave's resource; the madman's joy;
The sage's grief; the outcast's sepulchre:
The widow's curse;—the great abomination!
It beggars hope; makes charity a jest;
Mars beauty: ministers to ignorance,
And trifles with existence! But the voice
Which rules its fate is yours: ye know its crimes:
Act as for Heaven; before Posterity:
Ask not, like cowards, *liberty* to love;
But calmly, firmly, say, *we'll fight no more;*
And while around our standard, bold, ye crowd
Cry, God for Freedom, Harmony, and Truth!

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

WARNINGS AND PROVIDENCES.

(*Continued from page* 136.)

The following singular narratives have all been communicated to us by a beloved octogenarian relative, and as will be seen have principally reference to the Society of Friends, among whose "older worthies" a belief of this kind was by no means uncommon, whatever it may be at present.

I.

A number of gentlemen, about fifty years ago, were sitting in the travellers' room of the principal inn of the old town of Leominster, and by chance there happened to be among them almost every variety of religious denomination. This led to a conversation, in which an old clergyman of the Church of England remarked that there was more true religion in the little finger of old Thomas Waring, the Quaker, staymaker of that town, than in all the dean and chapter of Hereford, with the bishop included, though I say it, said he, who am myself a prebend of the church. My husband, who was one of the company on this remarked that he set very light by his diocesan, on which he replied, that he himself heard the right reverend father tell as great a lie as ever man told when he swore that he was called of God to take upon him the bishopric of Hereford, when all the world knew that it was only his cupidity and ambition which had raised him from a poor living to a rich one.

The high encomium thus passed on old Thomas Waring, caused my husband to inquire something about him, when among other anecdotes the following was related.

"Old Thomas Waring the staymaker, sate one evening in his shop among his work people, when it became strongly impressed upon his mind that he must set off directly to the town of Ross. It was winter time; the days were short and the weather none of the best. The idea seemed so strange a one that he did all in his power to get rid of it; he argued with himself for some time; it seemed very absurd and wild, but he could not rid his mind of what appeared to be his duty. It was impressed upon him like a mission, and as he was one of those poor, simple and obedient spirits who once knowing the will of God implicitly obey it, he rose up from the seat where he sate at work, and giving orders that his horse should be immediately saddled set out. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and it was thirty miles to the town of Ross. He stopped at Hereford, which is about mid-distant to bait his horse, and in order that he might lose no time he fed it with an oatmeal mash, and immediately resumed his journey.

It was late in the night when he approached Ross, and still his business there remained unknown to him. In passing over the Wye, however, as he entered the town he cast his eyes upwards and saw in the darkness of the night, and amid the tall, dark houses, a light in an attic window, and immediately it was revealed to him that it was that very house to which he had been called, and that by going there all would be made clear to him.

He lost not a moment of time, but riding directly up to the door, knocked violently; no one came, and while he was waiting there he gave his horse in charge to a boy in the street, bidding him to take it to a brother Quaker's one George Dew's, and say that the owner of the horse would sleep at his house that night. Any one but a simple man, full of faith as old Thomas Waring was, would have expected the boy to have ridden off with the horse; but the old man was a discerner of spirits, and the boy conveyed both the horse and the message faithfully.

After waiting long there at the door a young woman opened it, and timidly asked what he pleased to want. He told her, in all simplicity that he could not tell, but that if she would listen for a few moments to what he had to say, perhaps she herself might explain it. She invited him in, and he then related to her the case exactly as it stands, remarking in conclusion "and having told thee this, I can only repeat that I know not for what I am come." The young woman was much affected and wept bitterly.

"Sir," said she, in reply to his concluding words, "I can tell you for what you are come: you are come here to save me. I was gone into that upper room with the firm intention of putting an end to my life, which has become very miserable. Nothing would have prevented me committing suicide had not you come. God has sent you! I am not altogether forsaken or abandoned by him!"

"Thou art not!" said the good man himself deeply affected, and from that he went on to pour hope and consolation into her afflicted spirit.

The visit of Thomas Waring to Ross, was indeed not purposeless.

II.

An American female preacher was in Cornwall when

I was young, on what is called a religious visit to Friends there. She was returning from Helston to Penryn, where she had been holding a meeting, and several Friends were in company in gigs and various kinds of carriages. On arriving at a considerable descent in the road, a large heavily-laden carrier's waggon was seen at a considerable distance slowly advancing towards the foot of the hill. At this moment she earnestly desired the friend who was driving her to stop, and also to desire the whole party to do the same, until the advancing waggon had ascended the hill upon which they were. The request seemed singular, but as it was made by a person who was considered to have, if not authority amongst them, at least a right to be attended to, a halt was made, and all eyes were fixed upon the waggon. At the foot of the hill the road was narrow, and there was a considerable piece of water on their right hand, at the very place where, had they driven forward, they would have met the waggon. Arrived at this point of the road, to their infinite surprise, and without any apparent cause, the waggon was overturned, and falling upon that side of the road where they would have been, entirely blocked it up.

This seemed at once like an interposition of Providence in their behalf, and turning to the American Friend, all eagerly inquired the motive for her request, which, though it had appeared a moment before so strange, had evidently been the means of saving the lives of some of them at all events. In reply, she told them that before leaving her own country she had a dream, in which she had seen this very spot, with the descending hill, the piece of water to the right, the narrow road at the bottom, and the advancing waggon, which had been overturned in her dream, at the very place, and thus causing the death of many people. Coming thus forewarned to the spot, she had been enabled to foresee the danger and enable all to avoid it.

The above was related to me by one of the party who was present.

III.

It is related of Thomas Scattergood, likewise a preacher among the Quakers, and an American, that one Sunday, at Bristol, at the close of the morning service, he rose and said, that it was deeply impressed upon his mind to request that no one then present should absent himself from the afternoon gathering for worship. He could not tell, he said, for what purpose he was required to make this request, but still the feeling of its being his duty was so deeply impressed upon him, that he could not be easy to omit it. The congregation separated, and the afternoon gathering was attended by all who heard him, with the exception of three young men, who had made an engagement to join a pleasure party on the water. The boat in which this party went out being upset, all lost their lives.

Very similar to this is the circumstance which is told of Martha Routh, a well-known preacher of the last generation among the Friends of Manchester. She stated also before the dispersing of the Sunday morning meeting, that her mind had been also deeply impressed with the sense of some person who was absent from religious worship having met with death in an unexpected and violent form, and that she could not be easy without publicly mentioning it. In the course of the day every one was amazed and awe struck to learn that a young man, a Quaker, who during the time of public worship had gone to bathe had been drowned, and that, as it appeared, at the very moment when the preacher's mind was under this painful exercise of suffering and death.

IV.

My great grandmother was a native of Ireland, and one of seven daughters; she married William Brownrigge, of Ormathwaite Hall, in Cumberland, and one of her sisters married Sir Thomas Esmond, of the county Wicklow. In this family of Esmond it was believed that always before the occurrence of deaths in the family, a skeleton figure, which on some occasions was said to drag a chain up the great staircase of the hall, gave warning of the event.

The son and daughter of Lady Esmond, at that time grown up, came over into Cumberland on a visit to their aunt. One morning the brother entered the breakfast room with a pale and anxious countenance, and after being questioned of the cause, he was at length induced to relate, with great agitation, that on the preceding night he had been visited by that forewarner of death, which was well known to the house of Esmond, and which had announced to him a triple death in the family; his mother's, he said was one, and his own and his sister's the others. Spite of the painful effect of these words and the secret apprehension they excited, all wished to laugh him out of his fears and his firm belief. The following day, however, brought news which startled every one; a letter from Ireland announced the severe illness of the mother, and summoned her son and daughter home immediately. They embarked at Whitehaven for Ireland, but they never saw their mother alive, nor yet did they reach Ireland; the vessel in which they sailed was wrecked, and they two perished.

V.

About sixty years ago there lived a very extraordinary man amongst the Quakers named Joseph Rule. He had a little independent property, and travelled about from place to place wherever he "felt his mind drawn;" and there he resided for the time, furnishing a room for himself with the utmost simplicity, according to his own view of what was right. His exterior man was very singular even among the Friends, who are singular to all the rest of the world. Like the famous Quaker preacher, Thomas Woolman, he had "a scruple" against all kinds of colour and dyes. 'Blessed are the poor in heart, for they shall see God;" this was the rule of his life, and as an outward emblem of the inward faith, he wore white garments; and everything he possessed, even to his furniture, was of this spotless and innocent colour; and as, in his declining life, his hair and his beard, which he never shaved, were white as snow, these contributed still more to make his appearance singular and impressive.

He was reckoned among Friends an effective, if not an eloquent preacher, and, wherever he went, large numbers of people attended his preaching, perhaps no little attracted by his remarkable appearance. On one occasion, however, when he happened to be at Bristol, a number of young men censured his peculiar mode of dress, and expressed themselves strongly against his sitting at the head of the meeting, among the preachers, when, according to their ideas, he was such a ridiculous object, adding, that a seat behind the door would be much more becoming for him.

This dissatisfaction of the young men reached the ears of Joseph Rule, and as he had no desire to hurt the minds of any one, he on the following Sunday, to the astonishment of every body, took his seat behind the meeting-house door, where he was scarcely visible. The young malcontents, no doubt, were a little conscience-stricken by this sight, but much more so when he rose, and, as was related to me by one who was himself a prime mover in the affair, delivered one of the most heart-reaching and beautiful discourses that ever left the lips of man; the subject of which was, "That every thing is as nothing in comparison with the approval of God and our own souls."

(To be continued.)

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

TESTIMONIAL TO WILLIAM LOVETT.

On Wednesday last, a soiree was held at the National Hall, Holborn, to present William Lovett with a testimonial in honour of his services in the cause of liberty and popular progress. This testimonial consisted of a beautiful silver tea-service, and a purse containing one hundred and forty sovereigns. There was a large company, and though circumstances prevented the attendance of several of the expected guests, as Dr. Bowring, George Thompson, Dr. Epps, and others, we observed on the platform, John Humffreys Parry, who took the chair; Mrs. Parry, W. H. Ashurst, Dr. Oxley, Charles Gilpin, Henry Vincent, Dr. Bateman, William and Mary Howitt, Mr. Linwood of Nottingham, Richard Taylor, Mr. Smith the Secretary to the Anti-Slavery League, Frederic Rowton, and a number of other well-known advocates of freedom and universal intelligence. The meeting was ably addressed by the chairman, Mr. Linwood, Richard Taylor, Henry Vincent, and others. The Budget of Lord John Russell, and the struggle going on at the moment in Paris, did not fail to excite deserving comment, and to give occasion for the outbreak of the indignant feeling of the public, against the recreant despots of the day, more odious for their professed liberalism, who so shamefully attack the pockets, the liberties, and the lives, of those they have been selected to protect.

The following, drawn up by W. J. Fox, is the address accompanying the testimonial.—"The Testimonial this day presented to William Lovett is intended both as an expression of gratitude for public services, and of respect for private worth. The Subscribers rejoice to feel that they cannot distinguish between the patriot and the man; but find that the self same qualities of integrity, purity, firmness, zeal, and benevolence, which have secured to William Lovett the lasting attachment of those who know him, have also been the characteristics of his political career. Whether enduring the loss of his goods, for refusing to be coerced into military service; or that of his liberty, for protesting against the unconstitutional interference of the Police with the People; whether founding the Working Men's Association, for the attainment of political rights, or the National Association, for the promotion of social improvement; whether embodying the principles of democracy, in the memorable document called the People's Charter, or shewing the means of redemption in his work, entitled "Chartism, a new Organization of the People;" whether cultivating by instruction, the intellectual and moral nature of destitute children, or by numerous addresses from the above named associations recommending Peace, Temperance, Justice, Love, and Union, to erring multitudes and nations; in labours which will make themselves known, by their results to posterity, or in unrecorded scenes of friendly and domestic intercourse, William Lovett has been ever the same; and may this memorial now presented to him serve as an assurance that the feelings of his friends, admirers, and fellow labourers in the cause of humanity are strong and unchanging, like the truth of his own character, public and private, by which those feelings have been produced.

"It is the fervent wish of the Subscribers, that his future life may be long, happy, and successful, as his past has been true, honourable, and beneficent.

"Signed on behalf of the Subscribers,

J. Humffreys Parry, Chairman.
I. F. Mollett, Hon. Sec.

GLORIOUS TRIUMPH OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

Once again, and for the third time, the French People have conquered their government! This time it is perhaps, the most glorious triumph which illuminates the History of the World. Mark the moral progress, men of England, and rejoice. The first French revolution was the carnage of a people bursting from slavery, and feeling only their wrongs and the strength of their arms. The second was a transition fact—half moral, half physical—this is a most magnificent demonstration of moral power! It is sublime in the united forbearance and fortitude of the million. Before the grand and combined demand of the people for their rights, the iron soul of armies melts, and regal despotism crumbles into dust! The French people have vindicated the philosophy of Christianity. They have destroyed the tyrant's faith in armies—they have shewn that a soldier is still a man, and feels the force of truth and right in a people relying on God and themselves—still armed when unarmed.

Men of England! you have now *your* duty to perform. Send your congratulations to your brother people of France. Let them know your joy in their triumph—a triumph for the whole world. You must do more. You will not be behind any nation in moral heroism. You have your own rights to rescue—your own sufferings to redress? Will it, and by union and the powers of the British Constitution—you may condense into a few days years of ordinary reform.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE PEDESTAL OF THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Passenger who lovest thy kind, and dost really believe in the Gospel as God's announcement of "Peace on Earth and Goodwill amongst Men"—pause—read—and seriously reflect! What is it that curses the nations, paralyzes commerce, makes widows and orphans, and crushes the poor beneath enormous national debt? It is the erection of monuments like these. Behold! This is the statue of the Big Butcherman. Would'st thou know what it costs to create a fame like his? Read the history of the great wars in which this man rose and flourished. There thou wilt find that to thine own nation alone the cost of these wars has been upwards of Three Thousand Millions of Money and to Europe of Five Millions of their Fellow Men! In reading these murders, monstrous as they are arouse thy faculties, stretch thy imagination to the utmost—make wide thy soul and thy understanding for the comprehension of all the evil included in them—for it is enormous, and not easily conceivable. Lands over-run by human fiends with fire and sword, ; cities ransacked and demolished; men massacred; women outraged; children left destitute, and, the industrious millions made the miserable slaves of this huge debt of Moloch, groaning under it every day. Canst thou find *one blessing* that it has produced? Canst thou not enumerate a thousand curses? Nations impoverished instead of enriched; trade ruined instead of promoted; tyranny everywhere confirmed instead of destroyed. The greatest of idiots is therefore the man who loves war; the greatest monster he who erects monuments like these. He plants devilry in the earth; he dooms millions of men to butchery; he prepares widows and orphans by tens of thousands. Man sets his traps and laughs at the stupid animal that pulls the string, or, like the mole, roots out with its nose, the peg that brings down death; but the devil sets a far larger trap for stupid man, and laughs as he too pulls the strings or roots out the peg of destruction. The Devil's Trap is War—the string is the bloody cheat of martial fame, the peg is a monument like this! Behold idiotic self-murderer! the very heavens blacken the imperial monument, and the Big Butcherman, turning his back on the seat of commerce, and seeming to snuff the air of desolation from the aristocratical regions of the West, looks like the Moloch that he represents on earth.

SECOND REPORT OF THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY COMMISSION.

We owe to the Writ of Supercedeas which abolished the six Metropolitan Commissions of Sewers, the appointment of the present efficient and influential Board, the institution of an ordnance survey of the Metropolis, and the vigorous commencement of cleansing the courts and alleys and undrained districts by machinery, to the First Report of the Sanitary Commission. Results of equal importance will flow from their Second Report. It has aptly come out during the progress of the Sanitary Bill through Parliament, and must materially strengthen the bands of Ministers in passing their measure.

The objects of the Report may be characterised as threefold. The condensed statement of certain important facts established by the mass of evidence collected by the Commissioners. The elucidation of the causes which have produced and continue to produce the results thus established as existent; and the recommendations of the Commissioners as to the measures to be adopted with a view to improvement.

The first portion of the Report is occupied with the subject of the impending arrival of Asiatic Cholera. We are assured that this disease, unchanged in character, continues steadily to advance; and we are moreover directed to observe, that the frightful increase of disease and mortality during the past year must lead us to the conviction that we are in precisely that state which is favourable to the development of any epidemic which may attack us. That, moreover, the kind of diseases lately prevalent, and now continuing in unabated intensity, are those formerly observed to be the forerunners of cholera—namely, influenza, typhus, and diarrhæa. The fact that the track of cholera is identical with the track of the two last diseases is also proved beyond a doubt. The low, damp neighbourhoods of rivers, the marsh countries, the undrained, crowded and filthy portions of cities,—these are the localities ravaged by whichever epidemic is prevalent.

Two important facts of a cheering character connected with the subject of cholera are also established and announced. The first is the absolute abandonment of the opinion that cholera is contagious, and hence the abolition of all attempts to stop its progress by isolation of the sick, &c. The evidence adduced in confirmation of its non-contagious character is decisive. The calamities of its actual presence (if it does appear among us) need therefore, no longer be increased by panic fear, and the hardening of the heart against the afflicted. The second fact which we have characterised as cheering, is that cholera is not, as is usually supposed, a pestilence which attacks suddenly and without warning, and against which no precaution can shield us. It is incontestibly proved, on the contrary, that it invariably gives warning of its approach, being always preceded by diarrhæa of the common kind, sometimes without pain. That this first stage of the disease which varies in intensity and duration in different subjects, is quite manageable by the ordinary medical treatment, and a simple remedial treatment is prescribed. That the disease if thus taken in time would be capable of removal, but if allowed to pass into the second stage, becomes one of the most intractable and fatal diseases in the world. This fact proved by the universal experience of all intelligent observers of the nature and treatment of Asiatic cholera, and clearly stated in the present Report as the result of the evidence collected by the Commissioners is a most important one.

In passing from the ascertained fact of the presence of an appalling amount of disease and death to a renewed consideration of the causes of it, the Commissioners leave the field they have already traversed, and going beyond the precincts of the great metropolis with its multiplied abominations, begin to wage a new war with the marsh lands in the vicinity, the ditches by which they are intersected, and all open roadside ditches in general.

Having observed the excessive mortality in the northern districts and certain of the suburbs, as compared with the central portions of the metropolis, we directed our attention to their sanitary condition, and we find—

That large tracts of land, in Poplar, the Isle of Dogs, the tracts of land near the river Lea, and on the southern side in Surrey and Kent, by Greenwich and Plumsted, are, what their names import, marshes; but marshes in an exceedingly bad condition; and that much of the other uplands in the suburbs consists of stiff undrained clay land, excessively charged with moisture.

That these marsh and undrained lands, are extensively intersected with open, ill-kept, and stagnant ditches.

That there being no systematic land drainage, and no proper pre-appointed system for the drainage of land intended to be used for the sites of houses, or of new suburban dwellings; when new dwellings are constructed, a great part of the drainage from the suburban houses is carried into these stagnant ditches.

That in one of these marshes, the proportion of open ditch is 18½ to 450 acres, or one acre of ditch to 24 acres of land; stagnating and giving off emanations from the decomposition of animal as well as vegetable refuse.

That marsh diseases prevail at times amongst the agricultural population of the Essex, Plumsted, and other marshes; and that after the wind has prevailed for some time from these ill-drained lands in the direction of houses, marsh diseases are constantly noticed among the adjacent population.

That there is no doubt that the mists and humidity arising from suburban ill-drained land, is carried amidst the habitations in the adjoining districts, on ordinary seasons, and exercises a pernicious influence on the health of the population.

That these are conditions most detrimental to the sanitary state of London, we have not the slightest doubt.

The chief recommendations of the Commissioners, as to practical measures of reformation are as follows,—

The establishment of local dispensaries, where persons affected with the premonitory symptoms which may be called the first stage of cholera should be placed under immediate medical treatment.

The establishment of Boards of Health, with a view to their assisting in carrying out in their several districts such measures as may be considered best adapted to check disease.

That power should be given to the Commissioners of Sewers, enabling them to cover in all open ditches; to drain roads; and to substitute for ditches tubular drains in connection with the general drainage levels.

That in connection with these works, facilities should be given to owners and occupiers to drain the marsh lands adjacent to the suburban districts by advances on loan.

That where land continues in a state of marsh, compulsory powers of drainage should be given and exercised in relation to it.

In the whole of this admirable report, we trace the combination of powers brought to bear upon the subject by the two men whose services the country may now congratulate itself with the prospect of possessing to carry out the measures they recommend. We allude, of course, to Mr. Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith.

BRANCH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AT PLYMOUTH.

A large meeting took place on the evening of the 17th, in the Mechanic's Institute, for the formation of a branch of this Association, which has for its object, the promotion among young men of sound religion, apart from all sectarian considerations. It appeared from the addresses of a deputation which attended from London, that the society was first formed there, about four years since, by a few young men employed in a commercial house; that it was a direct result of *early closing*, and, therefore another answer to the oft repeated argument that young men would *mis-apply* any time that might be given them. From these few beginners it has gradually extended its influence, and has branches in most of the large towns, as Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Hull, Derby, Exeter, &c., its operations in every place being rewarded with the most inspiring success. The means which they employ are prayer meetings, Bible readings and conversations, lectures and essays, in which various subjects are treated of in a religious manner, the distribution of appropriate tracts, and in fact any means which will lead to the promotion of Christianity. A managing committee, chiefly composed of employers, having been appointed, and a large number of names enrolled, the meeting separated. An interesting feature of this meeting, was the presence and co-operation of several ministers of different denominations.

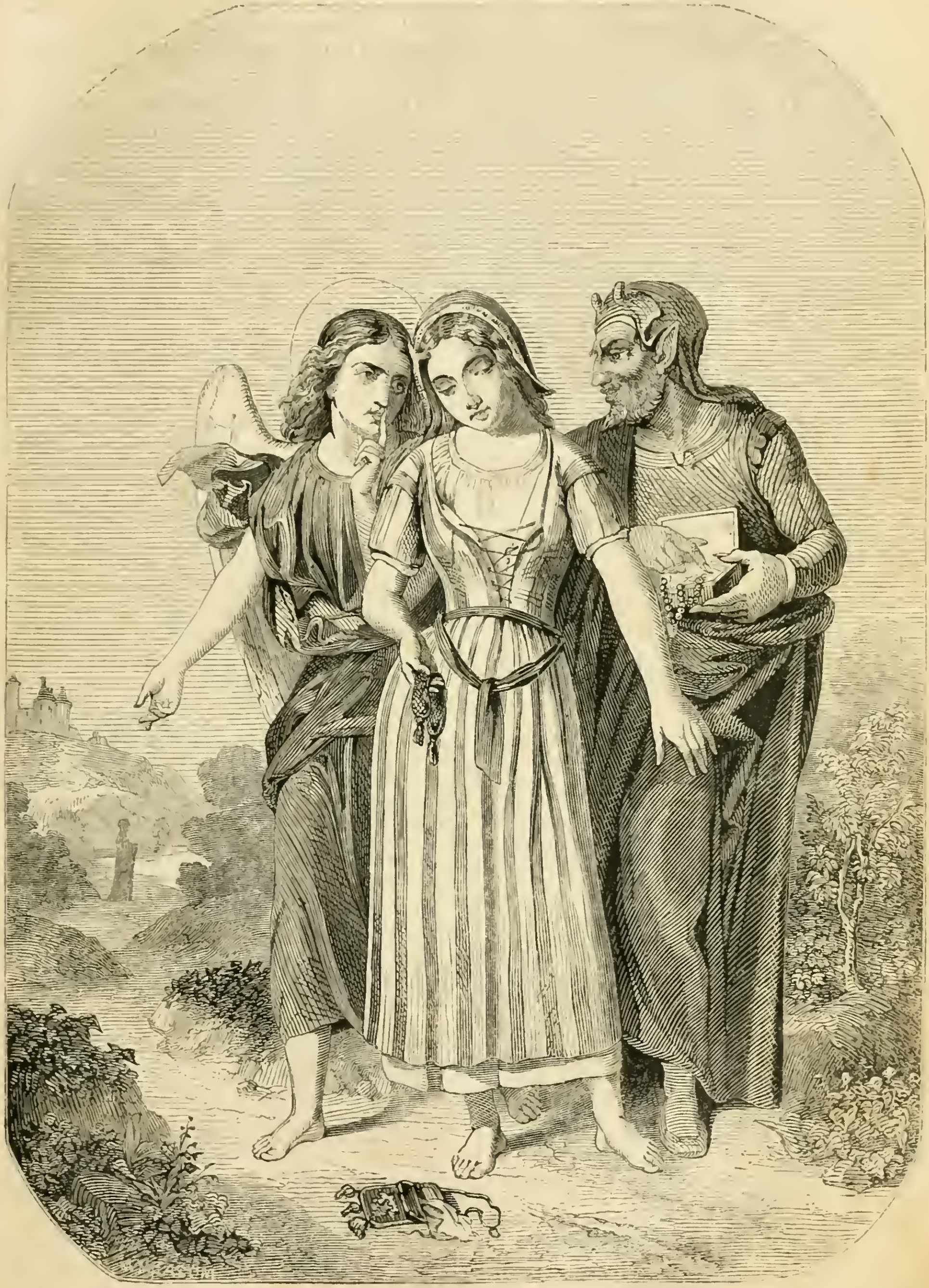
Plymouth, Jan. 21st., 1848. T. M. B.

CONTENTS.

Memoir of Anna Cora Mowatt. By Mary Howitt—Scenes and Characters from the French Revolution, translated from Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins* for Howitt's Journal. The Press and the Journalists—Literary Notices: Festus. A Poem. By Philip James Bailey—Three Letters on Sanitary Reform. By Charles F. Ellerman—Visits to Remarkable Places. By William Howitt. The Giants' Causeway—War—Remarkable Dreams, Warnings and Providences. (Continued)—Record.

Printed for the proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d.



TEMPTATION.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MEASOM.

No. 63—Vol. III

March 11, 1848

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The great fact of the day which has cast every other into the shade is the wonderful outbreak of the French people. With the suddenness of a tornado, with the magnificent explosion of a volcano, without its preparatory warnings, it has burst forth, and scattered the works and the workers of despotism into fragments. Event has followed event like so many flashes of lightning, each a startling piece of history, and a warning to nations and to ages. There is no country that has done so much to destroy the evil prestige of kingship and the old philosophy of governments—the divine right to do wrong—as France. In none of her achievements has she achieved so much as on this occasion. The grand fact which this third, and it is to be hoped, final Revolution has developed—that which strikes all minds with wonder and confidence,—is the stupendous moral march which that country has made since the year 1789. The struggles, the bloodshed, the bickerings, and the final fall into a military dictatorship, which marked the first Revolution, were not less demonstrative of the imperfect moral growth and the inexperience of the people, than of the intense love of liberty which animated them. They felt all that they had suffered, how they had been degraded, and they burned for vengeance. They saw that they had all the world arrayed against them—a treacherous court at home, and a host of armed tyrants abroad trembling for their usurpations over the human family, and eager to stamp out with millions of iron and mercenary heels the spark of liberty which they had kindled on their national altar—and they were exasperated. Unaccustomed to government—misunderstanding each other—exposed to the desperate schemes of ambition kindled in bosoms that had learned neither self-controul nor true public principles—they fell to the work of mutual destruction, and the multitude, yet raw, uneducated, and unchristianized, gloried in the sanguinary spectacle, and stimulated the ferocity which led to the annihilation of liberty.

Behold the mighty change! Years have not rolled over France without the advance of knowledge and the acquisition of a deep experience. Never had a people greater cause of quarrel; never did a people conduct that quarrel with a promptitude, a rapidity, and a success so wonderful; with a forbearance so sublime. The king who had injured them was no hereditary king. In his case it was not an oppression simply, but a treason, the basest and most detestable of treasons. After all that they had done, suffered, and achieved for liberty; after all their struggles, their bloodshed, their political martyrdom, and military conquests and reverses—after all, in fact, that they had paid of life, of honour, of everything that is dear to man for their national enfranchisement, they elected a constitutional monarch, and he betrayed them. The man to whom they entrusted the sacred deposit of their freedom, set deliberately about to annihilate it. He had nothing of the old monarchical humbugs to plead—there was none of the cant of right divine hanging about him as an apology for tyranny. He was the man of the people. Every atom of right, authority, and advantage that he possessed, was their gift. He stood there their own deliberately chosen chief magistrate—the guardian of their liberties, and administrator of their laws. The man became a traitor—a traitor of the worst description—a traitor to his country and to the whole cause of humanity. He set about to build up everything that they, his country, his benefactors, had destroyed as the pestilence of the earth—to destroy everything that they had built up. Dead to the glorious distinction of being the first monarch of the new era of the world—the era of knowledge, truth, and freedom—incapable of comprehending the greatness of his position, the freely-chosen King of free men—of the grandeur of his mission as the cherisher of the universal happiness,—a happiness based on achieved Christianity, the moral and political equality of all God's children, the knavish-minded charlatan, set about to restore all the beggarly elements of the old kingship of force, fraud, and oppression. His brute nature would sink itself to the brutish level of thrones built on bayonets, crosiers, and police. He destroyed the liberty of speech and of the press; he converted his Parliament into a nest of the vilest corruption; he heaped up again all the ancient extravagance of expenditure and taxation; he turned his capital—that capital in which the boldest deeds of liberty had been done—the saddest sacrifices of patriotism had been made, where a throne had been demolished, and royalty chopped asunder by the guillotine,—that capital he turned into a rat-trap. His forts and armies were arrayed to blow resistance, even of millions, to the devil in an instant. He cooped in the people who chose him, and set him up above all his father's house—to crush them into a bloody mass. He was busy with the old work of self aggrandisement—knitting and fitting together royal alliances—where he could not knit and fit, he welded them with the hammers of his huge military force. The man grew mad with his successful villainy, and relying on the great intellect of one whom nature meant for a great man, he committed the last insane act of closing the safety valve of the popular engine when it was already hissing with the steam of indignant feeling; and the consequent explosion hurled him, his monarchy, and his whole race, to the destruction that they deserved;—but which has come like a judgment of God—sudden, terrible, and complete.

Could neither the cunning king nor his cunning minister just have looked across the channel and seen how *our* rulers manage these matters? Could they not have seen that by leaving open the safety valve of popular complaint—allowing us to throw off our wrath in talk and newspaper declamation—they can go on for years, perhaps for ages, laying on us as much burden as they please. Could he not see that our government has loaded us with the debts of all Europe, crushed our commerce, swamped our colonies by monstrous monopolies, filled our towns with misery, and Ireland with beggary and death—but have taken care not to shut down the safety valve of complaint, or their fate would have been—what his is?

But the point which it concerns us to fix our eyes upon in this glorious demonstration, is the magnificent power of popular fortitude and wisdom which it has displayed to the world. A people rising in the face of 100,000 soldiers, of a deadly cordon of fortifications, and of a murderous police in arms in the very heart of them, and dissipating all the might of arms, the force of governmental subtlety, and the splendour of royalty like a mere morning mist. The whole has gone to pieces with a suddenness that resembles nothing but the shifting of a theatric scene. Is this then monarchy? How wretched a thing it is! Is this then military power? How despicable it is! Is this then a people exercising its will? How glorious!

If after this there be a monarch unpunished for his treason to the state, we may be sure that there is a people equally remiss. If there be liberty infringed there is a degraded nation! The French have destroyed the last portion of the prestige of tyranny, and we owe them a debt which we can only repay by asserting our own rights as boldly and as nobly. We have seen in this country how the coward but greedy vampire of aristocracy shrinks and trembles at the first brave word of the nation. We saw it at the time of the Reform Bill—we saw it but the other day at the production of the audacious Whig budget—yet, we lie prostrate at this moment, enduring abuse, extravagance, and extortion, which we exclaimed against half a century ago. Taxation extends itself, but not the suffrage—retrenchment is a word actually lost out of the mouths of reformers. The aristocratic phalanx of placemen sit in all the bloom of unshorn patronage, pensions, salaries, and power, and the people pay nine-tenths of the taxation and starve. Look, fellow countrymen, across the channel, and let that national pride which has often led you into bloody contests with your Gallic neighbours at least inspire you with shame at the glory which they have won from you in the contest for political liberty.

What are the facts that are continually meeting our eyes in reading the details of this revolution?—The noble and christian Lamartine stilling the tempest of the multitude at the moment that he refuses to sanction "its usurpation of the rights of thirty five millions"—to sanction any government that is not the choice of all France.

The Provisional Government decrees that the linen, clothes, etc. of the poor pawned for less than ten francs shall be given to them, and that the nation shall pay the cost.

The Tuileries shall be the asylum of invalid workmen.

National workshops are open for those who are without work.

At Lisle the Prefect had announced a ball on the night of the 24th, but the *crowd* under the windows shouted "We do not dance upon the dead!"

On taking the Tuileries the people found a magnificent image of Christ in sculpture. The people stopped and saluted it. "My friends," cried a pupil of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, "This is the Master of us all!" The people took the Christ, and bore it solemnly to the church of St. Roch. "Citizens! Off with your hats. Salute Christ!" said the people, and everybody inclined in a religious sentiment.

Who can wonder at what such a people has accomplished. Well may the *Democratic Pacifique*, exclaim, "Noble people, who respect all that is sacred. Noble people, who bless the being who proclaimed the law of universal fraternity."

Look on that picture and on this. A great people winning in two days the charter of their liberties from the hands of false rulers; in the midst of slaughter and excitement acting out the poetry of religion; another people once great, grovelling in misery and debt at the feet of the feeblest government which ever plundered and disgraced these realms. A nation must be lost indeed which does not *profit* by the mighty lessons which have just been read to the world. W. H.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

No. I.

The Meldrum Family.

Good fellows of the working, and no few of you of the middle classes, be looking out for a land of promise. Be prepared with a retreat for the future. The ground, as you must by this time perceive, is fast narrowing under your feet. A thousand a day are added to your number, and so short are you of elbow room, that I see many of you already have rubbed one another out at the elbows. But stomach room, you may say, is plentiful enough. The vacuum there does not get so rapidly filled. But this is a room that makes all other rooms doubly uneasy. If you are pressed so much from without, and have no considerable proppage within, there will be great danger of ribs or of patience giving way. In fact, you are daily being driven more and more into a corner that won't be able to hold you and your wants. Decide then, will you emigrate? There are vast continents, American and Australian yet, with huge and unoccupied deserts, and there millions of you will no doubt go. But again, ye that had rather stay at home, decide, for you may ere long *have* no home. I tell you the ground is fast narrowing under your feet. The Norman is in the land, and is every day extending his encroachments over the easy, sleepy, creeping, credulous, and ass-between two-bundles Saxon. The Norman when he came into this country, conquered it. He parcelled it out, and that which he could not occupy with his own castles and hunting grounds, he gave to his followers, the butchers, and cooks, and blacksmiths who followed him in his adventure, and here gave themselves out as somebodies. What they could not occupy with their castles and hunting grounds, they suffered the sleepy-headed and doltish Saxons to cultivate for them, and what there were not sleepy-headed and doltish Saxons enow to till they put into parchment possession, under the name of wastes, chaces, commons, and the like. By this means they have contrived from that day to this to monopolize all the land of all England. All the estates of any consequence in England are in the possession of *thirty-two thousand* of these Normans, or men who have contrived to get into Norman shoes. Now, as there are in the United Kingdom upwards of seventy-seven millions of acres of land, and only twenty-eight millions of inhabitants, there would be, if the whole were equally divided, nearly three acres for every man, woman, and child of us, or reckoning, as is usually reckoned, four to a family, nearly twelve acres of land to every British family. That were a pretty little patrimony, independent of all other pursuits of trade, or merchandise, or literature. That is the *natural* patrimony of each of us—for spite of all artificial and usurping Normanic claims set up, every man, woman, and child, who is sent into this world for their specified term of trial, has an equal right to be supported by this globe on which he is located—supported by it in his stomach as he is on his feet. But out of this natural patrimony we are ousted by Normans, longswords, lawyers, pikes, parchments, pettyfoggers, crowns, coronets, canons, cannons, colonels, captains, corporals, pensioners, policement, priests, proctors, constables, and catchpoles, and all the sublime rabble of government and misgovernment that has grown upon us through seven centuries, as fast and thick as peat grows in an Irish bog. We are ousted, my good fellow Saxons and sleepyheads, and the whole of this rich possession has fallen into about thirty-two thousand hands, each averaging about two thousand four hundred acres in his possession, and some of them some hundreds of thousands. Things, faith! are a little disjointed—a little disproportioned. It is an ugly hump-backed body this British body politic.

But no matter! We plodding, trading, sleepy-headed Saxons, don't mind that. *We* don't care who has the land so that we have the water. Let us alone with our ships and our foreign customers, and we shall do. But then the Normans would not let us alone even there! We had a pretty set of customers abroad, and nothing would do but that our stupid clodpoles, and vagabonds, and drunkards, must be drilled into destructible machines and sent out to kill our customers, and play the very devil amongst those who should have been buying our cloths and calicoes, our knives and forks instead of muskets and bayonets, and buttons instead of bullets. It was a fine game for the Norman—but a dreadful scrape for the Saxon blockhead. We got the shot to pay, and the foreigners when they came to their senses got the trade. We ran into everybody's quarrels, and took to everybody's debts, and have got them, and much good may they do us! What good that is, let Manchester, and Glasgow, and Paisley, Nottingham and Leeds, and all the manufacturing districts tell; and let all the merchants who have failed, or have stood with a good shaking, let the shopkeeper and *everybody* tell. We want everybody's custom, as we were formerly. like the Irishman, anybody's customers, and nobody wants our goods.

That is *rather* an awkward situation to be in! What shall we do with the thousands and the millions that are starving for want of something to do, or for want of profit in what they do do? "Ship them off!" says the clever Norman. "Clear the country of them—they are too many." Well, but there is another class that the Normans find too many. They have driven the trading millions out of nearly all their foreign resorts of trade, and they are just as busy driving the stupid, sleepy clodpoles off their lands. The manufacturers say, "our trade is ruined—we cannot maintain our swarming population in the towns; pass an act by which a man may get a settlement anywhere." It is passed: any man who has resided any where for five years, there is his parish. But the clever Norman is too wide awake to be thus checkmated by the stupid, sleepy, easy, and lumpish Saxon. He cries, "Up and off with you every clodpole of you. Up with clodpole wife and clodpole children, and find a dwelling where you can, for on my land you shall find no abiding place, shall gain no settlement!" And so the war of extermination began, and so it is going on daily over all that was once merry, but is now miserable, England. Down go the cottages of the labourers, even of those who are necessary to till the land, and away they must march to any parish or any town that has so many small proprietors that they can not agree to exclude the poor from their borders. Down goes the old thatched cottage, and the little fence that hemmed in its rustic garden for ages. It would break the heart of a lover of the poetic and picturesque to see the venerable old porch and its clustering roses come to the ground in blinding dust; and the row of bee-hives borne off and sold, and the bench *on* which they stood, and the honeysuckle bower *under* which they stood rent away and turned out of pieces of rural poetry in a twinkling of an eye into lumber and rubbish. But there are other hearts, tender poetic ones it were enough to craze to see the old roof ripped off—that ancient load of thatch on which the houseleek has grown and in which the sparrow and the wren have built for scores and scores of years. To see the little windows in which many a sweet face has been seen tending some sweet flower, rose, or lily, or geranium, and from which aged countenances have looked forth, and in the glory of the scenes around, in hours of odorous summer, have seen an image of that heaven after which their weary and bereft hearts have yearned.

Little abodes of humanity however lowly; little cabins of life and love, and a thousand bitter and sweet experiences; little homes of men and women however simple, who stood their day of trial, and wept their portion of tears, and sent forth their sons to the field of toil or of blood, and their daughters to farm and town in servitude—all doing their share to carry on what loftier if not wiser men deem the duties of existence, and the maintenance of the health, wealth, and honour of this country,—simple and beautiful cottages of England, well might it melt the sternest heart to see you fall—and ere ye fall, the desolate family tear itself away from you—from the accustomed sod-seat in the open air, from the sweetbriar hedge, the wallflower border, the rosemary bush, and the little stream that runs murmuring by clear as crystal, and taking the dusty road plunge into the fœtid alley of the distant town.

Merciful heaven! what a country is that which smiles like a paradise, and is fertile as the very garden of God, and which yet casts out all its inhabitants, but the solitary lordling and his liveried crew of menials. Is it to this that England, the wealthy and the fruitful, the incomparable and the envied of all nations is come! Is this the end and the only gain of all our toilings and moilings, our tradings and inventions, our parliaments and colleges, our hosts of learned and illustrious men, our victories and our vauntings? That the poor for whom God builds worlds, and for whom Christ died, should be ejected to make room for great lonely halls that rarely see their owners, for game, keepers, squires and grasshoppers.

Mr. Prior in his life of Goldsmith doubts the very circumstance of the razing of Auburn. Men do not lay waste pretty hamlets, and destroy substantial villages, he says. Mr. Chadwick could tell him a different tale; we could tell him a different tale; thousands and tens of thousands could tell him a different tale. The story of Auburn is acted over again on the affluent plains of England every day and in every corner of it. Mr. Chadwick went down into the country to trace the effect of the last law of settlement—and he found that labourers were in numbers of places obliged to walk from seven to ten miles and more daily to their work, and back again. They had been ordered out of the agricultural parishes where they worked, and their cottages had been destroyed. They, therefore, had to take up their abode in the towns, and occupy houses in unhealthy, close situations, at double and treble the rental of their former rural ones, where they often had had a garden and could raise a pig. He found that the constitutions of many of them were gradually sinking under this excessive exertion, and this injurious change of abode. There are plenty of places to be named, where one parish consisting of small proprietors pays twenty shillings per acre to the poor rates, while the next, the property of some great man, does not pay ONE shilling, for he has carefully shoved out all the labourers, to settle amongst, and become chargeable to his poorer neighbours.

There is no similar example of intense selfishness on the broad face of the earth. The lordly aristocrat who does it, has in nine cases out of ten gathered his wealth together by the worst of treasons to his country—by peculation under the guise of government, by fomenting bloodshed, and by pandering to royal licentiousness. He and his family have fattened on the salaries of all species of sinecure offices. His sons and his brothers are in command in army, in navy, in colony, and church. He reaps all the rental of miles of England's richest lands. He suns himself on its warmest slopes in proudest architectural state, he walks beneath the shade of woods which were meant by God for the haunt of the thousand hearts that need the refreshment of nature after the wear of social life, but which are shut against all but prowling keepers and four-footed things. Yet from this scene of beauty and abundance, he drives the few wretched tillers of the soil, and *walks* and *works* them to death. May God grant him a better treatment on the poor man's estate in Paradise!

Some time ago I came, on the Scottish borders, upon an old herdsman asleep on the sunny ground. He awoke up as I stopped, and I entered into conversation with him. I praised the fine and cultivated country. "Yes," said he, "it is a fine country, but it wants no inhabitants. When these green and huge fields were open, when it was called a waste, it had its villages, and the poor man kept his cow, and the shepherd and the herdsman, or herdswoman, had each their own charge. But now the villages are gone; the poor men's cows are gone. The poor men are gone—fifty families went last week to America, and were I not so old I would have gone too. As it is, I must range while I can over four huge farms to herd cattle and count the sheep; and every day the land wants fewer hands, for the duke neither plants a tree nor makes a road, which might employ a poor man. In faith, the country is a fine country, but it wants no inhabitants."

The other day I rode across a fine tract of country, which was familiar to me years ago. How beautiful did those old remembered scenes appear! How sweetly did that little river wind along! How delightful were those airy hills and dark hanging woods! How rich and flowery were those fields and odorous hedges! But how strangely solitary! How those old villages were thinned out! Those cottages in their little wayside gardens, under high old bushes and overhanging trees—where were they?—Gone! all gone! Instead of the little garden crammed thick with cabbages, beans, peas, and potatoes,—there were blank white places where the grass had refused, as it were, in righteous scorn, to grow over the lime and the rubble of the demolished tenements. As I went on I beheld an enormous rural palace building. It was for the rector, the near relative of the lord! The living was rich, the tithes were enormous! But to whom could this fat parson preach? He preached to nobody; he delegated that task to a journeyman soul-saver, at a pound a week. From so magnificent a mansion, how could he descend to the humble church and bid a few pursy farmers and leather-leggin keepers, and sleek silk-stocking valets—repent? How could he bid the rustic labourers "repent, *return, and live?*" No, that was contrary to the depopulating policy—*they* must march off and half living, die by inches.

I passed the parish church. Beautiful old fabric of old Norman days! What a porch was that! Why there were roses running and flowering to its very pinnacle! What a little Eden was that churchyard! surrounded by its lofty trees, and its old ivied wall; and with rose bushes and graceful laurels flourishing amid its superb turf, and antique tombs. But the gates of this Eden were closed—like that of old. The stranger that would read its epitaphs and enjoy its cool solitude,

Must fetch the sexton and his keys,
Endure his talk and pay his fees.

The poor man that would visit his wife's grave must do it on Sunday at service time.

I went on; and everywhere were beauty and silence. Here and there might be seen a farm-house; but rarely a cottage. The old stone-breaker on the road, in answer to my enquiries, replied with a shake of the head—"Queer times, Sir. His lordship pulls down all the cottages and never builds any. If you want to know where the labourers live, it is at R——— there," pointing towards the manufacturing town, a few miles farther.

Such are the grand processes of our modern, philosophy, Christianity, and wisdom. Let us trace their effects in THE HISTORY OF THE MELDRUM FAMILY.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Translated for "Howitt's Journal,"

FROM LAMARTINE'S "HISTOIRE DES GIRONDINS."

(Continued from p. 151.)

THE REMOVAL OF VOLTAIRE'S REMAINS TO THE PANTHEON.

It was at the same epoch (the Bordeaux election) that the National Assembly ordered the removal of Voltaire's remains to the Pantheon. It was philosophy avenging herself on the anathemas which had pursued the ashes of this great innovator. The body of Voltaire, who died at Paris in 1778, had been transported secretly during the night by his nephew to the church of the abbey of Sellieres in Champagne. When the nation sold this abbey, the towns of Troyes and Romilly disputed the glory of possessing and honouring the remains of the man of the age. The city of Paris, where he had rendered up his last sigh, claimed its right as a capital, and addressed a petition to the National Assembly, to demand that the body of Voltaire should be given up to them, and be deposited in the Pantheon, the cathedral of philosophy. The assembly adopted this idea with transport.

On 11th June, the department and the municipal body went in procession to the barrier of Charenton to receive the body of Voltaire. It was deposited on the site of the Bastille, like a conqueror reposing on his trophies. The bier of the exile was raised within sight of the crowd. A pedestal was formed for him of stones, torn out of the foundation of this fortress of ancient tyranny. Thus Voltaire dead, triumphed over the stones which had imprisoned him when in life. On one of these stones was read these words:—"*Receive in this place, where despotism enchained thee, the honours which thy country ordains thee.*"

The following day, in a splendid sunshine which had dissipated the clouds of a rainy night, an innumerable crowd arrived to accompany the car which was to carry the body to the Pantheon. This car was drawn by twelve white horses four abreast; the reins of these horses, their manes decorated with gold and flowers, were held by men dressed in an antique costume, such as are seen on triumphal medals. This car bore a funeral couch on which was seen extended and crowned an image of the philosopher. The National Assembly, the deputies, the magistrates, the constitutional bodies, and the army surrounded, preceded or followed the sarcophagus. The Boulevards, the streets, the public squares, the windows, the roofs of houses, the very branches of the trees swarmed with people. The dull murmurs of vanquished intolerance could not comprehend this enthusiasm. All eyes followed the car. The new belief felt that this was her victory, and that philosophy remained mistress of the field of battle.

The order of this pageant was majestic, and spite of all its profane and theatrical pomp, an inward joy of intellectual triumph might be read on many countenances. Numerous detachments of cavalry opened the procession, as though henceforth arms even were to enter the service of intelligence. Then came drummers wearing crape, and beating a funeral march, accompanied by the firing of cannon, which rolled behind. Next the students of the Paris colleges, the patriotic societies, the battalions of the National Guard, printers and workmen employed in the destruction of the Bastille, the former carrying with them a travelling printing-press which printed on its way hymns in honour of Voltaire; the latter bearing chains, iron-collars, bolts, and cannon balls found in the dungeons and arsenals of the state-prisons. Then busts of Voltaire, Mirabeau, and Rousseau appeared. Upon a platform was exhibited the verbal-process of the electors of '89, that Hegira of the insurrection; upon another the citizens of the *Faubourg St. Antoine* exhibited also a model of the Bastille, the flag from the donjon, and a young girl, dressed *en amazone*, who had fought at the siege of that terrible prison. Pikes, surmounted with the Phrygian cap of liberty, rose here and there above the heads of the multitude which followed. A paper on one of these pikes bore the following inscription,—"*Liberty was born of this steel.*"

All the actors, and actresses of the Paris theatres followed the statue of him, who, during sixty years had inspired them. The titles of his principal works were, engraved on a pyramid which represented his immortality. His statue made of gold, crowned with laurel, was borne by citizens clothed in the costumes of the people and the ages whose manners he had painted. A small coffer, also of gold contained the seventy volumes of his works. The members of the different learned societies and of the principal academies throughout the kingdom surrounded this ark of philosophy.

Numerous bands of musicians, some accompanying the procession, others stationed along its route, saluted the passage of the car with exciting symphonies and filled the air with an harmonious enthusiasm. The *cortége* paused before the principal theatres; hymns were chanted in honour of his genius, and the multitude again pursued its march. Having in this manner reached the quay which bears the name of Voltaire, the car paused before the house of M. de Villette, where Voltaire had died, and where his heart was preserved. Green trees, garlands of foliage and crowns of roses decorated the front of this house. Upon it might be read this celebrated inscription,—"*His spirit is everywhere and his heart is here.*" Young girls, clothed in white and crowned with flowers, covered the steps of an amphitheatre erected before the house. Madame de Villette, to whom Voltaire had been a second father, in all the splendour of her beauty and the emotion of her tears, advanced from amid them, and placed on the brow of the great man, the most beautiful of all his crowns, the filial crown. Some stanzas of the poet Chénier, one of the men who cherished most, and preserved till his death—the worship of Voltaire, burst forth at this moment, clothed in the religious tones of music. Madame de Villette and the young girls descended from the amphitheatre into the street strewn with flowers, and walked before the car. The *Théâtre Francais* which was then in the *Faubourg St.Germaine*, had converted its peristyle into a triumphal arch. On each column was encrusted a medallion containing in letters of bronze the titles of Voltaire's dramas. On the pedestal of his statue erected at the door of the theatre was written, —"*He wrote Irène at eighty-three, at seventeen Œdipe!*"

This immense procession of posthumous glory did not reach the Pantheon till ten at night. The day had not been long enough for this triumph. Voltaire's bier was placed at the Pantheon between the remains of Descartes and Mirabeau, the predestined place of this intermediate genius, between philosophy and politics, between thought and action.

This apotheosis of modern philosophy, in the midst of the great events which agitated the public mind, shews us clearly that the Revolution understood itself, and that it wished to be the inauguration of the two great principles represented by this bier: intelligence and liberty! It was intelligence who entered triumphant over the ruins of birth into the capital of Louis XIV. It was philosophy who took possession of the city and of the temple of Sainte-Geneviève.

Voltaire, this sceptical genius of modern France, united in himself the double passion of the people of that epoch; the passion of destruction and the thirst for innovation; the hatred of prejudice and the love of enlightenment. This genius, not the most exalted, but the most vast in France, has, as yet, alone been judged by his idolaters or his enemies. Impiety has deified his vices; superstition anathematized his very virtues; and despotism, when it again seized upon France, felt that Voltaire must be dethroned before tyranny could be reinstalled. Napoleon during fifteen years kept writers and journals in his pay to degrade, defile, and deny the genius of Voltaire. He hated the name of Voltaire with the hatred of physical force for the force of mind. The church, once re-established, could no longer permit his name to shine forth with resplendent glory: the church had a right to hate the genius of Voltaire, but not to deny it.

If men are to be judged by their works, Voltaire is incontestibly the most powerful writer of modern Europe. None other, through the sole force of genius and of will, ever caused so great a revolution in mind. His pen aroused a whole world, and shook to its foundations more than the empire of Charlemagne, the European empire of a theocracy. His genius was not so much strength as light. God had not so much destined him to consume with fire as to enlighten. Wherever he entered, there he bore the light of day with him.

Voltaire was born a plebeian in an obscure street of old Paris. Whilst Louis XIV. and Bossuet reigned in the pomp of absolute power and Catholicism at Versailles, the child of the people, the Moses of disbelief grew up, close in their neighbourhood, unknown. The throne and the altar had attained in France their apogee. The Duke of Orleans as Regent governed in an interregnum.

The most perfect laxity of morals succeeded to the last years of monkish austerity of Louis XIV.'s reign. Voltaire, as precocious in his audacity as in his genius, already began to play with those weapons of thought, of which later he made so terrible a use. The disbelief of this period arose out of debauchery, instead of out of enquiry. Independence of thought was more a freedom of morals than a conclusion of the intellect. There was moral vice in this irreligion. Voltaire's mission was commenced by the ridicule and the defiling of holy things, which even in their destruction should be always treated with respect. Thus originated that levity, irony, and too often that cynical spirit in the heart and on the lips of the Apostle of Reason. His journey to England gave assurance and gravity to his disbelief. He had in France known only free thinkers, in London he became acquainted with philosophers. He was enthusiastic, with the enthusiasm of discovery about this eternal reason. In a nature as active as is the French, this enthusiasm and this hatred would not remain merely speculative as in a northern intellect. Scarcely himself convinced, he wished to convince in his turn. His whole life became one act multiplied in a thousand ways, yet tending to one sole aim;—the abolition of theocracy and the establishment of tolerance and liberty in all modes of worship. He laboured at this work with all the gifts God had endowed him with, as well as with falsehood, cunning, slander and bitterness, and immorality of spirit; he employed all his weapons, even those which are interdicted by the respect of God and man; his virtue, his honour, his glory, were sacrificed to the overthrowing of the old system.

From the day when he had resolved upon this war against priestcraft, he sought out allies for himself. His alliance with the King of Prussia had no other cause. He needed thrones to uphold his cause against the priestly body. Frederick, who believed in the same philosophy, only carrying it still farther, even to Atheism and contempt of man, was the Dyonisius of this modern Plato. Voltaire redoubled his audacity under the protection of this sceptre. He affected, or perhaps really felt, a reverence for the absolute power of kings. He even went so far as to worship their very weaknesses; he excused the infamous vices of Frederick, bowed before the mistresses of Louis XIV. Like the Theban courtesan who built a pyramid from the fruits of her debauchery, Voltaire never blushed at any prostitution of his genius, provided the wages of his compliance served to purchase enemies to priestcraft. He enrolled these by thousands throughout Europe, and especially in France. Kings still remembered the middle ages and thrones outraged by the Popes. They could not see the clergy, whose power was as great as their own over the people, without a secret hatred. Parliaments, the civil clergy, bodies formidable to sovereigns themselves, detested the clergy even whilst protecting their decrees. The warlike, corrupt, and ignorant nobility were, as a body, inclined wholly to embrace disbelief, as relieving them from moral restraint. Such were the elements of this revolution in religion. Voltaire, with the glance of passion which is even still more far-seeing than the glance of genius, comprehended the full spirit of his age. He would not have succeeded in making his age an age of reflection, but he could make it smile. He never attacked in the front, never undisguised, fearing to draw upon himself the rigour of the laws. The modern Æsop, he attacked under feigned names the tyranny he wished to destroy. He concealed his hate in the drama, light poetry, romance, history, and in his very witticisms. His genius shewed itself in perpetual allusions comprehended by his age, but giving no warrant for attack to his enemies. This combat of one man against the priesthood, of an individual against an institution, of one life against eighteen centuries, was not, however, without a certain courage.

Voltaire did not suffer martyrdom in his person but he did in his name. He sacrificed it both during his life and after his death; he condemned his own ashes to be scattered to the winds, and to not even find the asylum of a tomb. He endured long exile, in order to procure the liberty of combatting. At eighty years of age, infirm, and feeling himself about to die, he made hasty preparations for one more struggle and then expired far from the abode of his old age. The inexhaustible vigour of his mind never failed him for a moment. His gaiety rose almost into genius, and beneath this pleasantry of his whole life you yet feel a serious power of perseverance and deep conviction. The brightness and vivacity of his wit, however, frequently concealed the profundity of his design. This devotion of his, is his virtue in the eyes of posterity. Yet he was not truth, only the precursor of truth. One thing was wanting in him: the love of God. He perceived God through his intellects and he abhorred the phantoms which eyes of darknes, had mistaken for Him and adored in His stead. He rent in anger the clouds which hindered the Divine Idea from shining in its full glory upon men, but his worship consisted rather in the hatred of error than in faith in the Divinity. The religious sentiment, that sublimest of all thoughts, that sentiment which enkindled by enthusiasm ascends to God, as a flame uniting itself with Him in the unity of the Creator with His creations, this sentiment was not cherished in Voltaire's soul. And from this want sprang the evil results of his philosophy. It neither created morality, worship, nor charity; it only decomposed and destroyed. Cold negation, mocking and corrosive it acted as a poison, it froze, it killed; it did not vivify. It created sceptics instead of believers. The religious reaction was speedy and universal. This was to be expected. Impiety may cleanse the soul of superstitious errors, but it does not fill the heart of man. Irreligion is never destined to destroy a religion upon the earth. A new faith is needed to supersede an old faith. It is only a more enlightened religion which can triumph over a deposed and corrupt one. The earth can never remain without an altar.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIR OF ANNA CORA MOWATT.

By Mary Howitt.

(Continued from p. 149.)

Partly in consequence of Mr. Mowatt's residence in Europe, and partly from an affection of the eyes, he gave up his profession of barrister, and was subsequently induced to embark to a large extent in commercial speculations, when unfortunately one of those terrible crises occurring which convulse the whole mercantile world, he, together with thousands of others, found himself on the brink of ruin.

A time of dreadful anxiety succeeded: sleepless nights and days of uncertainty and apprehension. In a few weeks the worst, as they believed, was known, immense loss must be sustained, but still there was a chance of something being saved. Mrs. Mowatt who was extremely attached to their residence, where the brightest and happiest portion of her life had been spent, was willing to make any present sacrifice for the hope of returning in better days to this favourite place.

Misfortunes, however, never come alone; and now, as if to prove the truth of the adage, scarcely had they summoned a cheerful courage to look the future in the face, when a new sorrow, and one more appalling than all the rest, befel them. The affection of the eyes, which had first made its appearance in Germany, again severely attacked Mr. Mowatt. It was impossible for him now to re-commence his professional duties; his sufferings were of the most excruciating character, and for a long period from this time, he was unable to fix his eyes upon a book for above five minutes together.

Here, indeed, was deep cause of anxiety and distress. It was a dark and a melancholy season; yet still out of darkness comes light, and now the young wife, not yet twenty, determined to use some of those splendid gifts which God had given her to retrieve their shipwrecked fortunes, and to lighten, if possible, the load of misfortune which pressed so heavily on her husband. Hitherto her talents had been employed only to embellish life; now they must be used to produce the very means of life; hitherto she had unconsciously been exercising and perfecting her powers amid the joy of youth and the ease of affluence, now their nobler uses must be tried amid the trials of adversity. God truly gives us no powers in vain!

Some time before these domestic events occurred, Mr. Vandenhoff had been giving dramatic readings in various cities of the Union, which had been extremely successful; Mrs. Mowatt had herself attended those which he had given in New York. We know already that she excelled in reading aloud, and in private she had been accustomed to read and recite for the amusement of her friends, and sometimes in large assemblies. Her first idea therefore was to give publicly a course of readings of this class, the taste for them being very great in America.

She had, however, one difficulty to overcome in the very outset, and this was to induce her husband to enter into her plans, for without his full consent she could do nothing. At length this being obtained, she opened her views to a young sister, Mary, who had resided with her since her marriage, but so entirely did this sister, who was of a gentle and shrinking nature, disapprove, so violent was her grief and so earnest her efforts to dissuade, that Mrs. Mowatt determined thenceforth to take counsel of no one, lest thereby her own resolution might be shaken. Silently and sedulously she set about preparing herself for the undertaking, and with the blessing of Heaven she hoped for success. She carefully, therefore, made her selections of poetry from Scott, Byron, Milton, etc, to all of which she wrote appropriate introductions, making at the same time such other preparation as she considered needful. Her resolution and courage never failed her as long as she worked in secret; but so much had she been affected by her much loved sister's grief, that even when all her preparations were finished, and she ready to commence, she thought it best not to consult with her family—her father's disapprobation especially she could not brave.

For reasons which every reader will perfectly appreciate, she felt that she could not commence this new and public life in New York, where she had been known under circumstances so totally different: she, therefore, selected Boston, the most intellectual city of the Union, as the place of her debût. We have said already that in part she was induced to make these extraordinary efforts that she might keep the delightful home where she had enjoyed so much happiness. She still resided there—its furniture—its library—its beautiful grounds—its stables with her own and her young sisters' horses—its well-filled green-house—all remained untouched.

Many incidents in the life of this interesting woman are like a page out of a romantic story rather than a passage from real life; this is one of them. From room to room she went gazing fondly on beloved and familiar objects, with a prayer in her heart that God would so bless her as to enable her once more to return to that dear home and to enjoy within its walls something of her former happiness. She walked through garden and grounds; sate in her favourite seats; caressed her animals, and while her sister wept passionately, she herself did not shed one tear. This was the very morning that she set out for Boston.

That same morning she wrote a letter to her father, revealing to him her plans, with all her reasons in favour of them, and earnestly beseeching him not to distress her or to weaken her efforts by his disapproval. She begged of him to write immediately to her in Boston, that she might receive his letter before she made her first appearance in public, and thus, as it were, feel strengthened by his blessing. The dear sister, who was alone the depository of her secret, and who conveyed this letter to her father, parted with her at his very door, which she passed, without taking leave of her family, on her way to the railroad which conveyed her to Boston.

Mrs. Mowatt's name was already favourably known to the press in this city by a number of fugitive poems; and from the first, friends immediately gathered round her, cheering her by the assurance of unquestionable success. According to her earnest wish she received the day before her appearance the much-desired letter from her father; as well as letters from other members of her family; the surprise of all, as might be expected, was great, but as regarded her father, from whom she had inherited her great energy and perseverance, he gave his unqualified consent, approving of her plans and encouraging her to the utmost.

She had to make her debût in one of the largest public buildings in Boston; and such was the excitement and interest already created in her behalf, that when she stepped upon the rostrum, she found herself standing before a brilliant assembly, which completely filled the whole building. Her heart almost died within her; all at once she seemed to become aware of the momentous step she had taken; everything was at stake. Had she not over-calculated her powers? She had risked all to save her beloved husband and the remnants of his fortune, and if she had deceived herself, and should now fail, it was a double ruin and disgrace. She had no one to aid her! she stood there a stranger and alone, without even the aid of music to fill up any pause or allow her an interval of rest. These, however, were but the natural doubts of a moment.

The audience, as we have been told, were intensely interested in her appearance, she looked younger, even than she was, and pale as a marble statue—the intensity of her feelings made her cold as death,—she was dressed in plain clear white muslin, with a natural white rose, her favourite flower, in her hair and her bosom. She put up a secret prayer to Heaven for success, and the next moment calmly commenced her reading. How she performed she herself had not the slightest idea, and when the audience applauded she was too much absorbed by her own deep feeling to notice it. It is said that she did not even tremble, and her lips, though colourless as her dress, never quivered. On coming out the people thronged about her; they overwhelmed her with their enthusiastic approval; they congratulated her on her entire success—told her she would go through the whole Union with triumph, and would in the end make a large fortune.

She had not shed a tear through the whole of their misfortunes, nor even on that sad morning when with her sister she took a last farewell of her beautiful home, now, however, the flood-gates of her feelings seemed opened. She rushed alone into her chamber, and throwing herself on her knees, thanked Heaven from the depths of her soul and wept abundantly!

The sympathy of the whole city was with her. She repeated her readings night after night with increased success. Her heart was cheered and assured, and now she was naturally impatient to return to New York, that she might afford her father an opportunity of hearing her and witnessing her success. Her fame had already gone before her; and on her way thither she gave her readings at the city of Providence. The Americans have a much greater taste for and enjoyment in entertainments of this kind than we have, and the idea of realizing a considerable fortune by means of them appeared anything but chimerical.

Her return to New York afforded the greatest pleasure to her immediate connections and to the public in general: her father, too liberal and high-minded to entertain any petty pride, openly gave her efforts his sanction—her numerous sisters did the same—but she had here to see a new phasis of human nature.

Public applause and sympathy were with her; new friends and admirers gathered around her; she was likely to become an object of universal love and admiration; but many an old and beloved friend, who had flattered her in prosperity, now was ashamed of and coldly deserted her; the dearest friend she had, excepting her sisters, in her own family, one to whom she had looked up as almost to a mother, now totally dissevered herself from her; according to her conventional notions she had lost caste and was degraded. Oh, pride! how cruel and one-sided thou art. She was cut to the heart, she who had bravely faced misfortune, and had shewn a courage through severe trial which surpassed that of a man, was disarmed and enfeebled by the unkindness of those she loved. Her health gave way; she fell dangerously ill, and appeared to all to stand on the brink of the grave. Her medical men gave it as their opinion, that the shock which her feelings had sustained, and not her physical and mental exertions, was killing her. A severe illness succeeded, which confined her to her bed for many months, and which consequently prevented her pursuing her public avocations. For two years she was a confirmed invalid.

A great work, however, was wrought within her soul, which taught her submission and patience, and which shewed her that every trial, however severe, is permitted by the Divine Father as a means of purification and of attracting his creatures still nearer to himself. Under this influence she wrote the following little poem, which we select from a great number of others written at this time, and which all breathe the spirit of the humble and trusting Christian.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done! O heavenly King,
  I bow my head to thy decree;
Albeit my soul not yet may wing
  Its upward flight, great God, to thee!

Though I must still on earth abide,
  To toil and groan and suffer here,
To seek for peace on sorrow's tide.
  And meet the world's unfeeling jeer.

When heaven seemed dawning on my view,
  And I rejoiced my race was run,
Thy righteous hand the bliss withdrew;
  And still I say "Thy will be done!"

And though the world can never more
A world of sunshine be to me,
Though all my fairy dreams are o'er,
And care pursues where'er I flee.

Though friends I loved—the dearest—best,
Were scattered by the storm away,
And scarce a hand I warmly pressed
As fondly presses mine to day.

Yet must I live—must live for those
Who mourn the shadow on my brow,
Who feel my hand can soothe their woes,
Whose faithful hearts I gladden now.

Yes, I will live—live to fulfil
The noble mission scarce begun,
And pressed with grief to murmur still,
All Wise! All Just! "Thy will be done!"

During this long and severe illness the beautiful home which Mrs. Mowatt had made such extraordinary efforts to save, was sold, and though it had passed away from her for ever, so fondly did her affections still cling to it, that one of the first drives she took during her convalescence was to visit it. The stripped and deserted rooms had a melancholy aspect; the gardens were neglected and overgrown with weeds; it furnished the most complete contrast that could be conceived, to its former state. A pang went to the heart of its young mistress, and yet she returned to her less ostentatious home in the city, though sorrowful, yet submissive to the will of God, let it be whatever it might.

About this time, her husband became the principal partner in a publishing business, and weak as she was, the whole force of her mind was turned to aid him in this undertaking. Wives like this, are truly what wives were meant to be, help-mates in the truest sense of the word. For some time she had written both in her own and under an assumed name in various newspapers and magazines. Under the name of Mrs. Helen Berkley, she wrote a series of articles which were popular from one end of the Union to the other; which were translated into German, and reprinted in London; the titles of some of these are "Inconvenient Acquaintance," "Practitioners and Patients;" "Sketches of Celebrated Persons," and the longest a one volume novel was entitled "The Fortune Hunter." It may perhaps be as well to remark here that a keen satirical vein runs through most of these works which may be ascribed to the wounds which she had received from her worldly friends and which, while they had tended to open her eyes to the falsehood of the world, had made her *clairvoyant* as it were, to its faults and follies.

The success of these works induced Mrs. Mowatt to write in her own name, and then curious enough, an attack was made upon her by some of the sapient critics for imitating what they called "The witty Helen Berkley." Besides these works we must mention another class which she prepared for her husband's publishing concern, many of them while she was lying upon her bed of sickness, the titles and numbers of which will astonish every one "On the management of the Sick," "Cookery for the Sick," "Cookery and General House-keeping," "Etiquette for Gentlemen," "Etiquette for Ladies," "Etiquette of Matrimony," "On Knitting, Netting, and Crochet," "On Embroidery," "A Book of the Toilette," this last little book, singular to say, became very popular from its containing some wonderful cosmetics the receipts for which were furnished to her by a relative, to whom they had descended as an heirloom, and which set the ladies, far and wide, to stew and boil the specified roots and ingredients for such cosmetics as had probably belonged to the class which Mrs. Primrose and her daughters prepared. Besides these, she abridged the Life of Goethe and Madame D'Arblay's Life and Letters. All the above and compilations with the exception of the two last, were extremely successful, edition after edition was sold, and much money was made by them.

We must now relate a little circumstance which appears to us as remarkable as any which have gone before, and which proves that the conscientious discharge of duty, together with a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion, form the basis of Mrs. Mowatt's character. A singular chance brought her acquainted with a family of British emigrants of the name of Grey, who, after having gone through a series of the most grievous sufferings, were then literally perishing with hunger in that land of plenty. The father was blind, and the mother, in an advanced stage of a mortal malady, was unable to support her family, which consisted of several children, the youngest about two years old. Mrs. Mowatt did not shrink from the picture of abject, hopeless misery before her; on the contrary, all that we have heard of Sisters of Charity doing, was done in this case by this angelic woman; she clothed, she fed, she comforted them; she diffused light amid darkness, hope amid despair. Within a month of each other the parents died, and Mrs. Mowatt found three young orphans upon her hands, but she neither relaxed in her charity nor was dismayed by the weight or the responsibility of the charge.

With the consent of her husband, who had nobly cooperated in her works of Christian love, they adopted the children to whom, having no family of their own, they had become greatly attached. To do all this however much self-sacrifice and self-denial was needed; but they had fortitude enough for this which is the severest trial of the sincerity of charity as well as of any other virtue. For the sake of these otherwise, friendless children, she was willing to bear and to exert herself, often beyond her strength. Among other things, we may mention that she made the clothes even of the boys herself, and gave them all daily instruction. How noble is such a woman! Far more admirable was she making, with her own hands, clothes for her orphans, than if she had remained the brightest ornament merely of wealth and fashion. Three years have passed since these excellent people have become responsible to God and man for these orphan children, and so far, this deed of christianity has brought, and promises yet to bring, abundant blessings. The children are lovely in person and disposition, and devotedly attached to their benefactors.

It was at this time that the works of Miss Bremer, through my translations, made their way into America, and afforded as much pleasure, and created as great a sensation as they have done elsewhere, and must of necessity do, on their first introduction wherever sound moral sentiment forms the foundation of social life. In Mrs. Mowatt's heart they met with the sincerest response; for her mode of action had long been framed instinctively upon the principles advocated and inculcated by Miss Bremer. No wonder therefore, that she seized upon them with the utmost avidity, and hence it is that her longest work, "Evelyn," written soon after this period, is formed so entirely upon the Bremer model. In this work as well as in the "Fortune Hunter." the intelligent reader will also become aware of the infusion of another and a nobler spirit, even than that of Miss Bremer—the spirit of Swedenborgian theology which had now been for some time embraced by both Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt.

The history of this conversion, if so it may be called, is not less extraordinary than interesting, but we will hardly venture to communicate all we know, because the world is not yet prepared for the truths of spiritual life. At the important period to which we allude, a period of sickness and deep trial, knowledge was obtained through suffering, — ever one of our divinest teachers, which at once gave a new tone and a new value to this world and the next. The young wife became, as it were, the teacher of the husband, and as in former days, he had guided and tutored her intellect, she now awakened and instructed his nobler spiritual being.

Unfortunately the publishing business in which Mr. Mowatt embarked, was unsuccessful, and new losses and disappointments for the time depressed them. But let no one despair until he have tried every power which is within him. Mrs. Mowatt had many resources yet. It had been told her that nothing which she could write, would be so productive as dramatic literature, for which every one who knew her, believed her eminently qualified. This induced her to make the attempt, and in the spring of 1845, she wrote her first comedy called "Fashion" which was offered to the manager of the Park theatre, New York; no sooner read than accepted, and splendidly brought out.

The design of this piece was to satirise the life of the parvenues of America, and it is undoubtedly indebted for a great deal of its faithful portraiture of life and its keen satire to the author's own experience and sufferings. To the surprise of the young writer, its success was unlimited; no American play was ever so brilliantly successful, and it still keeps its place on the stage.

In Philadelphia it was also brought out and equally well received. The managers of the Walnut-street theatre where it was performed, invited Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt to that city, that they might witness its performance. They accepted the invitation and were entertained three days in the handsomest manner at the expense of these liberal managers. On the night of the performance which Mr. and Mrs Mowatt were to attend, the bills presented to them were printed in letters of gold on white satin. After the play, the audience having discovered that the young authoress was in the house, called for her most enthusiastically. For the first time she that night was compelled to rise from her box and bow to a theatrical audience, little thinking that in less than two months from that time she herself would become familiar with the stage, and make her curtsey before the footlights of that very theatre.

After the play she was requested to go behind the scenes, to be introduced to the principal performers. It was a formidable thing, they were ranged upon the stage in a semicircle to receive her; she made a little acknowledgement to all, as well as her embarrassment would permit, and the following day sent a present to each of the five ladies in the piece. One of these five it will be interesting to our readers to know, was Miss Susan Cushman, now so delightfully familiar to the British public.

The great success of this piece caused the managers of some of the principal theatres to make her very tempting offers to adopt the stage. The acting manager of the Park theatre had two years before, when he witnessed her dramatic readings, offered her the same inducements, but these, at that time, she indignantly refused. Her pride had not yet been wholly conquered, she had, however, since then, suffered a great deal, had gained far greater independence of character, more determination of spirit and greater liberality of views. The shackles which had then, in some degree, bound her to society and its slavish conventionalities were now broken.—She was free and she dared to do whatever was not contrary to her own pure conscience.

The only impediment which stood in her way was the extreme delicacy of her health. However after consultation with physicians she obtained her husband's consent, and after considerable difficulty the consent also of her father, who simply said that if she had but the courage to do in public what he had seen her repeatedly do in private, her success was certain. On the other hand, again came in the opposition of family connections; threats, entreaties, prayers, and tears, were used to deter her. All this caused her so much pain and agitated her mind so fearfully, that to make an end of it, having gained the consent of her husband and father, she determined to expedite the final step that these distressing interferences might be ended. The time for her *debût* was fixed, only allowing about three weeks for the necessary preparatory study and instruction in stage business, and through the whole of that period she was persecuted and annoyed by letters, and warnings; but having advanced thus far, no efforts would turn her back.

She was to make her *debût* at the Park theatre, in the "Lady of Lyons." The eventful morning of the rehearsal came, and this is a more severe trial to a debutante, than the actual appearing before the public.

The gloomy theatre dimly lighted with gas almost chilled her. All the persons belonging to the theatre were collected round the scenes ready to sneer or laugh, or with malicious pleasure to confuse the novice; but Mrs. Mowatt, summoning all her energies, resolved to do her very best, and regardless of all present, to act her part, exactly as she would do it before the public at night; she took all by surprise, as they afterwards frankly confessed, and when the second act was finished each, in the kindest manner, did his utmost to help her —the very actors themselves applauded, which is the highest species of praise, because it is the most unusual. No one doubted the success which awaited her.

(To be concluded next week.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By Frederic Rowton,

Honorary Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

No. X.

THE MORALITY OF HANGING INNOCENT MEN. CONCLUSION OF THE MORAL ARGUMENT.

We have so far considered whether the legal destruction of *undoubted* malefactors is justifiable: we will now proceed to enquire how far a punishment can be said to be moral that frequently despatches persons altogether *innocent* of the crime for which they professedly suffer.

The fact that the gallows has destroyed many guiltless persons, is one of the strongest arguments that can be employed to prove the immorality of the practice. In professing to "copy with awe the one Paternal Mind," we assume one important attribute of the Deity, and stupidly forget another, which is absolutely necessary for the right exercise of the first. We claim God's right to judge, but forget that we have not his Faculty of Discernment. We brandish His sword of Omnipotence, and forget that we have not His eye of Omniscience. I see anything but morality in that: I see in it an infinite *im*morality.

It seems to me a principle from which there can be no departure, that man can have no right to inflict any penalty which he cannot recall if he find that he has inflicted it in error. The limitation of the human faculties is a natural sign that there should be a limitation in human punishments. And when we further reflect upon the horrible and atrocious mistakes which man has made in the use of this penalty of death, we find our argument confirmed and enforced by experience to a degree that makes our conclusion absolute.

The ruler of one age thought that the Albigenses were criminals, and destroyed them: the ruler of another deemed Protestants worthy of death, and burned them alive in Smithfield: a third ruler ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Within the last 150 years, 40,000 persons have been found guilty of *witchcraft* in Great Britain, and have been killed by British rulers! What a fine moral judge must man be to make such awful blunders!

But it is not so much of errors in the perception of crime that I would here speak, as of mistakes in the detection of the criminals. Men by hundreds have been tried, condemned, and killed, for offences which they never committed at all—the real criminals escaping! From the mournfully numerous list of such cases, I select a few striking instances.

In the evidence given by Sir Frederic Pollock, the present Lord Chief Baron, before the Criminal Law Commissioners, it was stated that for a long period past, an innocent individual had been executed in England every three years. Sir James Mackintosh made a similar statement. And Sir Fitzroy Kelly has asserted that this is far below the real average: that since 1800 more than forty innocent persons have been destroyed. Sheriff Wilde, in his evidence before the same committee, gave some appalling accounts corroborative of these facts. They may therefore be taken for granted. But not to rely on general assertions, let us take a few well-known individual cases.

At a public meeting in Exeter Hall, held in May, 1846, I heard Mr. O'Connell relate a circumstance of this kind. Three brothers of the name of Cremen, whom he had been employed to defend, were found guilty, and hanged, in Ireland; their innocence being subsequently proved beyond a doubt.

At a meeting of the Town Council of Cork, in April, 1845, Captain Sullivan mentioned a case which came within his own experience. Two young men, named Tobin and Burke, were, not long before, sentenced to execution for murder. When the time for their destruction arrived, a quarter of an hour's respite was asked of the Sheriff, to enable the men to receive an answer to some enquiries which they said would prove their innocence. The delay was denied them, and they were hanged. The execution was scarcely over when a respite arrived. The enquiries set on foot had proved the entire guiltlessness of the supposed criminals!

A case is on record of a young man being apprehended on the charge of murdering his father. The old man was found dead, and the prints of the son's shoes were traced in the snow to and from the father's cottage; the shoes themselves being found by the officers under the prisoner's bed. He was hanged. Shortly after, his sister confessed the crime, and stated that she had put on her brother's shoes to avert suspicion from herself.

Smollett, in his "History of England," has the following sentence:—"Murder was perpetrated upon an unfortunate woman in the neighbourhood of London, and an innocent man suffered death for the offence; while the real criminals assisted at his execution, heard him appeal to Heaven for his innocence, and in the character of friends embraced him while he stood on the brink of eternity."

At Dublin, in 1728, a surgeon was found alone in his house, with his maid-servant murdered. He himself had blood on him. He was tried and executed. Several years after, another man confessed the deed.

There is also to be noticed the well-known case of a murder on Hounslow Heath some years ago, for which no fewer than three different batches of culprits were hanged: the two first being eventually proved altogether guiltless.

In one of "Chambers's Miscellanies" there is an authenticated account of a father, William Shaw by name, who was hanged in Edinburgh for the murder of his daughter. Shortly after his execution, it was found that the daughter had committed suicide!

Jonathan Dymond, in his "Essays," speaks of six men being hanged at one Exeter Assize, all of whom were afterwards proved guiltless.

In February, 1845, a man named John Gordon was executed in Rhode Island, United States, for murder. His innocence was subsequently established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Three years ago an aged man died confessing the commission of a murder in Lancashire, for which four men had been executed several years before, vehemently protesting their innocence.

At Ipswich, in 1845, a man named Howell was hanged for a murder which everybody is now persuaded he did not commit. Even the chaplain of the gaol (usually the last official to look on the merciful side of a case) asserted his positive conviction of the man's innocence.

The recent Report of the New York Committee on Capital Punishment—a very valuable document—says, "The last execution which took place in Columbia was of a woman for the murder of her child. Fifteen years afterwards an old woman on her death-bed confessed the crime." The same authority informs us that in May, 1834, a man named Boyington was hanged for the murder of one Frost, and afterwards shown to have been guiltless.

Let us think next of the vast number of instances in which poor innocent creatures have been saved only at the very last moment.

Sheriff Wilde states, that in the space of nine months while he was sheriff, no fewer than five persons were respited on the ground of innocence, solely by his exertions: two out of the five being respited at half-past eleven on the night before the day on which they were to be hanged at eight.

The *Christian Witness* records a case at York, wherein a reprieve was forgotten to be sent at the right time by the Under-Secretary of State, and only arrived as the men who were to be executed were actually ascending the cart!

That dreadful case, too, must be fresh in the general memory, wherein Lord Denman found by a paragraph in a newspaper, that execution was about to be inflicted on a man who had actually been reprieved, but whose reprieve had not been forwarded by the Recorder!

A recent number of the *Jackson Patriot* (U.S.) has the following paragraph:—"In the Autumn of 1833, a man named Ebenezer H. Miller, was convicted of the murder of a squaw in Kent County, in Michigan, and sentenced to be executed. The gallows had been erected on which he was to be hanged, and only two days were to elapse before the sentence of death was to be put in force, when the governor commuted it to confinement for life in the state-prison. Here Miller remained three years. A man named Harvey, pretended that he saw the murder committed, and was the principal witness against Miller on his trial. Not long since, Harvey, on his death-bed, acknowledged that he was the guilty person, and that he had charged Miller with the crime, in order to shift the danger of the punishment from himself."

In 1838, a man named Horrebow, was charged at the Lambeth Police Court, with murder. Several witnesses positively swore that he was the assassin; but just before his trial, a man named Robertson came forward and confessed himself the culprit. When the two men were confronted, the likeness between them was so astonishing, that they could scarcely be told apart.

It is a singular, but undeniable fact, that on many occasions men have confessed themselves guilty of crimes which they never committed. In Sir S. Romilly's Memoirs, there is an account of a man named Wood who was accused of mutiny. Instigated by some insane motive, he acknowledged the crime, and was hanged. His entire innocence was afterwards established. Half a dozen persons, at least, have proclaimed themselves the murderers of the bar-maid in the Regent's Park, who was assassinated a few years ago. And a month or two since, a man named George Mills, voluntarily accused himself of the murder of Eliza Grimwood, although it was afterwards proved that he was hundreds of miles from London at the time when the deed was perpetrated.

To the multitude of *known* cases wherein capital punishment has been inflicted in error, we must add the vast numbers in which mistake may fairly be presumed. If, during the last half century, forty innocent persons have been murdered by mistake, how much larger must have been the proportion years ago, when capital inflictions were ten times more frequent, and when the blood-loving administrators of the law were even more careless, and still less accessible to pity, than they are now? The imagination shudders as it contemplates the vast "army of martyrs" thus slaughtered in error: and the heart sickens at the thought of the solemn asseverations of innocence which have so often been despised and disregarded, though uttered from the very scaffold itself. What conception can be more utterly horrible than that of a guiltless man destroyed by his fellow-creatures, in spite of protestations made on the brink of the grave, and sworn to, with God for his witness!

> "O! as man, proud man,
> Dressed in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
> Angels themselves might weep!

To think of the poor murdered creature in his "cold, cold grave;" of his wretched family vainly wringing their hands over him whom they shall see "no more at all for ever;" and of a stupid, cold-hearted world looking callously on, and permitting the atrocity to be perpetrated in the holy name of justice—oh, it makes the blood boil in our veins with indignation, and the mind recoil upon itself, stunned with overwhelming horror!

Our opponents mock us by pretending to deplore these "accidents" as much as we do. "To err is human," the hypocrites tell us. "No human institution is infallible—who can always be right?" Murderers! by your own logic you stand condemned. If you are fallible, how dare you deal the judgment of the Infallible? If you are liable to err, how dare you inflict an irrevocable doom? If your arm may smite the wrong, how dare you pretend to wield the discriminating sword of God? Oh, by your own shewing you are the very worst of assassins; for you murder with your eyes open, and in defiance of the light which you admit yourselves to possess!

But what is that which you croak back to me in reply? "You do your best to avoid mistakes?—You take every care, and make every enquiry, that may preclude the chance of error?" *It is false!* The reverse is the fact. Government shows *no* anxiety on behalf of life. Less care is manfested respecting life than is shown for even the meanest species of property. In cases where only the value of a sixpence is involved, there exists a right of appeal after judgment: but in cases of life and death, the right is emphatically refused!—from the sentence there can be no appeal whatever. It is true that the crown possesses an overruling prerogative of mercy: but official apathy stands between it and the subject, and nothing can be more difficult than even to get a case *noticed* by the executive. There is plenty of evidence to prove the extraordinary difficulty which stands in the way of those who seek the revision of a capital sentence. Mr. Samuel Warren, in his recent tale called "Now and Then," has graphically described such an attempt: and nothing can be more harrowing than the cold-blooded indifference exhibited by the minister of state to whom the appeal is made. And the picture is no fiction. It is as true as facts can make it. It is next to impossible to get the attention of the proper authorities fixed upon such cases: and the coldness, impassiveness, carelessness and obstinacy of the "powers that be" on such occasions would scarcely be believed but for an overwhelming mass of testimony from all quarters to its truth. Mr. Wilde, speaking of two innocent men who were ordered for execution, says,—"After several communications with Sir Robert Peel, and not until *half-past eleven o'clock* on the night before they were to be hanged, was I able to procure a reprieve!" In the melancholy case of Chalker, at Ipswich, even an hour's delay was refused, notwithstanding a positive assertion that the man's innocence could be established: and the victim was hanged, though afterwards proved to be guiltless. Not to speak of other cases, the recent execution of Hutchings at Maidstone, may be finally referred to. When the application for delaying his execution was made, the Secretary of State *was not to be found*,—and the matter was left to the tender consideration of an under-secretary, who, after granting a two hours' respite, finally ordered the man's destruction by sending a verbal message to the South Eastern Telegraph-keeper, that the execution was to be proceeded with! Surely the wires must have burned with the consciousness of guilt as they carried the infernal message!

One or two more considerations, and I close the moral argument against the gallows.

In the first place, can the ruler have, under any circumstances, a moral right to inflict a punishment which is undeniably demoralizing in its tendency? If, as is admitted by all, evil is found to result from the practice of hanging, where is the moral code that will justify man in its use? To do evil that good may come, is universally forbidden in all systems of ethics.

Secondly, the punishment of death is immoral (that is, unjust between man and man) because it inflicts an eternal penalty upon a human offence. I am not now about to enter into the question of religion: that I leave for future chapters: but I simply urge the conclusions of philosophy. That the soul enters into a new and unalterable state at death, reason affirms, as well as Revelation: and consequently he who kills the body sentences the soul. Now the crime punished is simply a question between man and the culprit: the *sin* of the act he is not called upon to measure. I maintain, then, that the crime committed being only a human offence, it should only be subject to a human penalty: and death being a divine one, it is, consequently, not at man's disposal.

Thirdly, there is the following grave question to be answered:—Have we a moral right to destroy a fellow-creature for immorality, whom we have taken no pains to instruct in the paths of goodness? We make no attempt to moralize our people, and yet we pretend to punish their wickedness. From what class come our criminals? *From the untaught.* And whose fault is it that a people remains unenlightened? Is it not the State's alone? Yes, it is. And for every crime committed in darkness, the neglectful State, and not the neglected culprit, is morally accountable. We leave the child to wallow in filth and ignorance, and we hang him when in the necessary course of events, he becomes an abandoned and desperate man. Let us manfully think of this, and prate no more about our morality until we have mended our foolish and cruel neglectfulness. Let us educate the children, instead of strangling the men: let us lead them to be good, instead of leaving them to be destroyed when bad: let us ensure *their* morality instead of trumpeting our own!

But now to ascertain the full result of our enquiry into the morals of this matter.

Starting with positive proof that the infliction of death by man on man as a punishment, is a practice not merely inexpedient, but largely and frightfully injurious, we have now further seen,—That no plea of the inherent sinfulness of murder can justify the use of the gallows against the criminal, for sinfulness consists in motive, and motive is beyond man's ken:—That man has no *right*, under any circumstances, to kill his fellow being:—That the punishment of death is immoral in nature, being vindictive and revengeful in spirit:—That the immorality of the gallows is further proved by its neglect of the chief end of punishment—Reformation:—That it is in the highest degree immoral for incapable man to assume the right of inflicting a penalty which only God can properly enforce:—That by often destroying the innocent instead of the guilty, the gallows proves itself as immoral in effect, as it is clearly seen to be in tendency: and that it cannot be moral to kill a culprit whom we have taken no pains to instruct in good. Every new view of the subject, therefore, leads us inevitably to this conclusion—That it is as *immoral* to kill our fellow-men as it is proved to be *inexpedient*.

Be it ours, then, Brethren! boldly to adopt new ideas upon this subject. Let us no longer entangle ourselves in sophistical pleas concerning the demerit of crime—man's moral right to judge the motives of his fellow-men—the Divine Commission of the ruler, and so forth. Let us recognize in the term morality simply this—*Our duty to our fellow men;* and when a brother falls into the gulf of crime, let us treat him *as* a brother, and not as a brute. Let us promptly bind him for the future: but let us not look with the revengeful eye of a savage on the past. We will detest his crime; we will mark our horror and hatred of it: we will avoid it ourselves, and we will lead others to avoid it: but we will at least restrain our hands from exterminating him, lest when his accusing spirit stands confronting ours at the Eternal Judgment-seat of God, the blood of his neglected and unpitied soul should fall upon our heads who destroyed it!

(*To be continued.*)

◆

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

WARNINGS AND PROVIDENCES.

(*Continued from page* 158.)

After the meeting, most, if not all, the young men went up to the humble dwelling of the hitherto despised teacher, besought his pardon, and begged, as a proof that it was freely given, that he would in future take his seat as formerly in the higher part of the meeting-house. They were greatly struck by the extraordinary simplicity of his dwelling, which, till then, they had never entered, and by the affectionate and childlike spirit of the old man. He freely forgave them, saying, in conclusion, "Trouble not yourselves, for it matters not, my dear lads, where I sit, so that my Great Master will but own me!" After that time, however, he resumed his seat among the established preachers.

As I have said, he removed frequently from one place to another, having made his will, leaving his little property to the poor Friends of the place wherever he might die. Where his death really occurred I know not, but he was buried at Jordans, where lie William Penn, Thomas Ellwood, Isaac Pennington, and other "ancient worthies" of the Society. He was buried late in the spring, in a remarkably fine and warm season, and it is related as a singular coincidence, if nothing more, that as the coffin was borne to the grave, a sudden and gentle fall of snow covered it and the bearers as with a garment of white, which did not fail of producing an effect on all who beheld it.

IV.

George Dilwyn was an American, a remarkable preacher among the Quakers. About fifty years ago he came over to this country on what is called a "Religious Visit," and being in Cornwall where I then was, and at George Fox's in Falmouth, soon became an object of great attraction, not only from his powerful preaching but from his extraordinary gift in conversation which he made peculiarly interesting from the introduction of singular passages in his own life and experience.

His company was so much sought after that a general invitation was given by his hospitable and wealthy entertainer to all the Friends of the town and neighbourhood to come and hear and see him, and evening by evening their rooms were crowded by visitors who sate on seats side by side as in a public lecture room.

Among other things he related that during the time of the Revolutionary war, one of the armies passing through a district in which a great number of Friends resided, food was demanded from the inhabitants, which was furnished to them. The following day the adverse army came up in pursuit and stripped them of every kind of provision that remained, and so great was the strait to which they were reduced that absolute famine was before them. Their sufferings were extreme, as day after day went on and no prospect of relief was afforded to them. Death seemed to stare them in the face, and many a one was ready to despair; the forests around them were in possession of the soldiers, and the game which otherwise might have yielded sustenance was killed and driven away.

After several days of great distress they retired at night still without hope or prospect of succour; how great then was their surprise and cause of thankfulness may be conceived when, on the following morning, immense herds of wild deer were seen standing around their enclosures, as if driven there for their benefit. From whence they came none could tell, nor the cause of their coming, but they suffered themselves to be taken without resistance, and thus the whole people were saved and had great store of provision laid up for many weeks.

Again a similar circumstance occurred near the sea shore, when the flying and pursuing army had stripped the inhabitants, and when, apparently to add to their distress, the wind set in with unusual violence from the sea driving the tide inland far beyond its ordinary bounds, so that the people near the shore were obliged to abandon their houses, and those in the town to retreat to their upper rooms. This also being during the night greatly added to their distress—like the others they were ready to give themselves up to despair. Next morning, however, they found that God had not been unmindful of them, for the tide had brought up with it a most extraordinary shoal of mackerel, so that every place was filled with them, where they remained ready taken without net or skill of man, a bountiful provision which sufficed for the wants of the people till other relief could be obtained.

Another incident he related which occurred in one of the back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people. One of these solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friend's family. They lived in such secure simplicity and had hitherto had so little apprehension of danger that they used neither bar nor bolt to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than by drawing in the leathern thong by which the wooden latch inside was opened from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought fresh tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster, scarcely being able to sleep, even then for dread. The Friend and his family, who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often ran in his own strength, had used so little precaution that they slept without even withdrawing the string, and as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however, at length by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumours that surrounded them they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and before retiring to rest drew in the string and thus secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of the night the Friend who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept; she replied that she could not for her mind was uneasy. Upon this he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed it would be safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual. On her approving of this it was done, and the two lay down again commending themselves to the keeping of God.

They had not lain down thus above ten minutes when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread and almost immediately afterwards they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber which was on the ground floor, and the next moment the door string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door was opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants, but that it was favourable to them was proved by the door being afterwards shut, and without having crossed the threshold, the Indians retired.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who had been carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly murdered.

Some years afterwards when peace was established, and the colonists had occasion to hold conferences with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose and, speaking in favour of the Indians he related the above incident, in reply to which an Indian observed that by the simple circumstance of pulling out the latch-string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved, for that he himself was one of that marauding party, and that they had remarked one to another on finding the door open. "These people shall live; they will do us no harm, for they have put their trust in the GREAT SPIRIT!"

(To be continued.)

A DREAM, AND A WARNING.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

WITH the paper in my hand,
  That told the news from France,
I seemed to understand,
  In a dream, or in a trance,
These words by thousands said,—
  Thousands of gloomy men,
And when that dream had fled,
  I dreamed the dream again.

"We've not a crust to eat,
  And not a crust can gain;
We wander in the street
  With madness in our brain:
Our hands no man will hire,
  Our skill there's none will try;
With head, throat, heart on fire,
  We see the great go by.
Of sustenance for all
  The fertile earth has store;
Our wrongs for vengeance call,
  We will endure no more.

"Speaks France unto the world
  With mighty earnest voice;
Her red flag is unfurled,
  Her poorest sons rejoice;
For they have daily bread,
  Won by their own right hand,
And no man goes unfed
  In a republic land.
We to despair are brought,
  For no one heeds our cries;
Our soul feeds desperate thought,
  There's meaning in our eyes.

"Beware, for daring men,
  Can compass daring deeds:
You may shoot us down, but ten
  Will rise for one who bleeds.
Nor think your soldiers true;
  A warning take from France;
Ye are weak, and ye are few ———"
  In my dream, if I dreamed, or trance,
These terrible words were said
  By thousands of gloomy men;
And when that dream had fled,
  I dreamed the dream again.

Literary Notice.

Australia Felix, or, a Historical and Descriptive Account of the Settlement of Port Phillip, New South Wales, etc. By WILLIAM WESTGARTH. 1 vol. 8 vo. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd; London: Simpkin and Marshall.

Mr. Westgarth's volume is well timed and well written. The tendency of emigration towards Australia, which the reverses of these colonies checked, is now again, from their improved and steady condition reviving. The pressure at home will materially increase this, and for those who are making the necessary enquiries as to the advantages offered to emigrants by different regions, we know no work which gives a more complete view of that of which it treats than Mr. Westgarth's. We have in this volume everything that is necessary to give any one a full and we believe, a sound and safe idea of the country, the climate, the Aborigines, the colonists of Australia, and the present openings for emigrants there. We have not seen so clear and satisfactory a history of the wild speculation and consequent prostration of the colony of Port Phillip from 1840 to 1844, as Mr. Westgarth gives. He particularly recommends that colony to emigrants, and we think with reason; and he furnishes them with its history, both civil and natural, and its capabilities as a field for emigration, with all that relates to its pastoral life, squatting system, wool trade, vine growing, and general condition of society. When we call to mind [that Australia has only been colonized about sixty years, we are amazed beyond measure at its present wealth, and population, and that amazement is only augmented by the rapid progress of the very recent settlements of Van Diemen's Land, Port Phillip and Adelaide, the mineral wealth of the latter colony recently discovered, wonderful as it is, being not a whit more wonderful than the wealth of wool which Australia pours into this country. Twenty years ago only, as appears by a table printed by our author, there were imported into Great Britain twenty-seven million pounds of wool. Of these twenty-five millions were from foreign countries, two millions only from our own colonies. In 1846 the amount was sixty-four million pounds, of which thirty-four were imported from foreign nations, and thirty millions, nearly one half, from our own colonies, three-fourths of this amount being from Australia alone. It may give an idea of the giant strides of the wool trade of Australia with us to state, that it has advanced every five years at this rate, two, four, ten, twenty-two, and thirty millions of pounds! What shall not the future intercourse of Great Britain and such colonies be under a wise system of emigration and government?

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

PROPOSED ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE.

Fellow-men,

The last few hours have been crowded with Events in your City, of mighty import to the well-being of Society throughout the world.

By unwise policy, your Government has precipitated your nation into a commotion, the immediate results of which it is impossible to foresee. Wise concessions to righteous demands would have saved you from a civil war, and the powers that be from the guilt of shedding blood.

You have, however, taken your stand, Justice has prevailed, and thus far you have been triumphant. As a warning to rulers to avoid the folly and infatuation of declaring either that Reform is unnecessary, or being necessary, that it shall not be conceded, may the events of Paris during the last few days be an everlasting memorial.

People of France,—The dignity and stability of a great Revolution consists in its being effected, first, for a great object; and secondly, without physical force, in the destruction of property and human life. We owe you a great debt for the stand which you have made against Oppression; but we entreat you to consummate the struggle thus commenced *in the spirit of peace.*

The work of Reformation throughout Europe and the world is proceeding with rapid strides. Let us hasten to consummate it, and shew that whilst we abhor internal strife, we also detest international conflict, and desire by an interchange of good offices, and the products of our labour, to exhibit our belief in the truth that "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth."

Finally, we wish you God Speed. *Be Peaceful, be Faithful, be Firm,* and *Justice* must triumph.

Persons approving of the above Address are requested to send Communications on the subject to the Committee, at Mr. Effingham Wilson's, Royal Exchange, immediately, in order that steps may be taken to realize it forthwith.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY TO TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor of Howitt's Journal.

Sir,—I have to thank you in my own name, and in that of many advocates of temperance, for various admirable articles in your Journal, on the nature and consequences of even what is called the moderate use of alcoholic beverages. Perhaps you will do me the favour of inserting as a corroborative of these, the following important testimony which the leaders of the medical profession in this kingdom have granted to my request, and that of my friends.

We are of opinion,

I. That a large portion of human misery, including poverty, disease and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors, as beverages.

II. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, etc., etc.

III. That persons accustomed to such drinks, may, with perfect safety, discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually after a short time.

IV. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all sorts, would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race.

The document has been signed by the following eminent authorities,—

Neil Arnott, Physician to the Queen, and author of "Elements of Physics."
John Bostock, M.D.
Richard Bright, Physician to the Queen.
Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bart., Sergeant Surgeon to the Queen and Surgeon to Prince Albert.
Sir W. Burnett, Physician General to the Navy.
W. B. Carpenter, M.D., Professor.
W. F. Chambers, Physician to the Queen and Queen Dowager.
Sir James Clark Bart., Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty and Prince Albert.
James Copland, author of "Dictionary of Medicine."
William Fergusson, Professor.
Robert Ferguson, Physician Accoucheur to the Queen.
John Forbes, Physician to the Queen's Household, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Cambridge.
R. D. Grainger, Lecturer.
W. Augustus, Esq., M.B. Cantab. Professor, King's College.
Marshall Hall, M.D.
Henry Holland, Physician to the Queen and Prince Albert.
W. H. Judd, Surgeon to Prince Albert.
C. Aston Key, Surgeon in Ordinary to Prince Albert.
P. M. Latham, M.D., Physician to the Queen.
Sir James Mc. Grigor, Bart., Director General Army Medical Department.
J. A. Paris, late President Royal College Physicians.
Jonathan Pereira, M.D., Lecturer.
T. J. Pettigrew.
W. Prout, M.D., (Bridgewater Treatise).
P. M. Roget, M.D. (Bridgewater Treatise).
Joseph Toynbee.
Andrew Ure, M.D.

Besides these, a large number of the principal medical gentlemen in the Empire have given their concurrence to the certificate, and an anxious desire to make this communication for your convenience as short as possible, prevents me giving those valuable names at length.

There are 1,214 signatures of medical men from different places, including 175 in London; 116 in Glasgow; 26 in Edinburgh; 192 in Liverpool; 75 in Manchester; 32 in Nottingham.

The certificate is in the course of being further signed throughout the Kingdom. And I may add, that two powerful articles have lately appeared confirming the salutary, though unpopular doctrine, contained in your publication, viz., one in the last January number of the *British Journal of Homeopathy*, and No. 48, of the *British and Foreign Medical Review.*

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
John Dunlop,
Founder of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain.
London, Feb. 1848.

DEATH OF WILLIAM THOM, THE WEAVER POET OF INVERURY.

The news of the death of poor Thom has just reached us. He died at Dundee on the morning of Monday, the 28th of February. Of course, as a poet, especially of the working class, he died, as he had long lived, in poverty and distress. It is but a few months since he quitted the metropolis, where, having been introduced as a lion, he was left to exist as a lamb—shorn to the quick—and finding London pavements a hard pasture. Nothing can be so cruel, however well meant as these transplantations of rural working poets from their own haunts to the haunts of wretchedness in London, into which they sooner or later are doomed to drop. Thom experienced this cruelty to the utmost. A momentary and unnatural elevation, a long depression of funds, of spirits, and of health. By the aid of some true and warm-hearted friends, he was enabled to quit the ungenial metropolis for his native country, but it is to be feared, not till "the last slice of his constitution," to use Burns's phrase, was gone.

Need we add, that he has left a widow in extreme distress, and that no good Samaritan could more fittingly indulge in his or her diviner feelings than by sending assistance to Croft's-lane, Hawk-hill, Dundee, where poor Thom now lies. Any contributions forwarded to this office, shall be handed to the widow without loss of time; but Post-office orders transmitted at once to Mrs. Thom would render the most speedy aid. Of Thom, as a poet, we shall speak further in our series of the Poets of the People.

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.

If those who are anxious to emigrate will take heed to the following facts, they will save themselves much time and trouble:—

Emigrants must be men and women of good moral character; not above 40 years of age; single women under 18 years of age cannot go without their parents; all must have been vaccinated, or have had the small-pox. £1 must be paid for every person above 14 years of age, and 10s. for every child above 1 and under 14. Each emigrant must take his, or her, own sheets, towels, and soap. Each man must take six shirts, six pair of stockings, two pair of shoes, two complete suits of exterior clothing. Each female must take six shifts, two flannel petticoats, six pair of stockings, two pair of shoes, and two gowns.

All who may resolve to go out to the Colony must fill up a printed application, with baptismal and marriage certificates. It is much to be regretted, that those who are paid for their labour, and take upon themselves the responsibility of managing the Emigration Scheme, are at so little trouble to reach and teach such as are willing to emigrate. Hundreds who are most anxious to visit a foreign land in search of bread, have never heard of either the Emigration Office, at 9, Park-street, Westminster, or of Stephen Walcott, Esq., Secretary to the Board of Emigration.

As emigration is a matter of vital importance to tens of thousands now, it is satisfactory to know that the Australian colonies are every day progressing in wealth, comfort, and prosperity. We this week notice the excellent work of Mr. Westgarth, on Port Phillip, a work on which, from our own knowledge, we can bid our readers rely. We may also quote this sentence from a letter just received from our brother, Dr. Howitt, residing at Port Phillip. "If you can do anything to forward emigration to this place, pray do it, as we are sadly off for servants. Female servants, and very indifferent ones too, are getting from £25 to £30 a-year. They are, you may conceive, more mistresses than servants under such circumstances. All classes are doing well here at present, and we only want separation from Sydney and emigration, to make Port Phillip the most flourishing of the Australian Colonies."

WAR.—ITS ENORMOUS COST AND DIABOLICAL DOINGS IN EPITOME.

Since the accession of William III. to our throne, at the Revolution of 1688, the principalities and powers of Satan have been propitiated by this *Christian* (?) country, in a series of wars, or royal commissions for wholesale murder, which have cost the people of England *Eighteen hundred and seventy-six millions, one hundred and thirty thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds!* This calculation reaches no lower than the close of George III. During that sanguinary reign alone, our wars incurred the monstrous expenditure of *Seventeen hundred millions of pounds!*

The amount of human lives sacrificed, as part purchase of all this perverted wealth, cannot be exactly computed; but at least *from four to five millions* of our fellow-subjects must have sold their life-blood, a libation to the accursed Moloch, beneath whose crushing chariot wheels, our mighty "men of valour" have ruthlessly flung their drilled slaves, in reeking hecatombs of slaughter.

The moral responsibilities of governments and people—the fierce cruelties—the outrage and the plunder—the misery, destitution, and multiform agonies, involved in these wars—are not subjects for calculation. None but the Omniscient can estimate their awful sum total. Angels may weep—man shudders—demons jubilate, over the pages which record a portion of those horrors—but the folly and criminality of deliberately preparing matter for future chapters in that red and fiery record, are considerations well within our grasp. As intelligent creatures, as members of the social and political community, and yet more emphatically, as professors of the Christian faith, we are bound to weigh this question seriously, deliberately, and resolutely. Having made up our minds, let us speak out THE TRUTH among our fellows, and make it heard by our rulers, through those constitutional speaking-trumpets, whose voice, however unwelcome, they cannot refuse to heed.

As a mere question of finance, to a country groaning, and all but giving up the ghost, under an unexampled pressure of taxation, it might stagger even a Field Marshal, were he persuaded to dot down the following facts and figures.

At the Revolution of 1688, our National Debt was £664,263. At the peace of 1816, it had bloated itself, by legitimized human butchery, and all the unutterable abominations inseparable from campaigns and sieges, into more millions than its former thousands—viz., £864,822,461. To pay the *Interest* incurred by this infamous squandering of our national resources, we have to raise by merciless taxation, year by year, the appalling tribute of £28,341,046, being *Twenty-seven millions, six hundred and seventy-six thousand, seven hundred and eighty-three pounds* more than the whole *principal* sum due, in the reign of William III.

Will any honest man undertake to shew, by way of a small set-off against these ruinous liabilities, that all the slaughter, misery, and demoralization, which originated them, have given us a single shilling's worth of solid benefit, past, present, or prospective? FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN! THINK ON THESE THINGS.

February, 1848. ELIJAH WARING.

OPENING SOIREE OF THE HACKNEY LITERARY INSTITUTION.

The Hackney Mutual Improvement Society having the free use of the Manor House Rooms, most liberally offered them by Mr. John R. D. Tyssen, have been induced to enlarge their Association, and met for the first soiree on February the 24th. These large rooms were filled to excess. Besides plenty of singing and music, accompanied on the piano by Mr. Terry, and solos played on the harp and concertino by Miss Blanshard and Mr. Sedgwick, there were splendid exhibitions of Dissolving Views and Chromatrope, and many beautiful works of art, amongst them specimens of the Art-Manufactures of Felix Summerley, forwarded by Mr. Cundall, of Old Bond-street.

This Institution, possessing a library, and having reading and conversation rooms, and lectures, and classes for various studies, bids fair to be of the greatest benefit to the neighbourhood.

SUICIDE OF DR. HORACE WELLS.

This gentleman, who was living at New York, and claimed to be the discoverer of the power of Nitrous Oxide to destroy sensibility, and, therefore, of its use in surgical operations, committed suicide at the latter end of January. The cause of this act is singular. The American newspapers state that he had received a letter from the Paris Institute, awarding him 20,000 francs for his discovery, the highest prize ever given by the Institute. Dr. Wells appears to have been of an excitable temperament, and this distinction, in combination with the effect of the frequent inhalation of the gas, produced a state of phrenzy in which he was induced to go out with an acquaintance, and afterwards by himself and throw oil of vitriol on the women of the town parading the Broadway. For this he was taken into custody; and his feelings of remorse on coming to a different, if not a sober mood of mind, drove him to destroy himself. He has left a wife and child.

DEVONPORT MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

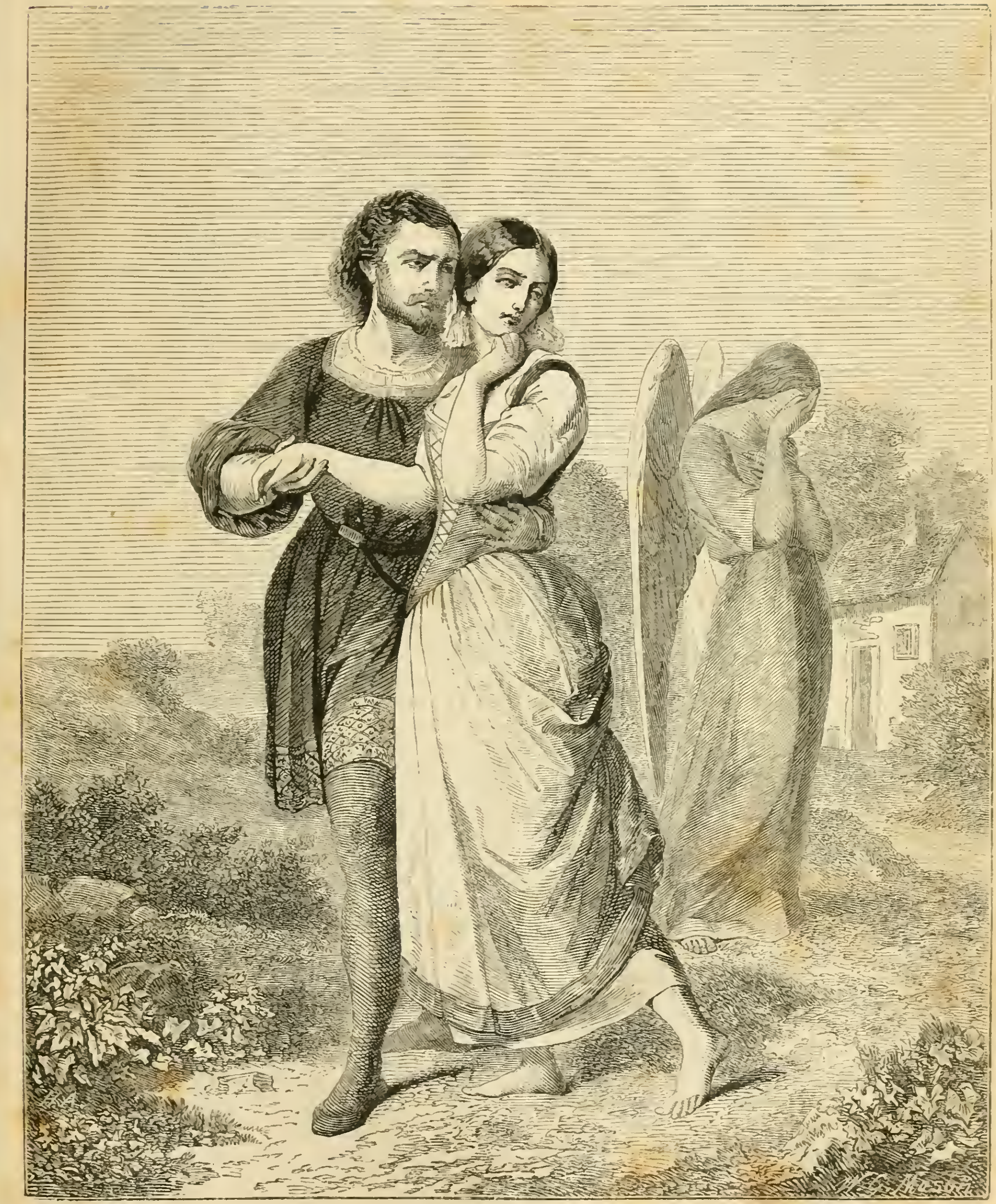
This Institution was founded in 1825, mainly through the munificence of Mr. Burnett, then a mercer of the town. It continued its labours many years without any striking distinction, except what has since proved such, the membership of Mr. Adams, the discoverer of the planet Neptune, who was educated in Devonport, was long a member of this Society, and in a letter lately expressed to its managers the benefits he derived, particularly in his astronomical studies, adding, that his first acquaintance with fluxions was made through a book in its library. About four years ago the Lord of the Manor gave a suitable plot of ground, and a large and elegant building was erected, and opened by a Polytechnic Exhibition. Previous to this period there were 60 members, and its income was £45. It now includes 800 members, and has an income of £500, with on effective system of classes, a good library, and museum. The Society has lately resolved on raising a fund for a Poor Scholar's Endowment, so that any poor but deserving member may study at the University; and Mr. Burnard, the Cornish sculptor, has been employed to execute a marble bust of Mr. C. R. Smith, its Hon. Sec., to be placed in the Lecture Hall.

CONTENTS.

The French Revolution. By WILLIAM HOWITT—Facts from the Fields. The Depopulating Policy. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which Men are worked up into Malefactors. No. I. The Meldrum Family—Scenes and Characters from the French Revolution, translated from Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins* for Howitt's Journal. (Continued.) The Removal of Voltaire's Remains to the Pantheon—Memoir of AnnaCora Mowatt. (Continued.) By MARY HOWITT—Capital Punishment. By FREDERIC ROWTON. No. X. The Morality of Hanging Innocent Men. Conclusion of the Moral Argument—Remarkable Dreams, Warnings and Providences. (Continued)—A Dream. By EDWARD YOUL—Literary Notice: Westgarth's Australia—Record.

PRINTED for the proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

PRICE 1½d. STAMPED, 2½d



ELOPEMENT: THE GUARDIAN ANGEL GIVING UP HOPE.

ENGRAVED BY W. G. MASON.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

No. I.

The Meldrum Family.

James Meldrum was a labourer. He was of the race of labourers; he might almost be said to be of the *variety* labourer; for there are as complete and contrasting varieties established by long habit in the human race, as in any of the inferior animals. A carthorse is not more distinct from a racer, than a regular hereditary clodpole from a fine gentleman. Circumstances have made them both physically and intellectually. What a mere piece of agricultural machinery is the labourer in many rural districts! From age to age his line has descended on the same spot, doing the same things, and knowing them only. Of all the great movements and events of the world beyond his parish he knows nothing. To plough and sow, to reap and mow, to wash sheep in summer, and thrash out the corn in winter. To clean ditches and plash hedges—to eat, drink, and sleep, so the world goes round and he goes round with it, like any other natural fixture of the scene, tree, stone, or pasturing cattle. He is truly of the earth,—earthy.

Such is the labourer in many a thoroughly farming, obscure place. From age to age "nobody has cared for his soul." True, there may be a church in the parish or there may not. In many a great corn-growing parish there is no such thing, and where there is, and the labourer gets to it—it is to take a good sound nod rather than to hear the sermon. Nothing but the stimulus of the open air can keep him awake.

But this is the creature of the wold and the wild. In other agricultural parishes, the weekly attendance at church or chapel, the parish and the Sunday school, and the newspaper read at the barber's shop or the village inn, have sent some light into the darkness, enough, at least, to let the labourer feel that he is a wretched creature. Ay, well may this class talk of the good old times. There *were* good old times for them. It is no fable. Times when each had his old-fashioned thatched cottage, his garden, his pigstye, and if, as often was the case, on the edge of a common—his cow! Those were the times for the labourer. His mind, indeed, did not stretch beyond his own neighbourhood, nor had it need; there lay all that he required in life—peace, plenty, and contentment. He worked hard, and he fed well. He paid to his club against sickness and old age, and for the rest life itself was an enjoyment that filled his whole living horizon. In the quietness and freshness of the country his days sped on not without their humble pleasures. In the old-fashioned equality of the village society he was at ease. The squire, if squire there were, was too far aloft to trouble his thoughts. But the parson had a friendly word for him when they met, and the farmer was a sort of old patriarch that was respected, but yet familiarly addressed. At his table they sate at sheep-shearing, at harvest time, and amid Christmas jollities.

> Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
> His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.
> Such were the days,—of days long past I sing,
> When pride gave place to mirth without a sting;
> Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
> To violate the feelings of the poor;
> To leave them distanced in the maddening race,
> Where'er refinement shows its hated face:
> Nor causeless hated;—'tis the peasant's curse,
> That hourly makes his wretched station worse;
> Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan
> That rank to rank cements as man to man:
> Wealth flows around him, fashion lordly reigns;
> Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.
> Methinks I hear the mourner thus impart
> The stifled murmurs of a wounded heart:
> "Whence comes this change, ungracious, irksome, cold?
> Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes behold?
> The widening distance which I daily see,
> Has Wealth done this?—then Wealth's a foe to me:
> Foe to our rights; that leaves a powerful few
> The paths of emulation to pursue:—
> For emulation stoops to us no more:
> The hope of humble industry is o'er:
> The blameless hope, the cheering sweet presage
> Of future comforts for declining age.
> Can my sons share from this paternal hand
> The *profits* with the *labours* of the land?
> No: though indulgent Heaven its blessing deigns,
> Where's the *small farm* to suit my scanty means?
> Content, the Poet sings, with us resides;
> In lowly cots like mine, the damsel bides;
> And will he there in raptured visions tell
> That sweet Content with Want *can ever dwell!*
> * * * * Bloomfield.

Such was the condition of things in the days of Robert Bloomfield. Such was it in our own. We remember the retreating glimpses of it. We have seen poor men happy at the farmer's table; we have seen them happy in the farmer's fields. Nature and the society of their old friends were full of joy to them. The labourer banking up his fences in the early spring felt nature at his heart, as he saw the growing bud, and smelt the delicious violet. In the green growing corn with the lark carolling in the blue bright sky above him, he weeded out the golden charlock, and with his neighbours chatted and joked over the past and present life of the village. The hay-field, the harvest-field, they were as gladsome as any poet has described them. But in James Meldrum's days the "Peasant's curse," as Bloomfield calls it, had fallen considerably over the country. Squires were grown into lords, and had become far grander than were their own fathers. Farmers were grown squires, and little farms had vanished. The commons too had vanished; and the clearing system had commenced, by which cottages gradually disappeared, and villages dwindled into a few scattered cottages, and large farms and large parks presented a melancholy stateliness. Where it was not so easy to clear off the population, union workhouses raised their new-fangled heads, and filled the hearts of the peasantry with new-fangled wonder and alarm.

Things, however, were far from having come to the worst, and there were, here and there, parishes that to a certain degree had escaped the rapid progress of the modern plague of *aristocratism*—a deadly spirit, glittering and cold as polished silver—insinuating itself into every grade, from the peer to the pedlar.

Beecup, the village in which James Meldrum lived, lay about seven miles and a half from the pretty town of Reading. Here he was born, and here he had lived all his life, as his ancestors had done before him. The village lay scattered round a considerable green, which could hardly be called a common—it was too small, yet allowing a fine breathing space amid the woodlands, which stretched for miles around it. A deep, clear, but somewhat sluggish, river flowed not far from the village, and a hall built in the last century, but rarely inhabited by its possessor, gave a character to the otherwise rather flat scenery.

Meldrum had an old thatched cottage and a good, large garden at the edge of the green, and at the time we begin to take notice of him was about fifty years of age, and reckoned a very well-to-do man. He worked for a farmer not a quarter of a mile from his own home, and earned twelve shillings a week. True, this was not a sum to constitute a very well-to-do man, but James Meldrum had what is called a very notable wife. A quiet, tall, thin, but sensible plodding woman was Mrs. Meldrum, and she not only helped her husband and the three children, a girl and two boys, fast growing up, to keep the garden in order of evenings after they came from work, but she kept a little shop. The two boys too were employed to drive plough and the like, and added to the family income. The Meldrums were a well-to-do family.

The squire, we have said, came rarely to the hall. In fact he was a minor, and had been at distant schools and universities, and now was on his travels abroad. There was a talk of his coming, on his return to live at the hall, but that time was not yet arrived. The steward was an old gentleman farmer—who had been steward to his father, and who, though he had gradually advanced rents, was by no means rigid or extortionate. The clergyman was also an old man who, duly preached on Sunday, and on week-days was seldom seen, for he was a great botanist, and was never so happy as when rambling over the distant heaths, and through the woods. Things went on pretty easily at Beecup.

Nay, the Methodists, who were then on the look out for all neglected localities, had found their way into Beecup, and soon won three-fourths of the people. They had an old barn converted into a chapel. One or two of the farmers, who secretly grumbled at the tithes paid to the vicar, were favourable to them, and said it was quite right that while the old clergyman only troubled himself to gather weeds, and such like rubbish, *somebody* should look after the poor people's souls. There was wanted a Sunday school in the village, and the Methodists had one in their chapel. So things went on smoothly. The old vicar never troubled himself about either chapel or school. He was just as kind and friendly to those who went to the chapel, as those who came to the church, when he saw them at all. The steward never troubled himself about any one, so that they paid their rents, kept up their fences, did not run out their lands, or meddle with the game.

James Meldrum was a Methodist—he was a class-leader amongst them. In his youth he had been a wild young fellow, as wildness goes in such places. He had been associated with a knot of the wildest young fellows in the place. Had been a great frequenter of wakes, fairs, and dancing parties. There was no face better known at the public house, than his, and in all matches of boxing, wrestling, foot races, cricket, nine pins, and the like, he was most active. Twice he had enlisted when not very sober at "The Statutes," but had been bought off, by a collection amongst his comrades, and there were whisperings of certain exploits in which he had a hand, which, if well proved, would have given the law a rough hold of him.

When the Methodists first came into Beecup, Meldrum had been one of a set who took a particular delight in annoying and disturbing them. All those country tricks and plots which were so commonly played off on the Methodists, were played off here, and Meldrum was one of the ringleaders in them. On one occasion squibs and crackers were laid, and so connected with a train of gunpowder, that when all the people were down on their knees in earnest and vociferous prayers in the evening, they were sent off, and bouncing and banging in the faces of the astonished worshippers, produced the most excessive alarm and outcries, to the infinite delight of the rogues without. On another occasion, by means of a key, made by the blacksmith's apprentice, they had on a Saturday night, introduced a pig into the pulpit, which being enormously fed by them at the time, had slept as sound as a top till the moment that the preacher was about to enter the pulpit, when roused by the coming in of the people, it had pricked up its ears, and astonished the audience by several mysterious grunts, and was not discovered till the unlucky preacher ascending the pulpit steps, and opening the door, it rushed out between his legs, and both pig and terrified minister rolled down the stairs together, amid a mingled uproar of affright, indignation and laughter from the ungodly conspirators, most scandalous to the place and occasion.

At another time, they had scattered snuff all over the floor, so that, as the people moved about, and especially as they knelt down to pray, it was stirred up by the clothes, especially the women's and there was nothing but an universal sneezing, that wholly spoiled the meeting, though the persecuted people stood it out like martyrs. Another time when the old woman opened the doors of the chapel at the last minute for the Sunday morning service behold there was not a seat left in the place, and the people had to stand the whole time, these young fellows having carried them out, and sunk them with stones in the neighbouring Loddon.

But for all these pranks young Meldrum paid a severe penalty. On one occasion when he had gone to scoff, he remained to pray. The preacher drew such a picture of the state of such as himself, was such a lively geographer of certain regions of retribution with all their burning brimstone rocks, fiery serpents, and fiends much more familiar than agreeable, that James Meldrum was terrified and thunderstruck at the certainty of his own damnation. It was in vain that he attempted to drown his fear in drink, or to laugh it off. It followed him into the field at his work, and wrung from him an almost bloody perspiration. It haunted him at night, so that he dare not go out after dark, and in his dreams till he awoke in the most terrible alarm. His health forsook him, he trembled as with an ague, and the same sanguine temperament which had made him foremost in these disgraceful doings, now drove him to desperation. He had rushed out one night spite of his former terror, and hurried down to the river's bank. There, at the moment that, at the bottom of a deep and hollow lane, he reached the river, and was about to fling himself into its gloomy flood, a voice close to him cried, "Halt!" a strong grasp was laid on his arm, and he saw the features of the well-known Methodist minister, examining his with a sharp and searching sternness. He saw them as clearly as if it was day, though it was pitch dark—for a fire seemed to blaze over them from his own heated brain.

"Meldrum! is that you?" exclaimed the preacher. "What! has the devil then got such hold of you as to drive you to a destruction like this? What! was he not sure enough of you to let you run on a while longer in doing his work, but he must have you leap at once into hell? No! he was *not* sure enough of you if he gave you time, for he knows God's long-suffering, and that he would one day or another snatch you as a brand from the burning. And he'll do it! It is for this that he has sent me to meet you at this moment, though I only thought I was going to visit and pray by a poor sick brother in your village. The Lord be praised for his mercies."

At this unexpected encounter and address, Meldrum's knees failed; he sunk down upon them before the preacher, and in an agony implored him to tell him, "if there were any hope for him, if God *could* forgive such a dreadful sinner."

"*Can* he?" said the preacher. "What can he not do? What does he not do every day? What did he send his beloved son to this wicked world for but to seek and to save all that were lost? Rise young man, and go with me to the village—God is still stronger than the devil.—He can, and he no doubt will save thee, or he had not sent me just in the nick of time. His ways are merciful."

Meldrum walked back, listening to the words of the very man whom he had insulted by putting the pig into the pulpit, and had tried to alarm, by making hideous groans as he went, after a late meeting at night, through the woods close to this spot. He thought that such a wretch as himself could never expect salvation, but the preacher told him that only the more clearly showed God's favour and mercy, and added to his glory. In short, within a week, Meldrum was down on his knees in the middle of the chapel floor, confessing all his sins and follies, in the midst of the people he had ridiculed and persecuted, and who now, kept ejaculating aloud, "Wonderful! Christ Jesus be praised! Amen! Another brand plucked from the burning! O, thou lover of souls we magnify thy name!" etc., etc.

"The great conversion of James Meldrum the mocker," was soon sounded through the Methodist meetings far and wide. It figured in the magazine—it became the burden of a tract; and Meldrum himself, as zealous in religion as he had been against it, gradually rose to be a leader amongst these people. Nor was this accomplished without a full repayment of the persecution he had inflicted. He had it now himself from his former comrades. He had it in the most pitiless ridicule, in the most irritating insults; in the names of sneak and coward, and saint and hypocrite, when he came near them. In the village street he had continually run the gauntlet of their gibes, and sometimes of their rough attacks. They knocked off his hat—asked him to preach them a sermon, imitating the tone and manner of the Methodist preachers, would come out of the ale-house, and put a tankard to his mouth saying,—"Off with that sanctified, cantified mask, Meldrum. You once could be merry enough. Come, drink man, and be yourself again." At other times they would challenge him to fight, and fetch him a blow to exasperate him, and pursue him with the names of coward and fool.

Through all this Meldrum went with the spirit of a martyr. He deigned them no word, but kept on his way, as well as they would let him, in solemn silence. They tried another plan of annoyance. There was a great, strong, wild fellow of the name of Berkhamshire, but who was much better known by the name of Big Bow-wow, for his sometimes suddenly crying bow-wow to the children to frighten them as he came behind them, when half or wholly in his cups. Big Bow-wow was one of those men who are to be found everywhere. Of a large handsome person, and endowed with an amount of natural wit and talent, that properly trained and directed, would rise to distinction anywhere; but which lost in some obscure scene, and having no early guidance, throw out their strength, in an exuberant wildness and utter neglect of any restraint of conscience or principle, that makes them at once the wonder of the ale-house circle, and indeed of any one who comes to close conversation with them, but whose life is one long disorder, and their end ruin.

Big Bow-wow led a life of utter libertinism. He laughed at the restraint of marriage, and made conquest of some of the finest women of the neighbourhood. He affected to treat the Bible as a mere fable, and had by the end all those quibbles and objections which have travelled from the pages of Voltaire, Volney, and that school, into the remotest corners of the country, and into the minds of those who never could read a line. He loved to puzzle the villagers with the question, whether the hen or the egg was made first; and to explain the story of Jonah by representing the ship in which he sailed as a public-house with the sign of the ship, out of which he was thrown for not paying his shot, and the whale which swallowed him up as another public-house of that sign where he drunk three days, and was then vomited up, or cast out by the landlord for the same cause.

With all his lawlessness and wickedness, Big Bow-wow had at the same time a degree of good nature, and a manner that easily won on those that he came near. Falling in, therefore, with Meldrum, he affected to listen to his reproofs of his loose life, and his warnings, and Meldrum endeavoured to persuade him to come to the chapel and begin a new life. At this Big Bow-wow only laughed and shook his head for some time, but after much entreaty and many conversations he at length went, and seemed to be much impressed, grew very serious, and went often. The conversion of such a reprobate was, of course, a matter of uncommon triumph. Big Bow-wow was much caressed, and at length admitted to Meldrum's class. When Meldrum had questioned some of the other brethren of the state of their souls and given them suitable advice, the turn came to Big Bow-wow. Amid the assumed gravity of that expressive countenance, any one but the simple and enthusiastic James Meldrum might have seen the suppressed signs of a mischief that was about to burst forth at the first word, and no sooner did Meldrum congratulate him on seeing him there, and ask him how he felt now in his mind, anticipating a hasty glance at his past life, and a very song of holy triumph on his present converted state, than the incurable wag exclaimed, "Eh, James! what rogues thou and I have been. Eh! if all that we have done could be known lad, why it would hang us both. Dost thou remember—"

"Stop!" cried the terrified Meldrum—"Stop brother!—so open a confession here is not needful. Enough that thou hast repented—all that is now erased out of the book of God's remembrance."

"Ah, James! art thou sure of that? Hast thou seen the book itself? I wish to God it may! But I doubt it. Oh! I doubt it sorely! Dost thou remember that packman that we—" "Stop—stop, man" reiterated Meldrum, with the utmost vehemence, "Stop, I command thee—pollute not the ears of the innocent with the crimes and the deeds that are repented of. Enough, enough that they are repented of, clothed in sack-cloth and ashes, trodden on, disdained, and detested."

"Trodden on, disdained, and detested!" re-echoed Big Bow-wow; "Ay, but never to be washed out of my heart and remembrance—oh! that robbery of——— that cheating of———at the fair, that drunken blasphemous rioting at——— oh! they'll hang us both lad, if they are known, and I must out with them. I must make a clean breast of it."

Meldrum pale as a ghost, and endeavouring to drown the fellow's voice, by as loud remonstrance, clapped his hand on Big Bow-wow's mouth, and cried with tones of thunder, "Cease villain, I command thee, cease. It is false! It is a vile heap of lies. Bad enough have we been but when did we rob? when did we cheat? when did we———"

Dost thou not remember?" cried Big Bow-wow, delighted at thus having contrived to ridicule Meldrum before his class, and his whole face and form seeming to glow with the enjoyment of it.—"Dost thou not remember?—then I will tell thee."

But Meldrum at this fresh menace called on his brethren to help him to turn this wolf out of the sheepfold—and with many a struggle, and still vociferating a stream of crimes as committed by Meldrum and himself enough to have muddied a huge river, the fellow was pitched into the street and the door closed upon him.

If the roof of Meldrum's house in which they were had fallen in, or the floor had rocked and gaped to swallow them up, the company could not have been more astounded. A silence like that which follows the shock of an earthquake followed. The members of the class gazed at one another in wonder, and James Meldrum sunk exhausted in a chair.

The class was broken up for the time—the members hurried to depart. "Vile man!" ejaculated Meldrum, as reverting mentally to the scene. "Vile man!" echoed the departing guests, with an abstraction that left a painful uncertainty whether the words applied to Big Bow-wow or to the unhappy class-leader. It was not long before it was seen that some of the venom fell on the latter. There will never be found a slanderer without numbers eager to believe him. The scandal created by Big Bow-wow took effect. There were some of Meldrum's brethren and sisters who were or affected to be excessively shocked and alarmed at the things laid to Meldrum's charge. He was called to a strict account; there were many meetings, many scrutinies, many closettings with ministers and class-leaders, and many heart-burnings. James Meldrum was shorn down as by the blast of an evil power. He went about dark in countenance, as it were, withered and shrunk up in body, and with a silence of step which proclaimed him a disgraced man. Without, the laughter and scorn of the enemy was unbounded. The exploit of Big Bow-wow was the theme of every ale-house the country round, and Meldrum could be seen nowhere without sarcastic jokes being flung at him, and the confessions of Big Bow-wow being repeated with derision. This persecution followed him into the very work-field and the barn, and the evident shyness of his religious brethren, and his being reduced from a class-leader to an ordinary member told to the world that his enemies' accusations had not fallen without effect.

Time, however, cures many evils and sets many wrongs right, and at the period of our first acquaintance with James Meldrum he was once again the leader of his class. The preachers, who came from a distance, made his house their head quarters. He was steady as time in his work. His two sons were out in farm service in the neighbourhood. His wife's shopkeeping seemed to flourish. The members of his society seemed to look up to him, and many pleasant "love feasts" and as pleasant tea-drinkings on sundays and holidays at each other's houses, seemed to proclaim that the union introduced by religious conviction was the key to the true enjoyment of life.

(To be continued.)

◆

MEMOIR OF ANNA CORA MOWATT.

By Mary Howitt.

(Concluded from p. 170).

The important morning of her *début* was come, and without having the least misgiving she felt how momentous it was. She reviewed her past life, and saw that the very hand of Providence seemed to have ordered all things, from her earliest childhood, to prepare her for this great step. She had been an actress long before she had entered the walls of a theatre. She analysed her motives, and the more she understood the true springs of her action, the more indifferent she became to the scorn of the senselessly proud, who could not comprehend that there is no degradation where there is no sin. She felt that in dedicating her powers to the stage, she was but fulfilling her destiny as willed by Heaven, and this conviction gave to her an unwavering courage.

The day of her *début* was spent with her sisters in the preparation of her dresses: all were unusually silent, and through the whole day scarcely was an allusion made to the event of the evening. As she drove to the theatre she passed her father's house, where handkerchiefs were waved, and tearful eyes watched her departure. We have not mentioned that the father, since the death of his first wife, had taken a second, and this most kind and excellent woman sympathized with and strengthened her step-daughter in all these important circumstances of her life. The father, however, and one only of the sisters had courage to be present at her public trial.

As a little peep behind the scenes it may be interesting to our readers to know that, firm and collected as the young actress had been during all the necessary preparation, her courage failed her at the last moment, when dressed as Pauline, she seated herself on the couch on which she is discovered as the curtain rises. The moment the tinkle of the bell was heard as a signal for the curtain to rise, the full importance of the step she had taken rushed upon her mind; she felt as if she were losing all self-possession; a horrible stifling sensation oppressed her, and starting up she exclaimed—"No, no! Not yet! I cannot!" Everything seemed to swim before her eyes, and for a few seconds she totally forgot what she had to say and do. The actors and the manager, in the utmost alarm, crowded round her, trying in vain to soothe and reassure her. How it might have ended there is no knowing, had not one of the first comedians, who had rallied her in the morning on being frightened when the trying moment came to which she had indignantly replied that her motives would give her courage, made his way through the surrounding and terrified crowd, saying, in his most comical manner, "Didn't I tell you so! Where's all the courage now?" There might be little in the words themselves; but the ludicrous expression of his countenance and manner restored her at once. She remembered her resolution; she thought of her husband and her father, who, with the rest of the audience had heard the bell ring, and must now be alarmed at the delay.

"Let the curtain rise," she said, and the manager dreading a relapse took her at her word. The audience received her with the utmost enthusiasm, and two minutes after she was enacting her part with as much calmness and ease as if it had been for the fiftieth instead of the first time.

When the play was ended and she was summoned before the curtain, the stage looked like an unbroken parterre: bouquets, wreaths of silver, and garlands of laurel covered it. Nothing could equal the rapturous cheering of the audience; and even the ladies rose *en masse* to salute her, a compliment which had never before been paid to any actress in that theatre.

Behind the scenes the actors and actresses were equally kind and warm in their congratulations. These, however, were not the triumphs to repay her for all she had suffered; the real repayment came a few hours later, when she drove from the theatre to her father's house, on her way to her own. At her approach, her affectionate parent, followed by her step-mother and her sisters, rushed down the steps to meet her, his face beaming with joy, and his whole frame trembling with agitation. He clasped her in his arms, covered her with kisses, and called her by a thousand tender epithets. Then it was that she first felt and enjoyed her success. Hitherto it had been too much like a dream; there had been something strange in the shouts of the multitude, they had confounded and stunned rather than delighted her, but the voice and caresses of her beloved father were a sweet reality.

The next morning the public papers, unbought and unsolicited, contained long and laudatory articles and most glowing descriptions of the scene. The wonder of all was, that a woman, without long years of study, stepping at once, as it were, from private life upon the stage should obtain a success so unequivocal and complete. But had not she been preparing and studying from her very childhood, and that with natural gifts, which, like inspiration, made the true rendering of theatrical character at once correct and effective?

From this moment her fortune was made. Highly profitable engagements were offered to her all over the country, and at once giving up their house in New

York, Mrs. Mowatt, attended by her husband, commenced travelling. Her reception in New York was but a foretaste of what was to follow, for in every considerable city in the Union her success was equally great.

All this, however, would have been imperfect satisfaction had not a third blessing been added. Her health, which had so long been delicate, gradually improved. At first she was so often overcome by her exertions, as at times to faint on the stage; yet still she persevered, believing that she was constitutionally adequate to all the fatigue; and so it ultimately proved. What, however, was the feeling at that time regarding her health may be understood by the following little incident, which considerably affected even herself at the moment.

She was playing Juliet, and was arrived at that part where the heroine lies in her deep sleep of apparent death in the tomb, waiting for Romeo to burst it open. Two scene-shifters outside, as if they might really have supposed her in the death-like swoon, began talking of her.

"She's a good little soul!" said one.

"Sure, and that she is," replied the other, "and it's where she's lying now she'll be lying soon in reality, or you may say I can't tell when I see one booked for the other world!"

In spite of this prediction, and many another from wiser heads than that of the poor scene-shifter, her strength increased rapidly, and she could soon enact a five-act piece without any apparent exhaustion. The truth was, that anxiety and care, which wear out the human frame much more than physical labour, were now removed. The oppressed chest seemed to expand; and the pulmonary symptoms, which had caused so much anxiety, almost entirely disappeared. The physicians attributed one cause of amendment to the use of the voice; but we maintain that freedom from "carking care," combined with change of air and scene, the smiles of fortune, and a mind at peace with itself, were the true means of this amended health. How many thousands of meekly suffering invalids, now "booked for the other world," might have a long lease of life given to them were but existence made easier, and the burden of its daily anxieties removed from their wearied hearts.

Within the first twelve months she played above two hundred nights, and her popularity was greatly on the increase. From all quarters of the Union she received invitations, most of which were accepted. In the remoter parts many curious incidents occurred, which could only happen in such a state of society; among others which we have heard her relate with infinite humour, is the following:—

Whilst in Savannah "The Stranger" was announced for her benefit. On the morning of the rehearsal she was informed that the two children who usually performed the part of *Mrs. Haller's* children were ill, and that every effort to procure others had failed, as the parents would not allow them to appear in public. Here was a dilemma. To alter the play would displease the audience, to play without the children, who are so important in the last act, was impossible. In the midst of this difficulty, Mrs. Mowatt's dresser, a young and pretty mulatto, begged to speak to her privately. When they were alone, she began, "I see that you are very troubled, Ma'am, about the children; so I thought I'd just let you know that I've a couple very much at your service." So far, good. But then *Mrs. Haller* was a white woman. This difficulty was suggested to the mulatto mother. "Oh! my children are not *very* black," answered she, "seeing as how their father was altogether white."

As a last resource the children were sent for, when a very pretty little boy of about three, and a still handsomer girl of five were brought. Their complexions were not darker than that of many brunettes, and their hair fell in long and silky ringlets. In European countries they would have been beautiful children for the occasion and even here the young actress hoped, that with the aid of a little rouge, their origin would not be detected and she was satisfied.

Night came, the children were brought early to Mrs. Mowatt's dressing room, and their little picturesque toilets made as she thought most satisfactorily. They were carefully instructed in their parts, caressed kindly, feasted on cakes and sweetmeats, and promised all sorts of rewards if they behaved well. As *Mrs. Haller's* children do not make their appearance until the last act, and as these little novices were all unused to such late hours, and were growing sleepy early in the evening, a bed of shawls was made up for them in one corner of the dressing room, where they were to sleep till they were wanted.

To make the remainder of the anecdote intelligible it is necessary for the reader to know, that if any coloured person is found in the streets after nine o'clock without "a pass," he is conveyed by the police to the watch-house. Towards the close of the fourth act, the children were woke up, and this as gently as possible. They stared about them very wildly, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be made to comprehend where they were, or what they had to do. Their little bodies and minds seemed saturated with sleep, and it was next to impossible to do anything with them. At length, however, the heavy lids contrived to keep open; their hair was smoothed, their dresses arranged, and the curtain rose for the fifth act.

In the first scene it will be remembered that Francis leads the children across the stage, and after the Baron has met him and exchanged a few words, they are taken into the cottage on the left. On walked Francis holding a little one by each hand; but no sooner had he reached the middle of the stage, than the poor little girl, casting a bewildered look at the audience, uttered a loud scream, and bursting from Francis, darted up and down the stage trying in vain to find an outlet. The whole house burst into a fit of laughter, and applauded with all their might; this terrified the poor child still more, and Francis kept rushing about after her, and dragging her little brother also from side to side, which frightened him, and set him crying vehemently. On this he caught him up under his arm, and being thus less impeded in his movements, soon secured the elder child. His object now was to get them into the cottage, but here a fresh difficulty occurred. The poor terror-stricken children were seized with a new apprehension and awe, as we have said before, peculiar to people of colour; young as they were, they knew the oppressions of their race, and clinging to Francis, they cried out together,—

"Oh! don't ee put me in ee guard-house! Don't ee put me in ee guard house!"

Their accent and this peculiar cause of terror, betrayed at once their origin; the audience grew almost frantic in their mirth. Poor Francis made a desperate plunge into the cottage, but the audience were not quieted by his disappearance, and through the remainder of the play, they could scarcely controul their laughter. Of course to re-produce the children was not to be thought of, and that which at first was considered an impossibility was done; the play was acted without them.

Another anecdote of a very different kind, and referring to this same play in which Mrs. Mowatt was acting in another city, is worthy of relation.

During the performance of the last scene in "The Stranger," where *Mrs. Haller* appears before her husband and confesses her crime, the audience were suddenly thrilled by a piercing shriek uttered by a lady in the dress circle. A bustle ensued; she was conveyed out by her friends, but even then her hysterical sobs rang through the house. The play was of course continued and concluded. The next morning a gentleman called upon the actress, and explained the event of the preceding evening in the following manner. The lady on being carried home in a state of great agitation, accompanied by her husband and friends, confessed, as soon as she was able to speak, that she herself had been on the eve of committing the same crime as the unfortunate *Mrs. Haller ;* that the gentleman with whom she had promised to elope, was at that time in the same box with her, but that the play had struck her so to the heart, and had shewn her so fearful a picture of her own depravity, that her overpowering emotion during the performance was the consequence. Thus was she saved from the commission of a great crime.

Again :—One night when they were playing the "Bride of Lammermoor," the audience became so excited that they gradually rose from their seats, and when Lady Ashton shewed Ravenswood the contract which Lucy had signed, and which made her the bride of another, a man in the audience cried out in a voice broken with emotion,—

" Tear it up Ravenswood ! Oh ! tear it up !"

In the year 1846, Mrs. Mowatt, after having gone the tour of the United States, made the acquaintance of Mr. Davenport. Mrs. Mowatt had already found, as every actress must, that she could play much better when the principal male character was performed by a person who understood her style, and who was as much engrossed by his part as she herself was by hers. It was therefore necessary that a gentleman should travel with them for this purpose, but many requisites beside talent were needed. In Mr. Davenport, happily, all were combined, he was a man of high moral character, and his gentlemanly manners, added to his unquestionable powers as an actor, caused Mr. Mowatt to make the offer to him, which he accepted with great pleasure.

Mrs. Mowatt commenced therefore, her second theatrical year, playing in company with this gentleman. Mr. Davenport was already held in high esteem by the American public, and in concert with Mrs. Mowatt, he grew more and more in favour ; his quiet, earnest, and truthful style of acting, making a deep impression wherever he was seen. A theatrical tour was again commenced. Everywhere they were feasted, and fêted, and loaded with rich presents, poems, complimentary letters, and every possible mark of public and private approbation were showered upon them.

Their voyage up the Misissippi was delightful. We will endeavour to communicate to our readers some of the pleasure which the relation of it afforded to ourselves.

The journey to Louisville occupies about five or six days, so that everything is done to make the voyage as agreeable as possible ; the steam-boats resemble floating hotels of the most sumptuous description ; costly furniture fills the large state room ; the walls are covered with immense mirrors ; an excellent piano is always to be met with, and the tables are spread with every delicacy of the season. A band of music is in attendance to which the company may dance in the evening, and the toilets of the ladies are carefully made, two, and even three times in the day. In spite however of this latter formality, all actual ceremony is cast aside, and everybody tries to be as agreeable as possible. On the occasion to which we allude, when our friends were passengers in one of these magnificent steamers, Henry Clay was also one of the company, and added greatly by the brilliancy of his conversation, to the general pleasure.

The whole journey was the most delightful that can be conceived. At all the principal towns where they stopped, they were cheered by the crowds on land ; the weather was the most brilliant imaginable, and the talents of all the company were called into requisition, not only to divert themselves, but also in honour of their distinguished fellow traveller, Henry Clay. They sang and danced, told amusing stories, and recited poems. Of course Mrs. Mowatt did her share ; but the one who contributed most to the universal delight and entertainment, by singing songs, telling stories, etc., was Mr. Davenport. This gentleman is gifted with an infinite store of humour and this was invaluable. One evening, for instance, when the company were more than usually merry, and were dancing in the great saloon, the eyes of all were suddenly attracted by a singular-looking Yankee, dressed in a somewhat caricatured "down-east" style, with red hair, short jacket, striped pantaloons, and his hands thrust as far as they possibly could be into his pockets.

He was not recognised by the company in general, and the voice was so completely disguised, that even his most intimate friends the Mowatts' would not have known it, had they not seen that same disguised face once before. He made his remarks, in true Yankee style, on the company before him, aloud to a friend, who was in the secret, asked to be presented to Henry Clay, and in answer to that gentleman's questions, told him long stories in which he pretended to relate his own history and experiences in the world of fashion. Henry Clay and everybody else on board were thrown into convulsions of laughter, for several hours, upon which the Yankee, pretending to be offended took his leave.

On the following day, which was their last, Mr. Davenport in his true character, gained much applause by singing a song which Mrs. Mowatt had written in honour of their distinguished fellow traveller. Mr. Clay had already known Mrs. Mowatt for a long time, and had always taken the deepest interest in her welfare and her success as an actress ; and many of the letters which this lady has brought with her to Europe were from his pen.

The voyage came to an end, and the whole company separated with regret.

Our theatrical friends were now at Cincinnati, in the state of Ohio, and here we may mention a circumstance which redounds greatly to the credit of the American people, and which justifies the belief which we proudly entertain that no where, in the bosom even of the most scrupulously correct society, could women be found of a purer or nobler character than those female ornaments of the stage which we have received from America. There exists throughout the United States a strong desire to purify the theatres, and to make them all that they are capable of becoming—that is, not merely places of amusement, but of the highest instruction. In Cincinnati this desire was acted upon, and although they had already a very handsome theatre, another was erected, which it was intended should be of this still more elevated character. To this building was given the literary name of an Athenæum, and Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport were requested to open it, the inaugural address for which was written and delivered by this lady. So completely indeed did this new theatre answer all the wishes of its friends, that it was crowded night after night, even by persons who hitherto could never be persuaded to enter the doors of a theatre. Many and valuable testimonials of kindness were bestowed upon Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport before they left ; to the latter a handsome gold watch and chain, with a complimentary inscription, was presented by the young men of the town at a public supper which they gave to him.

After a series of engagements of the most profitable description, and accompanied by every possible token of public admiration and esteem, Mrs. Mowatt returned to her father's house in New York, then her only home ; and in July (1847) her husband sailed for England to make arrangements for her appearance in this country. It was believed that the voyage would perfectly establish her health, and her countrymen wished that she should receive the stamp of approbation from the parent-country, the opinions of which they venerate so highly.

All her numerous sisters, with the exception of one whose domestic circumstances would not permit it, assembled to celebrate a joyful reunion at the paternal hearth. It was a happy time, and frequently they forgot that they were not once more thoughtless children with no other interests or hopes than those which concentered them in one common-home.

During this time Mrs. Mowatt wrote a five-act drama called "Armand; or, the Child of the People," the plot of which she had sketched out while travelling, and which was already engaged by the manager of the Park Theatre. Early in September, Mr. Mowatt returned, and on the 1st of November she was to set sail for England, and to make her first appearance in Manchester. The new play was completed, but there was only time to produce it in two cities, New York and Boston, whence they were to sail. It was instantly put in rehearsal, and produced after little more than a week's preparation at the Park theatre.

The day of its first appearance, in that New York where she had experienced such singular vicissitudes of fortune was, as may be expected, one of great excitement to her; her sisters, who had returned to their homes, again arrived to witness its representation, and she who had so important a part to act that very night was, at the moment of dressing, in a complete bewilderment of anxiety and joy.

The success of the play was brilliant in the extreme, and the young author and actress returned to her father's house, as she believed the happiest of human beings.

The play was acted every night for the rest of the engagement. They then went to Boston, where it was instantly produced, and its success there was equally great. We have heard her speak with emotion of the last night that she appeared before an American audience. It was her benefit night, and so great was the public enthusiasm about her, that crowds were turned away from the door, there not being standing room even left. When at the commencement of the second act the heroine (Mrs. Mowatt) runs laughingly upon the stage as a *May Queen*, she was so overpowered by the sight of that crowded audience and their unusually long and rapturous greeting, that she could not speak. In a moment the thought flashed across her mind that perhaps she might never again stand before them; she remembered their ever increasing kindness; their unchanging encouragement; and above all, she thought of the friends who had watched over her with affectionate anxiety—how much will not the thought of a moment contain! and unable to controul her feelings, she burst into tears. They applauded; they tried to re-assure her, and many wept with her; but it was not easy for her to recover herself, spite of the violent efforts which she made. The good people of Boston, however, were never more her friends than at that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt, accompanied by Mr. Davenport, arrived in Liverpool on the 15th of November, and on the 7th of December they made their first appearance in this country, at Manchester. The inhabitants of this intelligent town have a high appreciation of the stage, and next to a London audience that of Manchester may take its rank for critical judgment. Their reception of the American strangers was of the most cordial and flattering kind; and without waiting to hear what some great Aristarchus in London would say, as too many of our provincial critics in art and literature often do, pronounced upon them the most unqualified praise, and sped them on their way to the capital with their best wishes.

Knowing hardly any one in London, and almost without announcement, Mrs. Mowatt made her first appearance in this city on the 5th of January, at the Princess's Theatre, in the "Hunchback." The engagement of herself and Mr. Davenport at this theatre continued for several weeks, during which time Mrs. Mowatt appeared, among other characters, in *Juliet*, in *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," and *Beatrice* in "Much Ado about Nothing."

The severest trial of an actor's powers, as is well known, is Shakespere; none but talent and genius, akin to that of the great poet himself, can fully comprehend, much more impersonate, his wonderfully drawn conceptions. Our American friends have been subjected to this trial and have stood it. They enact faithfully and worthily our own Shakespere, and this will endear them to British hearts.

Coming before a London public without flourish of trumpets; almost unannounced and unknown, from America too, where they speak our own language, and not either French, German, Italian or Swedish, Mrs. Mowatt has instantly been acknowledged as an actress, of no ordinary stamp. She will rise higher still, for, as yet, we have not seen her do her best. We know not what she can do; in fact we believe, as yet she herself does not know the extent of her own powers.

A future engagement under, as we hear, very favourable circumstances, will bring her out in her own play, and at this moment, when all eyes are turned to France, how well timed would be a play in which a child of the people triumphs over even the power of a king. In that case the public will have an opportunity of witnessing what we believe, has not been seen since the days of Mrs. Inchbald, an actress performing in her own five-act play.

How excellent in character, how brave-hearted in adversity; how energetic, unselfish, devoted, is this interesting woman, to say nothing of her extraordinary powers of mind, our readers are capable of judging from the foregoing memoir.

Of some of her qualifications as an actress we cannot do better than use the words of a competent authority whose opinion lies before us. "The great merit of Mrs. Mowatt's acting is the force and refinement of imagination which she displays in the embodiment of character. Her mind is uncommonly flexible, and rises or falls into the mould of character with singular ease. She reproduces the creation of the poet in her own imagination—makes all its thoughts and emotions real to herself, stamps on the impression of each the peculiar individuality she is representing, and loses all sense of herself in the vividness of her realization of the part. She *ensouls* as well as embodies her characters. In the most important intellectual requisite of acting, we therefore think her pre-eminently gifted; and from the extreme ductility of her imagination, she is capable of indefinite improvement in her profession, and of embodying, eventually, almost every variety of character. To this great mental advantage she joins singular advantages of person. Her form is slight and graceful and her face remarkably lovely, not only from expression, but from possessing all the ordinary requisites of beauty, remarkably fine hair, eyes, complexion and features. Her voice well justifies the impression which would be received from her appearance. In its general tone it has a clear sweetness, and it is capable of great variety of modulation. She does not seem herself aware of all its capabilities, or to have mastered its expression. In passages of anguish, fear, pride, supplication, she often brings out tones which seem the echoes of the heart's emotions.—It is said that this is wonderful in her impersonation of the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' The exquisite beauty and purity of her voice are, however, best evinced in the expression of sentiment, and pathos; in the clear, bird-like carol of inward content and blissfulness, in the expression of the soul's best and brightest affections."

To the above may be added, that she has an intense love for her profession, and a high estimate of the uses it was destined to perform. She feels her destiny in her profession, and hence with her entire soul, she wishes to ennoble it.

We wish that our space allowed us to enter into the merits of her various representations, but we are not theatrical critics, our object is to introduce a noble woman, and an excellent actress to our numerous readers, and to bespeak for her that esteem and admiration, which the good and the nobly gifted always deserve and always shall receive at our hands.

Of Mr. Davenport, of whom we think most highly, we shall probably speak at large on a future occasion.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

LAMARTINE.

(Translated from the French of M. de Cormenin.)

By Goodwyn Barmby.

"In loving, praying, singing, see my life."
Lamartine, 1820.

"Social labour is the daily and obligatory work of every one who participates in the perils and benefits of society."
Lamartine, 1839.

Alphonse de Lamartine was born at Mâcon, the 21st of October, 1790: his family name was De Prat; he has latterly taken the name of his maternal uncle. His father was major of a regiment of cavalry under Louis XVI., and his mother was daughter of Madame des Rois, under governess of the Princes of Orleans. Attached thus to the old order of things, his family was broken down by the Revolution, and his most early recollections carried themselves back to a sombre jail, where he went to visit his father. Those most wicked days of terror passed over, and M. de Lamartine retired to an obscure estate at Milly, where his young years calmly glided away. The remembrance of the domestic serenity of his first days has never been effaced from his mind, and at many a later time of his life, as a traveller and as a poet, he has invoked the sweet images of that humble tower of Milly, with its seven linden trees, his aged father, his grave and affectionate mother, his sisters who were nourished at the same womanly bosom, and those grand trees full of shade, those fields, those mountains, and those valleys, the mute witnesses of the games of a free and happy childhood.

"My mother," says he somewhere, "received from her mother on the pillow of death, a beautiful Bible belonging to the Crown, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. That Bible had engravings on sacred subjects in every page. When I had recited my lesson well, and read with few errors, the half page of Sacred History, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open upon her knees, prompted me to look, and explained it to me for my recompense. The silvery affectionate sound, solemn and passionful of her voice, added to all that which she said a powerful, charming, and love-like accent, which rings again at this moment in my ears, alas! after six years of silence!" Do you not see here the beautiful child with large blue eyes, who was to be Lamartine? Do you not see him leaning on the knees of his mother, listening to her speech, opening his mind to all the harmonies of oriental nature, and drawing from the book of books his first instincts of poetry.

Soon was the child obliged to quit his paternal roof; they sent him to finish his education at Belley, in the college of the Fathers of the Faith. The religious germs which were sown by his mother, developed themselves strongly, in that melancholy solitude of the cloister: the beautiful episode of Jocelyn is full of remembrances imprinted by the calm and austere life of that holy residence.

After his departure from college, M. de Lamartine passed some time at Lyons, made a first brief excursion into Italy, and came to Paris during the last days of the empire. Brought up in the hatred of the imperial regime, M. de Lamartine made his entry into the world without well knowing to which side he should turn his steps. Far from maternal care, forgetful sometimes of those severe precepts inculcated into his mind, the young man, they say, gave himself up a little to the incitations of vice, dividing his hours between study, and the distractions incident to his age, gadding off to make merry with Jussieu in the wood of Vincennes, and cutting into whistles the bark of oaks; while dreaming already of literary, especially of dramatic glory, and well received by Talma, who was pleased to hear him recite, with his vibrating and melancholy voice, the unpublished fragments of a tragedy on Saul.

In 1813, the poet revisited Italy: the greater part of his "Meditations" were inspired by its beautiful sky, and that delicious page of the "Harmonies," entitled "First Love," was sounded forth, it is believed, by some sweet first mystery of the heart buried within a tomb. At the fall of the empire he offered his services to the ancient race, who had had the blood and the love of his fathers, and was entered in a company of the guards.

After the Hundred Days, M. de Lamartine quitted the service. One passion absorbed him entirely—that passion made his glory. Love came and agitated the fountain of poesie which slumbered in the depths of his soul. It was needful to open a passage for the gushing wave. The object of that mysterious passion, that loving and loved Elvira was snatched from his arms by death. She lived again in his verses. Lamartine sung to give eternity to her name, and France consecrated him her poet.

This was in 1820. The mythologic, descriptive, and refined versifiers of the Voltairian school, had so completely murdered poetry, that one wished for no more. A young man, scarcely recovered from a cruel illness, his visage paled by suffering, and covered with a veil of sickness, on which could be read the loss of a worshipped being, went timidly hawking about, from bookseller's to bookseller's, a poor little copy book of verses, wet with tears. Everywhere they politely shifted off the poetry and the poet. At last a bookseller, less prudent, or perhaps engaged by the infinite grace of the young man, decided to accept the MS. so often refused. The good-natured bookseller was, I believe, named Nicolle. Thanks to you, M. Nicolle. Posterity owes you a remembrance. Who knows, but that without you, the discouraged poet would perhaps have hurled into the flames his precious treasure, and the world might have lost Lamartine.

The book was printed, and thrown, without name, without interest, on that stormy sea, which then as now, swallowed up so many thousand volumes. You remember it in its modest 18mo., thrown perhaps by chance into your hands when you were fifteen, with a hopeful soul and a loving heart. No name, no preface, nothing pastoral, nothing warlike, nothing noisy—"Poetic Meditations" only. You have opened it carelessly; you have glanced at the first two lines—

> Often on the mountain by an ancient oak-tree brown,
> At the setting of the sun I have lain me sadly down.

You have found that it is not very bad. You have continued—you are arrived at the last stanza—

> When falls into the meadow the autumn forest leaf,
> The evening breeze uplifts it, and whirls it to the vale,
> And I, alas, resemble that fading leaf of grief,
> Like it, I am borne along by the stormy northern gale.

Your soul is moved; you have proceeded further, the emotion has redoubled; you have gone on to the very end, and then you have raised a long cry of admiration, you have wept, you have hid up the book under your cushion that you may re-read it again; for that chaste, melancholy and veiled love, it was yours; that reverie soft and sweet, it was yours; that fretting doubt, it was yours; that thought sometimes smiling, sometimes funereal, passing from despair to hope, from dejection to enthusiasm, from the Creator to the creature; a thought vague, uncertain, and floating, it was your thought—to you, to us, to all, it was the thought of the age, which had been hived up in the depths of the soul, and which at last had found a language and a form; and what form? A rhythm of celestial melody, a ringing verse full of cadence, and sound which vibrates as sweetly as an Eolian harp trembling in the evening breeze.

Every thing possible has been said on this first work of the poet's. All the world knows by heart the "Ode to Byron," the "Evening," the "Lake and Autumn." In four years, 15,000 copies of the "Meditations" were circulated. Five years afterwards the sublime voice of "René" found an harmonious echo, and with one bound only M. de Lamartine placed himself on the same pedestal, by the side of the demi-gods of the epoch, Chateaubriand, Goëthe, and Byron.

This literary success, the most brilliant of the age since the *Genius of Christianity*, opened to M. de Lamartine the career of a diplomatist. Attached to the embassy at Florence, he departed for Tuscany, and there in its land of inspiration, in the midst of the splendours of an Italian festival, it is said that he heard a foreign voice—a tender and melodious voice, murmuring in his ear, these verses of the "Meditations"—

> A hopeless return of the bliss which has flown,
> Perhaps in the future is stored for me still,
> And perhaps in the crowd a sweet spirit unknown,
> Will answer me kindly and know my soul well.

The soul of the poet was known, he found a second Elvira, and some months after he became the happy husband of a young and rich English woman, entirely smitten with his person and his fame.

From that time to 1825, the poet resided successively at Naples, as Secretary of the Embassy, some while in London in the same office, and then returned to Tuscany in the quality of a Chargè d'Affaires. In the interval his fortune, already considerable from his marriage, increased again through the inheritance of an opulent uncle, but neither diplomacy nor the splendours of an aristocratic existence were able to tear M. de Lamartine from the worship of poetry.

The "Second Meditations" appeared in 1823. There was noticed in this new collection, a more correct, more balanced, more precise versification. The poet had been abroad in the domain of the soul. Grand historic facts had furnished him with noble inspirations. The "Ode to Bonaparte," "Sappho," the "Preludes," and the "Dying Poet" were admired. This volume was also well followed by the "Poetic Sketch of Socrates," and by the last canto of the "Pilgrimage of Childe-Harold." In these verses, intended to complete the epic of Byron, the poet finished with an eloquent tirade on the abasement of Italy:—

> Pardon me, shade of Rome! for seek I must
> Elsewhere for men, and not in human dust.

This apostrophe appeared offensive to Colonel Pépé, a Neapolitan officer. In the name of his country he demanded satisfaction from M. de Lamartine. The poet defended his poetry with the sword, and received a severe wound, which for a long while put his life in danger. When scarcely recovered he hastened to intercede with the Grand Duke in favour of his adversary.

After having in 1825 published the "Song of the Sacred," the poet returned to France in 1829, and in the month of May of the same year appeared the "Harmonies, Poetic and Religious." In that work, the intimate revelation of his every day thought, M. de Lamartine puts everything into metre. Since that sweet hymn of First Love to that gigantic invocation of all human mischief, (verba novissima), the poet had run over that vast poetical gamut which flowing from reveries, mounted as high as enthusiasm, or descended as low as despair. Less accessible to the vulgar on account of their psychologic intuition, and thrown besides into the midst of a great political commotion, the "Harmonies" remained the book of classic souls, the book which they loved to look over in the silent hours when they collected themselves, to listen for the inward voice.

M. de Lamartine was received at the Academy, and when the Revolution of July broke out, he departed for Greece in the character of Minister Plenipotentiary. The new government offered to preserve him his title. He refused, but remained to say farewell to three generations of kings, forced by fatality to a new exile. Like M. de Chateaubriand, the poet dreamed that after the three days, there would be an alliance of the past and of the future, over the head of a child. Destiny decided otherwise. His tribute of sympathy once paid to the unfortunate great, M. de Lamartire dashed gallantly into the new road opened to the mind by the Revolution of July.

"The past is nothing more than a dream," said he, "we must regret it, but we ought not to lose the day in weeping to no purpose. It is always lawful, always honourable, for one to take his share in the unhappiness of others, though he ought not gratuitously to take his share in a fault which one has not committed * * * He should return into the ranks of his fellow citizens, to think, to speak, to act, to fight, with his country—the family of families."

Here then commenced the revelation of a tendency in M. de Lamartine until then unperceived. "In loving, praying, singing, see my life," said the happy lover of Elvira, but lo! after having led us to the threshold of the mysterious sanctuary of the heart, whereof he knew all the secrets, M. de Lamartine, smitten with a love for the outward life, aspires to the storms of the tribune, descends the heights of the empyrean to enter the forum, and wears the parliamentary toga as well as the poetic robe. His first step in this new career was marked by a check. The electors of Toulon and Dunkirk refused him their suffrages. They had not forgotten the discourteous verses which were addressed by him to their vassal, the poet Barthélemy. The public gained by it an epistle sparkling with beauties, in which from the height of his glory M. de Lamartine crushed the author of "Nemesis."

Some while afterward he decided upon putting into execution the project of his whole life, and on the 20th of May, 1842 he was at Marseilles, ready to embark for Asia.

After a travel of six months, M. de Lamartine returned from the East, with grand ideas, and a beautiful book, a treasure alas! right dearly bought, as he had lost there his only child, his fair Julia, whom the noble heart of the father, and of the poet wept for, like Rachel who would not be comforted. The book of M. de Lamartine had a very confined success. It seems as if the critics, and the public had taken in earnest the modest lines of the preface, in which the author cheapened his work, but although unsatisfactory to the public, to the critics, and to M. de Lamartine, those pages do not appear so negligent to us, as they were said or believed to be. Apart from the justness, more or less contestible, of the political views, it is certain that if richness of style, elevation of thought, freshness of imagery, and besides all that rapid and varied succession of scenes the most moving, constitute a beautiful work, the "Travels in the East," is a book which will not die.

Religion, History, Philosophy, Politics, each contribute to this book. Let us try to analyse it rapidly.—And at first we see a man, rendered happy by glory, by opulence, by the heart, by sacred affections of the domestic fireside, by the sympathies and admiration of the crowd, who bids adieu to all which he loves, takes by the hand his wife and his daughter, equips a vessel and entrusts to the waves those two portions of his heart; and all this because when a child, he read the Bible on his mother's knees, and that a commanding voice cried to him, without ceasing,—"Go, weep upon the mountain where Christ wept; go, sleep beneath the palm where Jacob slept!" And then when the anchor is weighed, when the wind filled the sails, how people followed with anxiety the ship that bore a noble woman, a gracious child, and the poetic fortune of France. How they read with pleasure all the details of interior arrangements. How they loved the anxieties of the husband and father,—that crew of sixteen men who belonged body and soul to the poet, that library of five hundred volumes, that tent raised at the foot of the main mast, that arsenal of guns, of pistols and of sabres, and those four cannon charged with barrel shot. "I have to defend two lives which are dearer to me than my own," said M. de Lamartine, with mingled solicitude and fierceness. In the passage from Marseilles to Beyruth, the voyager wrote his book day by day, at the back part of his cabin, or at evening on the deck amid the rolling of the vessel. It is a varied mosaic confused but attractive, with moral reflections, with reliances looking backward at the past, with babblings of the present, with thoughts thrown towards the future; the whole intermingled with landscapes, the colours of which might have been envied by Claude Lorraine. The poet notes as he passes, the ship flies, the waves flow, and meanwhile valleys, mountains, monuments, men, sea, and sky, all are seized and fixed by the aid of a goose-quill, and described with an inexpressible charm. The interest goes on increasing. The varied episodes of maritime and oriental life accumulate. Nothing is deficient in the drama—not even the catastrophe. For each time that the name or image of Julia comes under the pen of M. de Lamartine, they cause an oppression of the heart, and we sympathize with the passionful accents of a father, who broods with love over his beautiful child, and is pleased to paint her as "Detached from amid all those harsh and masculine figures, her locks unbound and falling on her white robe, her beautiful rosy face, happy and gay, surmounted with a sailor's straw hat tied under her chin, playing with the white cat of the captain, or with a nest of sea pigeons, woke up as they were sleeping on the carriage of a cannon, while she furnished crumbs of bread to their taste."

Alas! now we behold the coast of Asia, we see Libanus, we see Beyruth, the fatal town, the town in which Julia was to die. The voyager disembarks. He buys five houses for his wife and daughter. He leaves them to enjoy all the magnificence of oriental life, and departs for Jerusalem, with his own escort of twenty horsemen. The sheiks of the tribes come to meet him. All the towns open to him their gates; and their governors answer for his safety with their heads, according to the will of Ibrahim Pacha. Lady Stanhope, that miniature Semiramis, half sublime, and half foolish, predicted him marvellous destinies, and the Arabs delighted with the beautiful and imposing figure, tall in height, straight, and sparkling with arms, of him who passed at a gallop with twenty horsemen over the desert, bowed the head to him they called the Frank Emir, the French Prince, or simply the Emir, who was that poor poet who had hitherto vainly prayed the oil merchants and the manufacturers of sugar from beet root, to please to open for him the doors of the chambers.

We should never finish if we were to stay as we wish over all these beautiful pages, each of which is in itself a picture. Is there in the world a scene more gracious, more picturesque or more novel than this? M. de Lamartine is reclining upon the odorous slopes of

Carmel, in the finest vegetation in the earth, by the side of Lilla, "that beautiful daughter of Araby, whose long fair locks falling over her naked bosom, were braided on her head in a thousand tresses which rested on her bare shoulders amid a confused minglement of flowers, of golden sequins, and of scattered pearls." All at once there came mounted on a swift charger, one of the most celebrated poets of Arabia. He had been apprized that he should meet there a western brother, and he is come to joust with him. Our poet accepts the defiance. The child of Asia, and the child of Europe collected themselves, and rivalled each other as to who should find the most harmonious chaunts to celebrate the beauty of Lilla. The mean and shrill tongue of our France entered into the lists with the supple and harmonious language which Job and Antar spoke, but thanks to M. de Lamartine, France was not vanquished.

It is amid like enchantments that the poet leads us in his train, across Greece, Syria, Judea, Turkey and Servia. The eye is as if dazzled by all these faery passages, by all these scenes of war, of peace, of grief, of joy, of repose, of love, which it sees on all sides flit before it. The Itinerary of Chateaubriand is at the same time the book of a poet, of an historian, and of a philosopher, in which he examines the ruins of centuries, and enquires of them if they possess the secret of the times which live no more. That which is prominently in relief in the book of Lamartine, in spite of Lamartine himself, is the poet. His work is pre-eminently that of a religious and passionate artist, exploring the beautiful under all its forms, seeking in life all its splendours, in art all its promises.

Soon the traveller thought of returning. The Dunkirkers, had dispatched him, over the sea, a legislative commission. He prepared himself for departure, sad and broken hearted; for the same ship which had borne his beloved Julia thither, racing, laughing, and joyous on its deck, had to recross the ocean, carrying the poor child, cold and sleeping in a shroud. To save himself and the mother of his daughter the grief of a contrast so heart-rending, Lamartine returned to France in another vessel.

On the 4th of January, 1834, he appeared for the first time, at the tribune in the discussion on the address. Which will he be? said they. Will he be Legitimist or Radical? Right-centre, or left-centre, third party, or juste-milieu? He preferred to be Lamartine. Refusing himself all political classification, he spoke of justice, morality, of tolerance, of humanity, in the special language which God has given to poets. The lawyers of the Chamber judged him a little vague, the matter-of-fact men found him too diffuse, the statesmen declared him impalpable, but however all the world heard him with that emotion which ever attends a noble and harmonious speech when it emanates from the heart of a good man.

Since his entry to the Chamber, M. Lamartine, has not abandoned the worship of his first, of his most glorious years. He has attempted to march in rank, the inspirations of the poet, and the duties of the deputy. In 1835 he published, the poem of "Jocelyn," a magnificent picture of passion sacrificed to duty. For the first time he invoked the aid of modern history and dramatic position, brilliant auxiliaries which served him with kindness. Criticism has reproved him with incorrectness of style, and negligence in the texture of this work, but the public again found its poet, whole as ever, in the beautiful pages which reflected the rugged and savage nature of the mountains of Dauphiny. After Jocelyn, Lamartine gave us, the "Fall of an Angel," the second episode of that vast epopeia, with which he was inspired by the east.

This was followed by his poetic recollections. These works were not so well received by the critics, and in the introduction to the latter, M. de Lamartine professed to despise mere poetic inactivity, and to aspire to social labour for the advance of society.

At the same time that Lamartine thus met unaccustomed repulsions in the literary world, he grew greater at the tribune. The Oriental question furnished him with an occasion for developing his ideas on the bases of a new European system. A warm and eloquent attack on the punishment of death; some generous words in favour of foundlings; a beautiful improvisation in which he contended for classical studies, against a rough jouster, M. Arago, who combatted for science, made Lamartine known in the rank of a chief of a column, collected around him a little phalanx of choice men, and this aggregation was decorated with the name of the Social Party.

What then is this social party? What moreover is the political idea of Lamartine? Placed outside the times, the interests, and the men of yesterday, the political system of the poet it is difficult to succinctly and precisely analyze. To the eyes of Lamartine, in the various commotions which had agitated France since '89, there was not only a political and local revolution, but also a revolution, social and universal. These partial overturnings were nothing but the prelude to a general transformation, and the world appeared to him to be soon called to a complete renovation in its ideas, in its manners, and its laws. Under this point of view, the doctrine of Lamartine approaches that of St. Simon. He repudiates not this likeness. He had proclaimed it some while before. "St. Simonism" said he "has something in it of the true, of the grand, and of the fruitful, the application of Christianism to political society, and the legislating in favour of human fraternity. In this point of view I am a Saint Simonian. That which was deficient in that eclipsed sect, was not the idea, was not the disciples: it wanted only a chief, a master, a regulator. The organizers of Saint Simonism deceived themselves in declaring at once a deadly war, against family, against property, against religion. . .They could not conquer the world by the power of a word. They converted, they agitated, they worked, and they changed, but when an idea is not practicable it is not presentable to the social world.

There remains to be known, however, what is the practical system which M. Lamartine presents to the social world, that system he thus expresses: You say that all is dead, that there no longer exists either faith or belief. There is a faith,—that faith is the general reason, the word is its organ, the press is its apostle; it wishes to remake in its image, religious civilizations, societies, and laws. It desires in religion, God one and perfect as the dogma: eternal morality as the symbol: adoration and charity as the worship—in politics, humanity above nationalities—in legislation man equal to man, man brother of man, Christianity made law." Such is the political testament of Lamartine. That which the poetic publicist desires, that is to say universal fraternity, and a terrestrial paradise, is truly what all the world wishes as well as himself. The question is, to know by what practical means the world is to be placed in this position.

In that which is connected with exterior politics, Lamartine's thought is not more practicable, but it is more neat and precise. It may thus be reduced to its most simple expression. * * * Europe is gorged with inactive capacities and powers, which imperiously demand social employment; but at the same time when the excess of life overflows among us, there is working in the East a crisis of an inverted order. A grand vacuum offers itself there for the overplus of European faculty and population. What is to be done then is to turn upon Asia the surplus of Europe. How is this idea to be actualized? Lamartine says, that a European congress should be assembled, to decree that immediately after the fall of the Ottoman Empire, (and he sees it already on the ground) each power should take possession of a part of the East, under the title of a protectorate; should found on its coasts model towns destined to relieve Europe of its exuberant population, should lead thither the indigent by the attraction of a benevolent, equitable, and regular organization, and should appeal thus insensibly to Asia in the way of conversion. "In twenty years," adds Lamartine, "the measure which I propose would have created prosperous nations, and millions of men would be marching under the ægis of Europe to a new civilization." But remark that this theory presented here in the state of a skeleton, is adorned with a magic of style so attractive, that the spirit allows itself to be gently led towards the angelic dream of the candid soul of the poet. We nearly forget that to realize this system, which unrolls itself in twenty pages, there would be required nothing less than to change by a stroke of a wand, minds and men, to overthrow empires, to make continents approach each other, and to join by the bonds of mutual and durable sympathy, races formed upon centuries of mortal enmities. But M. Lamartine accomplishes all these things in twenty years, and with a stroke of the pen. Another ten centuries, and perhaps this audacious Utopia will become a manorial right. Thus goes the world! While the crowd is painfully forced to enlarge the wheel-rut deepened by the generations passed, expecting that it will leave to the generations to come the continuation of its work, the poet, intrepid, and indefatigable enlightener! raises himself to his height above the times, and cries to the crowd, "Come to me." "I have not thy wings," answers the crowd. The poet, uncomprehended takes his flight, and the crowd which could not comprehend, returns to its work.

In a later analysis, there is in the exceptional position of Lamartine, amid the parties and ambitions which divide the country and the chamber, a character of dignity and grandeur, which well becomes the poet. Notwithstanding his speech is vague, indecisive, and ill at ease, in the narrow and ephemeral questions, which each session sees born and die, yet that speech enlarges, fortifies, and unrolls itself harmoniously coloured and imposing, whenever it has to vindicate the rights of intelligence, or to defend the eternal principles of honour, of morality, and of charity, on which rest all human society. We recall that stormy day when a late minister had to resist nearly alone the united efforts of the most powerful orators of the chamber. The minister succumbed. Lamartine believed he saw in the energy of the attack, a spirit of systematic hostility, of covetousness, or of rancour. His poet's heart was indignant; he descended into the arena, re-established the combat, and made an appeal to the country to decide the victory. That influence which Lamartine sometimes exercises in the debates of the chamber, is less due to the eminent oratorical facilities which he possesses, than to the morality of his life, to the elevated instincts of his nature, and above all to the calm, disinterested, independant, and noble attitude, which he has ever preserved since his entry into the political career.

The poet of Elvira has in his general appearance a something which recalls Byron. There is the same beauty of face and look, there are the same habits of elegance and of dandyism, the same *tournure*, a little trimmed, a little English, perhaps, but perfectly noble and distinguished! If you join to this to complete the resemblance, the train of a great lord, a sumptuous hotel, horses of pure race, a magnificent chateau, you can then conclude that since Tasso and Camoens, the times are a little changed, and that one is permitted in our days to be a great poet without dying in an hospital.

With the late political position of M. de Lamartine the public is familiar. The longer he has sate in the Chamber of Deputies the more he has seen cause to withdraw his confidence from the King and Guizot, to oppose them, and warn the country of the necessity of a firm stand for liberty. For this his eloquence has been zealously and splendidly exerted in the Chamber; for this he established the Journal *Bien Publique*; but above all, for this has he written his great work the history of the Girondists, which has unquestionably done more than any other cause to urge on the era of the Revolution. During the paroxysm of this great and wonderful change, Lamartine has maintained all expectations formed of him. Wise, firm, benevolent, and disinterested, he resisted the rash claims, while he has advocated the just ones of the people. To him, perhaps more than any other of the present leaders of France, it is owing that so stupendous a crisis has been passed with so little outrage, and so much noble forbearance. His power upon the multitude in its most agitated moments reminds us of that of Cicero. From his true Christian faith, and the high and generous principles which he has derived from it, we look for the introduction not only of greater stability into the new government, but for a higher policy both domestic and foreign than has yet distinguished state morality.

◆

SONNET,

On the Third French Revolution,

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Cold sneerers,dead to pity, lost to shame!
It came, it cometh, "the tremendous gloom"
That hurl'd the sire-dethroner to his doom:
God whispers—hark! he names "The dreaded Name
Of Demogorgon!" * Still your wolfish laws
Bare chain'd Prometheus to your vulture-claws;
And hope ye to escape the torturer's fate?
Though long delay'd, it cometh, as it came;
It cometh! and will find you "taught too late,"
Soul-chaining, chain'd in soul, repentant never,
Darkest, yet darkening. Then, the fated frown
Will cast ye deep beneath all darkness down;
And brighten'd by your infamous renown,
All other infamy look bright for ever.

◆

A WORD IN SEASON, TO WHIGS IN OFFICE.

BY E. W.

Blush! faithless Whigs—your opposition cry—
"Reform!—Retrenchment"—stands, a posted lie;
Since Power has brought your craven nature out,
While for new taxes, and old cheats, you shout.

Of Tories sick, but sickening more of you,
State quacks alike—we bid you both adieu;
And caring nought for names, however great,
Seek honest men, to rule, and *save*, the state.

Feb 26, 1848.

---

* See Shelley's Prometheus Unbound.

SCENE NEAR THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES IN PARIS.

Written in September 1847.

By William Kennedy.

A grey musketeer met a carbineer—
"Halt, comrade—hot weather—a word in your ear!
Let's talk of old times o'er a can of March beer!
I've got a broad piece of the year Ninety-three—
We'll teach it to dance, for the honour of France—
A signal to any stray brother you see!
That lancer bring here, and that bluff cuirassier—
Hussar and chasseur, and the light voltigeur—
Of yon limping gunner of Drouot's make sure—
They're all of 'em welcome to you and to me!
"No flinchers were we, at the baptism of fire!—
Good fellows—close ranks—to the old table nigher—
This father of flagons is all we desire!
Now each to his can, and follow my plan
Of pledging the absent—(a heavy tear ran
Down a hoary moustache)—'Friends I drink to the Man!'"
Bottom up are the cups—Not a word more is spoken—
'Twas long ere the soldierly silence was broken.
"A man among men! What a pitiful pass
That he should go mate with the Austrian lass!
Too early ashamed of the people who made him—
Awakened too late to the ties which betrayed him!
Hoche, Kleber, Dessaix, and the gentle Marceau
Would they have joined hands with the race of our foe?
Beneath the bright folds of our own Tri-color,
Were beauties in plenty—What wanted he more?
If he longed of a Hero to keep up the line,
The Army had daughters—rare gems of our mine!
Well crash went the Empire—a castle of cards—
For us, and for ours—my faith! what rewards!
The best of us bundled aside, like old shoes—
Fill up, and drink gaily—'Confusion to Jews,
And all who fair play and promotion refuse!'
"These times (over peaceful) are better for France,
But somehow our country is slow to advance;
Yet the King of her choice has a heart for a friend,
And for us the poor soldiers his crown that defend—
A health to the King? and good luck to his sons,
Who do the rough work 'midst the thunder of guns!
Those sons serve him freely, in limb and in life,
If he'll only remember that France is his wife—
And that, of her children, the best are alone
Entitled to garnish the steps of the Throne;
No favour to title, or fortune, or kin,
For all a fair start, let the worthiest win!—
Should he leave this undone,
You'll find, when I'm gone,
An unfinished job France again will begin!
"A sorry mistake did our Corporal make—
No niggards were we of our blood for his sake—
Thy heart, Josephine, it did bitterly ache!
I swore—silly ass!
It could ne'er come to pass—
What; *he* woo the hand of the Austrian lass!
"'Twere well if our chiefs, when prosperity shines,
Would hear the old grumblers who growl in the lines—
If leaders were led by the voice of the ranks.
Parbleu! they would sport fewer mischievous pranks!
"A sweetheart I had when I heard the sad news,
And sobbed a farewell in the Court of Adieus!*
And I thought, when the sun of our triumphs was set,
Had he only loved France as I loved my Annette,
He ne'er on the Danube had looked for a bride—
He ne'er had sunk down from his zenith of pride—
His days had been closed where their glory began,
And *we* had received the last sigh of the Man!"

◆

Literary Notice.

Medical Reform. The article on Medical Reform which appeared in No. XXI of the British and Foreign or European Quarterly Review for July, 1840; Letters on Medical Subjects, published in the Lancet, etc., and evidence given before the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission. By W. Simpson, Esq., Surgeon. 2nd edition: enlarged. London: Renshaw, Strand.

What institution is there in this country which does not need the hand of a thorough and searching reform? It is clear from the able pamphlet of Mr. Simpson that the system of granting Medical Diplomas in Great Britain is a disgrace to the country. We are glad that there is a Committee of enlightened medical men endeavouring to bring this state of things before Parliament and the country. "They will be surprised" says Mr. Simpson, "to learn that there are nineteen graduating bodies, differing widely from each other in their requirements of qualifications for candidates, as well as in their power of conferring titles, not one having the power to give authority to practice in all the branches of medicine, or to protect the public from the danger and loss of life consequent on reckless ignorance and empiricism. Instead of being beneficial to the public or the profession, they have a directly opposite effect. They are marts for the sale of diplomas, pieces of machinery subservient to the purposes of self-interest, usurped by the few to the injury of the many. If such corrupt bodies cannot be abolished, we would insist at least, as a protection for the public, that the examination in each should embrace the whole range of medical practice; that the license should be uniform, and confer an equal right in every part of the British Empire: that the poor as well as the rich should be provided with competent advice in the hour of suffering."

Certainly, a diploma granted by a competent authority ought to enable a man to practice anywhere. If he be not fit to practice anywhere, he is fit to practice nowhere. The remedy for the gross abuses and monopolies that at present exist is proposed to be effected by the establishment of one responsible and competent tribunal in each of the three kingdoms, without whose license and enrolment no person shall be legally acknowledged as a medical man; that such license shall be granted in every case upon precisely similar exercises, examinations, and fees, to be specified by law, and that it shall confer equal privileges throughout the British dominions, care being taken, of course, to remunerate the members of the licensing board by salaries, and not by any direct interest in the number of persons licensed."

It is proposed, moreover, to admit courses of studies at foreign schools of medicine of high repute as valid in examinations, as these schools do to courses of studies made in ours. These propositions are too rational, liberal, just, and necessary, not to make their way with the public, and with government, spite of the interests of close corporations who now make a trade in medical licenses.

For a mass of varied information on this and other subjects in immediate connection with it, we refer the reader to the pamphlet itself. We are glad, amongst other things, to see Mr. Simpson testifying to the importance of the public labours of Mr. Walker, as regards our burying-grounds and modes of interment, a subject which the pressure of many matters has hitherto prevented us giving the attention to that we have desired.

---

* The Court of Adieus—formerly the Court of the White Horse, at Fontainbleau—a scene of painful leave-taking between Napoleon and part of his devoted followers.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.

The French Revolution has produced throughout Europe the effect of a miracle; it has passed through it like the instant thrill of the electric telegraph. The slumbering fires of discontent at once blaze up, and a ferment is commenced which will work more wonders than we yet can fore-see. Italy already on the high march of reform, is elated by the news. The King of Naples—hanging back in the fulfilment of his promised constitution—moves on. The north of Italy looks to France for aid, and to Austria with defiance. The universities raise the song of young-blooded patriotism. Spain is agitated to the centre; Germany arouses itself to seize the crisis it has long waited for, in order to wrest its rights from its tyrants. The King of Prussia at once declares that he will not interfere with France. He is wise—for he knows that this alone can save *from* France his Rhenish Provinces on which it has long cast a desiring eye. He is wise—for he knows that far more at home is demanded than his mock constitution. He is wise—for the Poles are in his rear keenly recollecting their wrongs. The gambling old duke of Hesse Cassell is chased away; and it is laughable with what haste the Grand Duke of Baden flings to his people that freedom of the press and the trial by jury which they have for a dozen years endeavoured in vain to obtain from him. Hesse Darmstadt, Nassau raise the ominous flag; even the so-called free city of Hamburgh is agitated, and talks of reform. Behind Austria peep up the keen expectant heads of Hungary and Bohemia, and Poland once more lifts hers, and waits to lend a hand. Millions of men are eagerly discussing the question of the great and decisive moment to snatch the long denied rights from the hands of dastard despotism throughout the continent—what do we here? The question is the most momentous one that can be started; it demands our most serious contemplation.

In no country is sound and extensive reform more necessary. Under the delusive show of freedom in speech and press, the most genuine despotism is maintained. We are ground by debts and taxes, and the very political sect that came into office nearly three years ago as the avowed champions of reform and retrenchment, sits comfortably on the national coffers, and entertains no thought but how to fill them for its own benefit. Through thirty years of peace the English nation with a patient stolidity unexampled in any other people, has sate with open mouth expecting the hypocrites of reform to drop some grain of it into it. Is this to go on for ever? Can it go on for ever? Look at the present condition of things. Taxation increased and increasing instead of diminishing; trade dwindling; manufacture paralyzed; the people starving; Ireland perishing of famine.

Under these circumstances what is the effect of the French Revolution? Has it woke us up as it has the continental nations, to seize the moment, and demand the long promised reforms? No. A burst of parliamentary discontent with the proposed addition to the Income Tax, has, for a moment, scared the minister, and made him lift his harpy talons temporarily from the spoil he was about to snatch,--but where is the general demonstration on behalf of those reforms which all have so long agreed are necessary to our very existence as a nation? We look for it in vain. Where are the leaders of the people united to animate, organize, and guide them on to their just and legitimate object? We look for them in vain. We see an aristocratical parliament which dreads reform as it dreads death, thinly intermingled with a number of avowed reform members who do not intermingle with each other. There is a body without a head, a spirit without concentration or purpose. Without, there is a large and wealthy middle class, dead to the spirit of a genuine reform, as they are blind to the dangers that its neglect will one day bring upon them.

This is the frightful condition of things in England. We call it frightful, because such is the huge mass of want, unemployed strength, disappointed hopes darkening into despair, patience rapidly changing into desperation; and such is the want too of that education amongst millions which France, Germany, and even Austria have been receiving at the hands of their governments—that in the contagious neighbourhood of the great French Revolution—we have all the moral and immoral elements of a terrific explosion under our very feet, without any safe-guard but an army, which, from its very origin and constitution—the off-scouring and scavenger scrapings of the nation—not the conscript draught from the very heart of the people—is no safe-guard but an aggravation of our evils—a preparation of brute butchery and national calamity.

Under these circumstances what are the facts which indicate the effect on the working population. Exactly such as we might anticipate. The better and more enlightened portion—destitute of leaders in whom they have a well-grounded confidence lie still, while the imbruted portion comes forth and gives us an imbruted imitation of the French outbreak. We have its tail and not its head—the destructive and plundering features, not the patriotic. All that is great, generous, and ensouled with a sublime national purpose is missing — we have only the revolting and the base. But who shall say whether it will stop here? Who shall say that as the reform fermentation gains strength on the continent, it shall not also grow here, and bring into its sphere all the oppressed masses of the kingdom.

In such a moment, however the better portion might strive against it—we can contemplate nothing more tremendous, nothing more terrible and ghastly than a universal outbreak of the masses in this country The contempt with which they have hitherto been treated; the miseries they have so long been left to suffer; the immense mass of wealth exposed to their hands, and the brute resistance to be expected from the enlistment-raised, and barrack-moulded soldiery, present a picture to the imagination, too horrible to dwell upon.

But it rests with the middle classes, with the property and educated classes to determine whether this tableau of horrors and devastation shall present itself or not. On them lies the responsibility of neglected millions and deferred opportunities of redress. On their heads will be the blood, when blood shall be shed, if they do not with timely prudence, come forth and make common cause with the people, if they do not resolve *to prevent Revolution by Reform.*

That man is not the wise man who says,—"Hush! be still!" For there will, beyond a certain point, be no hushing, no keeping still. That man is a wise man who says to all "seize the moment of enthusiasm; unite in public meetings; gather together your leaders; your tried and prudent, though determined men. Invite your wealthy neighbours; your masters, shopkeepers and manufacturers, to join you and lead you to success. Invite them to make head, backed by the huge body of the people, and force from without on your ministry and parliament, a thorough Reform. Do this, and the thing is accomplished. The Government of England could not withstand such a demonstration for a day. Be content with nothing short of all the great reforms which the Whigs pledged themselves to twenty years ago; and first and foremost, the suffrage to every man of sound mind and twenty years of age, as the foundation and the guarantee of all other reforms.

France has granted this already—England cannot refuse it, if demanded in a manner which becomes a great people.

For our part we shall listen to neither the counsels of the timid nor the rash. We shall excite our readers as vehemently as possible for *thorough Reform* as the *safeguard against Revolution.* We shall continue to say to the people—demand your rights—be careful not to commit wrongs. To the middle classes—lead the people to their just claims, or blame yourselves if they act without your counsel and sympathy, and commit in their exasperation, wounds on the body politic and in the cause of liberty, which may require ages to heal. We have in this kingdom vast wealth, vast intelligence, a strong spirit of independence, we want only one thing, and that is, a spirit of prompt resolve and of generous cohesion. We should march to immediate and most safe victory if we could only lift our feet high enough to cross over the innumerable gutters of sects and parties, and fixed our eyes steadily on the great goal of Public Good.

W. H.

AWFUL CONDITION OF THE WEST OF IRELAND.

Ballycastle, county of Mayo,
February 29, 1848.

My dear Friend,

Here I am in a miserable little town on the north-east coast of this wretched country. I am just now engaged in a tour of inspection for the Friends' Central Relief Committee, and as I have a spare evening before me, I think I may as well spend a part of it in setting your readers right on a point on which the American lady, Asenath Nicholson, has misinformed them in a late number of your Journal. I allude to her statement, that whilst the people around Belmullet (in the barony of Erris, in this county) are starving, the Friends' Relief Association have a quantity of food rotting in the Commissariat Stores of that town. This is not correct. The Friends have not had any food in stores of their own in that town since the 12th of last June. Since that time, and for some time before it, the cargoes consigned to their care from America have been given up by them to the Commissariat Stores nearest the place of landing, the Department making itself indebted to the Friends' Relief Committee for an equal value of provisions in any part of Ireland. By this arrangement, all expense and responsibility of storage and conveyance was saved, and the operations of the Association greatly facilitated. They were enabled to substitute rice, of which little or none was directly consigned to their disposal, for other kinds of provisions that did not answer so well for distribution to the sick or convalescent. In short, they had all the Commissariat Stores in Ireland at their command, so that they were enabled to select the kind of provision for distribution which best suited the necessities of the locality requiring relief. The Committee of the Friends' Relief Association have been indefatigable in their labours since the famine commenced. To my own knowledge, some of the largest donors have been the hardest workers, and have given an amount of time and attention to its affairs, that ten times all the money they contributed could not have purchased from them. Knowing this Committee as I do (I am not one of their number,) I feel somewhat indignant that their zeal and fidelity should be impeached from mere hearsay, and on very insufficient enquiry.

To no part of Ireland has the attention of Friends been directed more unceasingly; nor has any part reaped so largely of the bounty placed at their disposal as this. And yet it is quite true that the people are starving. Scattered in their miserable villages (not to be exceeded in aboriginal wretchedness in any part of the globe, climate and latitude being considered,) over a vast wilderness of barren and boggy mountain and moorland, they are too numerous and too far apart for any machinery of charitable associations or Poor Law Acts to reach them. The villagers, in a circuit of thirty miles of the wettest and most wretched country you can imagine, are convened once a week for their allowance of a pound of meal per day for each adult. Many cannot come—many are not present when the roll is called over—many cannot succeed in establishing their claims—many are shut out, as they say, "by favour and faction"—that is to say, by the partiality of the relieving officers' subordinates or vicegerents, who are often of necessity natives of the locality, and therefore the very worst that could be selected. The upshot of the whole matter is, that there is, an amount of ragged, squalid, haggard poverty, starvation, and death, in this part of Ireland, that I solemnly believe could not be parallelled in any part of the globe,—such as could not be conceived by one who had not seen it.

Yesterday I walked twenty miles in The Mullet, on the western coast of this county, and the sights I saw would make your blood curdle. I saw a woman who had been found starved on the road-side carried to her grave by four men. The body lay in an abominable black filthy sheet, the bare legs hanging down before and the head behind. The face was hideous,—as you might imagine a corpse would look after a month's burial. I followed the procession, which consisted of the four bearers and a woman, over the sandy hill of Tarmon to the burial-ground near the village of Fallmore, at the extremity of The Mullet and opposite to the mountainous Island of Achill. There the poor corpse was laid, wrapped up in the black sheet for a shroud, in a grave not more than two feet deep in the sandy soil. Some men who gathered round asked me more than once, "Ah then, sir, is'nt it a poor case to see a christian buried in this way without a coffin?" There is no people among whom the rites of sepulture were more highly thought of than the Irish peasantry.

In the villages of Lurgevierd and Fallmore I saw an infinity of the sorest distress—such as no pen could paint. If all the funds remaining in the hands of the Friends' Relief Committee were employed in fully feeding the population of the barony of Erris alone, to the exclusion of the claims of the rest of Ireland, I don't believe they would last a month. It is a matter of excessive difficulty to support an enormous, helpless, unproductive, semi-civilized, population like that which, in the midst of the greatest physical and moral destitution, swarms on the western coast of Ireland. The Friends' Association leaving this to be effected, as best it may, by the superior means of the Poor Law and the British Association, are confining their own efforts chiefly, though not wholly, to the encouragement of fisheries, domestic manufactures, and other means of permanent industrial support. This is a very important object. Until the people are taught to help themselves, they cannot be assisted or fed to any purpose. They knew almost nothing heretofore, except how to plant, dig, and eat potatoes and oats. A more unskilled race was not to be found than they were and are. I speak of the west coast chiefly.

What a dreadful blow to such a country and such a people was the loss of crops in one year to the value of at least 24,000,000 sterling. Much has been done for our relief by the munificence of England and other countries—but certainly not to one-half the extent of the loss. There has been no potato-rot this year, but in the poorer districts there has been a famine almost as fatal, in consequence of most of the soil having remained unsown for want of seed in 1847. If seed be not supplied from some quarter in 1848, 1849 will be no better. And if the land be not planted by some external assistance the people must perish, for they cannot do it themselves, and the landlords, who receive no rent, and are in many cases as poor as their tenants cannot help them. Such is the poverty of all classes that the Poor Law with its enormous requisitions is rapidly bringing all classes down to the same level of irretrievable poverty and degradation.

Your's truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

DESTITUTION IN THE METROPOLIS.

The great events which have taken place in a neighbouring country seem to absorb the attention of all parties, and none have felt the effects of the excitement more deeply than the charitable institutions of the metropolis. The last week has almost made bankrupt many of them, and we hear that the Leicester-square Soup Kitchen, which affords relief in good nourishing soup and bread to about a thousand destitute creatures daily, will be compelled, unless more actively supported immediately by the benevolent public, to suspend operations. Where will these poor creatures seek their solitary meal if such an event should take place? They cannot live on public excitement; and there is no room for them in the workhouses. Starvation, begging, or theft, are their only resources; but a glance at the characters of the general recipients of the above charity will show that their education and moral integrity make them prefer silent suffering, even to starvation, rather than commit a crime. The following may be relied on as correct:—

D. E., a clergyman, a native of Wales, educated at Christ Church, has officiated as a curate for several years, was engaged at a Welch church in London, also at Cooling, in Kent, for twelve months, at a mere nominal salary---the rector's living became sequestrated---gratefully acknowledges the timely relief of bread and soup on several occasions.

A. A., a widow, mother of four children, is very ill; the relief afforded her by the Soup Kitchen prevents her selling off the few household things she has, and going to the union.

S. M., another widow, with four children; her husband was a printer, died of consumption, and left her and her family quite destitute; gets 6s. per week by her needle; her children are taken care of at a ragged school---the Soup Kitchen keeps her from becoming chargeable to the parish.

Such is a specimen of the recipients of the "solitary meal" at the Leicester-square Soup Kitchen, which, it is to be hoped, will meet with the generous support of the benevolent public. It softens down the misery of thousands, and is fully entitled to the credit of preventing fever, mortality, and crime. A guinea subscription will enable the benevolent donor to prevent one hundred persons from dying from starvation. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has just sent £10 to the charity.

CONTENTS.

Facts from the Fields. The Depopulating Policy. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which Men are worked up into Malefactors. No. I. The Meldrum Family. (Continued.)—Memoir of Anna Cora Mowatt. By MARY HOWITT. (Concluded.)—Lamartine, translated from the French of M. de Cormenin. By GOODWYN BARMBY—Sonnet on the Third French Revolution. By EBENEZER ELLIOTT—A Word in Season. By E. W.—Scene near the Hotel des Invalides in Paris. By WILLIAM KENNEDY—Literary Notice: Medical Reform. By W. SIMPSON, Esq., Surgeon—Record.

PAINTED for the proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

PRICE 1½d. STAMPED, 2½d

I SEE THEE!

ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

No. 65—Vol. III. March 25, 1848.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

No. I.

The Meldrum Family.

James Meldrum was at this period a man of a peculiarly solemn and silent character. On Sundays his suit of drab, his coat cut short, and with metal buttons; his drab trousers, and low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, all of which had seen some years wear, gave him an ininvariable outward stamp. He was about the middle size, thin, but with strong bony structure. His countenance, somewhat long, was of a deep ruddy hue, and his dark eyes set beneath shaggy dark eye-brows, gave an expression of a certain melancholy enthusiasm to the whole face, which indeed was truly indicative of his temperament. He was a man of keen, sensitive feelings, which in their time had been deeply tried, and the slander and persecution which he had experienced from various sides, had tended to throw him more and more exclusively into the bosom of his religious society, and especially so of the section belonging to his own immediate neighbourhood. He seemed to brood over things which never found expression; and yet there was a fire of feeling within him which could soon flame up and show strong signs of its power, though it rarely blazed out to the day. It was only in moments of religious excitement that this came forth, and in some of the private prayer-meetings of this body his fits of enthusiasm amounted to something at times like a phrenzy, and he would betray by his language, that the slanders which had been heaped on him, had sunk deeply, and though they might be forgiven, never could be forgotten.

The time was now come which was to make a severe change in his circumstances. Great God! how fearful is that condition of society in which the will of one man can change the fortunes of thousands of thy immortal creatures! In which one man's fiat can uproot quiet and happy homes; can cause houses to vanish like mushrooms; can depopulate and demoralize; can send honest and reposing beings on a downward career of distress, exasperation, crime, and ruin. And all this destruction of happiness and virtue perpetrated in the name of law and right, and on the avowed claim to *do what they like with their own!*

Their own! What is their own?

"The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

"Mine are the cattle," saith the Creator, "on a thousand hills."

Shew me, oh man! by what right thou hast usurped God's heritage. Produce thy Charter. Let me see that Deed which sets aside the eternal proprietorship of the All-Father. Wilt thou establish an entail against God? Wilt thou maintain a law of primogeniture against God's family? If thou hast such deed, produce it. Let us know that thou hast a document which overthrows the Bible, which supersedes the mission of Jesus Christ, and abolishes his Gospel. Bring forth that new table of celestial stone written by the finger of God.

"And God said, "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness; and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, *and* over all the earth, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he them."

"And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, on which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." Genesis i. c. 26—29.

There, thou who talked of *thine own*—is the great Charter of the human family inscribed on the very first page of that sacred volume which thou professest to be the Word and the Revelation of God.

Bring forth then *thy* charter—unrol thy Statute of Limitations. Let us see by what right thou hast disinherited thy brethren; by what authority thou hast driven out those made in the image of God. The Creator proclaims that he has given to man dominion *over all the earth*—but thy law has dispossessed nine-tenths of the race. The millions have *no* dominion over *any part of the earth.* They come into the world like foundlings—they go through it like outcasts—they issue from it like convicts. Bring out thy law. Let us see when and where it was made. Let us know where and for what services God set thee up above thy brethren, and annulled his universal charter in thy favour. Bring out thy little pocket decree, which no man has yet seen, and let us be duly informed of thy virtues which have made thee God's elect, and of the crimes of the multitude which have rent from them their heritage, their dominion, their title to every herb, and every tree, and all their fruits for their meat.

Bring forth too thy newer Gospel, for had'st thou even such a Charter from God, *our* Gospel would annul it. Our Gospel proclaims that God is no respecter of persons. Our Gospel says—"Sell that which thou hast and give to the poor." Our Gospel is a gospel of love, not of cruelty, of love thy neighbour as thyself—and not cast him out from hearth and home. Our Gospel says, That the *Gentiles* lord it over one another, but that it shall not be so amongst Christians. Art thou a Gentile or Christian?—let us hear. It is necessary to be explicit. Our Gospel says—"Ye are stewards of God's heritage—and must account for every talent put into your care. Our Gospel says—that "Ye are not your own—ye are bought with a price."

Bring out then your ancient Charter and your modern Gospel, in which the finger of God stands too brilliantly to be mistaken. Let us see those words written in light more intense than sunbeams, which can make old paper of that Law and that Gospel which have been the possession of and the faith of all Christendom near two thousand years.

God has *blessed* the race he created—what and who then have *cursed* them? What has produced all this misery, this crime, this destitution? What has sent famine instead of plenty, death instead of life, disorder and violence instead of peace and enjoyment. There is some foul wrong somewhere—there is some huge lie propagated for law. Bring out thy Charter—or renounce thy claims to do as thou wilt with thine own.

Ha! is that thy charter? The charter of the sword. The law of the conqueror! Dost thou set up the plea of might against the Bible, the law of violence against the Gospel? Dost thou claim thine own from the successful robber, and the parchment spells of his servile tool the lawyer? Is that thy boasted authority? Dost thou thrust thy yellow scroll into the face of the Deity, and exclaim—"By this I stand, and by this I cast forth thy children at my will to nakedness, to ignorance, and death.

In the Highlands the great parchment possessors did what they liked with their own. They burnt down the cottages of those whose fathers had dwelt there for countless ages; they chased away the people, who went forth to distant lands singing the melancholy hymn of exile—

> Cha till, cha till, cha till, mi tuille,
> We return, we return, we return no more!

They drove them out from their native heaths, they laid their hearths in ashes, but God's blessing rested not on the deed and they are now once more reshaping those hills into small farms.

In Ireland, they burned out and drove forth the wretched creatures from their wretched cabins, and did what they liked with their own; and Ireland still lies the corpse of a murdered nation; the terrible spectre of a nation's ruin hangs over the country which sanctioned it, which produced it by ages of injustice.

Great God*!* millions of thy creatures are perpetually appearing before thy throne to demand peace for themselves and pity for their children. They cry—"We went to the earth which thou hast made, and hast given for the place of our trial, and there was no place for us. There are those who call *thine* own *their* own. They hold what they cannot use; they hoard up what they cannot eat. They have closed the earth against those whom thou sendest thither to possess it for a time, and to do thy will. Lord how? how long?

And Christ says,—"Did they give you a cup of cold water in my name?" And they reply,—"They gave us fire."

"Ye were naked,—did they clothe you?"—"No."

"Ye were an-hungered, — did they feed you?"—"No."

"Ye were sick, and in prison,—did they visit you?" And the reply is one vast—"No!" that rolls through heaven, and is answered on earth, by—Revolution.

Let no one accuse us of desiring to stimulate to the breach of the laws—we stimulate to a *change* of the laws. Let no one say that we would let loose the multitude against property—we would have property secure itself in time, by revising the foundations, and restoring the true principles of property. We would have order and not disorder—*Reform* as the preventative of *Revolution.*

But the pressure on the life of the million is becoming of that character, which makes the soberest man tremble. Men will not for ever be shut out of the franchise and the constitution. Those who pay taxes will have a voice in granting those taxes. Those who groan under the burden of debt will see a hope of diminishing that burden. The cares and the responsibility are with the governing class, with the intelligent and the fortunate. If they will have order, they must give justice; if they will have peace, they must call for the right. Every man must have a chance for himself and his children. Dangerous examples are abroad—governments shiver like houses of glass at the moment that they deem themselves strongest. Beware, therefore, of the drop too much—of the last ounce of pressure which creates the explosion. The system which drives the manufacturing millions to starvation, and the labourer from the land that he tills, cannot last for ever. Let us return to our story.

The heir to the estate at Beecup—the proprietor of the whole parish, had now finished his education, made his tour, and come home. His education and his survey of other countries, of course, had been accomplished with the object of making him a finished gentleman, and so wise and enlightened as to be able to manage his property to the best advantage, and to fill his responsible station in the best manner for his own good, and the good of his country. We say of course, because what other object ought education, and travel, which is but a part of it, to have? A man who has an extraordinary slice of his country, is bound in all reason to do corresponding service to his country. Let us see how this young man did it.

There were those simple souls who are always expecting to see the world move on, and people get better and wiser every day, who expected great things from this Mr. Woodcroft Meadowlands. So much as had been spent in his education, really much must come of it. Then people have a natural notion of the generosity and liberality of youth. Golden youth! as poets call it, is always expected to be something more brilliant and good, than the old rusty iron that went before it. But the mischief of it is, that this golden youth in nine cases out of ten, turns out only to be *gilt*, and the gilt wears off dreadfully fast in the jostling path of ordinary life. Golden youth in a very few years shows the old and rusty iron most provokingly peeping through. But don't let us condemn Mr. Woodcroft Meadowlands before we have seen him. Very likely he may turn out better than bargain,—one of those ancient phœnixes that have been missing a wretchedly long time.

And to say truth, Mr. Woodcroft Meadowlands had been too well educated to change readily. He had, as a little boy, a tutor, the Reverend Sharpe Lookout, who told him that he would be a very great man when he grew up, and have three good church livings to give away. Mr. Sharpe Lookout, therefore, seized the very earliest opportunity of instilling a benevolent and grateful disposition into his pupil.—"Remember my dear boy, when you come to your estate, all that I have done for you. Show yourself grateful for my indefatigable endeavours to please you in every possible way." And Mr. Sharpe Lookout had done it. He had indulged the golden youth's every idle propensity of playing tricks on the servants, shooting at the farmer's pigeons, tormenting young birds and squirrels, and the like. He had promised him wonders if he could only be his private tutor at Oxford, and travel with him.

Under such able and indulgent hands, Mr. Meadowlands would, no doubt, have thriven into something amazing—but old Meadowlands once caught his son wiping his slate with his finest wig which had just been brought in newly dressed by the valet, and Sharpe Lookout, who was not remembering the qualities of his name circumspectly enough, laughing at the joke with all his might. This old Meadowlands observed through the open window on the lawn, which he had approached to ask Lookout and his son to take a walk with him down to the dog-kennels. Amazed and confounded, the old squire stood stock-still, screened by the mass of curtains at the side of the open window, and saw further. Young Meadowlands having wiped his slate, as stated, threw it on the floor of the drawing-room, amid the convulsive laughter of Lookout, and then rung the bell, and on the valet appearing, said with well-feigned astonishment,—"See, Tom! what the Italian Greyhound has done. It has pulled the wig off the table, and mauled it pretty nicely, as you may see. What will the old governor say to you, eh!"

At the sight of the wig, and expectation of the old governor's wrath, the enraged valet gave the unsuspecting dog a kick which might have broken its ribs; and at the same moment a tremendous "D——d scoundrel!" was vociferated from the open window, which fell like a thunder-clap into the room. In less than ten minutes Mr. Sharpe Lookout was on the road to seek another tutorship, and young Meadowlands was in a few weeks packed off to Eton.

At this school he found himself amongst a crowd of gentlemen's sons, all preparing for the university, and for fitting themselves to profit as much as possible by one another, and the nation. There were elder sons and younger sons. The elder sons were all soon taught to look upon themselves as peculiar people. People who had a great figure to cut in the world with great estates, and to make the fortunes of younger sons with church-livings, and state offices. Of course, all the glories of tuft-hunting, and aristocratic emulation were soon comprehended and commenced here. The whole tribe looked on themselves born to run a race—the elder ones in rivalry in style, and fashion, the younger in getting all they could of the good things that the elder ones and the nation had to bestow. As to the people—the great mass of the nation—of them they knew and cared nothing. They never had come near such a vulgar race—they never were likely to, except at elections. The Plebs—what were they to our golden youths? *They* were educating for the good of the country—just in that sense which the imperfect English of one of George II'sGerman mistresses expressed when surrounded by the infuriated mob,—"Good people, why are you so angry with us—we are come for all your goods!" To which an unfeeling ragamuffin replied,—"Ay, curse you, and all our chattels too!"

For all the goods of the country, the aristocratic lads of our aristocratic schools are duly trained. From these schools they go to the university where the same training is perfected. There lords and dukes, and wealthy young squires are duly taught their importance, and while they are filled with the ambition to outshine each other in horses, equipages, trains of servants, fine horses, and fine wives, the multitude of both scholars, and professors are carefully calculating how they can climb by these useful auxiliaries into seats in parliament, offices in state, army, navy and colony, into bishoprics, arch-bishoprics, and other heavenly places.

Such is the aristocratic education of the aristocratic classes in England from the cradle to the majority; they are regularly baptized, drilled and trained into it. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" They gather what grows there, and England has gathered a grand old debt, and a system of taxation—"The envy and admiration of the world," from its aristocratic education.

(To be continued.)

POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

No. II.

BERANGER.

In the year 1821, a book of songs was published in Paris, which so excited the ire of the restored Bourbon Government, that the writer was prosecuted, condemned to pay a fine of 300 francs, and cast into the prison of Saint Pelagie for three months.

The following year he was again prosecuted for republishing his provoking songs—for they were exceedingly popular, and were sung in the streets, the workshops, ginguettes, every where—but by some good luck or other he was acquitted.

Again, in 1828, he published another book of songs, for which he was again prosecuted by the Government, and condemned to be immured for nine months in the prison of La Force, and to pay a fine of 10,000 francs.

And of what was this song-writer found guilty? Of making the people laugh and sing in the fulness of their hearts. He had touched their tenderer feelings too, and drawn sweet tears from many eyes. But his delicate strokes of satire at wickedness and folly in high places, at imbeciles grinning in the seat of power—at established cant parading in demure faces and broad phylacteries—this it was which drew down upon Beranger, for it is of him we speak, the anger and prosecutions of the Government.

"I have never made any pretensions to be more than a writer of songs," says Beranger; "such has been the extent of my humble mission."

But it is no such humble mission, that of the writer of Songs. He who touches the hearts of the people, enters into their homes and finds a welcome there, moves their pity or their indignation by turns, raises the laugh or draws the tear, excites their sympathy with his satires of folly and his denunciations of wrong, is no humble teacher. Songs are often as powerful as laws, and they are more influential in rousing the feelings of an oppressed people than even the speeches of the greatest orators. The Bourbon Government recognised this extensive power in their repeated prosecutions of Beranger.

Song-writers have been called the popular priesthood of nations. None have so large an audience as they. How much even of a nation's history is to be read in its songs and ballads, from the days of Homer to our own. Although written in a comparatively civilized and educated age, these songs of Beranger contain perhaps the best history of his period in France. They are the reflex of the thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of the living men of his time. The song-writer has here entered into *the real life* of the people, depicting it in the most vivid manner; and what is history worth, if it exhibits not this?

"The people," says Beranger, "*that* is my Muse * * When I speak of the people, I mean the crowd—the mass—the very lowest, if you will. They may not appreciate the achievements of intellect, or the refined delicacies of taste: be it so! But for that very reason, authors are obliged to conceive more boldly, more grandly, in order to arrest their attention. Adapt therefore to their strong nature, both your subjects and their style of treatment: it is neither abstract ideas nor figures which they require of you: *shew them the naked human heart.* * * * * According to an inveterate habit, we still judge of the people with exceeding prejudice. They present themselves to us as a gross mass, incapable of elevated, generous, or tender impressions. Yet, if poetry has a resting-place in the world, it is, I firmly believe, in their ranks that you must go seek for it. But to find it, you must first *study* this people * * Would that our authors set themselves seriously to labour for this crowd, so well prepared to receive the instruction which they need. In sympathizing with them they would help to render them more moral, and the more they added to their intelligence, the more would they extend the domain of genius and of true glory."

Such, in brief, are Beranger's ideas of the people for whom he has written, and written so well.

Beranger has throughout life, stood by his order—the poor. He has refused office—refused ease—because he had the "humour," as he says, of remaining independent. "I am low-born, low-born very," he sings in one of his exquisite songs: and he still continues, in his old age, among the same humble class from which he sprung. "The extent of my ambition," he observes in his preface to his "new and last songs" *(Chansons nouvelles et derniers)* "has never been more than a morsel of bread for my declining years. It is satisfied, though I am not even so much as an elector, far less can I ever hope to have the honour of being elected, spite of the Revolution of July, to which I owe nothing on that account."

This popular song-writer was born in Paris, in the year 1780, in the house of a tailor, his "poor and old grandfather," as he himself tells us, in his song—"The Tailor and the Fay" *(Le Tailleur et la Fée.)* Beranger's father and mother cut a small figure in his history, at least as regards his education and bringing up. The old grandfather was both father and mother to him in this respect: the father seems to have been what the Scotch call a "neer do weel"—a bustling, vapouring, idle sort of person, with ideas far above his station, and never settling quietly down to any industrial pursuit. He was a Royalist too, and buzzed away like a fly on a wheel, amid the great Revolution. Beranger's mother was a soft good-natured woman, with none of that spiritual temperament which has usually distinguished the mothers of great men.

Beranger lived for nine years with the old tailor—running wild, without restraint, romping and playing with whom he liked, knowing nothing of schools or books. The Revolution still raging in its fury, he was sent to Perronne, his father's native town, there to live with an old grand-aunt, who kept a small public-house, and where for a time he officiated as pot-boy. This old woman, eighty years of age, although herself ignorant, had the boy taught to read, and in course of time he could read "Telemachus," "Racine," and the other books that her slender library contained. She gave him religious instruction too, after a manner, and the boy took the sacrament for the first time when he was eleven and a half years old. At fourteen he was put apprentice to a printer, and his labours at this trade tended in no small degree to aid his literary culture, though he made but slow progress in spelling. He attended also an excellent primary school at Perronne, and making better progress there, became partially instructed in the art of literary composition. Beranger's exercises in course of time took high rank in the school. Poetic influences were also operating upon him at this time—his sensitiveness was extreme,—and he is said to have burst into tears the first time that he heard the Marseillaise Hymn sung.

When about seventeen years old, he returned to Paris to work at "the case." Here he was in the midst of a busy world—the centre of life, action, pleasure, and din. The idea of writing verses first flashed across his mind about this time. An attender of the theatres, he dreamt of writing a comedy, and had actually sketched the outlines of one; but having read Moliére with attention, he abandoned his project in a kind of despair of ever being able to come up to this great master. He cultivated his style, however, and practised the art of composition with diligence. His next project was an epic poem; but in the midst of these glorious dreams, work failed, and the young poet endured the bitterest suffering and privations. He thought of going to Egypt, to the world's end—anywhere. But this dream also passed; and he remained in Paris, to suffer, to love, to study, and finally to triumph.

At twenty-three, he had written a great quantity of verses—meditations, idyls, dythirambics, &c., but what was he to do with them? He could not afford to print them: he was unknown, almost without bread. But he made them up into a packet, addressed them to Lucien Buonaparte, brother of the First Consul, and despatched them to him, accompanied by a very dignified and yet modest letter. Lucien was struck by the merit they displayed, and wrote the young poet a letter full of good advice, and suggesting corrections. He did more: without even seeing him, he presented the young man with the small pension which he drew from the French Institute—a means of support which Beranger enjoyed till the year 1812. Up to this time he was also occasionally engaged in literary labours, acting for some two years as compiler of the "Annals of the Museum" (*Annales du Musée)*, and he afterwards obtained an appointment as copy-clerk in the University-office, at a small salary, which he retained for about twelve years. The Bourbons expelled him from this post on the publication of his second book of Songs.

The first collection was published in 1815; but it excited comparatively little attention. The songs were full of the young animal—gay, laughing, jolly, licentious, with here and there some fine strokes of satire and wit. An occasional vein of poetry was touched, but not pierced. These songs were thrown off at a heat—they were the amusement of his bye-hours—"the mere caprices," as he afterwards confessed, "of a vagabond spirit;" and yet, as he also added, "these are my most dearly cherished offspring." Some of these songs caught the popular ear, and dwelt there. In the *refrains* or burdens of his songs, he was especially happy. The burden was at once the shadow and in a great measure the substance of the song—reflecting its dominant idea, and often containing the idea itself—sometimes it was a little drama in a word, ringing its music and meaning in the popular ear.

Political events by degrees came to exercise an important influence on the mind of Beranger, and his songs gradually assumed a more serious vein. This was very apparent in his second collection, written at various periods, between 1815 and 1821, in which some of his very finest and most powerful pieces appear. In these, he speaks comfort to the poor, the afflicted, the people. France was in a melancholy humour—it was gay France no longer—under the Bourbons it felt oppressed as under a nightmare. Freedom sighed, and Beranger's songs were its echo. "Certain amateurs," said he, "have complained of the seriousness of these later songs of mine. Here is my reply: Song comes from the inspiration of the moment. Our epoch is serious—even sad: I have only taken the tone thus given me. It is probable that I had no other choice."

Like all the other young and ardent spirits of France, Beranger was disappointed at the restoration of the Bourbons. Not that he was an out-and-out admirer of Napoleon—"not all my admiration for his genius," says he, could ever blind me to the crushing despotism of the Empire." But Beranger writhed at the sight of foreign armies on French soil, thrusting the deposed Bourbons on the French people with their bayonets. He shed bitter tears at the sight of the allied armies entering Paris. Then was the period of his bitter songs, at French forgetfulness of former glory, and English and Prussian welcomings in the Tuileries. My "Lord Vilain-ton" came in for his share of scorching irony. Still, says Beranger, my opposition to the Bourbons was not one of hatred, as has been alleged against me. "I was not hostile to the restored monarchy, though I had the firm conviction that they never would constitutionally govern France, nor would France be able to compel them to adopt liberal principles. This conviction, which never abandoned me, I owed less to the calculations of my reason than to the instinct of the people. I have studied every succeeding event with a religious seriousness, and I have almost always found these sentiments in such unison with my own thoughts that they have formed the rule of my conduct in the part which I have been called upon to perform in the public movements of my time. The people—that is my muse. It is this muse which has made me resist the pretended sages, whose counsels, based on chimerical hopes, many times pursued me. The two publications which have brought down upon me the prosecutions of the law, at the same time stripped me of many of my political friends. I ran all risks of this. The approbation of the masses remained faithful to me, and the friends returned."

In 1821, Beranger's friends induced him to publish his second collection of songs: 10,000 copies were subscribed for, and the impression was immediately bought up. This collection contained numerous biting political satires, and the writer was immediately pounced upon by the Government, who had long waited for such an opportunity. His political songs had, until then, been floating about amongst the people—passed from hand to hand—sung in the streets—and every where exercising a great influence among the mass. Still the Government could not lay hold of him until he had owned his paternity to the songs, which he now openly did by publishing them in a collected form. He was accordingly pounced upon, prosecuted, and laid up in prison for three months.

A series of political satires and lampoons, still more stinging than the past, was the fruit of his confinement in Saint Pelagie. These were published so as to defy the censorship—they were passed from hand to hand, and sung as the former had been. Charles X and his court became absolutely frantic under the infliction of these satires; and the priest party publicly denounced him from their altars as everything that was hideous. But he eluded their attempts to seize and prosecute him further, until the year 1828, when his third collection of songs was published. One of the pieces in this collection that gave the most grievous offence to the Court, was that on "The Coronation of Charles the simple." Charles, one of the successors of Charlemagne, had been driven from his kingdom by the Count of Paris, and after wandering through England and Germany, was replaced on his throne mainly by the efforts of the French lords and the bishops. The applicability of the satire to the Bourbon dynasty will be obvious. Beranger thus begins:—

"Frenchmen! In Rheims assemble all,
On Montjoy and Saint Dennis call!
Repair'd the holy phial see—
Our fathers' days again are come;
Sparrows in numerous flocks set free
Flutter about the sacred dome;
The monarch's brow with pleasure beams,
For broken bonds here imag'd be—
The people cry: Poor birds! dream not our foolish dreams—
Preserve—preserve your liberty!

* * * * *

Bedizened with their fripperies, made
From heavy imposts—the parade
Of King and Courtiers marches by—
Courtiers, who all not long ago,
'Neath rebel standards floating high,
Bow'd to a grand usurper, low;
But millions are not shower'd in vain,
And faith well recompens'd should be;
The people cry—Poor birds! we dearly pay our chain,
Preserve—preserve your liberty!

Now gold-laced prelates bent before,
Charles utters his *confiteor;*
They clothe him—kiss him—oil him—and
Midst hymns divine that fill the air,
He on the Bible puts his hand!
And his confessor bids him—'Swear!
'For Rome—whom such affairs concern,
'Has pardons for such perjury.'
The people cry—Poor birds! thus government we learn,
Preserve—preserve your liberty!

So—aping Charlemagne—when placed
The sword-belt round his royal waist.
Upon the dust he flings him down,
King! says a soldier, rouse thee, king!
'No,' says the bishop, 'thee I crown
Now wealth into our coffers fling.
What priests command, that God records;
Long live—long live legit'macy!'
The people cry—our lord is ruled by other lords!
Poor birds! preserve your liberty!

This king miraculous, poor birds!
Will cure all scrofulas with words;
But you, the merriest things of all,
Had better speedily be gone;
Some sacrilege you might let fall
In fluttering near this altar-throne;
For piety all meekly brings
Murderers her sentinels to be.—
The people cry—Poor birds! we envy you your wings—
Preserve—preserve your liberty!

"Turlupin; or, Master Merryman," also gave no small offence to the powers that were:—

"Come let us go 'the King' to see—
Not I, he said, I won't do that!
Will he take off his crown to me,
When I to him take off my hat?
If I for somebody must cry,
Then, Here's for him that makes my bread!
And men will answer, "I—I—I—
Say what just master merryman has said!"

But *Les Infiniment Petits, ou La Gérontocratie*—"The Infinitely Little; or, The Greybeard Dynasty," was the most atrocious of all Beranger's songs in the eyes of his political judges. The burden of the song is—*Mais les Barbons Regnent Toujours,*—"But still the Greybeards Reign!" the French word for Greybeards, *Barbons*, so obviously meaning as well as sounding Bourbons, that the wit, irony, and force of the song, is as it were, concentrated in the *refrain.* He thus paints the dwarfish littleness to which France is reduced:—

"What little things, scarce visible!
What little Jesuits, full of bile!
Millions of little priests who tell
Their little rosaries the while;
Beneath their blessings all decays;
A little cortége for the train,
Usurps the court of ancient days—
But still the greybeard Bourbons reign.

'Tis petty all—in palace, shop,
Art, science, commerce, petty all:
And pretty little famines stop
Supplies to little towns, which fall,—
And led by little drums, a host
Of little soldiers seek in vain
To guard the feeble frontier coast;—
But still the greybeard Bourbons reign."

Another song entitled *Le mort de diable* gave mortal offence to the Jesuits; and poor Beranger was condemned to pay for this and the rest of his sins, a further fine of 10,000 francs, and to suffer nine months imprisonment in La Force. The fine was chiefly raised by the political association called, the *Aide-toi le ciel aidera;* and the deficit was supplied by the generous treasurer to the subscription, M. Bérard.

Le mort de diable (the death of the devil) was denounced by the priest party as irreligious, blasphemous, and its author as an enemy to religion. Beranger observes of this,—"Some of my songs have been treated as impious, poor things! by the King's attorney-generals and their substitutes, who are all very religious people in their way. I can only here repeat what has been said a hundred times. When, as in our day, religion is made a political instrument of, its sacred character is apt to be disallowed. For it the most tolerant become intolerant. Believers, whose faith is not in what 'the church' teaches, are sometimes driven, out of revenge, to attack it in its sanctuary. I, who am one of these believers, have never gone so far as that, but have been contented to make folks laugh at the mere flunkey-livery of catholicism. Is *this* impiety?"

The greatest of Beranger's songs—those in which he rises into the regions of true poetry—are those of a more serious cast, such as "The God of the Good," (*Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens.*) "The Holy Alliance of the People," *(La Sainte Alliance des Peuples)*, "The Bohemians," "The Contrabandists," "The Imaginary Voyage," "The Old Beggar," "The Recollections (souvenirs) of the People," "Poor Jacques," and others of the same class, Beranger hesitated much before entering upon the serious vein—he was not so sure of his ground as in his gayer and more impulsive songs; and it was long before he could prevail upon himself to publish these serious compositions. Indeed he himself has said of his songs, "Each of my publications has been the result of a painful effort; and these last (the more serious) have caused me more pain than all the others put together." Sainte-Beauve gives an interesting account of his first singing of *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens* before a party of his friends. Like Tom Moore, he sung his own compositions in an exquisite manner. At a numerous and intelligent party at the house of M. Etienne, Beranger, during the dessert, was called upon for a song, according to custom. Unlike himself, he commenced this time in a trembling voice, "Il est un Dieu etc." but the applause became great as he proceeded; and the poet felt, at the instant, as he trembled with emotion, that he could contentedly remain a simple song writer, and aspire to no higher honour. "This song," says Sainte-Beauve, "was his great masterstroke—a hymn of humanity, pacific, unalterable; it shows us how at the same time, amidst the smoke of the battle for freedom the horizon of Beranger was the same, as vast and as clear as it is now. And around and above his grand pervading idea of *humanity*, how many others, of meaning more circumscribed, but not less penetrating—the plaint of country; the heavy sadness, the stubborn hope of the old army; the lighter hope, the impatience and giddy flights of youth; sadness in pleasure; all illustrated with a wit by turns piquant, brilliant, and tender, such as we have not known since the days of Voltaire; sweetness and grace clothed in art of such antique purity, that we are reminded with delight, of Simonides, Aesclépiades, and the tender love songs of the old anthology."

In the "Contrabandists," and "The Old Beggar," Beranger has done more than write beautiful verses, he has broached great social questions, and sounded their depths, though with the plummet of song. We remember the former song being quoted with high approbation in the *League* newspaper, during the period of our recent great national agitation; like the French poet, the English economist recognised in the smuggler and contraband dealer between countries, the advanced sentinel, the great practical teacher, amidst paths the most arduous, of free and unfettered intercourse between nation and nation. In "The Old Beggar," he has dared boldly to look in the face the great social question in all its enormity—a question which mere political revolutions have not yet dealt with — and an evil which mere political economy has hitherto been powerless to remedy. This poem of Beranger's is a much less picturesque and poetical composition than that of Wordsworth on a similar subject; but how much more true to nature! It has all the stern truthfulness of Crabbe, and exhibits at the same time, a profound insight into a great social evil, which is peculiarly Beranger's own, —

THE OLD BEGGAR.

"Here, in this ditch my bones I'll lay;
Weak, wearied, old, the world I leave.
'He's drunk,' the passing crowd will say:
'Tis well, for none will need to grieve.
Some turn their scornful heads away,
Some fling an alms in hurrying by;—
Haste—'tis the village holiday!
The aged beggar needs no help to die.

Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age
I die; for hunger slays not all:
I hoped my misery's closing page
To fold within some hospital.
But crowded thick in each retreat,
Such numbers now in misery lie,—
Alas! my cradle was the street!
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen, o'er and o'er
I've asked, 'Instruct me in your trade;'
'Begone—our business is not more
Than keeps ourselves—go beg!' they said.
Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread—
Of bones your tables gave me store,
Your straw has often made my bed—
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus poor, I might have turned to theft;—
No! better still for alms to pray!
At most I've plucked some apple, left
To ripen near the public way.
Yet weeks and weeks, in dungeons laid
In the King's name, they let me pine;
They stole the only wealth I had,—
Though poor and old, the sun at least was mine

What country has the poor to claim?
What boots to me your corn and wine,
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
The Senate where your speakers shine?
Once, when your homes, by war o'erswept,
Saw strangers battening on your land,
Like any puling fool, I wept!
The aged wretch was nourished by their hand.

Mankind! why trod you not the worm
The noxious thing, beneath your heel?
Ah! had you taught me to perform
Due labour for the common weal!
Then, sheltered by the adverse wind,
The worm and ant had learned to grow,—
Ay—then I might have loved my kind;—
The aged beggar dies your bitter foe![*]

With the revolution of July, 1830, the mission of Beranger, as a song writer, was accomplished. The triumph of his political friends paved the way for his own advancement; and pension and place were now offered to him. All such offers were, however, refused: he preferred remaining poor but independent. "Unfortunately," says he, "I have no love for sinecures, and all forced labour has become insupportable to me, unless perhaps it were that of my old occupation of copying clerk. I could not bear to have it said, that I was the pensioner of so and so, of Peter or of Paul, of James or of Philip. Besides, I would give no man nor party, to whom I might thus place myself under obligations, the right to say to me—do this, or do that—go forwards, but you must only go thus far." In short, Beranger was content with his position and his fame as the unpensioned, untitled poet of the people; and he would not stoop to hire himself out, as some of our English poets have done, to write royal odes to order, at so many pounds sterling per annum. The people had remained faithful to him, and it was his pride to remain faithful to the people.

Beranger's last collection of songs was published in 1833; and he then avowed his intention of writing, or at least publishing no more. In the midst of his triumphs, he gracefully withdrew from the field. "I retire from the lists," he said, "while I have still the strength to leave it. Often towards the evening of life we allow ourselves to be surprised by sleep in the arm-chair, in which we are fixed. Better go wait its visit in bed, where it is so much needed. I haste to betake me to mine, even though it be a rather hard one."

---

[*] We are indebted for this translation to *Tait's Magazine* for May, 1833, in which some admirable translations from Beranger are given. The previous translations in this article are from an article by Colonel Thompson in the *Westminster Review* of January, 1829.

At the same time, he avows his intention of devoting the remaining years of his life to the composition of a kind of historical dictionary, in which he intends to record his recollections of all the men he has known, who have moved prominently in the eventful life of France during the last forty years. "Who knows," he says, "but that through this work of my old age, my name may yet survive me? It would be pleasant for posterity to speak of 'The *judicious*, the *grave* Beranger!' And why not?"

Our space is too limited to allow us to enter upon a critical examination of the peculiar qualities of Beranger as a song-writer. His extraordinary success is proof sufficient of his mastery of the art. In strength, dramatic power, concentration, tact, great knowledge of the human heart, command and choice of felicitous language, he is quite unrivalled. These qualities have made his songs familiar throughout all the homes, workshops, barracks, and *ginguettes* of France. He is alike popular in the hall and the cottage—thoroughly popular. His songs are the national voice: they are the echo of the thoughts, feelings, and experiences of his fellow citizens.

Let no one suppose that Beranger acquired his extraordinary power without labour. The best of his songs cost him long and intense study—much "painful effort" as he has himself expressed it. He was not a ready writer, but a very slow and careful writer at all times. Hence the completeness and the exquisite finish of his verses, of which no translation can give any adequate idea. Even his apparent carelessness and levity, generally so thoroughly in keeping with his subjects, were carefully studied. His friend Saint-Beauve has said that Beranger rarely produced a poem at a heat. "He had the abstract subject in his head, the chaotic and enveloped material; he turned it over, he studied it, he waited; the wings of gold were not yet given to it. It was after an incubation more or less long, that, often in a moment, he scarcely knew how, mostly in the night, in some short dream, a word, unnoticed till then, took fire, and determined the life of the song. Then, to adopt his own expression, he held his peace and went onwards. This lighted spark, this pure spirit, scarce come to light, this cell in a hermetical bubble of crystal which Queen Mab had blown, is all his song, it is the reflex of it in one word, the brilliant *monad*, if we may use the language of philosophy to explain an operation of the mind which certainly yields to none other in profundity. The poet then set to work at such times as he found the most suitable, to the exterior dressing, to the rhyme, to the measure; it mattered little; he turned it over in his mind, for two months or for two years, that it might be as living as on the first day; for yet again, as he has said, he held his peace."

The character of Beranger as a man is no less high than his genius as a poet. His sense of probity and honour is of the highest. In all his writings, the spirit of generosity is apparent. He has attacked systems, and individuals only as they represented the mischiefs of those systems. With all his keen power of sarcasm, he has avoided personalities. When asked to compose a satire against a distinguished political character then in disgrace, the reply of the noble hearted bard was,—"In good time, my friend; *wait till he is minister.*" He would not strike the man because he was down. Nor, on the other hand, has he ever been a flatterer of the rich, or of men in power. His sturdy sense of independence preserved him from this. "I have flattered only the unfortunate," was his own remark. His sympathies were altogether with the poor and the down-trodden. But the best character of the man is to be found in his songs, of which he has said,—"My songs—they are myself (*mes chansons, c'est moi.*")

His conversation is said to be of the most interesting kind—quick, lively, penetrating, discursive. He is well informed on all subjects, a keen observer, a copious reader, an independent thinker. Living in a period full of incident—a great historic drama performing before his eyes — mingling in society with the leaders of thought and action—a contemporary of the Empire, of the Restoration, and of two Revolutions, his mind is full of experiences of men and events of the most interesting character; which he does well now to record in the evening of his days, for the instruction and edification of his successors.

Beranger is now an old man, close upon three score years and ten. He lives in a very humble style at Passy, a village on the Seine, about four miles from Paris. His house is small, and his friends are select. He enjoys his "chimney corner," in peace, cheered by friendly intercourse with a few gifted minds, and still cherishing that ardent love of liberty and of country which has distinguished him throughout his entire career.

THE MISSION OF RICHARD COBDEN.

By J. Passmore Edwards.

Perhaps the word "mission," like many other words, has frequently and particularly of late, been inappropriately applied. But it may not be too much to say that every one should feel that he has some end to answer, some mission to fulfil in the world. If every man and woman were fully impressed with the importance of this idea, how differently would nations act, and how altered for the better would mankind appear. Some men have a greater work to perform than others. Some appear to be carved out by the hand of nature to give birth to some great conception, or to establish some system of philosophy for the benefit of their race. It sometimes happens that accidental circumstances enable a man to be greatly useful to his age and generation. At other times it comes to pass, that some are favoured both by nature and fortune, and who act faithfully to both. The poet, from the deep fountain of whose nature spring up divine inspirations has the satisfaction that he does not exist in vain. Though he be unappreciated or forsaken while he lives, his memory hardly ever fails to be remembered, and his tomb reverenced after his death. The man of science who, by careful and perhaps painful research, widens the domain of science, and thereby contributes to the enjoyments and progress of society, is held in sweet remembrance by a grateful posterity. Not less a benefactor is he who investigates the social elements of nations; who enquires into the true philosophy of the production and distribution of wealth; who seeks to remove all impediments in the way of international communication, and who aims at making machinery and commercial intercourse means for the development and happiness of man. Such a man is Richard Cobden, and such a work is he now performing. It was no unimportant event in the history of this country, when Cobden penned those pamphlets which were published under the name of "A Manchester Manufacturer," some twelve or fifteen years ago. It is also remarkable to find, that the blustering of war-worshippers, and the apprehensions of timid men at that time, which arose from a great deal being said about an invasion by the Russians, stirred up Cobden's mind and gave him an opportunity to express his practical sentiments to the world. These pamphlets significantly hinted that there was some far-seeing shrewd-minded man behind them. Their publication was an event casting its shadow before. It was no unimportant occurrence in the history of the Anti-Corn Law League, when Cobden joined it, and became as it has truly been said "its soul." When he committed himself body and soul to the movement, and consecrated his every energy to its advancement, when he went from city to city, and from county to county, indoctrinating the people with right principles, when he spoke to congregated thousands in the open air in agricultural districts, in the Free-Trade Hall in Manchester, in Covent Garden Theatre, or when he spoke in the House of Commons, his almost every word told, and produced its desired effect.

It is not for me on this occasion to detail the advantages that nations must necessarily derive from the operation of Free-Trade principles. They are unquestionably great and numerous. There is something noble in seeing one nation interchanging the surplus productions of its labour for those of another nation. It is right they should do so, and it is their interest to do what is right. If no other benefits resulted therefrom than those of a material nature; if we received nothing better from the Americans than their corn; if all mental and social considerations were left out of the question, a great good would be realized. If men looked no further than bread and clothes, the removal of all kinds of commercial restrictions would be worthy of a manly and protracted struggle. But when it is seen that the interchanges of material productions, is also a meant for the interchange of ideas, elements of social advancement and the fruits of civilization; when thought and literature, and the spirit of kindness are carried in the same vessel, and wafted by the same breeze as the corn, and the rice, and the wool, then Free Trade presents a lovelier aspect and commands a greater admiration. To be instrumental in the hands of a determined people, and under the influence of magnificent agencies, such as morally directed opinion, and perfect freedom of discussion, and in obedience to the immutable laws of rectitude which govern the universe, to break down a remnant of barbarism, and bid industry be free, so that the price of bread should fall, and the price of labour rise, and consequently poverty and misery be diminished,—to be instrumental in the accomplishment of such a result is worthy of a nation's gratitude. But to penetrate beneath the surface, to look into the deeper meaning of things, to ascertain that the sensual should only be subservient to the social, that the increase of physical wealth should have its legitimate influence in creating more mind and multiplying opportunities for the spiritual development of the race, to see so far, and aim at doing so much, show the truly great Reformer. Seeing that the mind does not exist for the body, but that the body exists for the mind; that the world and all it contains, with all its productions and attractions exist for man, and not man for them; that governments and institutions of all kinds, that commerce and every other such agency should exist and act for the benefit of the individual, and seeing these things to aim at the removal of all obstructions which interfere with the improvement and happiness of mankind is becoming the dignity of the noblest order of genius or intellect. I think I do not say too much in attributing such motives and purposes to Richard Cobden. He intimated at the Free-Trade Hall at Manchester, a short time since, that the principal object which he, and he believed the majority of the influential persons who sympathised and co-operated with the Anti Corn-law League, was on account of the ultimate blessings of peace which would, in all probability, result from the establishment of free-trade principles. He was not only desirous of removing a great cause of war between the stomachs and the demands of the physical systems of many, but he aimed at destroying some of the causes of war between nation and nation. Seeing that monopoly interfered with the interests of nations, and gave rise to many of the mean jealousies and war-feelings which were inconsistent with a high degree of comfort and independency, he aimed at their destruction, for the natural advantage and advancement of nations. Looking beyond the letter he saw the spirit. Diving beneath the superficial, he, and every one else who took a comprehensive view of the subject, saw other elements of a higher character ready for action. Analysing the various principles inwoven in the constitution of human nature, acquainting himself with the facts of history, ascertaining the natural dependence of man on man, and nation on nation, if their respective destinies were to be realized, with his eye on the past and the present he confidently speculated on the future, and hoped that unfettered commercial intercourse all the world over, would be a mighty means in disestablishing the empire of war, and rearing over its ruins a reign of peace.

I do not say that Richard Cobden was the only one who looked at the matter so. I believe that thousands who took an active part in the struggle against commercial monopoly saw eye to eye with himself. As I have more particularly to do with him, and what I have called his "mission," I have made frequent and pointed allusions to his name. In doing so I do not forget the many other noble minded men who were his coadjutors.

Whatever men's private opinions may be about offensive and defensive war, very likely they all say with me, that the world has seen too much of all kinds of war, and that it is high time, if possible, to do without it altogether. The world is sick of it. A change is required and demanded by the universal voice of humanity. The "hour" for the delivering struggle is coming. Am I saying too much in stating, Cobden is the "man" to do the hero's part?

I say the hour is come. On what data do I ground that assertion? The various nations of Europe are tired of the game of war. They see that it does not promote liberty. They all know too well its expensiveness. They are all bowed down with excessive taxation which is demanded to pay the interest of accumulated war debts, or to sustain standing armies. The groans of the oppressed are arising day after day, and year after year, to the throne of high heaven in indignant condemnation of war and its consequences. War with all its infernal appurtenances has always hung like a millstone around the neck of freedom. The millions of the adult population of our own land, would long ere this, have been politically enfranchised, had it not been for our war establishments, and their necessary concomitants. Our war machinery has been the great sustaining power of our aristocratic and unjust institutions. These things will cease to exist when the people are ripe for the realization of a higher social and political existence. They are daily and hourly getting riper and more and more preparing themselves for such a condition of being. The struggles of departed worthies have not been made without producing enduring results. We have not had thirty years of comparative peace for nothing. The further any people are removed from war, either in distance of space or time, will necessarily more and more indispose them for works of blood and death. The nearer a man may be to the time or place of bloody conflicts, the more will his finer feelings be blunted, and the nobler attributes of his nature be impaired. The less we see and hear of the savage game, the more we shall despise it. Happily we are being carried away from such times and scenes, as fast as the revolutions of the seasons can carry us.

In times of peace when men's minds are active and enterprising, facilities of a pacific character multiply with amazing rapidity. What a mighty stride has been made in civilization since the battle of Waterloo! What imperishable laurels have thought and moral power won since then! Since then poetry, science, and art have developed Europe's mind, and decked it with glory. The steam printing press, the railroad, the electric telegraph, systems of penny postage, have each and all been and are antagonistic elements to the war system. Every new invention, every fresh discovery, every contribution of literature, every conquest of mind over the crumbling empire of ignorance, does something to render war more loathsome, and peace more lovely. These and other encouragements of a similar character fortify me when I state that the "hour" for the triumph of peace principles is come, or at all events fast approaching. So much for the hour—what of the "man?"

It is necessary that the Reformer, to be equal to the work, should possess more than ordinary qualifications. He should be a man of experience, of foresight, of energy of character, of decision of purpose, of disinterestedness. He should be one in whom the people should place confidence, to whom the nation might look with hope. I may be wrong in judgment, but I think I am not saying too much when I state, that Richard Cobden possesses those capabilities. I will not be guilty, if I can help it, of an immoderate degree of hero worship. That Cobden is a man of experience, I fancy no one can doubt. He had read much, thought much, and I believe travelled a good deal, previous to his joining the Anti-Corn Law League. The intimate acquaintance he possessed of the internal constitution of that magnificent organization, of the mainsprings of its action, its ramifications and working, must have materially lengthened and strengthened his experience. The opportunities he has since had in feeling the pulse of continental peoples and ascertaining the states of thought and feeling of the best writers and statesmen of the continent, must have greatly enlarged his fund of useful and practical knowledge. That he possesses foresight, the whole of his past history abundantly testifies. He must have known previous to his committing himself to the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, that the time for action was come, that public opinion was ripe for the change. He continually did his best to banish all party feeling from the agitation. He went into the heart of the agricultural districts, and brought budgets of facts before the tenant-farmers and farm-labourers to convince them that their interests were bound up with the interests of the nation generally. When large portions of the labouring classes looked suspiciously on the League, he showed them with equal clearness, that it was their question. And when the question was virtually settled in the House of Commons under the sanction of Sir Robert Peel, he spoke to the members of the House of Lords, and told them, and proved to them, that it was useless for them to attempt to resist the united will of the nation.

That Cobden possesses the other characteristic elements requisite to constitute the great Reformer might with ease be proved by referring to his past actions. Perhaps decision of character is one of the most important principles that such a man should possess. Cobden did not put his hand to the plough and look back. When once he committed himself to the movement, it was for better or for worse. When he rose for the first time in the House of Commons he was met with almost every kind of disreputable opposition. Hisses, noises of many descriptions pealed around him from almost every side of the house. He was not to be put down. Strong in the integrity of his purpose, and the righteousness of his principles, he maintained his ground. When he was accused by Sir Robert Peel of abetting assassinations, the equanimity of his temper was scarcely disturbed. He sought open and honourable means to wipe away the aspersion and vindicate his character.

That he possesses confidence is also sufficiently manifest, from the manner in which he has been universally received wherever he has gone either in this or other countries. The unprecedented manner in which the people subscribed him a testimonial as an acknowledgement of the services he rendered his country is another proof of the large amount of public confidence he possesses. The eagerness with which his speeches were read by the people of this country when he visited the principal cities of the Continent, is an additional testimony. These is no necessity to multiply instances.

There is another feature in Mr. Cobden's character which I cannot pass over in silence—I mean his modesty. This was frequently exhibited when the Anti-Corn Law League was in the glory of its strength and popularity. During the memorable discussion on the corn laws in the House of Commons, in 1846, when the monopolist party were defeated, no expression during that debate struck me more powerfully than the one uttered by him in reference to his opponents. "Come," said he, "let us claim to ourselves no party victory." At the very eve of the triumph, when he was the most popular man in the house or the country; when gladdened millions were weaving a wreath of laurels for his brow, when Prime Ministers paid homage to his power, and complimented him for his moral worth, he did not forget that dignified respect due to a defeated party. At that sublime meeting in Manchester, when the Anti-Corn Law League was dissolved, when its elements were sent back to their original soil to be re-assimilated in future organizations, sentiments breathing the same spirit were uttered by him. During his subsequent tour in other lands, he frequently stated when complimented by eloquent tongues, that such praise was not due to him, but to his coadjutors in England.

There is another feature still more practically valuable to the Reformer who undertakes any arduous enterprise. That is faith. Richard Cobden has full faith in his principles. He has unlimited confidence in their necessary tendencies and consequences. That such might be said in reference to many of the editors and writers in several of the daily and weekly newspapers there is very great doubt. What a sad falling off has been witnessed in connexion with many of them. They must have given in their adherence to the principles of free trade for the sake of expediency or some other accidental circumstance, or they could not have fully fathomed the depths of the doctrines they espoused. The same may be said in reference to many who gave their votes for a repeal of the corn laws. Never did Mr. Cobden speak more truly than when he stated in the House of Commons, on Friday the 18th inst., that the spirit of free trade did not exist in the Government or in that house. Many of these men cannot fully understand, or do not fully believe the practicability of the doctrines they have advocated. Not so Richard Cobden. He sees their integrity, their applicability, and their consequent usefulness. He is not afraid of the issue. He evidently did not say that free trade would do much to supersede war, merely for the purpose of gaining converts to his cause. He saw that such a result would be the inevitable consequence of the operation of the principles he proclaimed. He is not to be frightened by the hue and cry of a French invasion.

But why am I complimenting Mr. Cobden so highly, and lauding his virtues in so superlative a manner. I do not do so for the sake of praise. That would be as profitless as it were contemptible. Neither am I forgetful of the other noble-minded men who struggled with him. I am only desirous to show that there is at this time a great work to do, and that it is requisite that some man equal to the task should commit himself to it.

It is requisite that he should vindicate right principles in the face of Europe, to stand in the way of governments usurping the rights and liberties of the wealth-producing masses, to raise his voice sufficiently high to command the attention and consideration of continental peoples, to look over the heads of kings and conquerors, and proclaim to listening humanity that the time is fast coming for the death and burial of war and all its ghastly associations. And in my opinion Richard Cobden is such a man.

I would not for a moment say that it is in his power to do all the desired work. He could no more do that than he could have repealed the corn laws by himself. Every man must do his best if the injustice of cabinets and power of aristocracy are to be checked. Every legitimate agency should be used. The Peace Society and the League of Universal Brotherhood, headed by that good and great man Elihu Burritt, have a tremendous work to perform. Such men as Dr. Bowring and several others of a similar stamp of mind and tendency of disposition, who preside over the opinion of the nation by the sovereign power of the pen or the tongue, are of incalculable importance. Every man, however exalted or humble his sphere, whose words and actions are fragrant with the pacific spirit, and whose aspirations are directed towards a nobler state and condition of humanity is called on to exert himself to the utmost in the holy enterprise. While the Duke of Wellington lives to write silly letters, and Lord John Russell unfolds belligerent budgets, and Lord Palmerston is actuated by a meddling spirit, some decided effort is called for. While Louis Philippe[*] insidiously trys to undermine the liberties of his countrymen by an organized physical force raised under a pretext of protecting himself from the hand of the assassin, and the institutions of his country from foreign usurpation; while Prince Metternich aims at resisting the progress of freedom in Swiss Cantons and Italian provinces by similar means, and when this is being done in decided antagonism to the general wish and aspirations of the teeming millions of France, Switzerland, and Italy, I say the time is come for some gigantic movement in favour of peace and liberty. As England has taken the lead in establishing free trade principles, and other nations are imitating her example; as a deep and broad foundation has been laid by the efforts of centuries on which may be erected a grander superstructure of enlightenment and independence throughout the world than has yet existed; certainly, under such circumstances, England may give another brilliant example in teaching the nations how to live without the interposition of the bloody hand of war. She can do it. The requisite agencies are within her own reach and beneath her own controul. She is preparing herself to rise up and assert in the face of earth and heaven, that the time of her deliverance draweth nigh. What better time for some heroic man, commanding popularity and confidence, to start up and consecrate himself to the annihilation of the war spirit, or at all events the war systems of Europe. Nothing short of a man of extensive reputation, of incorruptible integrity, of a magnanimous will, would be equal to the work. When Cobden speaks Europe listens to him. All civilized nations are his audience. The speeches which he has recently delivered in Lancashire were translated in almost all the leading journals of the old world. Very likely they were also reprinted throughout America. They cannot be read by any people without producing a salutary effect. They are laden with the spirit of that immortal sentence—"Peace on earth, good will among men." It was a happy expression of his in the House of Commons a few nights since, when he stated, perhaps boasted, that he represented the principal constituency in England, and that meetings condemnatory of any plan of increasing our war expenses had been held in every town in that constituency. He said he mentioned the fact, so that it might go side by side with Lord John Russell's speech, to satisfy the world that a majority of the English people were not apprehensive of a foreign invasion, and that they were desirous of living in peace with all mankind.

I am not so enthusiastic as to imagine that we are about to have a millennium in the course of a year or an age. I cannot expect that war establishments, which are so deeply rooted in the historic associations of the world, are to be uprooted in a short time. I have not forgotten that the progress of humanity is slow. But there is a tide in the affairs of nations, as well as of men, and if taken at the ebb may—aye, and certainly will—flow on to fortune. Pent up waters sometimes break through their boundaries and carry away before them the accumulated rubbish of ages. The present is a felicitous period to make a broad and deep impression. The genius of improvement is manifesting itself in Spain, in Italy, in France, and Germany. The great stream of social and political events, throughout the wide continent of humanity, flows onward in the most favourable direction. The notes of liberty are heard ringing from Palermo to Paris, from Lisbon to the shores of the Baltic. Similar feelings are agitating the inhabitants of Manchester and Milan, of Rouen and Vienna. I have reason to believe that Richard Cobden is fully alive to the startling character of the times. I hope he is fully sensible of his influence and responsibilities. I hope his modesty will not overcome his energetic and enterprising nature. I hope he will take advantage of the position he occupies and the opportunities presented to him. Let him act up to his abilities and the exigencies of the age. Let him instruct the ignorant and rebuke the unfaithful. Let him perseveringly resist any further encroachments on the public purse for war purposes, and call on the public to support him. Let him call for retrenchment till the expenditure be squared with the income. If need be let him do what the illustrious Pym did ages since, by moving amendments on votes of supplies till the grievances of the people are redressed. If there be any necessity for such a line of conduct, and if he pursue it, he may rely on general support out of doors. Such a course of proceedings well sustained would bring any Government to a stand still. Let him attend large public meetings in his own country, and gather up, as it were, in his own hands, the prevailing sentiment of the nation in reference to war, and then pass over to France and other parts of continental Europe, and echo the fraternal greetings of his own countrymen to all who are disposed for peace and brotherhood there. But it is not for me to particularize what he can do or what he should do. Considering all the bearings of the case, I think I am justified in stating, that it is peculiarly in his power to become the modern missionary of peace and good will among men. Such a mission would be worthy of the great apostle of free trade, of England, of the nineteenth century, and of humanity, and the glorious destiny which the future has in store for it.

◆

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

WARNINGS AND PROVIDENCES.

(*Continued from page 174.*)

We are indebted to a valued correspondent for the following singular dream.

In the year 1795, the Rev. George Biddulph, at that time chaplain to the Earl of ———, and my college associate, was in London; we spent much time together, and as he was a man of an earnest, serious turn of mind, our conversation was very much on religious subjects, he being anxious to dissever me from the freethinking principles of French and German philosophy to which I was at that time much addicted.

---

[*] This paper was written previous to the late memorable French Revolution.

One day being together at Woolwich, we took a stroll on Blackheath, when we accidentally came upon a young man, who, having been overturned in a gig, had slightly injured his arm. The little service which we were enabled to render him, led to our spending the remainder of the day together, and as it was then hardly past noon, this consisted of several hours, which were sufficient to enable young men socially inclined, to become tolerably familiar before parting.

Our new acquaintance informed us, that he was Lieutenant Macintosh, in the service of the East India Company, and that the following day he was to embark for his destination. He was a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance and lively manners. In the course of conversation some words dropped from myself, with reference to an unfinished argument with my clerical friend, on our often contested religious subjects. This led to the discovery that the young soldier was even more sceptically disposed than myself, and now with such an ally, the argument was resumed and continued till we were about to part, when the Lieutenant, asserting his positive belief in no other life than the present, declared that, if after death, his soul really existed—and he died before his new clerical acquaintance,—he would pay him a visit and confess his error, and adding, that he wonld not fail to enlighten me also.

We parted, and we saw the lieutenant no more, at least in this life. One remark I must make in this place, which is of importance, namely, that although the lieutenant had told us his name, he had not mentioned his family, nor his native place, nor had we inquired about them, and after that time neither of us thought more of him I believe, than is commonly thought of any passing, agreeable acquaintance who has enabled us to spend an hour or two pleasantly.

One night however, about three years afterwards, I dreamed that I was sitting in my library as usual, when the door opened and a young man entered, whom I immediately recognised to be Lieutenant Macintosh, though he was then wearing a captain's uniform. He looked much sunburnt as one might naturally expect a man to be after about three year's exposure to a trophical sun. His countenance however was grave, and there was a peculiar expression in it, that even in my dream, excited an unusual degree of attention. I motioned to him to be seated, and without addressing him, waited for him to speak; he did so immediately, and his words were these,—

"I promised when we were at Woolwich, together, to visit you if I died. I am dead, and have now kept my word. You can tell all your friends who are sceptics, that the soul does not perish with the body."

When these words were ended, I awoke, and so distinctly were they as it seemed impressed upon my senses that for the moment I could not believe but that they had been spoken to me by the actual tongue of man. I convinced myself that the chamber was empty, and then remembering that immediately before going to bed I had been reading the mystical writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, I persuaded myself that this was but the effect of my excited imagination, and again slept.

The next morning I regarded it merely as an ordinary dream. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when early in the day, I received a visit from my friend Biddulph, who instantly accosted me with the inquiry, whether I had heard any news of that Lieutenant Macintosh, whose acquaintance we had accidentally made three years before. I related my dream. "Strange indeed," he said, "then of a truth he is dead!" He then related that the preceding night he also had a similar dream, with this difference, that it was twice repeated, and that each time he was desired to write to ——— in Invernesshire, where lived his mother and sister, and to inform them of his death; the apparition in the dream adding each time, that his death would be a great affliction to them, and therefore he laid it earnestly upon him to offer them all the consolation in his power."

After the first dream, Biddulph, like myself, in awaking, had persuaded himself, that it was *merely* a dream, and after some time had again slept, when it was repeated precisely as before, and then on waking, he had risen and written down not only the address, but a letter to the clergyman of the parish, inquiring from him if a family such as had been intimated to him, lived at the place mentioned, but without giving him the reasons for this inquiry.

When day came however, the whole thing seemed to him so extraordinary, that he determined to come and consult with me who had known the young man equally as well as himself, before he took any decided step.

The whole thing appeared so strange, and so contrary to all human experience, that I could only advise him to send the letter which he had written to the clergyman, and be guided by his answer. We resolved not to mention the subject to any one, but we noted down the date and hour of these remarkable dreams. A few posts afterwards settled the whole thing. Mrs. Macintosh and her daughter were living, as had been told in the dream at ———, and the clergyman added, "that he hoped his correspondent had news to communicate respecting Captain Macintosh, about whom they were anxious. Thus two points were proved; our lieutenant had become a captain, and his mother and sister were living at the address communicated in this dream, as a natural inference, therefore, the third fact was true also.

As the best means of communicating the sad intelligence he had so singularly received, Biddulph determined to make a journey at once into Invernesshire; he did so, and singularly enough, that visit ended in his marrying Miss Macintosh.

In the course of a few months official tidings came of the death of Captain Macintosh, who had died by a *coup de soleil* while hunting up the country with a party of brother officers, and the time of his death exactly corresponded with that of our dreams.

The following dream which in one respect corresponds with the foregoing, was written down by a general officer at the request of Lady B———, to whom he related it, and is communicated to us by the daughter of the gentleman in question.

The relation of a circumstance that occurred to me when I was a subaltern, and quartered at Plymouth Dock, in the year 1786.

My captain (Downing) having obtained leave of absence, the command of the company devolved on me, and he informed me on leaving that he had promised a furlough to a man named Russell, and directed me to give it to him when he required it. I sent for Russell, and informed him that whenever he wished, I would sign him a furlough by desire of the captain. Some time elapsed but he did not ask for it. I had one night a party of brother officers in my room, and it came on so dreadful a night of thunder, lightning, and rain, that they could not get away until near daylight; I then told my servant when going to bed, not on any account to disturb me till I had got a good sleep.

It was scarcely daylight when my servant came in, and told me that Russell had called to get his furlough signed. I was very angry at being disturbed, but he said that Russell was so impatient, that he abused him and threatened to go without it if it was not signed. I desired him to go out and not disturb me again. In about two hours he returned and informed me that Sergeant B———, and his wife were murdered over at the Obelisk at Mount Edgecombe, (the Sergeant was stationed there in charge of a battery). This information made me start up, and on going into the next room, I saw Russell's furlough laying on the table, I asked my servant where he was, and he told me that he had gone off; I then enquired who had brought the intelligence of the murder, and he said it was the doctor who had been attending Mrs. B———, who had been very ill. It struck me as very strange that Russell should be so impatient to go off that morning, when he might have gone on any other day, and at his leisure, so I ordered the whole of the company to go in search of him all over the town, and to bring him to the guard-room; he was found in an obscure part of the town and brought, as directed, to the guard-room. I went to interrogate him as to his conduct, and asked him where he was the night before, he replied that he was in the barracks, and had answered his name at roll call. The orderly confirmed this, but added, "that he was bloody when he came to barracks." I enquired how that happened, when he said, "some sailors had invited him to drink, and then wanted him to pay, which, on his refusing to do, they had a fight." I enquired where were his necessaries, but this he would not discover, so I sent to the place where he had been concealed and there his clothes were found; on examining them several articles were marked with the names of B———, and his wife. I then had no doubt left, as to his being the perpetrator of the murder and had him committed.

While the inquest was sitting, he sent for me to speak to him in private; this I would not do, but took my pay-sergeant with me as a witness to whatever he had to communicate. He acknowledged that he was the murderer; he told me he went to the house and found Mrs. B—— in bed; she asked him what he wanted, and desired him to go away, for that Sergeant B—— would be very angry at finding him there. He then took up an axe and struck her with it, and murdered her; he then commenced ransacking the house, and while thus employed he heard the sergeant coming home. He placed himself behind the door, and on his entering he struck him with the axe and murdered him also. He then collected every article he could get, and carried them to Plymouth Dock, where he pawned whatever he could get money for. He was disappointed of getting thirty guineas, which it was understood B—— carried about with him in a leathern belt, and to obtain which was the principal inducement to his committing the murder. He was sent to Exeter Jail to await the approaching assizes.

Shortly after this occurrence (which took place in June or July, 1786,) I dreamed that Sergeant B—— appeared to me just as I had seen him lying on the floor of his house (and a horrid figure he was), that he held out his hand to me, that I gave him mine, and that he pulled me up close to him by an irresistible force; and that I requested him not to bloody me, to which he replied that he would not, but that he had a request to make of me, which was, that I would have justice done to his family for his murder; that he had a sister living in Hamilton Bawn, county Derry, whom he requested I would inform of the circumstance. I fell asleep, and again dreamed the same dream, which awoke me, and having the impression on my mind that I had twice been warned in my dream, I got up and wrote down the direction with my pencil; and in the morning as soon as I got up, I wrote a letter and directed it accordingly, and in less than a fortnight Miss B—— was in my quarters.

To the above may be added a few words from the letter of the lady to whom we are indebted for the above.

Sergeant B—— and his wife had no family, and no one in Plymouth knew anything either of his native place or his relations. He was stationed at a distance from the rest of the regiment, and was wealthy for a man in his station, which was the cause of his murder. The important event in the dream was the disclosure of the name and residence of his sister, his nearest relative, who was a single and unprotected woman. My father had never heard the name of the village where she lived, and lest he might forget it he wrote it with his pencil in the dark, and the next morning sent off his letter on what might appear a visionary errand. The murderer had been discovered without a dream; it seems, therefore, only an additional proof that nothing which concerns his creatures is beneath the notice of a merciful Providence. The sergeant was a person of piety, so I believe was his sister, and although the sum of thirty pounds may appear small, yet to one in her station it was great; at all events God did not permit the unfortunate sergeant's dearest and nearest relative to be deprived of her just rights. She came all the way out of Ireland to Plymouth, which was in those days a serious undertaking, and proved her right to the possessions of her late brother.

The following singular narrative has been kindly communicated to us by a lady from Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A dreadful storm raged for several days on the coast of Holland. One night during its continuance the wife of a fisherman, who lived in a hut on the shore, woke her husband, saying that she had had a frightful dream, in which she had seen a wreck not far from the shore, and that even then she fancied she could hear the cries of distress. The husband listened, but could perceive nothing but the raging of the storm and the thundering of the heaving billows which beat upon the shore. He therefore urged his wife to sleep again, treating it as the excitement merely of a frightful dream.

The wife, who had in vain urged her husband to take his boat to ascertain, at all events, whether a wreck really were in the situation she had dreamed of, after some time composed herself to sleep, and again dreamed precisely as before. Again she awoke her husband and told him her dream, describing to him exactly the spot where the wreck appeared to lie, and the miserably perishing state of the few survivors, whose cries seemed still to ring in her ears.

The husband, who had no inclination to brave all the horrors of this stormy night in his boat merely on the strength of his wife's dream, positively refused and treated it all as a mere fancy caused by the tumult of the storm. The wife, on the contrary, on whose mind the dream had made the impression of absolute truth, and who was a woman of great resolution and courage, and quite competent to the management of a boat, as many of these fishermens' wives are, determined to go out by herself to rescue the unfortunate wretches who, she was convinced, stood in such need of help. The man, however, either shamed by her courage or unwilling that she should peril herself alone in such a hazardous attempt and finding every effort to alter her purpose vain, consented to accompany her. The boat therefore was launched, she directing, according to her dream, the course in which they should steer.

Before long they discovered that the dream really was true: at the very point where she had stated, lay the wreck with several human beings fastened upon it (as far as I can recollect about ten) some dead and the others in the most dreadful state of hunger and destitution, and consequently reduced to such a degree of weakness that their voices were scarcely audible above a whisper, so that the cries of distress which she seemed to hear did not proceed from them. The few survivors were taken by the fisherman and his wife into their boat and conveyed to their hut, where such assistance was given them as their small means could afford, but which sufficed until better aid could be obtained.

The shipwrecked vessel was the British Queen; the captain, whose name was Grainger, was unfortunately one of the dead.

One of the sailors who was saved, when he was able to continue his voyage, was brought to my father's house under very peculiar circumstances. At that time the press-gangs were the pests of our sea-port towns, and this poor fellow being in danger of being taken by one of them was secreted for some time in a garret in our house, indeed, until another ship could be found for him.

This fear of the press-gang made as great an impression on our youthful minds as the dream of the fisherman's wife, which had been so miraculously the means of saving the poor man; and our sympathy with his sufferings and our indignation against this legalised oppression, which made the press-gang the dread of our neighbourhood, were, as may be conceived, very great.

◆

FRENCH PATRIOTIC SONGS.

[Great interest having been excited of late by every thing relating to the important movement in France, we have been requested to give translations of the two great Revolutionary Songs. The versions with which the public are at present acquainted being very imperfect, we present the following, not as imagining them to be the best possible, but as being, at all events, nearer to the originals than any we are acquainted with.

Of the Marseillaise Hymn we must, however, remark, that it belongs altogether to the First Revolution, and as such is connected in some degree with many dreadful scenes of outrage and bloodshed. It can only properly be sung in the present *pacific* Revolution, by giving a pacific and moral force construction to its very powerful words, and this has been probably felt, as it has been almost superseded by the "Mourir pour la Patrie," a song very inferior in merit, but more appropriate to the spirit of the time.—Eds.]

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.*

Come on, ye sons of France to glory,
The day of freedom is at hand;
With flaunting banner stained and gory
Against you comes the tyrant-band.
Do you not hear by field and forest
The murmur of the ruffian foe?
He comes your homes to overthrow,
To fill your hearts with woe the sorest!
Arm, arm! ye valiant men!
Unsheathe the righteous sword!
March on, march on! the tyrants' blood
Like waters shall be poured.

What seeks this horde, these sons of serfdom,
These tools of kings' confederate-crime?
For whom are meant these bonds ignoble,
These fetters forged in ancient time?
On us, is made this fierce aggression!
Let righteous anger in us burn!
'Tis we that they would dare to spurn,
And bow beneath their old oppression!
Arm, arm! ye valiant men! etc.

What! shall the cohorts of the stranger
Lay down the law within our home?
What! shall the mercenary legions
Our haughty warriors overcome?
Great God! shall hands by chains degraded
Have power to make us also slaves!
Shall we behold, by despot-knaves
Our fate controlled, our rights invaded!
Arm, arm! ye valiant men! etc.

Ye tyrants tremble, false and cruel,
Ye curse and shame of all mankind!
Your parricidal schemes, ye crafty
Their proper fate, at length, shall find!
And if, in deadly contest closing,
Our noble, youthful heroes fall,
The earth fresh thousands forth shall call,
And rouse herself your power opposing!
Arm, arm! ye valiant men! etc.

As warriors, Frenchmen, brave and noble,
Go forth! and wisely strike the blow,
Yet spare the abject slave, misguided
Who is compelled to call you foe!
But spare no despot blood-polluted!
Nor spare the tools of fraud and force,
Those tigers who have no remorse
By deeds of tyranny imbruted!
Arm, arm! ye valiant men! etc.

Oh love of country, sacred passion!
Do thou the arm avenging guide!
And Liberty, dear mountain maiden,
Go thou, and combat by our side!
Oh make, oh make, our banner glorious!
And aid with thy heroic tone,
That as they die our foes may own
Thy triumph, and our cause victorious!
Arm, arm! ye valiant men!
Unsheathe the righteous sword!
March on, march on! the tyrants' blood
Like waters shall be poured!

◆

"MOURIR POUR LA PATRIE!"

FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE!

By the loud cannon's fierce commotion,
France calls her children to the strife;
On! says the soldier's warm devotion!
Our mother 'tis that needs our life!
For our country to die! for our country to die!
Is a glorious fate for which brave men may sigh!

For us, my friends, who poor and lonely,
Who here unseen must yield our breath,
For France, and for her freedom only,
We can at least devote our death!
For our country to die! for our country to die
Is a glorious fate, for which brave men may sigh!

◆

---

* For the origin of this hymn see Vol. II. of this Journal, p. 118.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

[This letter arrived too late to appear in the body of the Journal. We prefer giving it here to delaying it. Those which follow will occupy a more prominent position.—Eds.]

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(For Howitt's Journal.)

NO. I.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

Dear Friends,

In common with all the People of Progress, you have rejoiced at the last and grandest French Revolution. Never since the day of Pentecost was there such a scene of enthusiastic fervour, of sacrificing devotion. The King of Trade has been conquered by the Man of Work. The most commercial of monarchies has fallen before the Republic of industry. It dared a suffering people until the veins of indignation burst in blood, and then it ignominiously fled, leaving behind it a sanguine stain as a remembrance of its steps, and pitied by the people whose magnanimous power it had provoked.

When the great event of February, the main facts of which have already electrified the world, occurred in France, I was engaged in a missionary tour in the South West of England. While lecturing at Southampton to a large audience, I instanced the first French Revolution, with its grand episodes of Mirabeau, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, Robespierre, and Bonaparte, as the greatest example of poetry in secular history, as a magnificent historic epic; and when, as an acknowledgement of the truth of that declaration, it was impulsively received by three distinct rounds of applause; I little thought that at that time, at that moment perhaps, events of a new Revolution were occurring in Paris, as poetic, nay, more poetic, in their scope and tendency, than those even of '89. When I was in Poole, however, the radiant face of the great God of Revolutions beamed on all the world from Paris, and at a meeting held in the town hall of Poole, by a little party of progressives, I announced the new sovereignty of the people, and made known my intention of proceeding to Paris. I then returned to Southampton, and after lecturing while waiting for the steamer, at Fordingbridge, I departed for France, bearing with me an address of sympathy to the French Provisional Government, from the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment at Southampton. This will, I trust, be but the first of the addresses, which I shall have to present during my stay here. The International League and the Chartists have set the good example of thus fraternizing with the French people. The members of the Bond of Brotherhood, the Communist Church, and the Co-operative Societies, should follow this example. A meeting for this purpose should be held in every town in England. Whatever the governments have been, let us endeavour to show to the French nation, that the English people are their brethren. Let us fraternize with them, let us express that fraternization by addresses of sympathy, and that spirit of warfare which has so long existed between two great nations, will be elevated into a spirit of emulation, as to which shall best serve the cause of pacific progress. The movement of 1848, is not only French—it is the beginning of a European Revolution. Italy, Germany, Spain, already shake their chains aspiring to be free. In Paris, the Swiss, the Germans, the Americans, and the Negroes, have, by meetings and deputations, paid their homage to the Revolution of France. Nor is England behind hand in her sympathies, somewhat secret though they may be. Seldom have I been so delightedly astonished, as I was, when I discovered, during my south-western tour, the immense feeling arising amongst the English population. This feeling I am convinced is not confined to the working men, but extends to the middle classes. Wealthy tradesmen, and even farmers, have found out that our taxation is too high, and that they must and will have a cheaper form of government.

I landed from Southampton at Havre, and had there to await the greater part of the day, the departure of the train. During my stay I walked about the town. The public edifices and the offices of the Municipal Government were profusely placarded with the proclamations of the Provisional Government. There was also a proclamation of the Mayor, calling upon the people under his jurisdiction, to recognize the Republic, and another impressing upon all good citizens the duty of a speedy payment of their taxes. The Bank also had a notice upon the walls, stating its ability to cash its notes. This ability was being tested. One side of the street in which the bank is situated, was filled with a file of men and women, who required their money. They were admitted six at a time, and their demands were met. While watching the procession, a scene truly French occurred. An old French beggar with a crafty comical look, appeared among them with an uncorked bottle, the neck of which hung downwards, slung over his back. The inference was, that where there was nothing, nothing could be got, that where there was nothing within, nothing could come out. The crowd shook with laughter, but as far as the bank was concerned, the exhibition did not apply. Otherwise a few National Guards preserved the greatest possible order. In other respects Havre presented its usual appearance, with the exception, that a change was observed in the tricolor—

> "Of three bright colours, each divine,
> And braided as an heavenly sign."

This alteration thus occurred. The original colour of the first French Revolution was green, from the circumstance that Camille Desmoulins decorated himself with the branches of the trees which grew in the Palais Royal, and that this example was followed by the crowd which was collected there, which caused the first great outbreak. During the progress of events however, the Orleans branch artfully managed to weave the blue and red colours of their livery, with the white flag of the Bourbon family. This was the first French tricolor—arranged from the flag staff—blue, white, and red. Such also was of course the tricolor of July, 1830, when the Orleans branch of the Bourbons, in the person of Louis Philippe, acquired the monarchy. His perfidy however, so disgraced "this Rainbow of the Free," that the Republicans hoisted as their emblem, the *drapeau rouge*—the red flag. This was the flag under which the Revolution of February, 1848, has been fought and gained. Many of the students, soldiers, and others still wear that colour only in their cockades and scarfs. Lamartine, however, as a poet, had choice associations in connection with the tricolor. He wished that the flag of France should remain three coloured. The tricolor had been disgraced however, and it was necessary that it should be altered. It has been altered, and it now floats at Havre, and at Paris, from the flag staff—blue, red, and white. The first flag, had white, the Bourbon, the monarchical colour, in the middle. The second tricolor has red, the Republican colour as its centre. The change is significant—important. I have not dwelt too long upon it. The new arrangement has been a special act of the Provisional Government. The flag also is the unique emblem of the French—the expression of their character as a military people, and a political nation,

I am now in Paris. I am once again in the City of Revolutions, in the midst of the students who form the mind, and in the midst of the working-classes who compose the strength of the Republic. I can but honour this Paris, where, if any where, bayonets are holy, and where, if any where, the God of Grace is the Lord of Hosts. In a following letter I will reverendly tread its streets, and give some note of the aspect of its ruins, and of the hand writing of the future upon its walls. I will afterwards endeavour to shew that the great Revolution which has here just taken place, is not only critical, but constructive, not only passional, but moral, not only social, but industrial, not only political, but religious.

In the mean while I remain, dear friends,

Your's faithfully,

GOODWYN BARMBY.

WHICH NATION GOES A-HEAD NOW?

The English thirty years ago listened to the clamours of the Whigs for thorough Retrenchment and Reform. They believed them and gave them office. Where are the retrenchment and reform? The impudent Whigs are at this moment, after thirty years of peace, imposing new taxes. They have increased our war expenditure in the last thirteen years about *seven millions* per annum. They want to increase them more! They are laying on a fresh Income Tax into the bargain, and they find plenty of tools ready to vote away our money. All places, pensions, sinecures, and every species of corruption, is kept up, and hardly a man ventures in the house to call upon them to touch it. Where is this to end? What do we hope for; or wait for? If in thirty years of peace we have only drifted farther into the great ocean of debt, what hope for reform or the people?

In the last fifteen years we have abolished one bad law—the Corn Law. But be it remembered that this law was only imposed in 1815, and that therefore if we except, and it is hardly worth while, the humbug of the Reform Bill, we have not really carried one great reform for the last half century into any of those regions of oppression and abuse which press on the energies and comforts of the nation. We can conceive no more pitiful and contemptible idea of a spiritless, grovelling, and dastardly nation. In England, after all our boasts of our love of liberty, we submit to the daily and unexampled plunder of the vultures of aristocracy with the tame baseness of slaves that deserve to be trodden till they are roused into the spirit of men, or crushed into the mire that they so much resemble. In this country Reform is a Farce; and political agitation an amusement. Any one seeing the uproar of a public meeting would look for a revolution the next day. But what occurs the next day? The man who got drunk over night, and the man who was drunk at the public meeting with political enthusiasm, who stood up, ranted, shouted, and waved his hat or his handkerchief, are equally sober—and are gone to work with the most asinine resolve to win a pound in the week, that the aristocrats may have 17s. 6d. of it in the shape of taxation. John Bull, who once was a fellow of spirit, has been bewitched by the fairies, and stands forth *Bottom the Weaver with the Ass's Head!*

The French Government was running the same career, and from 1841 to 1847 increased the debt nearly four millions sterling. What did the French do? The most remarkable Week's Work yet upon record—Here it is—

A NATIONAL WEEK'S WORK.

Abolition of Monarchy; and expulsion of Royalty.
Grant of Universal Suffrage.
Abolition of all Titles.
Abolition of Capital Punishment.
Separation of Church and State.
Admission of the Claims of Labour.
Admission of Workmen as Shareholders in Railways and other Works.
Admission of an Artizan to the Ministry.
Abolition of all Corporal Punishment in the Navy.
Abolition of Stamps on Newspapers.
Abolition of all Sinecures.
Abolition of all Slavery.

Go to John Bull—Go to Bottom the Weaver with the Ass's Head, and if thou only do as much work in the next century, our children will have a better opinion of thee than we have. There is scarcely a nation in Europe which has not won some extension of its liberties from the impulse of the French Revolution except this impoverished, declining, and besotted country.

THE BABY JUMPER.

Ever since we have had any experience of children, and the immense labour frequently required from nurses, especially labour of the arms, we have wondered that no machinery had been invented, and called in to the aid of both mothers, nurses, and children. What would both mother and nurse give on some occasions, if they could hand a young child over to another person, to toss it and amuse it, when they themselves are quite worn out, or required to do something else at the moment that the child will not rest without active nursing. How often would the child itself be enjoying a healthy and charming exercise, when it otherwise is compelled to lie on the floor or in the cradle, and become fretful because wanting that motion which nature indicates as the greatest requisite of all young creatures, next to food.

Our notions, however, always connected themselves with some piece of rather complex machinery—here is the object reached most completely by the simplest process in the world! India rubber does it all! India rubber supplies both springs and impetus, and wipes out all the lines of care from the child's face as completely as it wipes out every soil from paper. A cord partly of India-rubber—a circle of wire, a little jacket suspended within it, and the child snugly buttoned into this jacket, and away it goes, all joy and laughter, and would not thank you for the best of living nurses. Once in the Baby-Jumper, and it is independent of nurses. It is at once nurse and nursed. Let but its toes touch the floor, and all is right.

Having seen the success of this simple and invaluable American invention in the family of a friend, we are enabled to speak of it as it deserves. The American poet is serious when he says—

> The infant that, in modest days of yore,
> Was wont to lie and kick upon the floor,—
> That found its happiness in peaceful nap
> In mother's arms, or nurse's soothing lap,
> That never scorned to vent its rage in squalls;
> And try its little lungs in deafening bawls;—
> Now, holding such small things its mind beneath,
> Learns Calisthenics ere it cuts its teeth,
> And while, in quiet, nurse or mother sleeps,
> In "*Baby-Jumper*" takes elastic leaps.

A PRETTY PARLIAMENT.

Why do we hear such outcries from Ministers for the augmentation of our National Defences? Why do we pay *Twenty Millions a year* for naval and military establishments in time of peace, besides *Twenty-eight Millions* a year for interest of a War Debt, and only six millions for all other Government charges? Why do we pay 17s. 6d. in the pound for military expenses, and the nineteenth part of a farthing for education? Why have we such distress in our manufacturing districts, and such a mass of ignorant and brutal idlers in our streets, ready for plunder and destruction? Behold the answer! And in the name of common sense, people of England, reflect seriously upon it!

The number of Military and Naval Men who have seats in the House of Commons is One Hundred and Forty-three, viz.—

3	Admirals	
3	Lieutenant-Generals	
3	Major-Generals	
22	Colonels	
28	Lieutenant-Colonels	
16	Majors	
43	Captains in the Army and Navy	
21	Lieutenants	ditto
4	Cornets	
143		

Besides upwards of 100 *Military and Naval Officers in the House of Lords, and a large proportion of both Houses of Parliament, who, though not actually Officers themselves, have Members of their families in the Army or Navy.*

Ought these men to sit in Parliament and vote the money of the people into their own pockets? Is not the fact that they do so, a sufficient explanation why our military expenditure is increased upwards of Seven Millions in the course of the year 1847 over the year 1835—a sum greater than the produce of the Income Tax.

ARRIVAL OF MR. SULLY, THE ICARIAN AGENT AT NEW ORLEANS.

We are pleased to see in the *Populaire*, that M. Cabet has received a letter from Mr. Sully, dated New Orleans, 8th of February, announcing his arrival in that city, in order to prepare for the reception of the advance-guard of the Icarians, who left Havre on the second of the same month. He had already met with various gentlemen, amongst them M. Dominique Testa, M. Vavasseur, M. Weitling, and others, who gave him the greatest encouragement regarding the choice of the location for the Icarian settlement, and its ultimate success. They promise every co-operation and friendship. Nine different persons were anxious to accompany Mr. Sully or the advance-guard to the settlement.

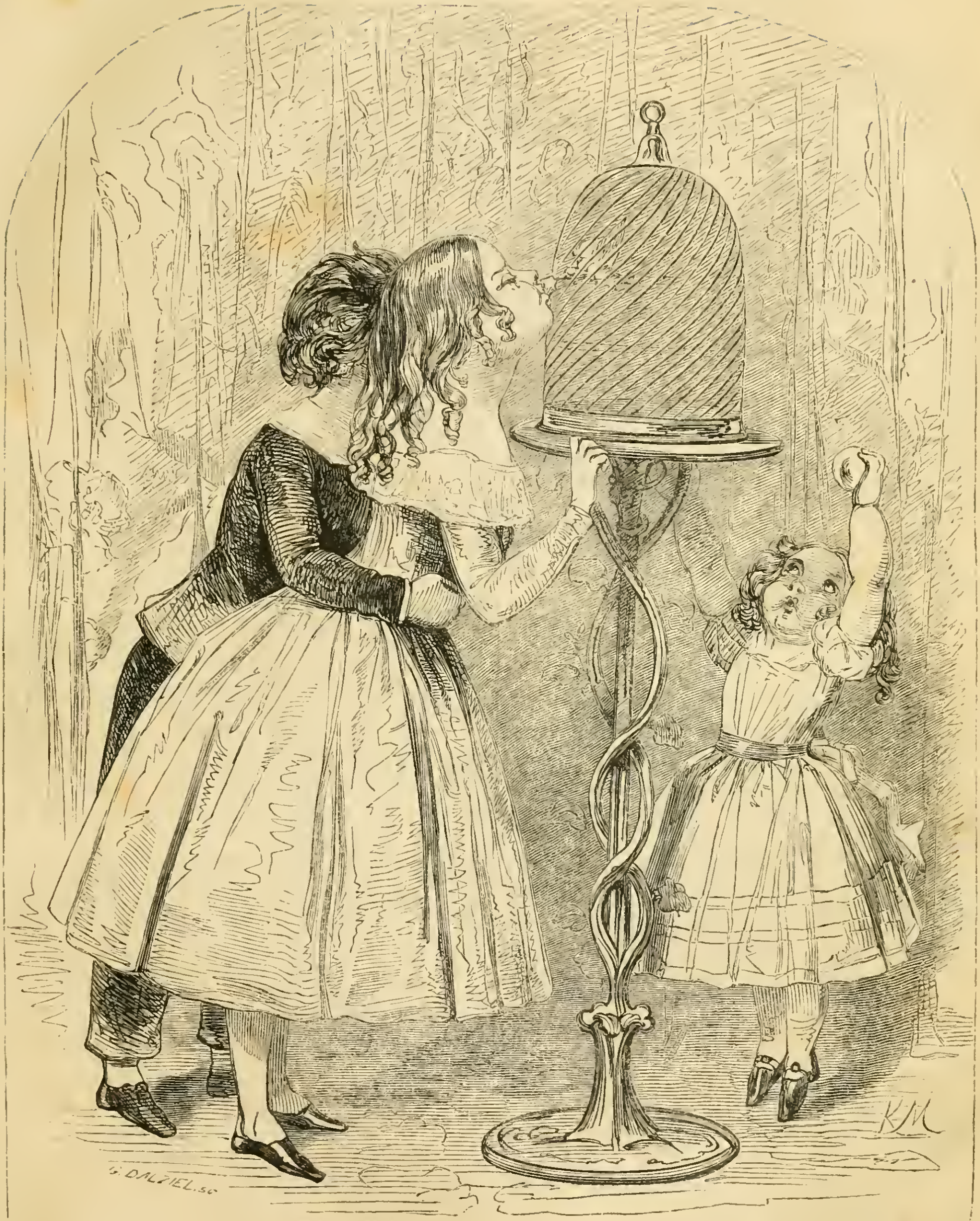
M. Cabet, at the head of the Central Fraternal Society in Paris is zealous in aiding the settlement of the Republican Government on a firm basis.

CONTENTS.

Facts from the Fields. The Depopulating Policy. By William Howitt. Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which Men are worked up into Malefactors. No. I. The Meldrum Family. (Continued.)—Poets of the People. No. II. Beranger. By Dr. Smiles.—The Mission of Richard Cobden. By J. Passmore Edwards.—Remarkable Dreams, Warnings and Providences.—Marseillaise Hymn, and Mourir pour la Patrie. Translated for *Howitt's Journal*.—Record.

Printed for the proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 171, (corner of Surrey Street,) Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d



DOMESTIC SCENES, NO. I.

PRISON ALLOWANCE.

DESIGNED BY KENNY MEADOWS. ENGRAVED BY G. AND E. DALZIEL.

No. 66—Vol. III. April 1, 1848.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(For Howitt's Journal.)

No. II.

THE PARIS OF THE REVOLUTION.

DEAR FRIENDS,

In Paris itself, let us take a review of the most external part of the movement of February. Let us glance at the ruins it has made. Let us note the monuments it has erected. This will prepare the way for a deeper consideration of the events of the Revolution of '48. This will form a fit preface to an account of the parties and theories, which have been active since that grand change. My materials may wholly be depended upon, and they will be new, as they are selections from the pamphlets; and not compilations from the journals. The personality of the recital is, however, sometimes preserved, as I pass through the streets of Paris, book in hand, or accompanied by a friend.

My first sight was the Tuileries and the Palais Royal. Royalty was fled. The simple inscription—"Proprieté Nationale!"—National Property—placed upon its walls, proclaimed the Republic, and constituted its safeguard. There were still, however, some remains of royalty to be seen. Piled in a rude and ragged heap, in the enclosed part of the Place du Carrousel, was a mixed mass of rubbish, which had once been used by used-up Royalty. There it rotted, a confusion of papers from palace walls; of crockery, not delph, but china, of jelly shapes; of hair-brushes; of all comprehensible conveniences; of all rascally rags. There it rotted; a hashed heap of regal rubbish, which the people of Paris had thrown out of the windows of the Palace of the Nation. It has since stunk and is removed. The Tuileries is intended to have an entire new order of inhabitants. It is to become the palace of the soldiers of industry, of all those valiant strugglers who return disabled or mutilated from the manufactories, the mines, or the workshops. At least this is the view of the Provisional Government, which will most probably be ratified by the National Assembly. It is a grand idea this, that the palace of kingcraft should become the asylum of industry! Before the Revolution, which has originated this idea, let us not forget that there were no political rights, no association allowed for demanding them, a parliament which represented not the country, a budget with a deficit of six hundred millions, and a diplomatic body which had received an express mission to sustain the absolute powers in their attempts upon lesser nationalities. Then who will not exult to see France as she is, and not as she was?

Let us joyfully then make the tour of Paris in the route of the events of the Revolution. Early in the morning of the 22nd of February, large bodies of people of all classes, but chiefly workmen, were seen moving to the west of Paris. They were proceeding to the banquet of the 12th Arrondissement, which had been, contrary to all law and liberty, forbidden by the Government. At ten o'clock the students of law and medicine, met together on the Place of the Pantheon. There about eighteen hundred of them formed in two files, apparently under the direction of a young man of colossal stature, and commenced their march. When they arrived at the quays, they met and fraternized with a procession of two thousand workmen, descending from the Faubourgs. Half-past eleven was the hour fixed for the general meeting at the Madeleine. Before that temple of a church, an immense multitude united from all quarters of Paris. All eyes were turned to the Cafe where the Radical Deputies were accustomed to meet, and were to have given the signal for the march to the Champs Elysées, where a covered place had been prepared for the banquet. It was in vain they looked; the courage of the deputies had failed, and Guizot and Barrot were enveloped in the same reprobation by the deserted people. Some of the crowd then directed their way to Guizot's hotel, and to other points, but were dispersed by the soldiers. At noon three barricades were formed in the Champs Elysées, and the troops of the line sent to destroy them, fraternized with the people. Meanwhile numerous collisions had occurred in other parts with the soldiers and the populace, and the Chambers were alarmed. At five o'clock the rappel beat in every street for the National Guard, who united to maintain order, but still shouted "Reform for ever!" The soldiers were mustered in all their strength. In vain! for the "Marseillaise" and the "Chant des Girondins" filled the air with thunder. In vain, for the people had in various parts of the town been ruthlessly slaughtered. In vain, for the workmen had arms or seized them. The night, however, closed in; and the fatigued people retired as human beings to arise as heroes.

On the morning of the 23rd, about sixty workmen in blouses made their appearance by the Fish-market, preceded by a tambour, and led by a man with a long beard, who waved in his hands a small tri-coloured flag. Here they attempted to construct barricades, but were prevented by the approach of a body of infantry. These latter, however, were met by power of another nature, by the market-women, who with a poetry which their appearance would not imply, cried to them, "Friends, spare our husbands, our sons, our brothers!" and delayed them with presents of provisions. The brave little band, meanwhile, continued its way without a cry or singing—with a wondrous silence, and stopped at length without interruption in the Rue Poissonniere. Here they overturned carriages, pulled up the pavement, and soon formed a barricade. A second was made in the Rue Clery, a third in the Rue Neuve Saint Eustache, and a fourth in the Rue Thevenot. The position was admirable; and I am informed that the four barricades were all made in three quarters of an hour; and that not a musket was pointed against the soldiers until the Municipal Guards had fired on the people. Other barricades wherever there was a coigne of vantage were erected. We would instance only those in connexion with which, we believe, we have some information, unknown to the English public. A troop of soldiers of the line approached to attack the barricade in the Rue St. Martin. A young man of fifteen, almost enveloped by a flag which he held in his hand, went upon his knees in the most exposed position, and exclaimed with a resolute voice—"It is your flag, fire if you have the courage!" The example of this intrepid youth was followed by the other citizens. As if by common accord, they rushed upon the barricade, and placing themselves before the muskets, and pointing to their hearts, cried out, "Strike if you dare, the citizens without arms!" The soldiers, who had taken aim, resumed their muskets and refused to use them. The act of the brave youth is already preserved in an engraving. Another young man had been arrested on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle. His comrades collected around the guard-house shouting for his release. The soldiers menaced them with firing. "Never mind," they answered. Do your duty and we will do ours." In despite of the bayonets, they scaled the wall of the guard-house, entered by a window, delivered the prisoner, disarmed the soldiers, fired their muskets into the air, and then returned them, crying out "The Line for ever!" amid the plaudits of the crowd, astonished by this act of chivalrous valour and generosity. At noon, barricades appeared everywhere. There is scarcely a street in Paris, certainly not a place of any military importance, in which there are not indications of where they were formed. At four o'clock the fight was general. The ground was disputed step by step. The barricades were raised, were destroyed, and arose again. Then a lull was caused by the report of M. Guizot's resignation, and for a while the soldiers and the people absolutely fraternized at their late mortal rendezvous. The illusion was soon, however, dissipated. At ten o'clock one of the popular columns, specially composed of the workmen of the Faubourgs, were seen to march along the Boulevard of the Opera. Their movements were marked by a certain harmony and order, even by a kind of discipline which distinguished them from the other workmen. At their head advanced, arranged in a line, seven or eight young working men, bearing torches and three coloured flags. About four feet behind these, marched singly an officer of the City Legions, in his full uniform, and sword in hand. To him belonged the command of the column After him came a strong body of National Guards, and then a long orderly array of workmen. From street to street, this patriot procession proceeded, now saluting the house of some worthy citizen, and now singing the hymns of the people, until it reached the end of the Boulevard des Capucines, where it found formed before it, an impenetrable wall of soldiers. They were two companies of the 64th Regiment of the line. The procession continued its way not the less, until they found their torch-bearers in contact with the front rank of the infantry, when the order to halt was given, and their chief advanced to the commander of the soldiers, and requesting a passage, stated that the manifestation was only a pacific one in favour of Reform, and promised to preserve order. The request was refused, and after some struggling between the nearest of the adversaries, the command was given for the soldiers to fire. Two hundred muskets were thus discharged upon the unarmed and compact crowd. The murderous consequence was horrible. The terrible intelligence passed electrically from street to street. The rest of the night was passed in solemn silence. It was the calm before the storm. The men burnished their arms for the morning's battle. The women prepared bandages for those whose duty it was to be wounded on the morrow.

The morning of the 24th arose. I have no occasion to give all its details. I would merely note those places which I have visited which have been consecrated by heroic acts; or made remarkable by their occurrences. Such was the site of the barricade in the Quartier St. Martin, now only recognizable by the loosened stones of its pavement. As it was being formed, a battalion of the line marched up to the insurgents, and prepared to fire. A workman advanced to the soldiery, and called out,—"Observe, Commander, that our barricade is not finished, and we are not yet prepared to defend it; but come and meet us here in an hour." The officer looked at him, smiled, and defiled his troop, but never returned. In the barricade of the Rue Mauconseil, a still more astonishing event occurred. While it was attacked by the military, from time to time, a young man appeared at the very top of the intrenchment, entirely exposed himself, calmly charged his musket, adjusted it with *sang froid* to his shoulder, and each time shot a soldier. The detachment fired upon him, but not a ball wounded him. Ten times did he perform the same gallant action. The commander of the troops then ordered his soldiers not to fire on him again, and when the young man perceived this determination, he ceased to load his gun, and retired from the fight, to appear no more, either for fight or fame. A most glorious refutation was this young man, of Burke's assertion, that the age of chivalry had passed away. Occurrences like this stand out like statues of the Gods amid the groupings of the Revolution. No wonder that the people conquered, when, as in the old epics, the heroes of heaven descended as their leaders. The King fled. The people marched to the Tuileries, and found it evacuated. Finally, the Provisional Government was instituted and the Republic proclaimed. The 22nd was to have been a banquet, the 24th was a victory.

The most perfect order now reigns in Paris, although Paris is entirely under the controul of the people. What strikes you most in the Paris of the Revolution is this. The population is no longer, as with Louis Philippe awed by soldiery. You see the sentinels of the Garde Nationale Mobile, as it is called, at the usual posts, in the simple dress of citizens, distinguished only by an inscription on pasteboard fixed to their hats. Thus you will see a lad in a blouse, shouldering his musket, and pacing to and fro at his post, with a most military air during the cold night. Of course a uniform will be introduced as soon as possible; but the want of it at present shows in whose hands Paris is placed, and that the people know how to preserve order. Otherwise Paris is as it was, except that everywhere you see where the barricades have been, by the loosened stones, by the smoke-blackened, and sometimes destroyed houses in their neighbourhood. Except moreover, and this is a great exception, that its inward life, its intellectual existence, is most vividly quickened by the events of February, that Paris is papered with placards, that the rage for news is almost ridiculous, that new songs, new music, new engravings, new costumes celebrate the Republic, that new journals are jerked rather than born into existence, and that finally, clubs have become common everywhere, and everywhere are over-crowded. Of these things I shall give more particulars in my future letters.

Yours very faithfully,
Goodwyn Barmby.

◆

A STORY ABOUT BANVARD.

Every one, or, at least every American, has heard of Banvard, and many have read his adventures, as published in the descriptive pamphlets of his great Picture of the Mississippi. But he is the hero of an adventure which is not published, and which is rather too good to be lost. It is generally known that he speculated in a variety of ways on the treacherous Mississippi, to get money to help him through his object.

One of these speculations consisted in fitting up a flat-boat as a museum of paintings, which he floated from town to town, exhibiting these paintings to the inhabitants thereof. He stopped "for one night only" at the little, and almost deserted town of Commerce, Mississippi, and which can be seen in the panorama, a short distance below Memphis. During the exhibition, there was one man who appeared very consequential, and wanted to know if the proprietor had a license for exhibiting his painting? He also said as the "Squire" was out of town, he would assume the responsibility, and collect the license-money himself. Mr. Banvard observed that the exhibition was not in the town, but on the river, and that he had a State license, which gave him the privilege of exhibiting where he pleased within the jurisdiction of the State.

"I can't help that," said the self-appointed magistrate, with all the consequence of a 'real genuine squire.' "We calculate to have a large town here some of these days, and we want money in our treasury, and as you is making a small sprinklin' off the place, you might as well leave a little on it behind; so fork over the license money."

Banvard found he had an ugly customer to deal with, and was so well acquainted with the people of the wild region, that he knew it was best to get off as easy as possible; for, at a word, this fellow could have the whole town at his back, who would be delighted with the 'spree' of 'dornicking' the boat, and the fellow appeared to be the leader amongst them.

"How much is your license?" said the exhibitor.

"I don't zackly know, but I suppose I will make it ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! why, my dear sir, I have only taken about six or eight dollars."

"Can't help that; I want the ten dollars, or we good citizens will 'odfisticate' this boat for you."

"But some other 'good citizen' may demand another ten dollars on the same plea," observed Banvard.

"I will 'sume the responsibilities of my fellow citizens, as I am the only responsible person in the town of Commerce."

"Well, sir, since you assume the responsibility, just sit down and view the painting, and after the exhibition is over, I will pay your demand; my business calls me at present."

Mr. Consequence then walked into the large room where the exhibition was going on, and Mr. Banvard turned to his hands, and giving them directions to have all the lines on board, except the 'bow line,' and to unswing the oar, with poles set ready for starting at a moment's warning, suspecting the fellow would raise a row. After the exhibition was over, and the *good citizens* began to make tracks for home, the 'collector' remained behind and demanded his money.

"Certainly," said the proprietor; "just step back into the cabin with me, and you shall have it;" and back he walked as one of the hands was extinguishing the lights used for the paintings. Just as he and Banvard reached the little cabin, by some accident Mr. B. contrived to extinguish the only remaining light, and both were shut in utter darkness. In the meantime all the spectators had left the boat, and she swung back and forth, being held only by the one line at the bow, and the current was rushing furiously by her. It was the intention of Banvard to cast the line loose as soon as the last spectator got on shore. But this last spectator saved him the trouble, for seeing the situation of the boat he thought it would be a fine joke to tell that he cut her loose. This fellow, not aware that the would-be magistrate was on board, out with his bowie knife, severed the line and ran off. The hands on the bow perceiving the boat dropping astern, suspected what was done, and taking hold of the line found it cut. They immediately drew what remained of it on board, poled the boat off noiselessly into the current, and all on board were rapidly floating off on the dark bosom of the Mississippi, at the rate of six miles an hour.

"Come, make haste," said Consequence, after Mr. B. had succeeded in re-lighting the lamp,—"I want them are ten dollars in a hurry."

"Certainly, sir, as soon as I find the key of my trunk. You see, sir, my receipts are only eight dollars to-night, and I must get from my trunk the balance of the money. Can you change a twenty-dollar bill?"

"Well, I can hoss. I got to go to court to-morrow, and I just put that sum into my pocket—hand over your bill."

"Yes, sir, as soon as I find the key to my trunk."

"Hang it, have I got to wait here till morning for the money?" said Consequence, who began to smell a little of the rat.

"Certainly, unless I find the key before that time."

"Never mind the key; just hand me over the eight dollars you have, and let the balance go, we will not quarrel about trifles. Do you hear? or I will have the town about your ears."

"Yes, I hear," said Banvard, as he reached over the head of his berth, and coolly took down a pair of revolving pistols. The fellow seeing this retreated towards the door, shouting out, "Hullo, ashore there!"

"You'll have to call a little louder than that to be heard at town," responded one of Mr. B.'s men, on the bow of the boat, "for, as I take it, we are now about one and a half mile below."

"Why didn't you let me know you were going?" said Consequence, his ardour a little cooled, when he found the boat afloat, and himself trapped.

"Why didn't we let you know? why, for a very good reason—we didn't know ourselves. One of your good citizens, as you call them, cut our line loose before we knew it," replied the man.

"What line?" inquired Banvard—"the new one I bought in Memphis last week?"

"Yes, sir," replied several of the hands at once.

"Put me ashore," shouted the would-be dignitary.

"Not until you pay me damages for my line, which some of your good citizens cut for me," answered Banvard. "You said you would be responsible for their acts, and you were the only responsible person in town. My line cost me fifteen dollars; you say I owe you ten; now pay me five, and we will be even; and then I will have you put ashore."

"But, sir," rejoined the man, "do not take me off! I have a suit pending, and I will lose it if I am not there to see it. Put me ashore, and I'll say nothing about the license."

"Not until you pay me five dollars damages, for having my line cut; and if you do not, I will take you to Vicksburg, and have you committed to prison, for endeavouring to rob a man under false pretences."

"Well, sir, step towards the light, and get the five dollars;" and taking out his pocket-book, Consequence stepped to the light, and gave the five dollars, when B. gave orders to have him set ashore. The hands then told him they would not risk themselves in a small boat at night, among the snags, without being well paid for it; and Mr. Consequence was forced to give them each a dollar, for which they set him ashore in a thick cane-break, on the opposite side of the river, about three miles below the town. How he got home that night is best known to himself. We venture to say he never meddled with business that did not concern him after passing that night among the musquitoes and alligators.—*Boston Bee.*

◆

FEBRUARY STANZAS.

By Ferdinand Freiligrath.

Written in London, February 25, 1848.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

Among the Alps the first shot rang—
'Gainst priests was vengeance seething!
They fell—no bosom felt a pang,
The mighty avalanche onward sprang—
Three realms their swords unsheathing!
Green laurels wreath the Schweitzer's brow;
The ancient granite mountains now
For joy shake to their centre!

Through Italy the storm careered—
The Scyllas and Charybdis'
Vesuvius called; old Etna cheered;
On every side bold fronts appeared!
—Most ominous, ye princes!
To gay Vienna shouts Berlin,
Vienna echoes back the din,
Even Nicholas is affrighted!

And now again, as heretofore
That pavement is upriven,
Where freedom's arm a falchion bore
And from the royal palace-door
Two kings ere now hath driven;

—The blood of one atoned his wrong—
And where, oh July-king too long
Thou hast thy people plundered.

The line advances; shot on shot,
And ever true and steady!
Yet are the mass like iron hot,
And cart and omnibus, God wot,
For barricades are ready!
For proud self-sacrifice they stand,
Each singing, with a stone in hand,
"*Mourir pour la Patrie!*"

Balls whistle; stones fly left and right;
Stout arms are standards bearing!
One general sees no more the light—
Ç*a ira* the blouses win the fight,
Oh Antoine's faubourg daring!
Mass throngs on mass; no foot gives way—
Already Guizot yields the day,
His white lips, mute with terror.

Vive la Reforme! Le systéme à bas!
Oh fearless generation!
The harvest calls the reaper! Ah!
And half the line is, *ça ira!*
With Amiens for the nation!
No troops shall here be brought; they laugh;
They break the wheel, the telegraph;
They shatter bridge and railway!

What cometh next?—yet pause we here.
Not freedom's march is over!
And freedom here, and freedom there,
And freedom, freedom everywhere,
The wide, wide world shall cover!
Among the Alps the first shot rang,
And when the answering echoes sang,
The avalanche was in motion!

It moves, it bounds—oh, Lombardy,
Erelong thou wilt have felt it!
Hungary and Poland must be free,
The cry resounds through Germany,
No interdict can melt it!
Alone in freedom's bright career,
As in the spring can disappear
The ancient hatred's avalanche!

Yes, by that hatred stand we here,
Unmoved until that spring we see!
Within mine eye doth start the tear,
And in my heart is sung "*Mourir,
Mourir pour la Patrie!*
Hurrah! for glorious forty-eight,
This second month has annals great:—
*Allons enfans—Mourir, mourir,
Mourir pour la patrie*!

◆

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

The Meldrum Family.

(Continued from page 196.)

Mr. Woodcroft Meadowlands had enjoyed all the advantages of this admirable education, and he had travelled. Abroad, men may see how well some nations, as France and Germany, do without very large estates; how happy the people are on small ones, because there are so many more of them. Abroad they may see what discontent there is with all the historic humbugs of divine rights, king-worship, aristocrat-worship, and the like. They may see how all the old rotten machinery of governments is gradually going to pieces, at least, in the public mind, and how the world at last has come to the wonderful conclusion, that the business of nations must, to be done well, be done just on the same plain rational principle as any other business. These and many other things may be seen abroad—but those who issue from our aristocrat manufactories, that is, high schools and universities, look quite on another kind of thing. They have introductions to courts, and see the splendour there; they observe that great armies are kept, a very good thing for finding commissions—and great armies of police, a very good thing for keeping the Plebs quiet.

Fortified with these sage observations they come home, and do as Mr. Woodcroft Meadowlands did, Which was—

Mr. Meadowlands arrived at the hall; a fine, tall, gentlemanly man. He was seen riding over the lands with the old steward: and then he was seen riding over them again with a stranger. Mr. Meadowlands disappeared after this for a time—but the stranger reappeared with several assistants, and they were observed with consternation by the farmers. They were those creatures of the human hawk tribe termed Surveyors.

It was imagined that Mr. Meadowlands had grown enormously rich by the accumulations of his long minority, but those who thought so did not know the extravagances of the golden youth of this age, nor had much knowledge of what goes on in the great national manufactories of the state's stewards, law-makers, and soul-savers. Happy creatures, knowing nothing of Jews, post-obits, and debts of honour! Mr. Meadowlands raised all his rents thirty per cent. Most of the leases, luckily for him, had run out. The old farmers terrified at the advance, threw up their farms, and new ones flocked into them. The old steward retired, and a new lawyer-steward took his place. Hawks began to abound at Beecup.

With the new tenants came new machinery: and it was soon found that to pay the thirty per cent advance in rent, thirty per cent of human labour must be dispensed with. Accordingly, there were numerous dismissals of labourers and servant men. There were drills and tedding-machines, and steam thrashing-machines as busy as possible, saying as plainly as machinery can, "Good bye to you old labourers and hired men—you may retire." But whither were they to retire? In other parishes there were proprietors who had been to the same schools, made the same travels abroad, and the same advances at home. It was found out that men and women were rather nuisances in the country. They were told to withdraw and seek work in the towns. Very good—but then, they were not accustomed to the work of towns. There are no turnips to hoe on the town pavements, nor crops to reap in the greenest squares.

The squire got married. He married an earl's daughter: and it was only fitting that he should keep up as much state as his wife had been used to. There were gay doings at the hall, and the driving out of abundance of fine carriages and fine people. What a vast improvement there was! The parish before only maintained very common, poor, drudging people, now it abounded with very rich and grand people indeed.

The squire began to make other improvements. There was found to be a very idle population. It was quite right that it should disperse, and seek employment where it was to be found. The Methodists were forbidden to come into the village. Their barn was taken away by the new farmer, and the squire issued orders that they should not hold any meetings in the parish. They met, therefore, on sundays in the open air, on a common just beyond the boundaries. This was insolent and contumacious. The steward attended this meeting with a game-keeper, and from him learned the names of such labourers as were present. Every one of these was the next week dismissed by the farmer who had employed them. They had notice to quit their cottages, and the green was soon *improved*, by several of them being pulled down and the ground thrown into the next field.

But there were now found to be a number of families out of work, who demanded to be maintained by the parish; they were told that the parish had joined the neighbouring Union, and there they must go if they wanted relief. Not liking this proposal, these families dispersed through the country, and some got work, and some starved and came to the Union at last.

Amongst the families marked for expulsion was that of James Meldrum. He had contumaciously attended the Methodist meetings to the last. But it happened that Meldrum's employer was almost the only farmer who had remained of the old set. He had got three years of his lease to run, and had escaped the advance. He was a man of the old sturdy school, and looked with indignation at the squandering of his old friends and neighbours, and for that very reason determined to stand his own ground to the last. Meldrum's cottage was on his farm, and, therefore, it still stood, and Meldrum was still employed spite of religious doggedness.

But if the blow did not reach him one way it did another. His shop was ruined! The bulk of the poor people were expelled from the parish, and the farmers supplied themselves at market. They dared not purchase at his shop if they had been so inclined—they dared not even sell Mrs. Meldrum an egg or a pound of butter. There was an end of the shop.

But that was not all. Job and Sampson, the two sons, who had been in service on one of the farms, were dismissed, and after seeking employment in vain all round the country, went off to Reading to seek it there. Dinah the daughter, was in the same predicament. She lost her place, and went to seek one in Reading.

From day to day did these young people go to and fro, but for some time in vain, and at night returned home to lodge, it was a melancholy meeting of parents and children. The profits of the shop were gone—the wages and support of the young people were gone: it began to press hard on the Meldrums. What made it harder to bear was, that all their religious friends and comforts were banished. There was no meeting, no love-feast, no class as before; they were solitary, and would be glad to be away if they knew where to go. At length the two sons got employment in Reading, one with a butcher, and the other in the stables of an inn; and Dinah, soon after took service with a milliner as servant of all work. This was a relief, but the ruin of her shop, the dispersion of her religious friends, to whom Mrs. Meldrum was extremely attached, had made an impression on her mind that nothing seemed to remove. She sunk into a deep, listless melancholy, and at length shut up the shop to which nobody came, and as if her life depended on it, sunk rapidly in strength, and in a few months died.

Here then was James Meldrum left alone in his house. For a man of a sanguine, moody, brooding temperament like his, it was enough to have turned his brain. But this catastrophe was spared him by his employer. "Meldrum" said he, "you have no occasion for that house and garden, it is much too large for you, and I want it for my waggoner whose cottage must come down as it is not on my farm. I am sorry, but you must look out."

Meldrum looked out, but he could find no place where any one could, or dared if he could, give him a lodging. He too was obliged to retire to Reading. Here he was not so lucky as his children. Work for him was not to be found. There were scores of labourers and their families driven out of the country to seek refuge in the town, and every job in the place was engaged by younger hands. His old employer had said to him, "I'll still give you work, Meldrum, if you can't get it elsewhere, because you've worked for me so long." So behold James Meldrum now established in lodgings in Reading with his two sons, and daily marching, in his fifty-seventh year, seven miles and a half to his labour, and back again. That is, *fifteen miles per day*, or *ninety miles per week* of walking, besides his daily labour.

At this point of the history of the Meldrum Family we may pause a moment. Such had been the effect of the Depopulating Policy on *them*. There was a land of old described as "a land which devours its inhabitants." It was also a land flowing with milk and honey. It was an enemy which gave it the first appellation—the latter was the truth. The bitterest thing which the enemies of England can say—the saddest which its truest friends can deplore, is that *both* these descriptions are true of it. It flows with milk and honey for the few—it devours the many.

Here then were James Meldrum and his children thoroughly disinherited from their ancient place of abode, their old homestead, their old field of labour and livelihood, by the progress of modern social economy. The Depopulating Policy had taken effect in Beecup, and reduced the amount of human labour, to the most exact minimum. Meldrum, it was true, had still the offer of employment from his old employer, the farmer, but it was at the cost of walking ninety miles a week, besides doing his ordinary day's labour. To Meldrum it appeared at his age, fifty seven, to be impossible. He therefore thanked his old master and told him he would endeavour to get a job at or nearer to Reading. Behold him therefore in Reading. Here his son Job was with a butcher, his son Sampson assistant hostler at an inn stables; and Dinah, who had been maid of all-work at a milliner's, was now keeping her brothers' house, and doing plain sewing for her old mistress. Meldrum found his children were all therefore employed, and more or less paid for their work. The sons had fifteen shillings each, and the daughter could, besides cooking their meals, earn, by hard exertion, three shillings a week. Thirty-three shillings for three, and now four people, that was a paradise, compared to what scores of other labourers were undergoing. The Meldrums had two rooms in an upper story, in one of which the father and sons slept, and the daughter in the other, that in which they lived. For these two rooms they gave four shillings a-week or within two shillings of *Ten Guineas a year!* For their house and garden at Beecup they had paid *Thirty Shillings*. This house was in a low, narrow, and damp street, of which the drainage was bad, and in which the number of poor and dirty people crowded together was excessive. Many labourers there were who had no other resource but their own wages. These wages, for which they had, besides their labour, to walk their five, ten, and even twelve miles a day, were about seven shillings a week. It is true that they could apply to the parish for additional assistance, and many did so apply, but in every case it was refused. They were told that if they could not get work, they must come into the Union. To this many preferred any suffering. Others, who said they would come in, were cross questioned as to where they had last been working. Application was made to their old employers, and when it was found that they were still willing to give the same employment, though at eight or ten miles distance, the labourers were told to go there, and were refused an entrance to the Union.

By these means numbers of these rural families were here subsisting on six and seven shillings a week. The consequence was that they were compelled to *herd*, that is the only term for it, together in the most dismal crowds and under the most demoralizing circumstances in the worst houses of the worst lanes and alleys of the town. Here there were throngs huddled together in the most dismal condition of filth and wretchedness: lodging in the same apartments almost promiscuously, and diffusing from one to another the most desolating principles and habits. The children ranged the country with matches and such pretences of merchandize, but merely to beg and steal. The young women were exposed to the worst influences and led to the worst crimes. The mothers, steeped in wretchedness, resorted to the gin-shop, and became miseries in their families instead of comforts.

But what are we talking of? Families! They had no families. They belonged only to the herd of human outcasts where all family comfort, privacy, or domestic feeling were annihilated by the necessity of *herding* with the mass of festering penury and vice—the outsweepings of society—the common dunghill of mankind.

Compared with these Meldrum found a princely home. Two rooms to themselves at four shillings a week, and three-and-thirty shillings coming in. But Meldrum could obtain nothing to do. His sons tried, and he spent a week in trying, first the town, and then the country round. It was all in vain. Every hole in the fox-and-goose-board of life was supplied with its peg. James Meldrum could not bear to be idle and live on the earnings of his children, he, therefore, once more turned his steps to Beecup, and implored work of his old master. He was brought to bear the idea of twelve hours labour per day, and five hours of walking to it, that is, seventeen hours labour per day for nine shillings a week. He had a home that was something; with his children that was more, and with the assistance of their earnings, that was more still. He just had a peep into some of the human hovels near his own lodgings, and that gave him a shock that made former hardships appear real luxuries. He was humbled not a step or two, but a whole flight of steps—he was a sadder if not a wiser man.

Well, James Meldrum asked work of his old master again. "Oddsbobs! James!" said the old farmer. "I've filled up thy place, man. What's to be done?"

But luckily the harvest was coming on: extra hands would be wanted, and so James might come. Still—he was told that such was the scarcity of work that wages were dropped, and he could not give him above seven shillings a-week. Seven shillings a-week, and ninety miles to walk for it! James shook his head! What was the English labourer come to. But there was no help—he had tried everywhere else—he had seen some sights in the town—and he accepted it.

Behold James Meldrum then, walking off every morning to his day's work. Two hours and a half it required to reach Beecup—for his limbs were stiff with rheumatism with being exposed to wet and cold out at his labour. He was obliged, therefore, to start at half-past four o'clock in the morning, in order to be on the ground at seven. He did not leave till seven, and often later, and therefore was not home till half-past nine or ten at night. Tired as a dog he got his supper and went to bed to be up at four—allowing six hours for sleep. See the old man in his smock-frock and ancle-boots stiffly stalking along the way in the morning, his thin and sombre face wearing an air of deep melancholy. See him sitting under a hedge eating his dinner of bread, with a bottle of water to drink.* You may imagine that many a sad and bitter thought passed through his mind in such moments of all his past enjoyments at Beecup. His good kind wife, his happy children, his friends and Methodist affairs. Many a deep groan did these memories bring up when no one was near; and a child that was once looking between the bars of a gate, as he sate at his dinner, and heard him thus groan was dreadfully frightened, but still more, when she saw him draw his knife across his throat as if he would kill himself, but then shake his head, and mutter something to himself.

But these, after all, were golden days, compared with those of some of his fellow-labourers—or those which were to come. The weather was still fine, the days tolerably long. As he came in the morning the dew hung on the leaves and the birds sang. The sun came up laughing broadly, as if he knew no care, and, therefore, thought every body ought to be merry. Through the heart of James Meldrum these influences still found a way, but it was as a sheep finds its way through a wood, leaving all its wool behind it on the thorns. He felt that the world *ought* to be happy, but he knew that it did not make him so. He groaned and went on.

Still the days were fine—the roads dry. There was at home a supper and rest. But the harvest went over. The days grew short—the weather became rainy—the roads foul. He went in the dark and returned in the dark. He began to find, too, that his frame was exhausted. He grew slow in his work, and would often drop asleep over it. On more than one occasion, his master had found him in this condition. Not laid down, but actually standing propped on his spade or fork, and sleeping.

"This won't do, James!" said the farmer, and shook his head. The next thing would be dismissal. Meldrum was alarmed at this, and thought if he could only get rid of going every day home it would save his strength. But where was he to lodge? Out of his wages he could not afford it. He at length asked leave to sleep on the hay in the stable chamber, and it was allowed. Here with a horsecloth or two thrown over him, he lay, without putting off his clothes; got some milk to his bread from the farm-house for breakfast, and dined on bread and cheese. Once a-week only he went home, and had a Sunday's wash and shave. But this plan did not answer. His rheumatism grew intolerably with this mode of life. Never sleeping in a bed, never shifting his clothes except once a-week, he was chilly, sluggish, and racked with pains all over him. He was compelled to resume his old walk daily to and fro. Through darkness and rain, and storm and dirt, did he night and morning plod his slow and weary way, and often went to his work for the day wet through. No wonder that the farmer began to say that he thought it would be a kindness to him to dismiss him—absolutely refuse him employment, and let him get parish relief. Against this, however, poor Meldrum begged hard, and so it wore on.

But, in the meantime, matters at home were undergoing a rapid and fatal change. Since the time of quitting Beecup, there had been an end of attendance on the Methodist meetings. Meldrum himself was too much tired and worn out to go to any meeting. On Sunday he sate and slept; and his sons treated the idea of going to chapel with contempt. They were grown what are called amongst their class jolly fellows. They protested that the Methodists had never cared for anything but what they could get out of them. The ministers, since their misfortune, had never come near them. "No," said these youths, "we have no snug beds and snug suppers to offer them." They seldom, he found, came home to dinner, but dined at a public-house near where they worked, with a number of their own kind. They brought, of course, little money home, and often appeared pretty full of liquor when they came at night.

---

* A very common sight now. The bread used formerly to be accompanied by a slice of cheese, or of cold meat.

That was often late; sometimes not at all. They were evidently grown wild fellows; Meldrum heard it said so. But when he ventured to talk to them, they cut him off short, with "Stuff, father, we mean to enjoy life while we can. What good does any humdrum religion, and the like, do any one? Has it done us or you any good, eh? It is all stuff and nonsense; nobody of any sense believes it now. It is only invented to keep poor fools quiet."

If poor Meldrum was shocked it was of no use. He only sighed, and became more close and quiet than ever.

On the other hand, Dinah continued to dress very gaily, and was as off-hand in her defence of it, as her brothers. She appeared to hold the very same notions as her brothers, and to be resolved to "live while she could," as she called it. Often when James came home at night he found Dinah reading. Sometimes her brothers were in, and she read aloud; but what they read he scarcely knew, for he became so drowsy on entering the house, that he could but just keep his eyes open while he got his supper, and then fell asleep in his chair. Here, as he woke up, he would often hear the same humming tone of one reading, and would catch a sentence or two of what appeared some "high-flown tale," as he rubbed his eyes and staggered off to bed.

But one Sunday he saw a quantity of those cheap publications with which the little book-shops abound, lying about, and he took up first one and then another, and read. They were stories of the most inflated and extravagant kind, of lords and ladies, and thieves, and people with the most romantic names and startling actions imaginable. Murder, seduction, contempt of everything sacred, crime and dissipation of every possible kind, were dressed up in a fashion which would disgust and shock the refined and the virtuous, but which only stimulated the mind already depressed. "Varney the Vampyre, or the Feast of Blood;" "The Murder at the Old Ferry;" "The Hangman's Daughter;" "The Illuminated Dagger;" "Prince Morio and the Fair Vatilde;" "Seduction;" "The Love Child;" "The Wife's Tragedy;" "Mantel;" "The Ordeal by Touch;" "The Rivals, or the Spectre of the Hall;" "The Old House of West Street," etc. etc., and numbers of the like relations, all illustrated by engravings of the most atrocious character, were the staple of this literature which is poured in myriads of sheets on the devoted heads of the poor and ignorant. To these were added cheap reprints of infidel writers, in which religion was represented as a mere state invention to feed priests, and frighten people into submission. There were halfpenny "murder sheets," detailing all the most revolting murders as they every week occurred, and every species of vileness, villainy, and horror, in pennyworths and halfpennyworths.

What was the effect on the mind of Meldrum? At one time he would have taken the whole mass of pollution and thrust it into the fire. But James Meldrum did not do so now. For a moment he appeared surprised; then stunned; then he took up another and another, and a new and wild appetite seemed to seize on him. Strange and dark thoughts had passed through the mind of James Meldrum as he plodded along the road to and from his labour in wind, and rain, and darkness. Strange and dark thoughts, darker than the night, wilder than the wind, more chilling than the rain, not only passed through his mind, but remained in it, and brooded there like evil spirits that had found a roomy and a congenial home. He went back over all his life. He saw how everything that was dear to him, and which had been taught him as sacred, had been trodden on by the powerful. He had prayed to God daily, hourly, at noon and at midnight, and he had been taught that prayer would be heard. He had read the declaration of the Psalmist, that "he never saw the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." He had hung on the assurance that "the tender mercies of God were over all his works;" "that he who sought should find; who asked should have given him; who knocked, to him it should be opened." And he had believed, had hoped, had trusted, had sought, had asked, had knocked, and, as it seemed to him, in vain. The mighty of the earth had arisen, and broken up his home and his place of rest; had dispersed his friends, and driven himself forth; had broken his wife's heart, and led his children into temptation, and, he feared, crime. What had been done to him had been done, and was doing, to thousands. Oppression abounded, and was prosperous. Men called on God, and there appeared no answer. Luxury and unfeeling haughtiness increased on the one hand, and poverty, and crime, and despair, on the other. Christ had said, "Woe to him that grinds the face of the poor;" but the Government passed a Poor-law whose every principle was to grind their faces to the bone, and make their poverty bitter to them. There was an enormous machinery for religion, costing the nation ten millions a-year, and its only production appeared to be archbishops and bishops in palaces and fine carriages, and curates in poverty and threadbare coats. The loving and tender, the soothing and inviting, the equalizing and fraternizing tone of the religion of Christ, was not the tone of this national religion. There appeared in church and state, in all ranks and classes, one huge mockery abroad, and beneath this crushing thought the simple brain of poor Meldrum gave way, and was filled through and through with the deadliest despair.

To this tone of mind, the compositions which he now laid his hands upon were like fire thrown into stubble. A dreadful truth seemed every moment to acquire a more appalling evidence; and that truth was, that the world, God and Christianity, were a dream and a delusion. He was told there how many of the finest intellects had arrived at this conclusion, and bade to look round the world, and on all its doings, and see whether they did not confirm it. Poor Meldrum *had* looked round there too long, and his own experience gave a force to these baleful writings that made him start up in an agony, and plunge into the darkness of the night. It was, as we have said, Sunday. The lights were bright in the Methodist chapel as he passed down the street, and he hurried on with the feeling in his soul that the people there assembled were but the poor dupes of a flattering, fair, but groundless faith.

He rushed on past chapel and house, and burning wayside gaslight, on into the pitch darkness of the country. A tempest was without, and a still worse tempest within. No man, not the most miserable, gives up the hope of immortality, and the faith in God, in heaven, and the eternal reality of love, without a pang that rends the very foundations of his nature. It is the first and most cruel death, to which the second death is but an opiate stupor, a dull and drugged sleep.

And who are they who inflict this living death? Who are they who are the real disseminators of infidelity and atheism on earth? They are the false priests who establish a false religion, and give it the name of the true? They are the false law-givers who establish laws in opposition to the nature, attributes, and revelations of God, and teach God's sanction for them. They are the wealthy who profess faith in the religion of brotherly love, and rolling in luxury, disdain the miseries of the poor. They are the proud, whose life and prosperity are a deadly lie to the simple souls who read that God is no respecter of persons. They are unnatural brothers who read their bibles at breakfast, and go duly to church or chapel, and yet would not stretch out a little finger to save the sons of their own mother from destruction. They are all those who, professing to believe in Holy Writ and holy life, who denouncing the irreligious, the destruction of established order—are themselves dead to every genuine impulse of christian love, and barren of every thought and action that diminishes the sufferings and extends the knowledge and comfort of their fellow men. These are the true originators of infidelity and atheism. In vain would men write or speak against the truth of the gospel and the immortality of man, if the utter opposition of the spirit and lives of these men to the sacred faith that they profess did not instil into the minds of the simple a deadly doubt, and their oppressors crush it into their souls with the ponderous roller of contempt.

Meldrum rushed on. The drenching rain fell. He felt it not. The lightning cut vividly across his path, and the thunder roared and growled in heaven; but the awe which these things once inspired had ceased; he regarded them but as the blind play of blind and undirected elements. They were to him emptied of their terrors—for they could only kill him, and he desired only to die and sleep.

In the midst of the deluge and the darkness there came a roar of terrene thunder. There was the glare of dazzling lights—the clatter of scores of iron wheels, and the next minute Meldrum saw the carriages of the comfortable rush past, and the pomp of science like a hurricane in the midst of the hurricane—flash by and leave the darkness all to himself.

The sense of the immense diversity of the fates of men fell on the labourer who stood on the highway the victim of devouring self-contempt, and he muttered to himself, "And these proud works too and they who made them, and they who thus enjoy them, are but dust!" Far that night did Meldrum hasten on over field and moorland—careless of everything but to flee from the agony which wrung his sensitive soul, pondering on the means of putting out this spark of life, which was, according to his new doctrine, but a momentary spark, giving the otherwise insensible dust a capacity for intolerable suffering. But as the day dawned, the fierceness of the paroxysm passed away. He sunk exhausted on the ground, and after a heavy sleep, awoke low and laden with despair. He turned his steps in the direction of the scene of his daily labour, and there toiled out his allotted hours.

From this day Meldrum was another man. The new faith had expelled the old. He regarded himself but as the work of chance, and the only object in life worth considering, how he was to get through it with the least discomfort to himself. Every principle which is based on the self-respect of the believing soul was gone; every ennobling sentiment was extinguished. Amongst the many atoms on earth to steer his own atomic organization as clearly as possible along was his sole aim. He was gloomier, more reserved than ever, and he devoured the fatal literature which he had now become acquainted with as he swallowed down the glass of gin to give to the hour its cordial and absorbing stimulant.

(To be continued.)

◆

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Translated for "Howitt's Journal,"

From Lamartine's "Histoire des Girondins."

(Continued from p. 167.)

THE NEW DEPUTIES.

Whilst the captive King kept up a secret intelligence with his emigrant brothers, to interrogate the energy of foreign powers, and at home with Barnave, to attempt the conquest of the National Assembly, the Assembly itself lost its empire. The spirit of the Revolution quitting those walls where it had no longer anything to hope hastened to animate the clubs, and breathe upon the elections. The Assembly had committed a great mistake in declaring its members non-electable at the approaching election.

The principal names discussed in the papers were at Paris, those of Condorcet, of Brissot, and of Danton; in the provinces, those of Vergniaud, of Guadet, of Isnard, of Louvet and of Gensonne, who later were called the Girondists, and of Henriot, Merlin, Carnot, Couthon and Saint-Just who later united with Robespierre became by turns, his tools and his victims.

Condorcet was a philosopher, as intrepid in his acts, as bold in his speculations. His politics were the results of his philosophy. He believed in the divinity of reason, and the omnipotence of human intellect when seconded by liberty. Heaven, the abode of all ideal perfection, whither men banish their most beautiful dreams, Condorcet placed upon earth. Science was his virtue, the human mind his God. Reason fed by science, and strengthened by time, it seemed to him, must triumph over all material obstacles, discover all the creative powers of nature and renew the face of creation. Out of this philosophical system he had formed a political system, the chief dogma of which was, to worship the future and detest the past. A pupil of Voltaire, d'Alembert and Helvétius he was like Bailly, of that intermediate generation by which philosophy entered the Revolution. More ambitious than Bailly, he had not his impassive calmness. Aristocrat by birth, he had passed over to the camp of the people. Hated by the court, he in return hated it with the hate of a deserter. He joined the people to make of them the army of philosophy. He only desired a Republic so far, as it would over-turn prejudice. Had Condorcet been endowed with warmth and colour of language he would have been the Mirabeau of another Assembly. He had faith and constancy, but not the sonorous accent which makes soul speak to soul. The same club of electors which returned Condorcet as a deputy returned Danton also.

Danton, whom the Revolution found an obscure advocate at Châtelet had grown with the Revolution. He had already obtained that celebrity which the crowd easily gives to one seen and heard everywhere. He was one of those men who seem born in the tumult of a revolution, and who float along the torrent until swallowed by it. All about him was athletic, rude, and vulgar, like the masses. He was made to please them through this resemblance. His eloquence resembled the tumultuous clamourings of a mob. His sonorous voice had in it tones like the roarings of a mob. His short and decisive phrases had the martial brevity of command. Ambition was all his system of politics. He intoxicated himself with the revolutionary phrenzy, as people intoxicate themselves with wine. He bore his intoxication well. Preserving his sang-froid in the midst of impetuosity and his gaiety in the midst of anger, his words calmed the clubs in their greatest rage. He at the same time amused the people, and fired them with enthusiasm. Satisfied with this double power, he neither spoke to them of principles or virtue, but of force! He himself worshipped little else. All means were good to him. Such a man must necessarily be profoundly indifferent to despotism or liberty. Nay, his very scorn of the people must have inclined him to tyranny. When you perceive nothing of divine in man, what better can you do than enslave him? He alone stood on the side of the people, because he was of the people, and because it seemed as though the people's cause was destined to triumph. He would on the first occasion betray as he served them, without a scruple. His hand was in every intrigue. He was each day bought, and ready on the morrow to be re-sold. Mirabeau, La Fayette, Montmorin, M. de Laporte, Intendent of the Civil List, the Duke of Orleans and the King himself, were all in possession of the secret of his venality, Gold from all these impure sources had flowed into his fortune without resting there. Any one else would have been filled with shame in presence of the men and parties who knew the secret of his weakness; he alone was not; he looked them in the face without a blush. Yet in the vices of Danton there was a something heroic. His intellect approached to genius. He was the meteor of the moment. Unbelief, the infirmity of his soul, was in his eyes the strength of his ambition; he fostered it in himself as the element of his future greatness. He held any man in contempt who felt respect for anything. Through his immense ascendency over the masses, he would make them boil with fury till they were ready to embark on any sea—were it even on a sea of blood!

Brissot de Warville was another of the candidates for the Paris deputation. As the first apostle and the first martyr of the Republic, we must become acquainted with him.

Brissot was the son of a pastry-cook of Chartres. He had studied in that town with Pethion his compatriot. A literary adventurer he had assumed the name of Warville to conceal his own. Not to blush at the name of his father is the plebeian's nobility. Brissot did not possess this nobility. Like Rousseau in everything, except in genius, he sought everywhere a little after fortune, and even descended yet lower into misery and intrigue than he, before ascending into celebrity. Characters become defiled by this struggle with the difficulties of existence among the dregs of great corrupt cities. Rousseau had borne his poverty and his dreams to the bosom of nature, whose spectacle at once calms and purifies all. He had come forth a philosopher. Brissot had dragged his misery and his vanity to the heart of Paris and London, and to those hot-beds of infamy where spring up adventurers and pamphleteers. He had come forth an intriguer.

Yet even in the midst of these vices which have rendered his honesty doubtful and his name suspicious, he nourished in the depth of his soul, three virtues capable of restoring him; a constant love for a young wife whom he had married against the will of his family; the love of work; and a courage with which to combat the troubles of life, and which later he had to display against death. His philosophy was Rousseau's. He believed in God. Had faith in liberty, in truth, in virtue. He detested society where he found no place for himself. But what especially he hated in the social state, were its prejudices and its lies. He would willingly have reformed it, less on his own account than for society itself. He consented to be crushed beneath its ruins, provided these ruins gave place to his ideal plan of government by human reason. Brissot was one of those mercenary geniuses who write for whoever will pay them. He has written on all subjects, for all ministers. Seeking the support of all powerful or celebrated men he had offered incense from Voltaire and Franklin to Marat. Known to Madame de Genlis, he owed to her his connexion with the Duke of Orleans. Sent to London by the minister on one of those secret missions which are unacknowledged he had allied himself with the editor of the *Courier dé l' Europe*, a French journal printed in England, and the bold spirit of which disgusted the Tuileries' court. He hired himself to Swinton, the proprietor of this paper, and conducted it in a spirit favourable to the views of Vergennes. At Swinton's house he became acquainted with several libelists, one of whom was Morande. These writers, rejected by society, frequently became disgracers of the pen. They existed at once on the scandals of vice and the salaries of espionage. Their contact defiled Brissot. He was, or appeared, at times their accomplice, Dishonourable stains remained upon his life, and were cruelly revived by his enemies when he had need to appeal to public esteem.

Returned to France at the first symptoms of the Revolution, he had watched its successive phases with the ambition of an impatient man, and with the indecision of a man who scents the wind. He had compromised himself by his too sudden devotion to certain men who for the moment appeared in themselves to embody all power and influence, La Fayette especially.

Bordeaux was in a ferment. The department of the Gironde had given rise to a new political party in the twelve citizens which composed its deputation. This department, so far removed from the centre of power, was about at a single stroke to assume the empire of opinion and eloquence. The names, until then obscure, of Ducos, of Guadet, of Lafond, Ladebat, of Grangeneure, of Gensonné, and of Vergniaud, were destined now to become ennobled in the tempests and misfortunes of their country. Wherefore should this impulse proceed from the department of the Gironde and not from Paris? This may alone be conjectured. However, it was perhaps only natural that the republican spirit should rather burst forth at Bordeaux than at Paris, where the presence and action of a Court had enervated for ages the independence of character and austerity of principle which are the bases of the civic sentiment. The condition of Languedoc and the customs which result from the administration of a self-governed province were likely to pre-dispose the Gironde for an elective and federal government.

Bordeaux was a parliamentary country. Its parliaments had everywhere nourished a spirit of resistance and often created cabals against royalty. Bordeaux was a commercial city. Commerce, whose interest it is to foster liberty, ends by contracting a strong attachment for it. Bordeaux was the great trading port with America. This constant communication with Americans had introduced into the Gironde an enthusiasm for free institutions. Lastly, Bordeaux was a soil more fully exposed to the rays of philosophy than the centre of France. Philosophy had germinated there before germinating at Paris. Bordeaux was the country of Montaigne and of Montesquieu, those two great republicans of French thought. One had freely sounded religious dogmas, the other political institutions. The President Dupaty had later fostered enthusiasm for the new philosophy. Besides, Bordeaux was a half Roman country, where the traditions of liberty and of the Roman Forum had been perpetuated in the courts of law. There a certain breath of antiquity animated the soul and gave fulness to the word. Bordeaux was republican in its eloquence even more than in its opinion. There was a certain Latin emphasis in its very patriotism. The Republic was destined to have its birth in the cradle of Montaigne and Montesquieu.

* * * * * *

Vergniaud, born at Limoges, and an advocate at Bordeaux was only thirty-three years of age. The great social movement had seized upon him when quite young. His majestic and calm manner announced a feeling of his power. Ease, that grace of genius gave a suppleness to everything about him, talent, character, attitude. His brow was calm, his glance assured, his mouth grave and rather sad; the severe thoughts of antiquity mingled in his physiognomy with the smiles and carelessness of early youth. At the foot of the rostrum you loved him with a familiar love. When he had ascended it you were astonished to find how great was your admiration, your respect. His first glance, his first word, placed an immeasurable distance between the man and the orator. He was an instrument of enthusiasm whose true value and place were given by inspiration. This inspiration, seconded by a grave voice and inexhaustible eloquence, was nourished by the purest memories of the antique tribune. His expressions had the imagery and harmony of the most beautiful verse. Had he not been the orator of a democracy he would have been its philosopher and poet. He worshipped the Revolution as a sublime philosophy which should ennoble the entire nation without making other victims than prejudices and tyrannies. He had dogmas yet felt no hatred, felt the thirst of glory, but no ambition. Power even, seemed a something too real, too vulgar to be sought after. He disdained it for himself, and only sued for it to forward his ideas. Glory and the good of posterity were the sole aims of his thought. He mounted the rostrum to view them from on high; later he alone saw them from the height of the scaffold, and he flung himself into the future young, beautiful, immortal, in the memory of France, with all his enthusiasm and some few stains already washed away in his generous blood. Such was the man given to the Girondists by nature as their chief. But this he did not deign to be, although he had the mind and views of a statesman; he was too careless for the head of a party, too great to be second to any one. He was Vergniaud. More glorious than useful to his friends, he would not lead them; he immortalized them.

We shall paint this grand figure later, more in detail, when his genius places him in a yet stronger light.

Isnard, the deputy from Provence, was the son of a perfumer of Grasse. His father had educated him for letters and not for commerce: he had studied politics among the Greeks and Romans. He bore in his soul the ideal of a Gracchus; he had the courage of one in his heart, the accent of one in his voice. Still very young his eloquence had something in it of the impetuosity of youthful blood; his words the fire of his passion, coloured by an imagination of the south. His language precipitated itself like rapid throbs of impatience. He was the revolutionary impulse personified. His discourses were magnificent odes which elevated discussion to the height of lyric poetry, and enthusiasm to convulsion: his gestures were rather of the tripod than the tribune. He was the Danton of the Gironde, of which Vergniaud was to be the Mirabeau.

(*To be continued.*)

◆

The Child's Corner.

THE STORY OF LITTLE CRISTAL.

By Mary Howitt.

The Poet's children had not heard of little Cristal; their mother therefore told them his story.

Little Cristal's mother was Barbara; she died soon after he was born, and left him to the care of Nancy. Barbara and Nancy were both poor; they lived in a dark gloomy court, which turned out of an alley in the very heart of London; a broken wooden staircase led up to their room, for they lived together; they had one bed, a very poor one, and but little to cover them. Little Cristal lay in his mother's bosom, and helped to keep her warm, and when she was dead he lay in Nancy's arms, and communicated the warmth of his little body to her. Nancy was not a young woman as Barbara had been; neither was she handsome nor good tempered, but I need not describe her; what she was you will find out. She was, as I told you, very poor, and as she had promised Barbara to be a mother to her child, she had to work for his support as well as her own. All day long she sate crouched on a stone step in one of the most public streets of London and sold dolls dressed in crotchet work, which she was doing all the time; she was the first person who invented little crotchet parasols, and while the thing was new she had a great run for them; those were golden days to her, but before a month was over she had so many rivals and imitators that her sale sank down again to a doll a day. Not far from her stood, in another recess of the street, a man who sold dog-collars; he was a neighbour of hers, and his name was Ephraim. Little Cristal, who was now six years old, was very fond of Ephraim; he had another trade besides selling dog-collars, and that was catching birds, which he sold to a man in Seven Dials. He went out early on Sunday mornings, while it was yet grey dawn; and walked many miles into the country with his snares and his decoys to some pleasant woodland fields or breezy downs, where he caught the birds. Now and then he would take Cristal with him, and nothing delighted the child more than this; the grey dawn, the golden sun-rise, the masses of opal-coloured cloud that opened a pathway as it were for the ascending sun, filled him with inconceivable joy. Ephraim never noticed these things himself, and yet when the little lad called his attention to them, he often replied with the scrap of a hymn or some odd text of scripture which had stuck, as it were, in a corner of his memory from the time when he had been a child like Cristal, and had been taught out of the Bible or the hymn-book by his mother. But those days were long and long gone by. Ephraim read neither in Bible nor hymn-book now; and yet he was not a bad man either; in some great pressure of poverty in former days he had pawned both Bible and hymn-book: he meant at that time to get them soon back again; but he never could manage it; so he had now been six and thirty years without either one or the other, and as to going to church or chapel, that was a thing he never thought of, because he never had decent clothes to his back.

Nancy was in these respects very like Ephraim, only that when she was a child she had had no good mother to teach her either out of Bible or hymn-book. She could not read herself, and therefore she never thought of little Cristal's learning; yet neither was Nancy wilfully wicked; she was very ignorant, and that was her misfortune. As far as she knew it she did what was right, and hence it was that she had saved the unhappy Barbara from a great, a very great misfortune; had become, as it were, a mother to her, and a true friend when she had none beside, for poor Barbara had thirsted and Nancy had given her to drink; she had been hungry and Nancy had fed her; she had been a stranger and Nancy had taken her in; she had been sick and in prison and Nancy had visited her; therefore we will not blame her, though she neither taught Cristal to read nor yet took him to church nor chapel.

These Sunday rambles with Ephraim were the greatest pleasure that little Cristal knew. While the old man lay down and slept in the green fields amid the golden sunshine, Cristal lay down too, for he was not allowed to run about, lest he should disturb the birds, but he never slept. Sometimes he lay with his face to the grass feasting his eyes and gladdening his little imprisoned soul, that was struggling as it were within him for light and love and freedom, with the beauty of a yellow cowslip, or crimson-tipped daisy; nay, even a blade of grass with its brown fibry roots taking hold of mother earth as if it loved her bosom filled him with inexpressible gladness, and yet he knew not why. At other times he lay on his back and gazed up into the blue and sunny infinity above him, finding beauty and sublimity in illimitable space; in the masses of summer cloud, whether they lay piled up like mountains of heaven, or were swept along on the viewless wings of the wind. All this poor little Cristal *felt*, but he understood nothing about it, excepting such little meanings as he gleaned up out of Ephraim's hymns and scraps of scripture.

It was in this way that he learned about God the Father; of Jesus Christ, I am sorry to say, he knew nothing, and that was a great pity, for he had a heart to have loved the Saviour—the poor child in the house of the carpenter. But nobody told him of these things, so he went on groping his way as best he could along the dark paths of ignorance, and never foregoing any little glimpse of truth or knowledge which came in upon his soul by the way. One thing, however, I must tell you; after Cristal came to have a little knowledge of God the Father, he never could bear to hear wicked people curse and swear, and though he knew nothing about the ten commandments, he felt as if he himself could not take the name of God in vain. Of angels too he had a dim but very pleasing idea from the same source; he often fancied that he saw angels in the sun-lighted clouds. The beautiful tropical flowers also that he saw, now and then, exhibited in gardeners' windows in London, suggested to him, he did not know how or why, the idea of angels.

"Move on, you young rascal!" said the police, to him many a time when he stood at the shop windows wondering at and admiring the beautiful things which were there exhibited. Exquisitely chased vessels of silver; alabaster figures; fine engravings and paintings appealed, as it were, to some spirit within him which could only thus make itself heard and felt.

It was a very populous court in which Cristal lived; besides Ephraim he had another acquaintance, and this was a poor widow who went out washing. The widow lodged with a deformed young woman, who was a seamstress, and both were very poor. The widow had two valuables, a great old bible and a lark in a wicker cage, which was always hung out of her window by three o'clock on summer mornings when she went out a-washing.

The lark sang in his cage glorious hymns to that freedom of which he was deprived; but as nobody understood the language of the bird, none knew how heart-touching and pathetic they really were. Cristal, who had always found it so delightful to go out with Ephraim to catch birds, had no idea of there being tyranny and cruelty in the thing. To his fancy, the little decoy birds that are trained by the cunning and wicked craft of man to beguile and betray their innocent and unsuspecting brethren of the fields, were the cleverest and most wonderful little creatures in the world. Ephraim made money by the birds he caught; it was an honest way of livelihood everybody thought, and that was enough.

The imprisoned lark that sang its eloquent anthems to the little bit of blue sky above that dirty and melancholy court, was the most beautiful and delightful thing which little Cristal found near his own home. If ever he got money enough, he resolved within himself, he would keep a lark. When the widow was at home, she allowed Cristal now and then to have a close view of the bird, because he never failed to bring home with him from his Sunday rambles a fresh sod for the prisoner. Little did the poor lark know the care that the child had taken to choose, as he thought, the most beautiful sod in the fields, and in which there was always a daisy, an orchis, or a cowslip root in flower.

The lovely speckled breast, the graceful form, the bright black eye were characteristics of the most surpassing beauty to the soul of Cristal. "If ever I can get money enough I will keep a lark," said he to himself time after time; and whenever he walked through the streets he never failed to stop at any shop where bird-cages were sold to look out and see if there were one in sight which would do for his lark—when he got it.

One holiday in the autumn—it was not Sunday—Ephraim and Cristal went out together to collect plaintain seed for canaries. They went into the neighbourhood of Wimbledon, which was a very favourite resort of Ephraim's. As they were walking slowly along the road, all at once there came sweeping along, like a whirlwind, a small troop of Life Guards in scarlet and gold, on splendid horses covered with glittering trappings. After these came several open carriages, in which sate, as it seemed to Cristal, the most beautiful ladies and the most magnificent gentlemen in the world. But that which struck him most was a little boy in hat and feathers and green velvet dress, who sate at the side of the principal lady. They passed on like a flash of lightning; another troop of guards came after them, and all were gone, leaving nothing behind but a cloud of dust which almost smothered the poor way-farers.

"It is her Majesty the Queen," said Ephraim, "I have often seen her when I have been here abouts. She loves fast driving, and that little chap beside her is the Prince of Wales."

It was the first time that Cristal had seen the Queen and the Prince. A strange melancholy feeling came over his soul, like a cloud obscuring the sunshine. He had often before seen grand carriages and grand people in the streets of London, but he had taken no notice of them; they were nothing to him, and neither troubled him nor gave him pleasure. It was a new feeling that he had now at the sight of the Prince; he did not envy him, nor feel angry; he only felt as he had often done at the sight of beautiful works of art; a yearning as it were for something more beautiful and more perfect than his own life afforded to him. Tears filled his eyes, and he asked Ephraim if he fancied that angels were like the Queen and the little Prince of Wales. Ephraim said may be they were; may be they were not; he could not tell.

All that day Cristal thought of what he had seen. Ephraim was more cheerful than ever, because he sold eighteen pennyworth of plantain seed on his way home; he treated himself to a pot of ale at a way-side public-house, and made Cristal drink with him. Ephraim calculated that they brought half-a-crown's worth home in their bags; he might well be in high spirits.

Much as Cristal loved Nancy, he could not have told her how he felt at sight of the Prince, because he did not understand his own feelings, and even had he been inclined to open his heart to her, he would not have done it when he saw in what a bad temper she was when they reached home.

I have not told you yet that Nancy was often angry; she was very poor and found great difficulty in getting money enough to buy bread and potatoes with, and to pay for her miserable room. On this particular day she was in a worse temper than common. She scolded Ephraim for taking out the lad "lounging about," and she scolded Cristal for going with him. She said that he was now old enough to do something for his own living, and that she would make him do it.

The next morning Cristal went out with three crotchet-dressed dolls in each hand, which he offered at two pence a piece. His life now grew harder than ever; Nancy thinking to make him industrious, and to teach him to mind his business, said, that unless he earned sixpence a day, he should have no supper; and you must remember that supper was everything to Cristal, because he never had any dinner. Nancy did not really mean to be as cruel as she was; she thought she was doing right, and her heart often ached when she sent the boy supperless to bed.

Winter came on; people did not want dolls with parasols or even umbrellas, so nobody bought any. An old woman who sold wash-leathers often took compassion on him, and gave him of her poor victuals; and another who sold little slates in a very windy passage, told him that he should have seven little slates from her for five pence, which he could easily sell for a penny a piece, and he might pay her when he got his money. She taught him how to hold them between his little fingers like a sort of fan, and sent him to what she thought a good situation, near a great thoroughfare in the city.

Poor Nancy who was so sorely pinched by poverty, was well pleased that these good women befriended the lad, and though his supper was scant enough at all times, I must do her the justice to say, that she fared no better herself.

Cristal stuck the little slates as he had been taught, between his thin, small fingers, but his hand soon grew tired and he could not hold them firmly. About noon, when the throng of people was the thickest, a gentleman who had suddenly found himself the heir of a large property, leaped out of a cab, and ran across the pavement, to the lofty door of a great banking house where his money was deposited. He was in great haste and thinking of nothing but his good luck, jostled against Cristal, knocked the slates out of his weary hand, and set his heel upon them crushing them all to pieces. Cristal's dismay and distress were inconceivable; the gentleman, who meant no harm, and whose good fortune made him in good humour with all the world, took a coin out of his pocket, the first that came to hand, and threw it to the boy; it fell to the pavement; Cristal saw it fall and took it for a shilling, but in reality it was a sovereign. Before he could pick it up, the quick hand of a wicked young man snatched it from the ground and darted away through the crowd; some of the people saw him do it, and were inclined to take Cristal's part; but just then somebody said that it was a trick of the lad's, who had thrown down his slates to get money from the gentleman, and therefore he deserved no pity. It was in vain that poor little Cristal cried and protested his innocence; those who had seen the money snatched away from him, were gone on their way, and those who remained, looked on Cristal as an artful boy, who only wanted to excite their pity and get money from them.

The police told him to move off; and full of misery and indignation, he walked slowly along the pavement. He did not know however, how great his loss had been; he believed that he had only lost one shilling, when in truth he had lost twenty.

The woman who had trusted him with the slates, would not believe him. She said that she saw now that she had been deceived in him, that he had sold the slates, and that this was all a tale made up, that he might keep all the money, and that as she could not afford to lose her property in that way, she would find out where he lived and see his mother: for have the worth of the slates she would, that was certain!

Cristal did not tell her that he had no mother, and that Nancy, when she heard of this would beat him. He turned away from her weeping bitterly, and dared not go home. It was the first week in January and bitterly cold. He felt the piercing cold to his very bone, for he had only in addition to the poor clothes which he wore in the summer, an old green and red comforter round his neck, and the cape of Nancy's cloak which she had lent to him, and which did not reach to his knees.

For the first time in his life he felt utterly miserable; fear, anger, and a sense of wrong and unjust accusation weighed upon his spirit and almost crushed him to the ground.

Towards midnight he crept into the court where Nancy lived, and in this court there were some houses which had never been finished, and which had stood for years, black and melancholy objects of premature ruin. Within this place he found shelter for the night. Nancy, although she had insisted on his bringing home his sixpence every evening, was uneasy at his not coming home as usual. She loved him very much, and her intention was not to be cruel to him, but poverty made her hard and severe, and this must be her excuse; besides which, when she compared Cristal's life with her own as a child, his, even at the worst, was much happier than hers had been. Poverty has so many curses besides those of actual bodily suffering, and poor Nancy's nature was warped by these.

Cristal lay down in this miserable, windowless dwelling, and strange to say, soon fell asleep. In his sleep he dreamed; his dream was the most beautiful in the world; he dreamed of the young Prince of Wales; of angels; of sunshiny fields full of flowers far more beautiful than any of those which he had seen in the gardeners' windows; the softest of breezes seemed to be fanning his cheek; birds were singing above and around him, and a sense of gladness, sufficiency, and freedom, seemed to make up his whole being. He dreamed that the little Prince, who, instead of a hat and streaming feather, wore a beautiful crown on his head, took him by the hand and said,—

"I will lead thee to my mother."

And then she that he supposed to be the Queen, was before him, and all at once he knew in some incomprehensible manner, that it was his own mother; that very Barbara of whom Nancy had so often spoken. While his mind was in a tumult of joy and wonder, a blaze of light seemed to dazzle him, a noise like thunder roared in his ears, and Cristal, waking from the lovely dream, started up from his miserable bed, and saw at once that that side of the court in which the widow lived, was on fire: the flames were bursting from the windows of some of the houses, and fire-engines rushed into the court.

Whilst Cristal was yet dreaming, and before the fire had burst out, Nancy, who, as I said, was full of anxiety, had gone out into the cold blackness of night to look for him; she was very angry with him at the same time that she was very anxious, and she said to a drunken neighbour whom she met staggering home, that when she found him, she would thrash him to death; she did not really mean so, but it was her way of talking. Nancy went out, she knew not whither; the drunken man went home, lighted a candle and set fire to his bed, which was soon communicated to the whole wretched building.

Whilst Cristal, in terror and astonishment, looked round him, he saw that the flames had reached the widow's room; he could even see the shadow of the lark's cage within the window. The old woman and her lame lodger thinking only of saving their lives, rushed into the court dragging down part of their bedding and a few clothes. Without a moment's thought for himself, Cristal rushed up the broken stairs, and amid the smoke which filled the place preparatory to its bursting into flame, and snatched down the cage, below which lay the widow's large bible. He did not know the real worth of the book, but with a sort of instinctive impulse, he took it up also, and darted again down the stairs, being wetted to the skin with the water from the engines which was poured upon the burning houses.

Everybody who saw this couragious act of neighbourly devotion, praised him; and while poor Cristal felt pleased with what he had done, the drunken man who had been the cause of all the mischief, and who was sobered by terror, took occasion to tell him how angry Nancy was; how she was gone out even then to search for him, and her dreadful threat on leaving the court.

The danger of the fire spreading further was over; the crowd began to disperse, and the police walked about to keep order. The night was bitterly cold, and little Cristal was wet to the skin, yet he dared not go home, because of Nancy's threat. He crouched down again therefore under the blackened walls of the unfinished building, and as it seemed to himself, went to sleep.

Wonderful things now happened to Cristal, such as neither philosopher nor poet has described, nor ever can, therefore it is not for me to tell you much about them. This much however I do know, he seemed to wake, and yet how unlike any former awaking it was; he seemed to be himself, and yet how different to what he had ever before been: cold and hunger, want and suffering were no more. He remembered his admiration of the young Prince, but now he himself was more glorious than any earthly monarch, and yet there was no crown on his head, nor sceptre in his hand. This was London in which he stood; this was the very court in which he had lived, and yet at the same time it seemed filled with the glory of the Infinite. With his hands clasped palm to palm, against his breast, although no one had ever taught him to pray, he stood in silent wonder and adoration.

A policeman was the first who in the grey dusk of that winter's morning found the body of little Cristal; his wet clothes were frozen upon him, he had perished by the extreme cold of the night. Nancy who had returned to the court just after the fire was extinguished, heard from the widow how like a hero the boy had behaved, and how he had saved those very things which she valued so much, and yet in her terror had forgotten: the lark and the bible. The drunken neighbour also came up and informed her, how he too had seen Cristal, and had delivered to him her threatening message. Nancy felt relieved; and imagined that Cristal had taken shelter with some of the neighbours for the night.

The news reached her early the next morning, that the boy was found frozen under the wall. What an anguish then struck through her heart; her hard words pierced her like daggers. "Heaven help me!" groaned she. "I never yet said an unkind word, or did an unkind thing, without bitterly repenting it!"

Many a one beside Nancy has experienced this.

In that strange, new and glorious state in which Cristal now was, the anguish which Nancy endured, though known to him, caused him no grief, he knew that which the wisest men have been teaching us for ages, that out of suffering comes purification, and that there is hope for every one, who, in sincerity repents him of the evil that he has done.

The body of little Cristal lies in a pauper burial-ground, in a rude coffin furnished by the parish workhouse.

May all of us so live that when like his, our bodies return to the dust, we may awake to that new existence, which, enfolding us with an increase of light and love, brings us yet nearer to the Divine Presence!

◆

GERMANY AT THE PRESENT MOMENT.

Amid the miracles of popular uprising against despotic governments all over Europe, a movement so instantaneous, so extensively and energetically carried out that it appears nothing short of the act of God, an almost world-wide agitation, as if the Almighty had said, "It is the time that the petty and vexatious impediments of kings and courts should be hurled out of the path of civilization,"—in this grand event people are asking, "Can it last—Is it not too sudden?"

The well-informed know that it is nothing sudden. The kings and courtiers know that it is nothing sudden. They know that it is a leaven that has been working and leavening the public mind for these twenty years. Therefore is it that they quail and sink paralyzed. All their stupendous machinery of armies and police, of spies, and suppression of the press, and of every free expression—have not been able to avert it. For evidence of this we beg our readers to turn to William Howitt's "Social and Rural Life of Germany," written in 1840 and '41, and published by Messrs Longman in 1842.—Concluding Remarks, Politics and Prospects.

We will make a few extracts from these remarks to show how clearly we foresaw these very events which are now taking place.

After detailing the many signs of a revived spirit of activity and love of liberty in Germany, the rapid extension of railroads, the establishment of the Zoll-Verein, the discontent with the existing state of things, Mr. Howitt adverts to the different plans of future government agitated amongst the people. One party, he says, is for the restoration of the old Germanic empire. "*This*," he adds, "*it may safely be asserted will never come to pass.*" The rivalry of Prussia and Austria must effectually prevent it, and even if effected, it would degenerate into a huge military despotism. He then proceeds—

> The aim of another party is to achieve free constitutions for the individual states, with a Bund to act and arbitrate for and between the whole, in which both princes and people shall have their representatives. *This is the scheme which will probably eventually take place*—a scheme which seems at once to preserve every individual state, with its prince, constitution, and offices, and at the same time binds the whole into one great and effective empire. In fact, this plan carried into effect would give to the constitution of the German nation a very near resemblance to that of the United States of America. They would have their separate states' governments and their federal government. The only difference would be that they would have princes in their separate states, while the Americans have none. But these princes in such a constitution must be strictly limited in their prerogatives, could not be expensive, and their permanence as governors of the individual states would prevent the intrigues of parties and the bickerings of elections. Indeed, with such a government it is not easy to see what a people can desire more.
>
> The natural caution of the Germans, as inherent in them as the love of freedom itself, operates to maintain the existing order of things. The momentum of distress being wanted to impel the wheels of reform; and on the other hand, comfort, personal benefits, a vigilant police and habitual caution, casting a great weight into the scale of government, we may be well assured that the Germans will go on for years, perhaps for generations, cherishing the love of freedom, writing and singing its songs, sighing for freedom of speech and of the press without advancing much nearer to them, *unless some great conflict of the nations should rouse them one day to a pitch of mighty enthusiasm. A war in Europe, beginning with France, would probably become a war*, NOT OF KINGS AGAINST KINGS, BUT OF PEOPLE AGAINST GOVERNMENTS. In that case there would be found inflammable material of one kind or another in Germany, to burst out into a fierce blaze; and it is probable, that *if ever the Germans realize their favourite vision of constitutional freedom and national unity, it will be in such a moment.* pp. 517—19.

In succeeding numbers we will, from the same work, give our views of Berlin and Vienna written on the spot.

◆

SONNET.

On Free-trade Promised in 1849.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Thompson! let not thy strife for concord cease,
'Till freed minds free chained hands; for chained minds
prove
That they who chain them, war on Love and Peace,
If free exchange is Harmony and Love.
On, Villiers, on! fear not to disenthral
Chained souls, who fight for chains; for such chains prove
That free exchange is Harmony and Love,
And good monopolized, a curse to all.
Still, Bowring, persevere! still, Cobden, "speak
The truth in love!" till Hatred, waxing weak,
Die, and glad tears flow from all honest hearts;
While Commerce, on all seas, and in all marts,
Sings,—"Rest base Blighter of the great and small!
Never had Virtue such a funeral."

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

THEIR MOST UNMAJESTIC MAJESTIES.—THE ROYAL PANIC.

Since the foundation of the world never did Kingcraft receive such a shock! Never were the solemn hums of royalty so cruelly exposed. At a moment when the kings were sitting, as they thought, securely on their thrones, there came an earthquake which shook them to their bases. It would seem as if God himself had bared his arm for the freedom of the nations; had declared that the time of his decree had come, when all the rotten machinery of monarchical government should be torn down, and the course of civilization be left free for all mankind. The Almighty had protested in the most decisive terms against the introduction of Kingship amongst his chosen people, and told them what kings were and would do. That they would take their sons for servants and soldiers, and weapon-smiths; to reap their harvests and run before their chariots. Their daughters for apothecaries, and cooks, and bakers. "And he will take your fields, your vineyards, and your best olive trees, and give them to his servants. And he will take your men-servants, and your women-servants, and your asses, and put them to his work. And he will take the tenth of your sheep, and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out at that day because of the king whom ye have chosen, and the Lord will not hear you at that day."—Samuel viii. 12—18.

Never was the world so severely punished for disobeying the will of the all-wise God as in the idolatry of Kingship. The multitude must have something to worship. First they worshipped stocks and stones, and most hideously ugly bits of wood as savage and half-savage nations do still. When they got a little farther they worshipped the golden calf—and last and most fatal worship of all—they worshipped their fellow worms. They set them up, and arrayed them with all sorts of gaudy paraphernalia, and surrounded them with a crowd of base adulators, and fumed them with servile flattery, and styled them Your Most Gracious, and Most Christian, and Most Illustrious Majesty—and pretty dearly they have paid for it. Instead of having their national business conducted in the simple, rational way of all other business, they have had these unnaturally elevaed, and bedizened, be-worshipped individuals, everlastingly at the game of war, of taking their sons and their daughters, their fields and their cattle! and they have been at an everlasting strife with them for the little that was left them—for the simple functions of doing, and saying, as they pleased, and of keeping their money in their own pockets for their own decent purposes.

The farce of royalty has been grandly kept up. These poor people set up aloft have looked as solemn and as big as if really brothers and sisters to the sun and moon, and their armies, and their ministers all covered with stars and lace, and their ambassadors have paraded about in a way to make the poor deluded people imagine that really these were something very high and adorable, and themselves as only too happy to be trodden on.

If ever this delusion recovers itself after the present wholesale exposure, mankind may give up all claim to being anything but a better sort of apes. Never was there such an unweaving of old enchantments. Never was there such a doffing of lions' skins, and scampering about of undisguised asses. Never was there such an undignified abandonment of all the old solemn assumptions. Emperors and Kings at the first report of the French Revolution, and the instantaneous erection of their subjects' heads, lost as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, all self command, all decency of resistance. They who for a score of years had been as deaf as posts to all the demands of their people, who, with immense loftiness of language and demeanour, had declined to accede to the very rational request most humbly laid at the foot of their thrones, that people might open their mouths without leave from a policeman, now in a terrible trepidation, flung freedom and constitutions at their heads. It is laughable in what a hurry they were to be most obedient and obsequious. From France to Denmark extends the pitiful exhibition of trembling monarchs, and commanding people. Metternich, the old manufacturer and arbiter of kingdoms has lived to see all his system shattered to atoms. Thank God for it! As for the King of Prussia, we heard one of his subjects the other day say that "if he had not ordered the soldiers to fire upon the people, he meant to endeavour to get an omnibus conductor's place for him,—but now he would not do it." It is time, however, for the friends of the old superstition of royalty, to be putting together their funds, and thinking where they shall build the extensive alms-houses that will apparently soon be needed for discarded kings, and nimble-footed ministers. Probably, however, kings henceforth may be contented to be men and magistrates, and not a silly sort of gods, and then both they and the people may be the better for it. We have no objection to them if they only would behave themselves like rational creatures, and remember that they are the servants of the public, and not mischief-mongers.

As a contrast to all these humiliating spectacles, let us notice one act of the people worthy to be set side by side with any fact of Grecian or of Roman history.

Hanau, a little town of Hesse Cassel, sent a deputation of its leading citizens to demand of their ruler a free constitution. They were commanded to remain only three days; and if their requests were not then granted, not to remain another hour at the peril of their heads. They were commanded also to state that if their request was not granted, at the same moment that this refusal was announced to the citizens, they would go over to the adjoining state of Hesse Darmstadt.

The embassy delivered its commission, and waited its time in vain. The hour for return had arrived; the carriages were already drawn up in the square—the gentlemen of the embassy had taken their places, and they gave the word to drive on. But the people of Cassel were assembled in crowds. They held the horses' heads, and implored the gentlemen to wait while another appeal was made to the Duke—but their orders were too peremptory. They drove on, and had reached the city gate, when the gallop of horses and the acclamations of the crowd announced that the demand was conceded.

Meantime—the women and children of the town had resolved that should the military be called out to put down the multitude who were urgent for the concession of the demands of the Hanau deputation, and the people fired on, *they would place themselves in the front rank to cover their sons, husbands, and brothers, and to render the deed of the tyrant—an eternal ignominy!*

How noble is nature, how mean is artificial power whether in prosperity or adversity!

CORPORATION OPPOSITION TO THE PUBLIC HEALTH BILL.

The corporate towns are now exerting themselves to oppose the extension of the Health of Towns' Bill to them. They talk much of the danger of centralization in conferring the powers of the bill on Commissioners, and not on themselves. We are no friends to centralization in general, but in this case we see a greater danger than that, which is that, if left to the corporation, no Health of Towns Bill will ever be carried out at all. Let the working classes be awake to this, and bestir themselves by petitions to the House of Commons to defeat this interested opposition. It concerns them nearly. Let them look at the condition of their dwellings, undrained, ill-lighted, worse ventilated, built in dense masses and unwholesome spots—without the conveniences often, most necessary to health, decency, and morality. If left to the towns themselves, when will the necessary improvements be made? When will corporations voluntarily put their hands into their own pockets for the benefit of the working classes. How long have they neglected them already? What have they done for them? And when will they do it? It is to be feared never until by act of parliament, enforced by proper authorities, who have no interest but to effect the necessary changes the most completely. If the labouring classes ever hope to have wholesome and commodious dwellings, with a constant supply of water at a cheap rate, they must at once oppose this corporate outcry, by petitions. If they will see what needs doing let them read such a report as that on the present condition of Sheffield.

What is said by the report of the Statistical Society of London just made, of the condition of Church-lane, St. Giles's, may be said of hundreds of localities, not only in London, but in populous provincial towns.

"Your Committee have thus given a picture in detail of human wretchedness, filth, and brutal degradation, the chief features of which are a disgrace to a civilized country, and which your Committee have reason to fear, from letters that have appeared in the public journals, is but the type of the miserable condition of masses of the community, whether located in the small, ill-ventilated rooms of manufacturing towns, or in many of the cottages of the agricultural peasantry. In these wretched dwellings all ages and both sexes, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown-up brothers and sisters, stranger-adult males and females, and swarms of children, the sick, the dying, and the dead, are herded together with a proximity and mutual pressure which brutes would resist; where it is physically impossible to preserve the ordinary decencies of life; where all sense of propriety and self-respect must be lost, to be replaced only by a recklessness of demeanour which necessarily results from vitiated minds; and yet with many of the young, brought up in such hot-beds of mental pestilence, the hopeless, but benevolent, attempt is making to implant, by means of general education, the seeds of religion, virtue, truth, order, industry, and cleanliness; but which seeds, to fructify advantageously, need, it is to be feared, a soil far less rank than can be found in these wretched abodes. Tender minds, once vitiated, present almost insuperable difficulties to reformation; bad habits and depraved feelings grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength. It is not properly within the province of your Committee to offer suggestions, but they cannot refrain from expressing their belief, that the surest way to improve the physical and moral condition of the labouring classes, and to give education a fair field, is for wealthy and benevolent individuals throughout the country, to form local associations, and by the aid of Parliament, to possess themselves of all such buildings as we have described, whether the house in the town, or the cottage in the country, to rebuild suitable roomy dwellings, properly drained, ventilated, and supplied with water, and to rent them so CHEAP to the poor, that they shall have no excuse for herding together like animals. In this way the great evils of over-crowding may be remedied for that large class of our labouring population which is prepared to adopt habits of cleanliness and decency: but nothing short of compulsory legislation can meet the case of the low lodging-houses and rooms sublet after the manner of those described in this Report.

Nothing can be conceived more mischievous than the system of sub-letting in almost universal operation in the houses inspected by your Committee. The owner of the property lets his houses to a sub-landlord, this sub-landlord lets his rooms to individual tenants, and these tenants let off the sides or corners of the rooms to individuals or families. Cheap houses will go far to give the death-blow to this fatal system; and to build cheap houses, deserving of the name, appears to your Committee a work of preventive charity worthy of all encouragement."

SALE OF THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

It is due to ourselves to notice the upshot of this Journal, which was declared about this time last year to be "commercially established and perfectly safe," and to be circulating from 35,000 to 40,000 copies weekly. To those who were led to believe the charges of Mr. Saunders against us, it may be as well to consider how his assertions have proved in other respects. This Journal was so "commercially established," that we have now been assured by the creditors who have inspected the books, that *at no time did it ever circulate* 17,000 *per week*, and the printer assures us that for a long time they have not printed more than 8,000, and about the end of the year 4,500, while it required a circulation of 20,000 copies weekly to pay. It was, in fact, at the time of this impostor's daring assertions, sinking at the rate of £4,000 a-year, and more; in the two years of its continuance, it sunk upwards of £9,000. We were also assured, the other day by one of the creditors, who wrote a note during the controversy to justify this man, that "the only thing that he was amazed at was, our ever stumbling into the connection with him, *as his character was already so well known in the trade*, that they would not have given him credit for £10, —it was us to whom they gave it." Thus the man, it appears, not only traded on our literary influence and friends, but on our credit.

The desperate exertions made by this most malignant man, on finding that we were resolved not to be tamely ruined, may be gleaned from what took place on the other side of the Atlantic.

The *Liberator* of February 25th, the great organ of the Anti-Slavery party in America, says "the attacks of Mr. Saunders were prodigally circulated in various forms on both sides of the Atlantic." And it adds, that from the moment they saw the "unfriendly, coarse, and unjust attack, they burned to protest against it, and to pay a richly merited tribute to the Anti-Slavery sagacity, zeal and fidelity of William and Mary Howitt." And they add this most expressive passage. "The result of Mr. Saunders's ruinous conduct in the 'People's Journal,' which Mr. Howitt predicted would be the case, and his leaving Mr. Howitt to pay for all the attacks made upon him, vividly illustrates the story told by Dr. Franklin of not only having a red hot poker thrust down the back, but being compelled to pay for heating it! This is monstrous indeed!"

It has always struck us as remarkable, that of all the people who were so ready to listen to this man's base and baseless assertions, at the time when he was boasting of the vast success of the Journal, and advertising industriously for a partner, that not a man of them would join him. If the man was so honest and estimable—if his periodical was so flourishing, what an opportunity! Not a man, however, would prove his sympathy by giving him that aid and countenance. No! in their hearts they did not believe him at all; they knew him to be all that we pronounced him—but they were delighted to have the shadow of a plea for maligning those whom they never could find an excuse for maligning before. There is a class of people who hate your Aristides, and are eager for an ostracism. Much good may it do them. With good consciences, spite of the way in which this knave has robbed us and our children, we still sleep sound and trust in God and good men.

The upshot of the sale was as might be expected. The stock sold at about 9d. per volume, and the copyright not at all—it was bought in, and another attempt is made by another publisher now to continue this unfortunate speculation.

We are glad to have to announce that Douglas Jerrold has repeatedly assured us and our friends that his note which was published by Saunders, and of which so much was made—*was never meant by him to be printed*—that it merely echoed Mr. Howitt's own opinion of the squabble into which he had been dragged—that it was simply intended by him to withdraw his name as contributor from *both* journals, and,—as he has written to a friend of ours—"that he never for a moment had the most distant idea of setting himself up as a censor on Mr. Howitt's conduct." Let others be as generously candid. There are some who have great need of it; but if there be any who have indulged in a petty malice from whatever cause, let them be satisfied. If we ever offended them, they have been amply avenged; and they may enjoy the pleasing thought that our children will suffer for the aid and countenance they gave to this adventurer, as well as ourselves. Can the most refined malice desire more?

FREE EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART MANUFACTURES, ST. JOHN STREET, ADELPHI.

St. Patrick's day, 17th March, 1848.

Sir and Madam,

The work-people of several large factories in the metropolis—being subscribers to your journal, beg to offer through your columns, and by your favour, their acknowledgments to the council and members of the Society of Arts, for their exertions and attention to the interests of native talent, by establishing an annual exhibition of British manufactures and decorative art, they respectively solicit your insertion of this in your next record, and earnestly entreat all your readers within reach, to visit (with their friends) the exposition without delay, of which the following are some particulars.

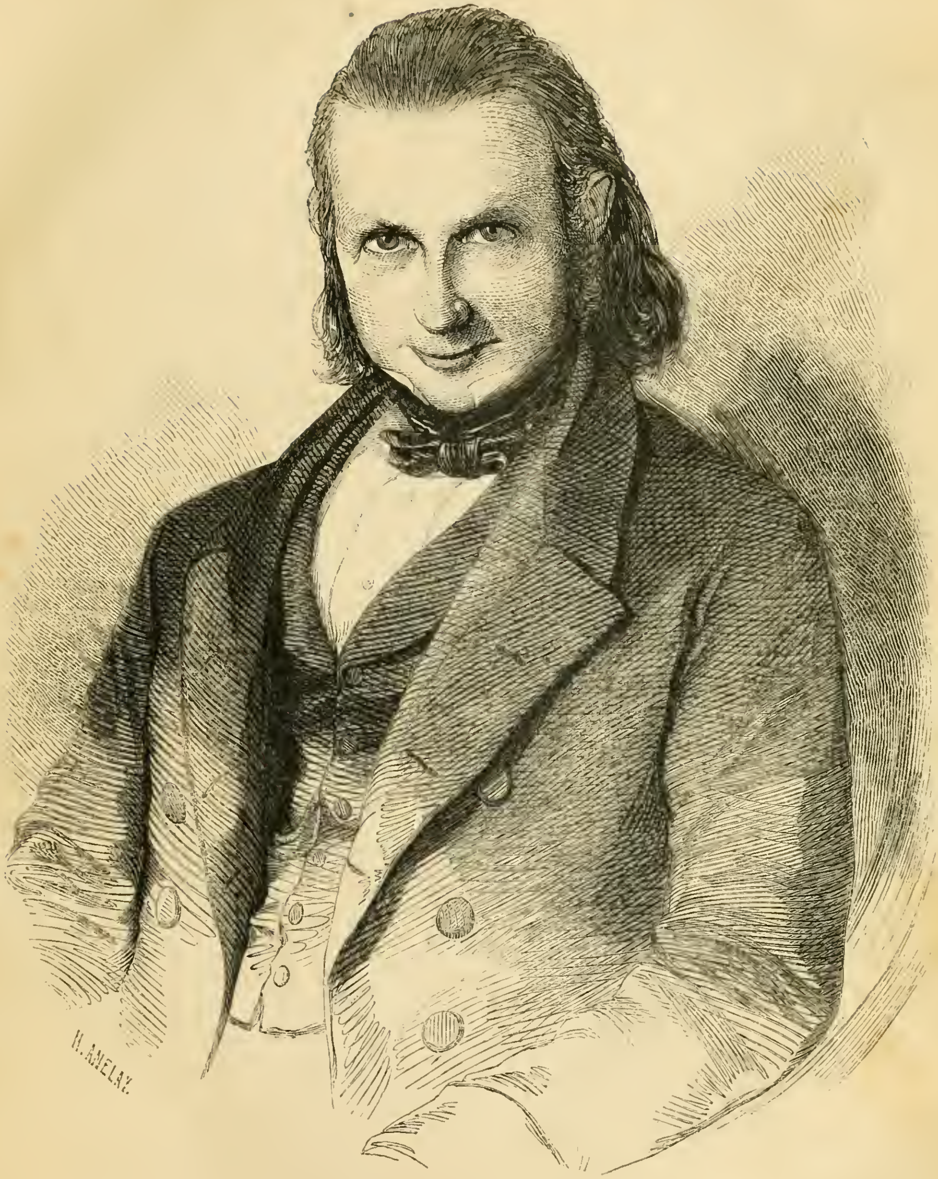
I am, for them and self,
Your obedient,
Bishop's Coffee House. H. B.

This is the second exhibition, containing seven hundred specimens of decorative art; and is now open without charge, every day except Saturday, between the hours of ten and five, by tickets, to be had from a member, or at the following parties:—Ackerman and Co., Strand; J. Cundell, 12, Old Bond-street; D. Colnaghi, 18, Pall Mall East; Dean and Co., London Bridge; J. Hetley, Soho-square; J. Mortlack, 250, Oxford-street; J. Tenant, 149, Strand; Mr. Phillips, 358, and 359, Oxford-street; R. Henson, 70, Strand; W. Mortlack, 18, Regent-street.

CONTENTS.

Letter from Paris. By GOODWYN BARMBY—Banvard's Adventure—February Stanzas. By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. Written in London, February 25th, 1848. Translated by MARY HOWITT—Facts from the Fields. The Depopulating Policy. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which Men are worked up into Malefactors. The Meldrum Family. (Continued.)—Scenes and Characters from the First French Revolution. Translated for 'Howitt's Journal,' from Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins*—Child's Corner. The Story of Little Cristal, by MARY HOWITT—Germany at the Present Moment—Sonnet. On Free Trade promised in 1849. By EBENEZER ELLIOTT—Record.

PRINTED for the proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.



THOMAS COOPER,

Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

DRAWN BY H. ANELAY; ENGRAVED BY H. LINTON.

POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

No. III.

THOMAS COOPER,

Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

Thomas Cooper is one of those Poets of the People who have embodied their poetry in their lives, and their lives in their poetry. He has acted, suffered, written, and through the medium of endurance or performance become what he is, or rather shewn what he is. We may here repeat what we have said on another occasion in speaking of him and of the true poets of his school. The true vocation of the poet unquestionably is to animate the human race in its progress from barbarism towards virtue and greatness. He is appointed by Providence to arouse to generous exertion, and to console in distress. There is nothing so full of the elements of poetry as the fortunes, and aspirations, and achievements of the vast human family. Its endeavours to escape from the sensual into the intellectual life: its errors, its failures, its sorrows, and its crimes, are all prolific of poetry and dramatic matter of the intensest interest. To guide and encourage humanity in its arduous, but ever onward career; to assist it to tread down despotism and oppression; to give effect to the tears and groans of the suffering; to trumpet abroad wrong in all its shapes; to whisper into the fainting soul the glorious hopes of a still higher existence—these are and have ever been the godlike tasks of the true poet, and therefore he has been styled a prophet and a priest.

By the very force of circumstance the working man of England has been enrolled in this sacred prophetic band. The very light which is poured upon us only lays more bare to our astonishment the social evils that have long walked about in darkness. We see the multitude thronged together in misery, and the few only "fare sumptuously every day." From factories and pits and dense alleys, the weak and young cry out of oppressions that destroy body and soul, and they are the poets with the words of fire and feeling, at the head of preachers, literary and public men, who must be the great prophets of social sympathy, the heralds of justice and christian kindness between man and man, if they do not desert their heaven-appointed post. One true word from them goes like an electric flash through all the joints and sinews of society. It is on the subject of human right and christian love, that they are great only to their possible extent. It is not the particular evil which they strike at and destroy which measures the limits of their benefaction. They propagate a spirit which goes on operating the same moral changes from age to age. This spirit has now infused itself deeply amongst the people, and the poets which arise out of it will gaze over the whole field of busy and struggling humanity, and pour forth their song of defiance to the banded tyrannies of social convention. Foremost amongst these is Thomas Cooper. The two great facts of his life which stand out conspicuously beyond all others are his imprisonment and vigorous self-defence on his trial at Stafford in 1842, and the publication in 1845 of his "Purgatory of Suicides," his great poem written during that imprisonment. From his defence on the first trial for it appears that he had two on the same charges, we draw his own account of his life up to that time.

(To be continued.)

◆

THE EVILS OF THE GAME LAWS.

By a Lawyer.

These laws, which have descended from the Saxon times, and which were increased in severity by the Norman conquerors, have continued to be a source of mischief to the country, and of augmenting injury and demoralization to individuals to the present hour, when they present an amount of public evil which demands their utter abolition.

In England, previous to the passing of the late Act, 1 and 2 William IV. cap. 32, no person could legally possess game unless qualified by an income from land or an equipollent. On the passing of that statute, the possession of game was legalised on payment of an annual duty of £4 10s. By the same statute any person, in the day time committing a trespass in search of game, is liable to be tried in a summary manner before one or two justices, and fined in sums from £2 to £5, and failing payment, imprisonment from two to three months, either with or without hard labour, at the discretion of the justices trying the cause; and, by a later statute, half of the penalty is made payable to the informer. By the 9th George IV., cap. 69, any person, by night, unlawfully taking and destroying game or rabbits in any land, whether open or enclosed; or who shall by night enter or be in any land open or enclosed with any gun, etc. for the purpose of taking or destroying game, may be taken before two justices, and, for the first offence, imprisoned for any period not exceeding three months with hard labour, and at the expiration thereof to find sureties, himself in £10 and two sureties in £5 each, for not so offending again for a year; failing these sureties being found, an additional imprisonment of six months. For the second offence, the penalty and sureties are doubled; and for the third offence, transportation for seven years, or imprisonment with hard labour not exceeding two years at the discretion of the judge. If three or more persons commit the trespass, transportation not exceeding fourteen years nor less than seven years, or imprisonment with hard labour not exceeding three years.

In Scotland the law is different. The qualification for killing game is the having in property a ploughgate of land in Scotland. The above Acts 1 and 2 William IV., cap. 32, and 9th George IV., cap. 69, have counterparts applying to Scotland, in so far as relates to the offences and mode of conviction and punishment; but these Scots Acts do not license the sale of game as in England. In the present state of the law, it is understood that a qualified person only may buy or sell game; and such a person by his qualification may communicate to an unqualified purchaser a right to buy game; but he cannot authorise an unqualified person to dispose of it to him. Hence in the case of an unqualified seller of game it would appear that if he have a right from a qualified person to buy his game, he may purchase that, and he may sell it to any other qualified person; but he may neither buy from nor sell to any unqualified person.

The state of the law being this in the two kingdoms, makes farmers occupy very different positions. In England it seems that the game passes to the tenant with the other natural fruits of the farm, and he may destroy it at pleasure if possessed of a game certificate, unless the landlord reserves the game in the agreement: while in Scotland a tenant cannot kill the game on his farm without the authority of his landlord; and he cannot hinder his landlord, or those having the latter's leave, from shooting or hunting over his farm, at least if they do not go through standing corn, or where injury may be anticipated, but he has a claim for actual damages done to his property.

The most prominent evil accruing from these laws is the destruction caused to the crops and natural fruits of the earth by the preservation of game. By evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons, in the course of 1846, it appears that game is strictly preserved in almost every part of England: and, although the evidence does not apply so particularly to Scotland, every one conversant with rural affairs, must admit that it is of general application. If there is any distinction, the farmer in the latter country is worse off, because he cannot in any case destroy game without leave of the proprietor. A landowner in Scotland with his friends and gamekeepers may scour every field and dale of the farm without any agreement with or leave from the tenant. It is true, that in particular localities, in both countries, there are many noble-minded men who have given up the preservation of game, because it interferes with the crops and prospects of the farmer; but still there can be no doubt that in both kingdoms a great majority of the landowners are strict game preservers, and will continue so till the privilege be wrested from them by the Legislature.

We think that we cannot show more conclusively the nature of the game preservation than by directing attention to the manner and extent of the injury done to the fruits of the earth. It is not possible to preserve game and at the same time reap full crops or preserve the natural fruits. During the whole course of their growth, the white crops, especially barley and wheat, are subjected to the ravages of game, particularly of hares and rabbits. With an ordinary quantity of game the loss sustained is great; but when the crop adjoins a preserve, it often happens that the farmer has not a sheaf left. It is thought by some that the plant when young sustains no harm from being eaten; but this is obviously an error. If the blade of the plant be eaten by the hares or rabbits in its infancy, the growth is retarded, and the plant is weakened and subjected to mildew; while at the same time the quality is injured by the introduction of chicken-weed among the good grain. As the plant gets onward towards perfection, the game eats it through at the first joint, with the view, no doubt, of enjoying the saccharine matter it contains. If this happen in a dry season the plant has no chance of getting up to a good crop. As the crop advances to maturity roads are eaten among the wheat, nearly two feet wide, in such a way as leads an observer to conclude that it is done for amusement. The capability of these animals to do mischief may be imagined from the fact of four hares being equal to one sheep in the consumption of food while in a domestic state. But then it is not the actual amount of food which they consume that causes the serious loss: the greatest injury is caused by the animals running at large in the fields nibbling in sport at the growing plants in every direction. A sheep allowed to roam at large would not from its nature commit such devastation to the crops; but certainly the damage would be much greater than the consumption of food while confined. For this reason it is not possible to calculate with certainty the actual damage sustained by the game; still, by comparing one part of a field with another, something near the probable amount of loss may be ascertained. By this process, part of the witness examined before the Committee estimated the amount of damage.

A witness stated that the damages to one field of wheat, between thirty and forty acres, in the county of Hereford, amounted to £150. He also stated it to be his opinion, that the game preserves in that county were equal to an additional £200 on every £800 of rent. Other witnesses from the same county assessed the damages at from £2 to £6 per acre. In the shire of Sussex the damage to a farm of 200 acres was valued at £105: of these 200 acres, 110 only were arable; and in the year referred to there were 30 acres of the farm in fallow. On a farm in Wiltshire of 1,100 acres, belonging to Lord Folkestone, the wheat crop in 1845 was damaged to the extent of £172, or an annual average of £115. In the same district on a farm of 900 acres and a rent of £610, the game valuators stated the damage at £416 8s. In Hampshire, on a farm of 750 acres of light land, it was calculated that the half of the whole crop was destroyed by the game on the estate. On a farm in Dorsetshire, of 364 acres, for which the tenant paid a rent of £230, the damages in some years reached £200, or an average of £150. On another farm, in the same county, and where was within its bounds a cover of only $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, a field of 15 acres of wheat was injured to the extent of £102 3s. In the cover alluded to it was stated 70 hares had been killed. In the county of Norfolk, on 3,000 acres, the damages amounted to an average of £1,000 per annum. It was stated, that in some years 2,500 hares were killed on the land. A rabbit warren required to be stocked with 12,000 rabbits: in winter the stock amounted to 28,000, and the average killed in the year amounted to 20,000. In the county of Suffolk, five shillings per acre is calculated as the damages sustained by game on a farm of 740 acres: the average of four years had amounted to £150. On the estate of the Duke of Rutland, in Derbyshire, damages were sustained to the amount of £916 on 389 acres of arable land, out of a farm of 3,773 acres of arable, meadow, and pasture land. On the estate of Captain Wemyss, M.P., Fifeshire, it was found that the damages amounted in 1844 to within a trifle of £1,000: the number of acres being about 1,059. In Tiviotdale, a field of 41 acres was sown with oats, and the produce expected was 180 quarters, but the farmer reaped only 22 quarters, the rest having been destroyed by the game. The turnip and other green crops also suffer greatly from the ravages of hares and rabbits. Where the crop happens to grow in the vicinity of preserves, the loss becomes very serious. This is more especially the case in districts where a great breadth of Swedes is grown. The injury is not so much from what the hares and rabbits eat; but wherever the turnip is broken by them, and a frost succeeds, the rot takes place and the root becomes in a very short time unfit for food. In following out their destructive habits, they shew the same taste as when dealing with the stalk of wheat. They invariably open the turnip at the side exposed to the rays of the sun, and which contains the most nutriment. Under no circumstances is it possible for the cultivator of the soil to preserve the turnip crop entirely free from the ravages of hares and rabbits; in any locality he is a grievous sufferer; but, if he has the misfortune to be placed in the immediate neighbourhood of preserves, his crop will run the risk of being ruined. Of this kind of crop, and especially in dry lands where little rain has fallen during the season, the hares and rabbits are particularly fond. The latter from its habits will not wander far from cover, but the hare has been known to travel several miles to a field of swede turnips during the night. The erratic habits of this animal shew the impracticability of a farmer protecting his crops by being allowed to kill game on his own farm. It will be both interesting and instructive to adduce a few examples of the damages sustained by the turnip crops from hares and rabbits.

On a farm in Dorsetshire of 320 acres, rented at 30s. per acre, 90 acres were in turnips; and, although no covers, excepting a small one on the farm, were in the immediate vicinity, the damages were laid at 50s. per acre. In the county of Hereford the loss to the crop has been estimated at £4 per acre. In Norfolk, in which a great breadth of turnips is grown, it is a trite matter to lose half the value of the crop by the hare and rabbit. Throughout the turnip districts of Scotland, great loss is sustained from the crop being injured by the game. Take the lowest estimate of the loss in the latter kingdom, and it will far exceed the rent paid by the farmer and all the public burdens. In many districts of England tares were formerly grown as a winter crop; but, from the extent of game preservation, that kind of crop has been given up. The hares and rabbits are particularly destructive to this tender plant: if once bitten, it will never flourish and become a good crop. In Herefordshire the farmer is often forced to plough it down on account of the destruction by game. Carrots cannot be grown without being at a considerable distance from cover, and even then fenced so as to protect them from depredations. It is believed that hares will travel farther to enjoy a feast of carrots than to partake of any other kind of food.

It has also been ascertained that game infect the pasture and meadow lands with their excrement, so as to render the grass uneatable. Mr. Pusey, M.P., on being examined before the committee, amongst other things, stated this important fact, and illustrated it by the case of a favourite colt he had put into a field of three or four acres, and which was almost starved amongst abundance of grass. The animal would not eat it, although nearly famished. On being removed to a place not infected, he quickly improved his condition. The damage done to meadow land has been computed at from five to thirty shillings per acre. On meadows kept for hay the loss is still greater, and in some cases the smell of the hay is such, that the cattle refuse to eat it.

The plantations suffer from every kind of game. The hares and rabbits eat the rind of the hard-wood trees, and render them useless. The pheasants and other game of that kind by picking the sprout from the top of the young fir, cause the tree either to die or take a new shoot; in the latter case the trunk of the tree is always crooked, and not so useful. Where strict game preservation exists, planting cannot be carried on successfully, and many examples might be given where the game caused the proprietor to plant three or four times before he could raise wood.

The game laws also interfere with the improvement and cultivation of the soil to a degree which few people would imagine. The feeling of every great landed proprietor is opposed to the breaking up and improving of waste lands. This consideration arises from the fact that land in a state of nature is more fitted for the breeding of that sort of game in the killing of which the sportsmen take special delight. There are many instances of landlords retaining in their hand large tracts of land in a primitive state, simply because they are good game farms. Retaining land in its original state is bad at any time, but particularly so as this country is situated. Our population is increasing at the rate of at least 200,000 yearly, requiring large additional supplies of food every year, part of which must be raised on our own soil. It is evident that we cannot look for large supplies of mutton and beef from abroad in any degree adequate to meet the demands of the increasing population. It must be raised upon our own soil, and it is a cheering thought that this country has within itself the means of meeting the increase of population should it advance in the same ratio for generations to come. It is understood that there are in Britain 25,000,000 of acres requiring improvement and which might be made available, by capital and skill, to meet the wants of the consumers of food if the proprietors of land would only set about the matter in earnest. Abundance of money could be borrowed by the owners of the soil at 3½ per cent., and tenants would be found willing to pay at least 6 per cent on the outlay of the capital. By which means the sterile tracts might be brought under productive cultivation. But this cannot be accomplished so long as the proprietors of land keep up the same extent of game preservation. It acts as a drag-chain to improvement, and a change for the better need not be hoped for, while one rag or remnant of the system hangs together. Were these laws abolished, the proprietors would naturally turn their minds to the waste lands on their own estates, which, in their present condition are unproductive, but which might, by capital and skill, be made to wave with the yellow grain. In many parts of the country have been made experiments going to prove that land not worth 2s. 6d. per acre, may, with an expenditure of £8 per acre, be rendered worth 20s. per acre. Were it not for our limits, numerous instances of the same kind might, be brought forward in support of the same views, that the landlord, by improving his waste land, might greatly increase his income, and at the same time provide food to meet the demands of a daily increasing population.

The statute anent Muirburn prevents both proprietor and farmer from making the land as productive in the rearing of sheep and cattle as it is capable of, for fear of destroying the haunts of the game. Before land in an unimproved state can be made fit for feeding sheep and cattle, part of the heath must be burned each year to allow the young and tender herbage to get up. If the ground be not burned, its value is much impaired for breeding and feeding; and if years elapse without the fructifying use of fire, the land becomes unfit for any thing, except as an abode for the wild animals. The game laws allow the use of fire only from November to April, a part of the year during which game cannot suffer; but it is notorious that it is very rare that any heath can be burned during the open season, on account of storm and damp, and, especially in wet springs, the heath is not in a state for burning till the middle or end of May. Some game preservers forbid the use of fire at any season of the year. This practice is followed in both kingdoms, and the consequence is that the land is unfit for useful purposes, and might as well have been a barren waste. Had the country no game law, the landowners would have a deep interest in allowing the tenant the free use of every means within his power to make the land produce that herbage which is best suited for the animals that graze thereon. Were the heath allowed to be burned without regard to season, a greater number of sheep could be reared, and all parties would be greatly benefited.

Game preservation is, in any locality, and under any circumstances incompatible with good farming. In the first place, many farmers are prevented from improving their enclosed ground to the extent they would otherwise be permitted to do, were there no game laws. It is of importance to the farmer to have every spot of ground on the farm under cultivation and producing crops; but this he is not allowed to have. He is forbidden to clean the hedges on the farm except at particular seasons, so as not to interfere with the cover for game; and in like manner a prohibition is laid upon him from tile draining the ditches. The not cleaning of the hedges at the proper season is injurious to their growth; besides the grasses, etc., which spring up around the roots of the hedge afford shelter for the game, from which they can issue at any time to destroy the crops on the fields; while the deep ditches afford the same shelter to the game, they are liable to another objection; their continuance prevents the farmer from making the most of the soil. Taking the ditches at seven feet wide, there are thus in every field fourteen feet of land, the whole length of the field sacrificed for the use of the game. Were these laws abrogated, the prohibiting or penal clauses in leases would disappear; and, instead of these, would be substituted injunctions on the farmer to cultivate in the best mode the greatest number of acres. The landowners would then have no interests separated from those of the tenant, and it would be their profit as well as pleasure to see every particle of ground aiding in the production of the food of man. In many of the counties of England the farmer is prevented from managing and using the crop in the most profitable manner. He is prohibited by his agreement with the landlord from shearing or mowing the corn close to the ground, or from suffering stock of any description to go over the stubble from harvest to 10th October following. Thus for three months the tenants are excluded from going on the lands bearing crops; that the game may be allowed the free use thereof. To the farmer these stubbles are very valuable for the feeding of sheep, especially when it is desirable to introduce them to the rams towards Michaelmas, when in a proper condition: but this restriction prevents the farmer from using the stubbles either for sheep or pigs, or even from going over them with a rake to gather the corn stalks.—In the second place, to make land productive, a considerable expenditure of capital is required, say from £5 to £10 per acre. But it cannot be expected that any farmer possessed of capital and skill will expend his money on improving and cultivating his ground to raise crops which are certain to be destroyed by the game. In former days farming was very different from the present; then the crops raised might be said to be by the unaided efforts of the soil; but now farming has become so artificial, that the expense of cultivation far exceeds the rent to the landlord. Indeed, there are many instances where the farmer pays 8s. per acre for the land and £1 per acre for the manure necessary to rear the crop; the crops raised are therefore in a great degree the result of the application of the farmer's capital and skill. The proprietors portion,—the land—is a moiety of the means used now to rear the fruits of the earth. True, the proprietors say that they pay damages for any injury done by the game; but a moment's reflection may satisfy any one free from bias, that the farmer cannot be compensated with damages for the destruction to his crops. He has followed the calling of a farmer because he delights in it, and money cannot compensate him for the destruction of his crops by vermin. He has an affection for the produce of his skill, and, though £1 may be the market value, he would not,—had he the power to prevent it—allow his crops to be broken up for twice the value. Besides, the injury done to the crop of the particular year in which it grows, does not afford full compensation for the value destroyed. Suppose the farmer loses the one-half of his turnip crop, by game and frost, he is not compensated when the landlord pays him the value which the turnips would bring in the market; for the failure or loss of the turnip crop causes the farmer to keep less stock on the farm, which not only affects the profits of the farmer of that year, but the land also suffers the following year, from losing the manure of the stock. The expenses of the farmer are also increased by being forced to protect his crop as far as he can by fences from the operations of the game. In short, strict game-preserving and good farming, cannot exist together. The farmer may be anxious to bring his farm under an improved state of husbandry; he may read treatises on agricultural advance and be satisfied with the scientific views contained therein; he may be aware of the advantages conferred by tile-draining, subsoil-ploughing, and the benefits of chemical compounds; but none of these can he reduce into practice, the situation of his farm debars him from improving the soil thereof. Should he enter into the course which no distant neighbour tempts him to do, he finds that, after a great expenditure of capital, his crops are ravaged to an extent far more than the amount of rent paid to the owner and the taxation applicable to his holding, by the game which flows upon him from the neighbouring preserves. The farmer thus situated cannot progress, and he is forced to allow his land to remain in its unprofitable state. From what has been already stated it will at once be seen that the loss sustained by the community, by the destruction of crops alone is very great. It seemed from the evidence of witnesses examined before the committee, that five shillings per acre over the whole farm was a fair average damage by the game. Now, if the same rule be applied to the whole cultivated acres of Great Britain, the loss cannot fail to startle every mind. But take the damages on that part only of the United Kingdom supposed to be constantly under crop, and the result will shew nearly *four millions of pounds sterling destroyed by game in the course of one year*. This, however is not all the loss; as soon as the fields of the farmer are cleared, immense quantities of barley are purchased by the game preservers to feed the game in the woods. While before the committee, Lord Fitzhardinge admitted that in his game-preserves in Gloucestershire, the average cost of feeding the game in covers, amounted to about £1,000 yearly. And Lord Salisbury in Herefordshire, stated, his game expenses in 1844 at £748 16s., and in 1845, at £877 8s. 6½d. Does not this shew a lavish expenditure of human food on the birds of the air, and the wild beasts of the field! But, let the game preservers have justice; they do not purchase a sheaf of corn, till there are no longer any belonging to the farmers to destroy!

We shall now close this part of the subject by briefly adverting to the burdens imposed on the public in the administration of the game laws. When the person convicted fails to pay,—and the fines are such as a poor man cannot pay,—he is mercilessly torn from his family and friends and placed in jail, it may be for a period running from three months to two years, or he may be transported. Whatever may be his fate, the expense is borne by the public in general, and not by the landowners in particular, who really bear the least share in the prison assessment. In this way every person, the poor householder of two pounds yearly rent, the miserable being who toils from morning to night for 1s. 6d. per day is bound to contribute out of his hard-earned money towards the maintenance of the criminal, and in this way to the preservation of the game. It may be that the family are deprived of the common necessaries of life: no matter for that; the game must be protected though the children should perish! The expense of keeping the person in jail is great, besides the loss of his labour to his family, who, while he remains in prison, must be maintained by the parish; and in this way again the public are compelled to pay for the game preservation. It would only be justice were the proprietor, for whose exclusive benefit the laws were framed, bound to pay not only the expense of these prosecutions, but also the aliment of the prisoner while in jail. The creditor who gives value to the debtor is forced to pay the expense of making good his claim, and also an aliment in the event of the debtor being imprisoned, much higher than that paid to the poacher. Is this justice? An interference with the amusement of the owners of the soil is punished at the expense of the public; whilst an honest claim for labour or goods furnished requires to be borne by the party who puts the law in operation. Taking the convictions in the United Kingdom, in the year 1843, at 5,000 the cost to the public cannot be estimated at less than £20,000 sterling.

But the arguments against these iniquitous laws are almost numberless, and would lead us to a length beyond our limits. Nothing would be more easy than to render the claim of property in game ridiculous. It is now on this man's land, now on that. It is the property, if property at all, of half a dozen persons in one day. The bird flies aloft, and often touches no man's land. Whose property is that? If it settles, and the landowner says "That is mine,"—it goes over the hedge, and before his mouth is closed is his neighbour's! Whose property is the hen pheasant sitting on the top of a mutual march dyke, with its head on one property and its tail on another? Is it mutual property? A breath of wind would move the balance either way. Is it his who feeds it? Who *does* feed it! A hare may live on one property, and passing through the hedge, be shot by the next proprietor the next moment. Then if it be the property of him who fed it, this man has robbed his neighbour. Such claims are futile and absurd. There can be no property in that which passes with railroad speed over the soil.

That, however, which is claimed as the *property* of the landlord is *vermin* to the farmer, and nothing can be so unjust as to make this farmer, who pays full value for the land, keep this vermin to devour his produce. The right of property in land, cattle, sheep, and crops, is universally conceded, because they are of universal use, and the feelings of the possessor are shared in by all, but when a class or an individual makes an inroad upon common rights, a feeling of hostility is created which may prove hurtful to the State itself. These feelings are bitterly engendered by the Game Laws, which are looked upon as a piece of class legislation. In the poor especially, do they arouse this spirit, for they see the game devouring the best produce of the earth, while they and their children suffer the worst pangs of hunger.

Nor will it do to say, that so far as the farmer is concerned, he has no cause to complain,—that he sees the farm before taking it, and can judge of the amount of damage from game, and will offer a price accordingly. A farmer, no doubt, does use these powers of judgment, but can he command the continuance of the same circumstances throughout the term of his lease? The loss per acre by game may be estimated at five shillings, or any given sum. The lease is made, the rent is fixed, with a clause preserving the game. There is no limit to the landlord's right to breed game to any extent. Well, he may breed little or no game now, but who shall say that he may not change his mind; that his successor may not have very different views to his; or that the proprietor of a neighbouring estate may not come to increase the strictness of his preserves. In either case the farmer is a victim. He is bound by his lease in the first case, and may see the game feeding on the finest of his wheat, and dare not destroy them: in the second case, even were his landlord in league with him to destroy them, it is impossible. In the day the game may retire into the neighbouring property, and at night hares, rabbits, and lighter species of game may pour in and desolate his crops. A cordon of firs may, in a few years be drawn, perhaps nearly round his farm, and the enemy may lie close at hand to invade him in the first moment of darkness.

Such then are the game laws. The vermin which robs the farmer, robs the public. It is kept on the very best of the produce of the earth, produce which should go to the starving millions. At the very moment that we write this, the population of these kingdoms are dying by hundreds for want of food, while that food is given to the wild beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. For these creatures a system of espionage is kept up which degrades both farmer and rural labourer. Gamekeepers and night watchers abound; every step that the tenant or his family take on the lands is watched; a rat cannot be killed, or a rook brought to the ground, without bringing forth a phalanx of the night watch armed with guns, clubs, or little flails, to knock the offenders on the head, and followed by mastiffs ferociously trained to track the human foot. Farmer and labourer feel themselves suspected; and the consequence of this on character needs no comment. The *labourer* once suspected, it is impossible for him to find employment—he must become a poacher or worse. There is a wide combination amongst the owners of the soil, who are game preservers against him, and with the mark on his forehead—God help him! for man will not. The labourer on the plain and the shepherd on the mountain become the victims of any pique of the gamekeeper. Once breathed on by him—they may as well quit the land at once—no worth of character—no services can save them.

But the Game Laws not only degrade the farmer while they rob him, they rob the labourer as well as degrade him. Every hundred acres of waste land brought under the plough require four labourers and their families, independent of the additional number of people kept by the produce. In this way *the cultivated land of Great Britain would require* 800,000 *families to work it* properly. Nothing prevents this auspicious change so much as the passion for the preservation of game. Abolish the law, and it would be like gaining so much land from the sea! Abolish the law, and that land which is already in cultivation would be made in many instances to yield double the produce it does. By draining and other improvements, a farm of 300 acres, with 60 acres under wheat crop, the surplus produce would be 60 quarters of wheat each year, at a moderate estimate, affording employment to additional labourers, and sustenance to ten individuals annually. Gamekeepers and night-watchers, now lazy and useless persons, would be converted into producers, Let it never be forgotten that our increasing population requires 150,000 quarters of wheat more annually! and allowing each person two pounds of animal food in the week, 31,000 oxen. Here are the means to supply it; nay, the half of this further demand would be furnished by the destruction of the game alone, without drawing a furrow or felling a single tree in any game preserve.

It becomes a question therefore, whether in this country, game or our children shall live. Again, if we will raise our labouring population, we must destroy our game. In Wilts, Dorset, and Devon, wages are from six to seven shillings a week; in the favourable county of Norfolk, from nine to ten, and out of this the labourer has to pay between three and four pounds a year for a cottage. Can the labouring population be in any other than a low state, either physical or moral? And what condition of game-preserving counties did the Report of the British and Foreign School Society present in 1840? In Bedfordshire, the county having the largest proportion of its population agricultural, the proportion able to read or write well, was little more than *one* per cent.; in Oxfordshire, *two and a quarter* per cent. In Bedford, Hereford, Bucks, Essex, Suffolk, and Wilts, the proportion of criminals unable to read and write, is seven per cent. more than in the manufacturing and mixed counties, while in the attainment of reading and writing it is two and a half per cent less.

Who can wonder at crime or degradation in such a population. The labourer who gets six shillings per week by hard labour, can, in a single night in a good preserve, clear more by poaching than he can by the sweat of his brow in three months. Can any law or severity overcome such a temptation? Will a man out of employment hesitate a moment between the starvation of his family, and poaching. Besides the profit of £4 and £5 per night, there is a spirit of adventure awakened from which there is no turning back. That the number of poachers has kept pace with the strictness of preservation, the commitments to prison bear faithful testimony. Look at your criminal court records for the proof of this. In 1837, the game convictions in England and Wales amounted to 2,642; in 1843, they were 4,348. During the five years ending 1843 the game convictions increased from 5-68 to 7-58. Is not this a fearful picture of the state of society? Can words point out more eloquently the evils of the system of game preservation?

The administration of the game laws, stains the ermine of the judge. The judges are the justices of the peace, composed almost exclusively of the landed proprietors of the country—men who are anything but friendly to the transgressor. It is scarcely possible for the accused to get off, unless on some glaring informality in the proceedings. Its judges are game preservers, the prosecutors either the gamekeepers of the judges or their factors or fiscals. It is not singular to see the proprietor of the broken game preserve, sitting in judgment on the accused. What respect can be paid either to the law or its executors by the public, when such scenes are daily enacted? So inveterate are the judges against the poacher, that, should he happen to be acquitted on an informality, they do not scruple to put into execution the statute for shooting without a license. If a person be tried before the same judges for an assault or for stealing property belonging to another, a small fine or a week's imprisonment may be awarded, while the person who may be driven by the pangs of hunger to take a wild beast, is sentenced to a heavy fine and imprisonment with security not to commit the like in time to come. Such judgments produce no moral effect on the community;—there is not one that hears the proceedings but sympathizes with the poacher. They do not believe him to have been guilty of any immoral act. They cannot, and will not, believe that the taking of the wild animals is sinful. Many instances might be brought forward to shew the utter disregard paid to the law by the poacher; but let one suffice. Two poachers living at a distance of ten miles from the court-house at which they were to be tried, alive to the feelings with which the judges looked on poaching, started early; and on their way to the county town, shot a quantity of game sufficient to pay the fine imposed upon them. We could also point out instances of poachers pawning their guns to pay the fines imposed, and next day borrowing others and shooting game to relieve them out of pawn. Women too, have been tried and convicted of stealing in order to make up their husbands' fines. As a prevention of the transgression, the statute is useless while it is fruitful in preparing victims for the treadmill. The battue with its slaughter of 2,000 head of game, degrades the gentleman into a butcher—the trade of a poacher converts the labourer into a murderer. A man with a a starving family surrounded by game preserves will not take much time to decide what he shall do. The words of the Creator are in his remembrance, "every moving thing that liveth, shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things,"—the cries of his perishing children are in his ears,—the means of making them happy are within his reach; and he avails himself of them. He is caught; imprisonment is his doom! He enters the jail, mingles with hardened villains, comes forth hardened himself; meets the gamekeeper in the midnight fray burning with revenge, and adds *murderer* to the name of *poacher*. He leaves the prison too with confirmed hatred against the owners of the soil, and the midnight glare fearfully tells the carrying out of his revenge.

Such are the curses of the game laws, destroying the food, the peace, the morals of the nation. How long are they to continue their demon work amongst us?

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Translated for "Howitt's Journal,"

FROM LAMARTINE'S "HISTOIRE DES GIRONDINS."

(Continued from p. 219.)

MADAME DE STAEL AND MONSIEUR DE NARBONNE.

A WOMAN young, but already influential, lent the prestige of her youth, her beauty, her genius, her enthusiasm to the constitutional party. This woman was Madame de Stäel. The daughter of Necker she had breathed the air of politics from her birth. The drawing-room of her mother had been the Cenaculum of the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, d'Alembert, Diderot, Raynal, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Condorcet, had played with this child, and kindled her earliest thought. Her cradle was the Revolution. Her father's popularity had kissed her lips, and left upon them a thirst for glory which was never to be extinguished. She sought after glory amid calumny and death in the very heart of the tempest. Her genius was great, her soul pure, her heart enthusiastic. A man in energy, a woman in tenderness, it was necessary, in order to satisfy her ideal ambition, that fate should associate for her in the same career, genius, glory, and love.

Nature, education, and fortune, had rendered possible this triple dream of a woman, a philosopher, and a hero. Born in a Republic, educated in a Court, daughter of a Prime-Minister, wife of an Ambassador, connected with the people by birth, with men of letters by her talent, with the aristocracy by her rank, the three elements of the revolution mingled or struggled within her. Her genius was like an antique chorus, where all the mighty voices of the drama drowned themselves in one tempestuous accord. A thinker from inspiration, an orator by her eloquence, a woman in her attractions, her beauty invisible to the crowd, had need of intellect and admiration in the observer to be interpreted. Hers was not the beauty of form and feature, it was a visible inspiration, a manifest enthusiasm. Attitude, gesture, glance, tone of voice, all obeyed her soul, and ministered to her glory. Her black eyes with sparks of fire in their pupils shed through their long lashes as much tenderness as pride. Her glance open yet penetrating, had its serenity as well as its lightning. You felt the splendour of her genius was an echo of her tenderness of heart. Thus in all the admiration she excited, there was a secret love, and in all this admiration it was alone love that she esteemed.

Great events early mature the mind. Ideas and events had crowded themselves into her life; she had had no childhood. At two-and-twenty she united the maturity of thought with the grace and strength of youth. She wrote like Rousseau, spoke like Mirabeau. Her heart could at the same time contain a great thought and a deep sentiment. Like the women of Rome, who agitated the republic by the impulses of their hearts, or bestowed or withdrew an empire with their love, she longed to drown her passion in her political aspirations, to elevate by her genius the object of her love. Her sex shut her out from all those means of direct action, which the rostrum and the army afford to men. She must remain invisible amidst the events which she directed. To be the veiled fate of some great man, act through his hand, become great through his career, glorious through his name, this was the sole ambition permitted her. She could only be the conscience and inspiration of some great politician; she sought out such a man, and her imagination made her believe that such a one was found.

There was at Paris at this time a young officer of an illustrious race, of attractive beauty, and graceful mind. Although bearing the name of one of the greatest families of the court, a cloud obscured his birth; a too royal blood flowed in his veins; his features recalled those of Louis XV. This young man was the Count Louis de Narbonne. Nursed in such a cradle, brought up in such a court, a courtier by birth, celebrated alone for his face, his gaiety, his wit, you could not expect from such a man the ardent faith of one ready to embrace a revolution, or the stoic energy which would enable him to advance and direct it. He had only a half-faith in liberty. He saw merely in the people a sovereign more exacting and capricious than any other, whom to influence and govern required the most profound skill and political knowledge. He felt in himself sufficient suppleness of character for this part; he dared attempt it. Without any strong conviction on the subject, but not without ambition and courage, the Revolution in his eyes was merely a drama like the *Fronde*, where the chief actors might enlarge their hopes according to the progress of events, and directs the *denoûement*. He was not aware of there being only one actor in revolutions—and that this actor is passion! And passion he had none. He stammered words of the revolutionary language; he assumed the costume of the age, but was not imbued with its spirit.

Yet this contrast between Narbonne's position and the part he had to act, this court favourite rushing to the people for the service of his country, this aristocratic elegance clothed with a mask of patriotism, for a moment pleased the populace. They were flattered by having a grand gentleman among them. It was a proof of their power. Narbonne felt himself a king in beholding his courtiers. He pardoned their want of rank for the sake of their complaisance.

Madame de Stäel was as much interested in M. de Narbonne, through her heart as through her mind. Her masculine yet tender imagination invested the young soldier with all the qualities he might otherwise be deficient in. He was simply a brave, active, brilliant young man. She raised him into a hero and politician. He became the living type of her political system.

Disdain the court, seize upon the hearts of the people, command the army, intimidate Europe, carry the Assembly along with him by his eloquence, save the nation, and through his popularity alone become the arbitrator between throne and people, reconcile them by a constitution at once liberal and monarchical, such was the path she laid out for M. de Narbonne and herself.

She inflamed his ambition by her imagination. He believed himself capable of such a destiny, since it was she who pointed it out to him. The drama of the Revolution concentrated itself in their two minds, and for some time their conspiracies were the sole politics of Europe.

Madame de Stäel, M. de Narbonne and the Constitutional party desired war; a partial, not a desperate war, which shaking the very foundations of the nation, would sweep away the throne and bring about the republic. They succeeded by their influence in re-organizing a diplomatic body exclusively devoted to the emigrants and to the King. The foreign courts were filled with their confidants. M. de Marbois was sent to the Diet of Ratisbon, M. Barthélemy into Switzerland, M. de Talleyrand to London, M. de Ségur to Berlin.

(To be continued.)

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

The Meldrum Family.

(Continued from page 217.)

Miserable yet mechanically Meldrum still trudged on duly to his daily work. He performed his ninety miles per week: his seventeen hours per day of labour for his seven shillings—because he had yet no other resource; but his mind was busy at work during the time that he walked and the time that he wielded the flail on means to come at the necessary sum more easily. All the old restraints of conscience, of respect to law and property, were gone. "What," said he to himself, "had God or man done for him? Was he not as wretched as he could be? What was property but a means of keeping him out of what he needed? He recognized no God, and, therefore, he could recognize no law. There was poaching, and there was theft. They were disgraceful—that was the cunning effect of cunning maxims fixed on society—they were punishable.—Could he be worse punished than he was? He wished to quit his present enormous labour and find some easier way to all he needed. His master prevented him by saying that for the rest of the winter he should not again need him. He set out homewards on the Saturday night without a prospect of a day's labour for four months to come—and he vowed within himself to work no more.

> The world was all before him where to choose,
> Necessity his guide.

In the course of the following week there was to be held one of those meetings of the peasantry which at one time reported in the newspapers made so deep an impression on the public mind. It was at some eighteen miles distance, but Meldrum had nothing else to do, and he resolved to be there.

The day arrived, and Meldrum set out across the country to attend this gathering of the rural agitators. It was towards the end of November, and the weather was as wild and gloomy as Meldrum's own mind. The meeting was to be held on a moorland equi-distant from several farming villages, and at eight o'clock, so as to allow of such as had work arriving after their day's labour. When Meldrum came upon the scene of action it was, of course, and had been long, pitch dark. His steps were however directed by the light of a fire which flickered on the dense mass of vapour in the sky, and was spread on it as on the roof of an oven. As he came upon the brow of a hill he beheld below him that it proceeded from no fire but from a number of torches, which blazed and flared in the wind, and the murmur of many voices struck upon his ear. This told him that a crowd was already collected, and he quickened his steps lest he should be too late to witness the whole of the proceedings.

Drawing near he could perceive a dense crowd of people and various groups in its outskirts, who appeared all earnestly in discourse, so that he comprehended that no public speaking was yet going on. Every moment the scene and place assumed a more strange and wild aspect. The place was a deep hollow at the bottom of the moor where a stream of some size ran across the highway, and where the highway itself became hemmed in between dense woods. The spot seemed to have been chosen for its lying so as to attract by its lights as little notice in the country as possible, and for the advantage of a lofty bank running on the side of the road under the edge of the wood, from which the speakers could address the throng. This throng now amounted to at least five or six hundred, and was every minute augmented by fresh numbers pouring in on all sides. With some of these Meldrum joined the skirts of the crowd, and was at once struck with the aspect of wretchedness which distinguished it. He had been accustomed to see the labouring classes of the country together at wakes, fairs, and statutes, but on these occasions they had come with good clothes on their backs and money in their pockets, and ready for a certain enjoyment of a gaiety, clumsy enough but genuine. But such a thing as gaiety in a crowd like this would have looked frightful for it would have been unnatural. Here were young men with old, lean, though weather-beaten faces, and old men, whose feeble limbs hardly bore them, though there was a fire in their eyes which showed that they had a keen feeling of the sufferings whose stress had thus brought out these rural toilers to complain of and to consult on their wrongs. There were women still more famine-wasted and worn, and not a few who bore along with them in their arms their infants, though their exhausted bosoms gave no means of stilling the cries of these melancholy little creatures—pilgrims through a world which received them at its entrance to an uncomprehended misery. There was many a huge and burly fellow who, well-fed, would have vied with Hercules himself in clearing out the Augæan or any other stable, and there were growing lads in whose meagre features you looked in vain for the country freshness of former days. Every hand was supplied with a good sturdy cudgel, for the double purpose of walking sticks and weapons of defence and offence if any danger arose. Their long frocks hid many a ragged garment, but poverty sate on every form and feature, and the women who had not one common over-costume like the men, showed the deplorableness of their penury still more. Their garments were thin and flimsy cottons, not the good old stuffs and flannel and quilted petticoats of their mothers days. The spirit of English neatness seemed to have vanished with their better fortunes, and rent stockings pulled on awry, and slipshod, and loose and often toeless shoes were everywhere to be seen. Some of these women sate on the damp ground, and endeavoured to rock their babies in their arms, while they listened to the relations of the troubles of the rest, or screeched out their own amid the deafening winds and the smoke of the torches. Meldrum could hear everywhere the words, starvation wages, Board of Guardians, Union Workhouses, overseers with hearts of stone, and being sold up for rent. The murmur of the multitude became every moment louder—there was one general noise of undistinguishable tongues, amidst which the shrill voices of women rose here and there above the rest, and finally an impatience displayed itself for proceeding to business.

It was evident that the leaders were in the centre of the dense mass where some discussion was going on which seemed to excite an eager attention. Voices began now to resound here and there, calling out "Begin! begin!" The shouts became louder and louder. There was a movement of the crowd near the wood-side, and presently a man was seen cutting out rude steps in the bank, up which he was followed by two or three other men, while a number rushed up on either side to this elevation where it was more easy of access.

At this sight a deafening shout was raised by the throng, and before it had subsided, a countryman in the centre of the group waved his hat to command attention. This was soon given him. The crowd became as silent as the grave, and the countryman addressed them. Before he could do this, however, some in the crowd said "That's Button of Scrimton!" "Who's he?" was the reply. "Why, Button the shopkeeper. He has made what he has by the poor man, and now he is not like a many, he is not ashamed to stand by him. "Bravo Button! Bravo Button!" resounded far and wide, and ended in a loud hurra!

The person thus described and thus hailed, was a middle-sized man, in dark clothes of a country cut. He appeared fifty years of age, somewhat bow-legged, and stooping in the shoulders which were broad and strong, and his countenance, with the hair combed straight over his forehead, had an expression of much homely shrewdness, and a twinkle in the eye which spoke rather of a close and knowing character than of that open frankness that you would have expected in a man who came forward as the advocate of the oppressed. But Button of Scrimton was a man who had made his way by hard plodding and rigid saving. He had a hard hand, a hard though just mode of dealing. It was by no professions of greater liberality than others that he had won the confidence of the labourers and their families, but it was by boldly pronouncing his opinions of their ill-usage, while he refused to let them run into his debt. He would divide and sub-divide to a farthing's worth and half-farthing's worth his articles, but would not credit. "It is no use," he would say, "pretending to trust you, neighbours, to-day what I know you cannot pay to-morrow. You have just so much a week and no more, and if you exceed that you have no means of paying it. It's hard enough I confess—but it would be harder still if I were to trust, for it would ruin me and not help you, and you might have some one in my place that would use you worse."

The poor people knew this was only too true, and they put confidence in Button the shopkeeper because he was ready to assist them any time by his counsels, and even in their moments of direst distress or illness would do a kindness that shewed all the more in one of his dry and adhesive character. They had got him to come forward on this occasion as their chairman, and he did it all the more readily as he had no aristocratic customers to depend upon, no landlord to fear. He lived on his own small property.

The chair which Amos Button was to occupy was no other than a large stone which with some difficulty had been hoisted upon this bank. But now he stood and addressed the crowd in a homely style of oratory. He told them that he need not say what had called them together there—it was their necessities. He need not describe what they were. They all knew them but too well. They all felt them too keenly, and he could see them written but too plainly on their faces. Well, they were come there to talk their grievances over, to tell one another their own tales of misery, and to consider whether there was any way of mending their condition. Before he stated what *he* considered the true remedy he would first hear what they had to say themselves.

On this he called first one and then another forward who had no doubt been selected during the previous discussion in the crowd. We need not follow these speakers in their details. They were such as sometime ago were given us through the newspapers: but the sight of the speakers themselves was the most eloquent. There were men and women too who stepped forward, whose haggard and half-clad persons raised in the crowd groans and murmurs of astonishment. They described their few shillings a week—the vain attempt to purchase with them half-enough to eat, or to clothe themselves with. The men spoke of going to work hungry, and working with a ravenous craving and a sickening faintness upon them; the women as suffering the same famine at home amid their craving children. Their sufferings in winter from cold especially at night, having nothing in them and little on them, of their children sinking at the breast for utter want, and of consumption sweeping off the growing.

The appearance of the speakers was but too terribly corroborative of the truth of their statements, and any one standing on that elevation and casting his eyes over that crowd, not now less than a thousand in number, would have imagined that he saw not an assembly of human creatures but of wailing and ghastly apparitions. The wind swept the torch-flames over their heads, and snatched away the volumes of black smoke, and their eyes gleamed with the glazy keenness of famine, as their faces were all fixed on the speaker at the moment.

As Meldrum had listened to the different speeches and seen the different speakers, each stamped with the unmistakeable characters of want and despair—he had pressed nearer, and ever nearer, and at once he sprung upon the rude steps cut by the labourer's spade in the bank, and presented himself to the crowd. Nobody knew him, and the chairman was about to speak to him, probably to tell him that some one else was before him, but a single glance at Meldrum seemed to take from him the power of utterance. He gazed at him in evident wonder and curiosity, and the crowd by a universal movement seemed to partake of the feeling. Meldrum's features bore traces of the intense mental suffering he had lately undergone. His old drab suit which had figured at many a Methodist Class meeting, unhidden by the labourer's frock, marked him out conspicuously from those about him, but still more the dark fire that burned in his deep-set eyes, and the strong enthusiasm which was visible in every feature. He had felt as he had listened all his passion for public speaking come upon him. There was a load of wrong and indignation that he was on fire to fling off over the unhappy multitude. It seemed to him that nothing but the language of a soul so wrung and tortured as his was could reach the root of the woe that the labouring population was enduring, and rouse them to some action that should strike terror into their oppressors.

"Neighbours and Fellow Sufferers!" he cried—

"Who *are* you?" resounded at once from a stentorian voice in the crowd.

"Who am I?—A stranger to you, but not a stranger to the evils that you endure. Who am I? That matters not. What I am—that I will tell you. I am a man who began life with the resolve to honour God and the King, to live honestly by my labour, and die with the consciousness of having not only helped myself but my neighbour wherever I could."

"Bravo, old boy! go on!" shouted the same stentorian voice, and a clamour of applause followed from all sides.

"But" added Meldrum, "what man can live honestly in this country?" ("Hear! hear. True! true!") "What man—I mean a working man, can live at all?" ("Hear, hear!")

"Never did a man labour more hardly than I have laboured—but like a thousand others of our class I have been expelled from my daily labour—my house pulled down—my family scattered to the winds—my wife thrust into her grave—myself flung an outcast into the unfeeling world." (Murmurs, groans, and indignation in the crowd. A woman's voice, "Poor man, he's gone through Jordan like the rest of us.")

"But, my friends," continued Meldrum, growing visibly excited; "What boots it to come hither to complain? Why come hither to tell our griefs and our oppressions to the woods and the wastes? They must be told on the hills and the house-tops. They must be published in the town streets and the market places, before the rich and the mighty." (Immense sensation, and clamorous outcries.) "We must make our miseries felt as well as heard of. You have met before and told one another your sufferings as if you did not know them well enough without. As if they did not sit in your hearts like devils, and twine about your vitals like snakes, and sting you in the cries of your children, in their fevers and their deaths like scorpions. They are stamped into your frames with the mallets of cruelty. They are trodden into your sides by the heels of the rich and the well-fed. What boots it, then, to complain? What good does it do to meet?"

"What good?" screamed a shrill voice from the crowd; "it gets into the newspapers; it gets to the ears of the members of parliament, and of everybody."

Meldrum paused a moment at this remark, and folded his arms with a look of ineffable sarcasm, as he slowly, and in a deep voice repeated—"It gets into the newspapers—to the ears of members of Parliament, to those of everybody! And what better are you for that? What has *this* done for you? Of the newspapers it has probably sold some additional quires—it has made a nine day's wonder to the reader, and it has passed. What then? Has it brought you a tittle of alleviation? Has it brought you an additional loaf? If it has, let me see it. Has it induced one farmer or one gentleman to raise your wages a single shilling a-week, or drop your rents a single shilling a-year? If so, let me hear it. Has it induced a single member of Parliament to advocate your cause?"

"Yes—several," cried a voice.

"Well, several; and what result? A nine day's wonder in Parliament, and a Parliamentary result—just—nothing. Has the voice of an isolated man of feeling in the house carried it to the ears of anybody out of the house—excited *anybody* to regard your sufferings any the more?"

Here there was again a violent sensation and conversation in the crowd, and many voices crying—"No, no—it is only too true. The man speaks truth!"

"You still suffer, and suffer unheeded. The Press, the Parliament, the Ministers, the Queen, all the wealthy aristocracy whose lands you till, and whose tables you supply with luxuries; all the wealthy farmers throughout the United Kingdom—*everybody* knows your miseries, and cares nothing for them. You are cared for as much as the rocks, and the sands of the land you live in. You are cared for less than the cattle, because they cannot sell and eat you. You toil, and are not paid; you pine, and perish, and see your wives and children perish before you, and the world cares nothing for you, and yet you would tell the world once more the hopeless tale!

My friends, it is time to act. It is time to speak in the only language that the hard-hearted oppressor will listen to. You have addressed yourselves to his compassion. He has none. You must now address that feeling which he has—his fear! Tillers of the soil! you live in a land of plenty, why not eat? Men possessed of arms and hands, why not make yourselves respected? Behold around you, and around you from sea to sea, stand the halls of the oppressor, and the ample ricks of the farmer, and the cattle and the sheep of ten thousand pastures. Why, then, languish? Why, then, die? Up and kill, and eat, and, if need be, fling fire into the stores and the houses of the oppressor, and strike into his soul the terror which is more availing than any supplication."

(Here there was extraordinary confusion. Groans and cries of "No—no!—off with him! He is an incendiary! He is a spy!")

"Spy!—incendiary!" exclaimed Meldrum; "I am a man, and not a stone. I am torn with the pincers of cruelty, cut to the quick by the knives of the unfeeling. I know that they will tell you that this conduct is odious; but is not their conduct odious? Is it more criminal to seize food, and expel your oppressors from the earth by fire, than it is for them to deprive you of food and expel you from the earth by famine? Away with names! Away with cant! Be men, and you shall flourish—be slaves, and perish; as ye will by piecemeal! Waste into the ground as a snow wreath wastes ——"

But at this point of Meldrum's desperate harangue there was a simultaneous movement of many persons towards the platform, if so it can be called, the platform of nature's own raising; and a person shouted into Meldrum's ear—"Off! plunge into the wood, or you are lost! Plunge into the wood! The police are upon you—off!"

But Meldrum stood firm, and turning his head, said, to the person who gave this advice—"No, I am no coward! let them come—let them do their worst!"

"Off man! I tell you, off! Save yourself for the future—you are such as are wanted;" and with this he gave him a push towards the wood. Whether the flattery which this last sentence contained had its effect, we know not, but the next moment Meldrum and his unknown adviser were plunging through the thickets of the wood with the desperation of men who flee for their lives.

Meantime the police, who had attended in great numbers disguised in labourers' frocks, had drawn their truncheons, and pushed vigorously up the bank towards the place where Meldrum had been standing, but, before they could reach it, he had disappeared. There was a cry of "Seize him! pursue him! make sure of the incendiary!" and at this moment one of the police fired a pistol into the air, and at the same instant a bugle sounded in the wood near, and a troop of cavalry which had been stationed in ambush galloped forth, and charged on the crowd.

At this sight there was a wild shrieking and alarm, and the multitude began to fly across the waste. In an instant every torch was extinguished, and the pitch darkness which ensued, the shrieks of flying women and children, the curses of enraged men, and the swearing of the rural soldiery, produced a confusion and a scene of terror inconceivable. The terror, however, was more in the sound than in the reality, for the Egyptian darkness, and some tremendous stones from the hands of the most determined of the labourer crew, caused the captain of cavalry to cry a halt, and allow the people to take themselves off, which they did in a wonderfully quick time through the darkness.

Meanwhile Meldrum and his unknown companion, after pausing a moment to listen to the shrieks and clamour, the galloping of the horse, and the ominous sound of the pistol and the answering bugle, perceiving the hubbub to subside, threaded their way as best they might through the intricacy of the wood. This was no easy matter, for the underwood was thick, and at every step some briar tore their hands or their clothes, some stump caused them to stumble, or some stray bough lashed them in their faces. To Meldrum, however, this was little compared with the remorseful anguish which was torturing his mind. He felt as if he had called on the people to rush into the very heart of peril, and then fled like a coward. It was not that he had excited them to fire, kill, and eat, for these things, in his now misguided and exasperated state of mind, he regarded as perfectly justified, and, in fact, as the only means of compelling attention to the dreadful condition of the people. But the idea of recommending this, and exposing others to its consequences; for, besides his, there was no language used which could expose the assembly to the vengeance of the laws, and at the same moment flying himself, or rather skulking away, was intolerable. It was in vain that he called to his aid his new creed of infidelity; that he said to himself, "We are all mere worms, moving pillars of mud; it matters not, we shall writhe out our little portion of torment, and be gone." It was in vain that he asked himself "of what consequence it was whether he had acted well or ill, creditably or shamefully; that the fact could not be known over many miles, or remembered many days; that a man like him was lost in the obscurity of the crowd; and when he slept in his grave, it was of no importance what had happened to him in his uneasy dream of existence." Over all this sophistry of self-contempt, through all this logic of annihilation, rose that still small voice of God which cares nothing for systems of belief or unbelief, but fixed in the eternal roots of the heart, as in the magnificent machinery of the universe, asserts our immortality in spite of ourselves, and maintains the indestructible reality of virtue, truth, and honour.

(*To be continued.*)

◆

ALBERT THE ARTIZAN:

One of the French Provisional Government.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Not the least significant and eloquent of the facts which have lately taken place in France, is the fact that Albert, an artizan, is one of its Provisional Government. The working classes, the Jews of political economy, have been doomed from Egypt to England to a dire bondage. Ever have they been expected to make bricks without straw, to be convenient against all contradictory circumstances, to perform duties where they had no rights, to be governed when they had no share in the Government. Free France is, however, frank about this matter. In the eternal thirty hours of February, she brusquely broke down the barriers of olympiads, lustrums, and hejirahs, and even to our shame be it said, of eighteen centuries of Christian Chronology, in which we have been criminal in this respect. Albert, the artizan, by the sovereign voice of the people in revolution assembled, has arisen as one of the government of France, has been acclaimed,—for that is the consecrated word of insurrectionary election—one of the governed become government.

Albert is a son of Lyons. There he was born, brought up, and has mostly resided. By employment he was simply a mechanic, a working modeller. Not the less for that! Burns burnt the stubble, before he flamed forth in song. Massaniello was a fisherman, made up mostly of maccaroni, and by no means of jellies and ices, before he was known in Naples. Hofer was an innkeeper, before his name ran like a thrill through the Tyrol. Not the less that Albert is an artizan! The hut with all its holes of disadvantage has produced more heroes than the hall. Ever the Cot may match against the Castle for prophet, poet, saint, or sage. Never need the Cottage fear comparison with the Court, nor the hovel of the hamlet with the palace of the prince. Not the less that Albert was an artizan. Every one should be an apprentice before he is a journeyman, and a journeyman before he is a master.

In his education Albert had probably some advantages above those of his brother artizans. Certainly his intellectual development was superior to that of those in the midst of whom he dwelt. Moral himself, his experience among his fellow workmen showed him the necessity for their moralization. To moralize them, he found, he must make them think. He could discover no true way to the heart but by the road of the intellect. In this intellectualizing he entered without intending it, the province of politics. There he found how much of the demoralization of the people was the consequence, direct or indirect, of class legislation—how terrible taxation caused morbid misery,—how that morbid melancholy misery fled to venal vice as a rascal refuge,—and how that vice consequented crime. He determined then to war with that class legislation which was one of the chief causes of the demoralization of the people. By the hard work of his hands, he saved sufficient to start, and ultimately to establish, a publication, which appeared under the modest title of *La Glaneuse*, or The Gleaner, but which was in truth mostly an original political periodical. This journal was published in his natal town of Lyons, and became locally, especially popular. Its politics were frankly republican; from the first, it proclaimed without hesitation the wants and the rights of the working population, and it exercised a considerable influence over the labouring classes. Its artizan-editor, however, was several times under process for his publication. Just previous to the breaking out of the insurrection in Lyons, in the year 1833, he was condemned for this cause, with the harsh sentence of fifteen months imprisonment, and a fine of 5,000 francs. His sin here had been not only his journal, but his having assembled all the members of his party together, at a public political banquet. The celebrated outbreak at Lyons, found him therefore a political martyr; and hailed him fondly as such. He was then the chief of a section of the Society of the Rights of Man, and necessarily took a considerable part in that terrible struggle in which so much generous and unfortunate blood was shed. It was he who then caused the workmen in insurrection to adopt for their banners that determined device, that terrible formula which starved stomachs and hungry hearts can alone justify:—"To live by working or to die by fighting:"—"To exist by labour, or to perish in combat." This device of his formed the ground of an act of accusation against him after the insurrection was subdued. He was also implicated in the process of April, but was honourably acquitted.

More lately we find him in Paris. After the Parisian émeute in 1840, of which the writer was an eye-witness, he founded his second publication, under the name of *L'Atelier*, or the Workshop. This periodical, some numbers of which are now before me, appears marked by considerable intelligence, more fact than is common among working-class political writers, a calm considerative tone, and a prominent moral aim. Its editors, or contributors as we should call them, seem clearly convinced, that no political change can be permanent without a new industrial organization, that no governmental modification can be successful without a reformation of our present societary state. They write not only against class legislation, and its monstrous anomalies, but also against competition and its awful incoherency. They write not alone for universal suffrage, and political enfranchisement, but likewise for universal association and industrial organization.

We next meet Albert at the patriotic banquets before the late revolution. We then behold him hailed as one of the Provisional Government of the French Republic. After the consummation of that grand event, we now see him as Vice-President of the Governmental Commission for the Organization of National Employment for the Labouring Classes in France. No longer now is it, to live by working or to die by fighting, the question now is how to organize industry? It is indeed a great question. That which he has been theorizing upon, may now be tested by practice. At the head of the commission, of which he is the Vice-President, presides Louis Blanc, the author of a remarkable book, on the organization of work, in which he simplified and popularized the progressive theories on that subject. The commission of industry has also just appointed J. B. Krantz as its agent for the creation of an industrial army, with which to wage a truly glorious war of reclamation with the uncultivated lands of France. Let us hope that this example, so calculated to prevent anarchy, and to effectively and conservatively elevate the masses, will not be lost upon England, but that the Government will consider plans and enter into arrangements for the location of the poor upon the waste lands, of which 15,000,000 acres, are yet unreclaimed in the British Isles.

I saw Albert, at the Commission for Industrial Organization, sitting at the Luxembourg. He is a bearded man, rather above the middle height, with a sedate air, and somewhat sombre and pensive look. As Louis Blanc became impassioned in his address, his eye, however, brightened up, and you saw that there was fire latent there. When we first went to see Elihu Burritt, one hoped to have met a burley brawny blacksmith, with a velveteen waistcoat, and was for a moment disappointed to find a gentleman with a black satin neck tie, so with Albert. He looked straightened in his cloth coat, and would have appeared to more advantage, *en blouse*. In that brightening eye, however, there was that which redeemed all else, which vindicated the man in spite of the tailor, and proclaimed the patriot. It is no little thing that Albert the artizan—has arisen one of the Government of France. It is a significant sign, that at length work will get its wage. It is a tacit token to toil that it shall no more be trodden on. He is there a type, that the revolution is not only governmental but industrial; but that it is a progress of the working classes, by them, and through them, and for them.

Paris, Mars, 1848.

BERLIN.

We look, indeed, about for some particular advantage to recommend the choice of Berlin. We wonder whence come all the articles of life, vegetables, fruit, and meat, to support three hundred thousand people. Not a single feature renders it attractive. Besides its location in this wide sandy wilderness, it is built on so dead a level that they have never been able to this hour to drain it: but before every house, in the very best parts of it, ay, in the immediate vicinity of the palace itself, lies a stinking festering kennel, rank with bubbles of a putrid effervescence.

In the portico of the Museum, opposite to the palace, we observed Cornelius at work, adorning it with fresco paintings; and we could not but regard it as a curious inversion of things, that the worthy king should have begun to embellish his city with splendid public frescoes, before he had drained off this wholesale sink from his own door and those of his subjects. A fine fresco on a wall above you, and a rank sink fuming under your nostrils as you stop to observe it, is a somewhat odd conjunction of things.

But let us look at Berlin as a whole, and that whole is a fine one. It strikes you, as you traverse it for the first time, as the fitting capital of a kingdom so powerful; and when you arrive in the neighbourhood of the palace, you have rarely had a finer scene before you. Here, standing in what is called the Schloss Freiheit, or Liberty of the Castle, that is, a fine ample square, before the palace, you have one of the finest spectacles before you of any city of Europe. On your right hand one great façade of the palace, which is an immense square building including two courts, the front, in fact, looking towards an old water-mill. The palace can boast no great charms of architecture, but is impressive, from its extent and loftiness. This façade is vast and stately. Behind you is a modern church; on your right hand, on the other side of the square, the Museum, a fine Grecian building with a noble portico running the whole length of the front, and which Cornelius has embellished with frescoes. In the centre of the square plays a splendid fountain, and before the Museum stands a gigantic vase of syenite, or red granite, beautifully polished.

Standing thus in this superb square, before you stretches in a direct line the magnificent street called Unter-den-Linden, or Under-the-Limes. This street is at least half-a-mile in length; of great width, and presenting, right and left, the most beautiful buildings which the city contains: and at the far end, over a rich grove of lime trees which run up the middle of the farther half of the street, is the figure of Victory in her car, drawn by four horses abreast, and seeming to be advancing through the air into a city worthy to receive her. On each corner of the front of the Museum, on your right hand, is a figure of a rearing horse held by a man, and a fanciful eye might imagine that their excitement arose also from observing the approach of Victory.

If you advance, the first building on your right hand is the Zeug-Haus, or Arsenal. This is much lauded by the knowing ones of Berlin as a perfect piece of architecture. It strikes me as too low for its extent, and the heaps of sculptured trophies piled on its top as too ponderous for the height. Then comes the Sing Academie, the Guard-house, the University, and on the opposite side, several palaces, the theatre, and public library. On each side of the guard-house stands a marble statue; one is that of General Bülow, the other of General Scharnhorst. Nearly opposite stands a very fine bronze statue of Blücher, as if in the act of uttering his favourite command, "Forwärts, Kinder, forwärts!" "Forwards, Children, forwards!" The pedestal is richly embellished with bas-relievos of different battles. As you advance under the lime grove, the houses on each side of the street assume a more private character, with various shops interspersed; and as you issue forth at the far end, you are equally surprised at the chaste nobility of the Brandenburg Thor, after the model of the Propylæum at Athens, with the car of Victory upon it; and at the lowness and meanness of the houses around. Old Jahn the philosopher, when master of the school of gymnastics here, was wont, during the war, to ask his boys, as he took them a walk through this gate, what they were thinking of; and if they replied "nothing particular," he gave them a box on the ear, and told them they ought to be thinking that the French had carried the car of Victory away to Paris, and praying to see it back again. It might not be amiss if some second Jahn were to set his boys praying to have some more accordant houses raised in connexion with this fine gate, and at the same time a great nuisance removed from the outside of it. This gate leads into the Thiergarten, a fine park, full of woodland walks; but by the city gate stand quantities of the most wretched Stellwagen, each calculated to hold twenty persons, and yet many of them furnished only with one horse, and such a horse! The Germans are, generally, very kind to their horses; but the hacks of Berlin present a melancholy exception. Nowhere, not even in our beloved city of London, are such lamentable specimens of living misery and oppression to be seen in the public vehicles.

As we diverge from this magnificent street, Unter-den-Linden, we soon perceive that it has concentrated into itself almost all that is fine in the city. The old town, which comes up very near to the other side of the palace, is in comparison mean, close, and dingy. The new extends in enormous lengths of white and monotonous streets. We are glad to return to Unter-den-Linden, with its open and gracious presence. Here lie abundant treasures for the inspection of the curious. The Palace contains many excellent paintings; historical and antiquarian objects, and elegant works of manual art. The Museum has its various and noble halls of sculpture, painting, minerals, coins, books, and engravings. The Gallery of paintings presents nothing like the gems of Dresden, yet many fine productions of the great masters, and is curious for its ample collection of pictures of the Byzantine and old German schools. Convents and churches have here yielded up their ancient treasures; and Professor Waagen, well known for his work on art in England, has arranged these so as to afford to the spectator a clear idea of the progress of painting in these schools. The theatres, Italian and German operas, are all well conducted. The stranger who can procure admittance to the meetings of the Sing Verein, held in the Sing Academic, a lovely building presented to them by the king, will find upwards of two hundred of the most respectable young people of the city, there singing the finest pieces of the great masters in a noble style, under the direction of the royal Capel-meister. There is not a more beautiful sight nor a more delightful recreation to be enjoyed in Germany.

The architecture of Berlin owes its noblest features to the royal Bau-meister Schinkel. The people of Berlin claim for him even a higher rank than for Von Klenze of Munich; but, without awarding this, we must allow him great merit, and in nothing more than in his improvements introduced into buildings of brick. There is a church built by him of brick, and also a large building facing the Sprey, near the Hotel de Russie. In these he has introduced friezes, bass-relievos, corbel figures, ornamental window jambs, door-heads, etc., of brick; an original idea, and shewing what elegance and variety may now be introduced into buildings of this material. These are modelled in clay, or may be made in moulds, and then burnt with the rest of the bricks. Thus the most delicate tracery, leaves, flowers, fruit, living figures, anything which can be hewn in stone, may be also modelled in clay, and burnt, for ornamental architecture, and retains a cleanliness and sharpness equal to stone or metal.

Berlin has its public gardens, and its popular music and dances, as well as any other German city; but they who do not care to visit these will find pleasure in walking as far as the Kreuzberg, a little eminence, a novelty here, at a little distance from the city, on which is erected a Gothic cross or monument of metal, in memory of those who died in the war; and figures of the chief leaders in it occupy niches, and the names of all the great battles in which the Prussians were engaged on the different sides. Charlottenburg, a few miles from Berlin, is also not only a charming palace in extensive and pleasant gardens, but of great interest from the reposing statue of the amiable Queen Louise, by Rauch, which is in a little temple in the garden.

But Potzdam is the great paradise of this neighbourhood, as we may be allowed to call it, for though nearly twenty English miles distant, a railway conveys you there in forty minutes. Here the scene is changed! Here, instead of sand and monotony, you have hills, water, woods, everything which is attractive in nature. What a splendid situation were this for a capital! The city on the plain, backed by these beautiful hills, with every possible variety of site for villas and pleasure gardens. What woods and hills, and the beautiful river Havell spreading itself broad and winding, like a succession of fine lakes. Why was not Berlin placed where Potzdam is? Possibly the Havell, broad as it looks, may not be so navigable as the Sprey, and there may lie the secret, or what a capital would it be here!

Frederick the Great, however, duly appreciated the beauty of this neighbourhood. Here he delighted to retire. Steam has now converted Potzdam into a suburb of Berlin, and pours on all holidays its thousands into it, without which Potzdam were a retirement and a solitude still, for grass grows in its streets. But who cares for Potzdam itself, as it lies in its hollow, with its great old palace, and great old public buildings and barracks, and avenues of great trees, except that its old church contains the tomb of Frederick the Great, on which Napoleon heaped the incense of his praise, and from which he stole the old warrior's sword. But the hills on the Havell, and the views of the Havell from them, the rich meadows, the wild forest scenes—these are what justify Frederick's fondness for this spot, and who can enough enjoy them? That Frederick enjoyed them, the palaces which he has scattered through them with an extraordinary prodigality, sufficiently testify; the palace in Potzdam, the palace of Sans Souci, the Marble Palace, the New Palace. That the present race enjoy them, various lovely villas, as the Charlottenhof, Grünecke, and others shew. That the last king enjoyed them, the Pfauen-Insel is a charming proof. If any one wishes to find the lost fairyland, he must steer his course along the Havell, through a wilderness of pine woods to the Pfauen-Insel, and there he will acknowledge that he has discovered it. Around amid hills shaggy with forests the Havell pours its deep and dark waters like an inland sea. The world is shut out by the bosky shores and deep pine woods of unknown regions, and in the embracing flood lies the most delicious region which a poet's fancy could conjure up, or which nature and art, in mutual labour, can construct from the ordinary materials of this earth.

But Sans Souci is the great attraction of the neighbourhood. It is a mere villa perched on a hill just above Potzdam, and surrounded by the most lovely views over the meadows and wild woody banks of the Havell. The hill on which it stands is crowned with gardens in successive terraces. As you approach through the fine meadows and beneath a noble avenue of trees, broad flights of steps, ascending from terrace to terrace up to the house, and the lower part of the house half concealed from view by the swell of the hill, give a very singular appearance to the whole. It seems as if the house was surrounded by a piazza, and those flights of steps ascended to the top, instead of to the bottom of the building. As we ascended these long flights of steps, successive terraces of the garden shewed themselves right and left, with their vines and fig-trees loaded with fruit, and with quantities of golden gourds, each perfectly round, large enough to fill a wheelbarrow, lying about; and flowers, in richest autumnal hues, glowed around. Arrived on the summit, nothing can be conceived more delicious. The fine views over the lovely country; the gardens all below you; the space before the palace full of beds of gayest flowers, and orange trees standing everywhere in blossom, diffusing through the whole air their delicious aroma. Trees of splendid growth added their beauty to the spot; the mill of the sturdy old miller shewing itself amongst them; and from a circular colonnade, on the other side of the house, a brownish, wildish, burnt-up sort of a country, with windmills, and an artificial ruin of a Grecian temple on a woody hill opposite, constructed with better effect than such things generally are, presented a fit landscape for an old painter.

Every part of this place abounds with recollections of the victorious old Friz. At each end of the garden, in a green plot, are the graves of his horse and dogs, eleven in number, he having ordered himself to be laid there to complete the dozen; an order not complied with. In the house remain many memorials of him; amongst them the clock, which stopped exactly as he died, and his library, in which his own works are conspicuous.

The wall of the room occupied here by Voltaire is painted all over monkeys and parrots. They tell you that Frederick, being desirous to have a portrait of the ugly old Frenchman, to which he would not consent, the king employed a painter to observe him by stealth from the next room whenever the door was opened, which Voltaire becoming aware of, clapped a screen before his table; and Frederick, to mortify him, caused the whole of the walls of his room, the first opportunity, to be thus adorned with monkeys and parrots, as indicative of his person and loquacity. Poor Frederick paid dearly in his lifetime, in annoyance, for his propensity to French philosophy; and his country paid still more so for it after his death. The infidelity which he had introduced grew to such a pitch that it totally demoralized and effeminated the nation. The nobles, who filled all offices in state and army, became sensual, debauched, worthless, because they had abandoned the principles and prospects of Christianity, and had no higher objects than to live most voluptuously their day. The inundation of the French therefore, even while they were still boasting of the fame of Frederick, and vainly still calling themselves the invincible heirs of his tactics, swept them away like smoke before a wind. The great nation, which had been created by his arms, was thus ruined by his principles; and it was only by the most severe chastisement of Providence, that worthier notions and restoration were acquired together.

In the Queen's room we observed garlands hanging in honour of the birthdays of herself and of the King, which had been brought in by the people of the neighbourhood. These are amongst those simple testimonies of popular affection which are so often to be seen in Germany. And spite of the fact that the king has not better kept his promise made at his Huldigung than the other sovereigns of Germany did theirs, made at the grateful moment of peace achieved by the aid of their subjects, to give their people a constitution; yet he has done so much for the improvement of their laws and social condition, and leads with his amiable wife so simple and open-hearted a life amongst them, that no monarch can be more highly honoured or sincerely beloved. As Prussia, moreover, has now acquired a solid and powerful expanse of empire, he has adopted the true course of political sagacity, and determined to elevate his people by intelligence, and render his reign illustrious through science and art. He has, therefore, called around him many of the ablest men of Germany: Schelling and Cornelius from Munich; the brothers Grimm, the celebrated collectors of the "Kinder und Haus Märchen," who were expelled from his dominions, with five other independent professors, by the tyrant Ernest of Hanover; Humboldt, Savigny, Waagen, Raumer, Stahl, Ritter, Rückert the poet and orientalist; the Tiecks, the poet and sculptor; Rauch the sculptor; Schinkel the architect,—stand amongst a host of other brilliant names* Arts as well as arms are in the ascendant in Berlin. It possesses the most numerously attended university in Germany, so that it is difficult to say whether its military or literary character is the most prominent. On Tieck the poet the monarch has bestowed a pension, on condition that he spends three months in the year with him; and we had the pleasure of visiting the oldest veteran of German literature,—this man of many volumes of legend, romance, and novel,—in his pleasant house just below the palace of Sans Souci, given him for his use by the king.

There are one or two other peculiarities attributed to the North Germans, and particularly the people of Berlin, which should not be quite passed without notice. They are of mixed origin—Germans, Sclavonians, Poles, French, and Jews; and the South Germans will not allow them the name of true Germans, they say they are Prussians. They are also charged with a greater degree of stiffness and coldness of manner than the South Germans. We could observe nothing of the sort amongst the educated classes. In no part of Germany did we meet with more polite yet friendly people; nowhere did we receive more cordial kindness.

The porters of Berlin are a peculiar race, celebrated all over Germany. They are called Eckensteher, or Corner-standers, from their habit of collecting in groups at public corners. They have a badge on the arm, and are readily known by their original humour. They bandy sharp words in their peculiar dialect with great effect. They are a most un-German sort of fellows—the Irish of Berlin. They have a deal of sly cunning and drollery; a dry manner; will have the last word; and are sure to turn the laugh against their antagonists, be they high or low, educated or uneducated. They carry a bottle of what they call Kümmel, a strong aniseed cordial, of which they are pretty often sipping. They are always ragged, fond of drink, and ready with their repartee. Nante Strumpf, the Sam Weller of Berlin, has been made the representative of this class; and his appearance before the police to lodge a complaint of injuries in a scuffle, has set every stage of Germany in a roar. Nante Strumpf's Posthumous Papers, chiefly satirical remarks on the manners, public buildings, etc., of Berlin, are still publishing in numbers, and really contain much wit.—*From Howitt's Social Life of Germany.*

◆

BEATA.

By Edward Youl.

I will tell you of a lady,
She has land, and she has gold,
And her purse is always ready
To assist the poor and old;
"Not as alms, I bid you take it,
Your's it is, by Law Divine,
And God's Law—we may not break it—
Older is, than *mine* and *thine*."

Beateth ever light heart lighter
When her step is at the gate;
Beameth ever bright eye brighter
At the falling of her feet;
"Cheer the drooping heart of sadness,
Succour the distressed and needy,
Turn their sighs to songs of gladness,"
Are the maxims of this lady.

By the rich she is not courted;
Fashion, blazing like a sun,
Turns in scorn from rooms deserted
By the world it shines upon.
Rank, and Pride that goeth stately,
Cannot condescend to know,
Yet can pity—pity greatly—
Tastes that stoop so very low.

Would you emulate this lady,
Sister, keep no hoarded gold;
Let your purse be always ready
To assist the poor and old.
Not as alms to bid them take it,—
Their's it is, by Law Divine,
And God's Law—we may not break it,
Older is, than *mine* and *thine*.

---

* Since then the king has disappointed the hopes of his people, and become one of the most rigid coercers of the freedom of the press, and persecutors of literary men.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

CRINGING ROYALTIES. BEWARE OF TREACHERY.

When the tiger crouches it means to spring. When royalty which has been as insensible as a rock, and as deaf as a post to any just demand of freedom on the part of its subjects, cringes to the earth in the moment of popular outbreak, and licks the dust from the feet of the formerly despised people, we may assure ourselves that it does it with the internal purpose of seizing the first opportunity to resume its haughty attitude, and to re-snatch the despotic power which it drops only in the moment of its abject terror.

There are many things about the monarchs of Germany which bid their subjects and the world beware of them. These monarchs are notoriously faithless. When Buonaparte invaded that country they were none of them independent monarchs: they were merely the vassals of the empire; they were not, many of them, even nominal kings. They allied themselves, a number of them with the invader. in order to clutch by his aid a piece of the empire, and a more exalted nominal rank. They fought for him, and against the liberties of Europe. But the moment that their benefactor experienced his grand reverse, they all rose in his rear, and joined in chasing him from the country. They had got all that he could give, and that was his recompense. In order, however, to effect the entire overthrow of their old friend, so that he might never return to call them to account for their ingratitude, it was necessary to call upon the people to help them—and they did call lustily. They called the war now the holy war of liberation. The people were promised free constitutions, if they would enable them to expel and annihilate the *Usurper!* The people arose *en masse*, and did what they asked. The plains of Leipsic drenched with torrents of their blood through the three terrific days of The Battle of the Peoples, testify to the faith and glory of the people of Germany, and to the eternal infamy of the sovereigns. The tyrant thus overthrown was pursued by the victorious multitude, bands of students heading them, singing their songs of liberty, till he was driven into his own capital and compelled to abdicate. Then the brave German people returned to their own land to receive at the hands of their liberated princes the promised reward—free constitutions. O day of endless injury! The princes, freed from the presence of their old benefactor and master, turned a most unceremonious cold shoulder on their new liberators, and refusing all concessions of liberty, banded themselves together into one dire knot of usurpers and oppressors. They now proclaimed themselves sovereigns and independent princes. The empire was not restored; they ceased to acknowledge themselves as vassals. On the thrones which they had achieved by a double treachery, treachery to Napoleon and to the people, they sate only to multiply chains and restrictions, and spite of all endeavours to render them sensible of shame and of their promises, they have continued to the present day to resist the demands of freedom, and to persecute, exile, and imprison those who dared to make these demands.

But the people of Germany said "Wait! France will one day break forth again, and then is our time!" It is come, and behold how the base monarchs humble themselves in one instant! At once they acknowledge the justice of all that they have been refusing these thirty years; at once they confess by their admission of this justice the tyranny and monstrous wickedness of their deeds against the brave men whom they expelled from offices, imprisoned, and pursued to death, for free opinions. The names of Follen, Jordan, Bauer, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Freiligrath, Grimm, Gervinus, Heinzen, Hervegh, and scores of others, rise up in judgment against them.

But if there be any whose cant and dust-eating sycophancy disgust us beyond all others, they are their contemptible majesties the Kings of Prussia and Hanover.

The King of Prussia is unquestionably the most consummate humbug in Europe. With the cant of piety he unites the most subtle designs against the freedom of the nation. It is his, as it always has been, the policy of Prussia, to aggrandize that state at the expense of the empire. In order to insure this, he has of late been compelled to a show of constitutional freedom. He has given a certain constitution, of which, however, the puppet strings still remain in his own controul. The people now rise and demand free constitutions from their several states, and a representative Diet for all Germany. What says the pious Frederick-William? "By all means: and put me at the head of it. Germany," says he, "must be transformed from a confederation of states into a federal state. * * We demand a general military system of defence for Germany, *and we will endeavour to form it after that model under which our Prussian armies reaped* such unfading laurels in the war of liberty. We demand that the *German federal army be assembled under one single federal banner*, and we hope to see *a federal Commander-in-Chief at its head!*"

Allow that, good Germans, and there is an end of your liberties! Put pious canting Frederick-William at the head of your federal army, modelled after the Prussian system, and you have a huge military despotism which shall cost your grand-children oceans of blood to demolish.

But look to the *affecting address*, for so simple-hearted gulls call it, of this arch hypocrite to "My Beloved Berliners!"

The people of Berlin demand freedom of the press and other just rights. The King promises. The grateful people rush on in thousands to shout a *viva* before his palace in gratitude, and they are shot down by his soldiers!

What then? "It was an accident, a fatal accident." The guns went off of themselves!—"It was absolutely necessary," says this royal mountebank, "to clear the court-yard by the cavalry *at walking pace and with weapons sheathed*. Two guns of the infantry went off of themselves, without, thanks be to God, causing any injury!"

Gracious Heaven! whose name this murderer of his peaceful subjects takes thus blasphemously into his mouth, does he furnish his soldiers with such slippery muskets as these? Are Prussian guns accustomed to go off of themselves, on parade and at reviews? This is really too ridiculous for the merest idiot to swallow. Yet the royal actor believes there are plenty of such idiots; and he calls on the people who, finding their good intentions met with murderous volleys of musketry, fall to and fight manfully—to cease their dangerous attempts—to acknowledge their fatal error; return to peace; and remove their barricades! This is exquisite. "Listen to the paternal voice of your King, ye inhabitants of my faithful and beautiful Berlin, and forget the past, as I will forget it, for the sake of that great future, which under the peace-giving blessing of God, is about to dawn upon Prussia, and through Prussia upon Germany.

"Your loving Queen and truly faithful mother and friend, who lies deeply suffering on a sick-bed, joins her heartfelt, tearful supplications with mine!

"Written during the night of the 18th, 19th of March, 1848.

Frederick William."

No doubt when this "master, cunning of fence," put the finishing stroke to this letter, he said, as one of the most consummate hypocrites said on a like occasion. "Well, if that does not move them, nothing will!" It had its effect, but not till two thousand people had been butchered, and the supremacy of Germany had been offered to the ambition of Prussia.

Still more disgustingly crawling is the address of that notorious knave of Hanover. Here is a fellow who, on ascending to the throne, demolished the tolerable constitution granted by William IV. during the Vice-Royalty of the Duke of Cambridge, drove forth the honest professors of law to whom he appealed for a sanction of his outrage upon the nation, supposing they would prefer their places to their honour, but finding that they did not, drove them forth, and called on the other powers of Germany to grant them no shelter or protection from his vengeance—here is this monster of infamy, detested alike in that country and in this—thus addressing his subjects, whom he has most audaciously robbed of all their rights.—"Hanoverians!—That word recalls to me all those sentiments of confidence and love so universally manifested to your king and country in the unhappy period from 1803 to 1812"—that is, be it observed—before his time!

"Filled with these sentiments, I, by this proclamation, reply to all your addresses; for, borne down and exhausted by my occupations during the day, I cannot see you all, and reply to you separately; but I will do justice to all!

"The majority of your petitions prove that my well-beloved subjects are always animated by the same feelings of confidence and love towards me!" Hear! hear!

"So," very justly says *The Times*, "speaks the King of Hanover, and in such sugared terms does the first King who has absolutely refused a National Parliament, address his people!"

The royal tigers crouch, be assured they mean to spring at the first opportunity. Treachery is the twin-brother of servility. They have learned a lesson of Louis Philippe. They no longer visit the hurricane lest it hurl them away. They bow their heads, and let the storm blow over. They trust to the hour of reaction. They know that after the excitement of battle and victory usually comes a period of exhaustion. They are aware that the various principles of despotism and conservatism, that in the hour of sudden terror shrink down and are dormant with dread—in awhile will re-erect themselves. The aristocrat, the crowned head, the monied capitalist, the wealthy merchant whose property is exposed on many an agitated coast and in many a revolutionary city, every man and class which fears commotion and dreads change as they dread death, will be at work to promote this reaction, and breathe distrust into the ranks of reform. Let then, the work of obstruction succeed for a moment—let the great experiment which is going on in France, appear to be in danger any way—and every one of the lick-the-dust royalties will eat up his words more rapidly than a hunter eats up his pudding. They will cry "hail!" to each other, combine, and be afield again as haughty and cruelly impassive as ever. The autocrat is at hand augmenting his armies; Vienna is only half prepared for rational liberty—only half emerged from the Epicurus' sty into which Metternich has plunged it. The people take out of the Imperial carriages the horses, and substitute asses—that is themselves. They thus declare themselves not men yet, but merely beasts of draught. The sly Metternich has only retired to a place of safety, ready to obey the first beck of fortune; and even the besotted court of Spain, poor Spain openly avows its intention of reinstating "Billy Smith, of Newhaven," and his family.

Let every friend of liberty be alive to these things, and pray for the safe guidance of the vessel of reform, and the union and true political counsels of those on whom so much depends at this moment; for most assuredly the tigers which crouch now, will, if possible, spring anon, and all the more for their unexampled humiliation.

But here comes a more solemn consideration than any that we have dwelt on in this article—the blood-guiltiness of these sovereigns. To these we shall return. While several of these are reeking with the gore of their slaughtered subjects whose offence was, that they demanded that which is every man's right, and which these monarchs were appointed to protect—the public liberty—it becomes all Europe to reflect, whether, at this auspicious crisis, measures may not be taken, to prevent, for ever the revolting spectacles of kings first annihilating the freedom of the people, and then the people themselves. It is a fatal mistake in any system of government when its results, instead of the benefits proposed, are wholesale robbery, injury, and massacre.

THE CONDITION OF THE MIDDLE AND LOWER CLASSES.

Sir,

I am High Bailiff of a very extensive district of the County Court, so that I have extraordinary means of seeing the state of the country, and I should do violence to my feelings if I hesitated to speak out. Sure am I that the noble and wealthy cannot know the dreadful state to which the masses are reduced, or they would be alarmed for the very existence of the frame-work of society.

Unless something is done, and speedily, to aid the labouring classes, a fearful convulsion will rend all existing institutions. I find the agricultural labourers half starved when in work, and as they are often out of work, they must either become paupers, steal, or perish.

About two hundred thousand summonses have been issued! shewing a fearful amount of privation and distress, as the fraudulent debtors form a very minute fraction.

About twenty thousand executions have been issued!!! proving that the debtors are unable to pay the small instalments.

In many of the returns are found "nulla bona," shewing that the wretched houses are without goods and chattels.

Where there are goods, the scene of an execution would be a fine lesson for the House of Lords. The crying mother, the terrified children clinging to her, the desperate husband cursing every thing and everybody, make up a horrid picture, now too common to English labourers. I vigilantly overlook my officers and do what I can to advise the poor creatures, but the task is distressing, and has cost me many pounds. Nor are these things confined to the lowest class (they are so desperately poor that no one will sue them) the small tradesmen are fast falling into this state.

What can be done? What can we do? I think we officials should continue to represent these things to the higher powers, and that those powers should *arise to justice, abolish all extravagant abuses and sinecures.*

Let all who have time set to work among the poor to teach them temperance, cleanliness, and general good management. I am delighted to see your *Journal* taking up the question of the state of the country *in earnest*. It is no time for trifling on the verge of a volcano. That God may avert ruin from old England is my hope and prayer, and I remain

AN ENGLISHMAN.

FREE-LABOUR COTTON.

Park Hill, near Nottingham. 20th March, 1848.

Mr. Howitt,

Dear Sir,—Referring to the very important articles which have appeared in your weekly Journal respecting the East India Company's monopoly, I think it will be gratifying to you to learn, that notwithstanding the oppressive exactions of the Company, there is reason to hope we shall begin now to receive a gradually increasing supply of free-labour cotton from the East, in consequence of the increasing demand for this description of cotton. You may perhaps remember having seen it noticed in the newspapers, last summer, that Mr. Bright had laid before the Chamber of Commerce, at Manchester, specimens of cotton then recently imported from India, which were considered of superior quality and colour to any that had, of late years, been imported from the East. The cargo, from which these samples were selected, consisted, I am credibly informed, of about 1,800 bales, the principal part of which was bought by the trustees of Messrs. Hall and Son, of Staleybridge, and has by them been spun chiefly, if not entirely, into hosier yarn, for which their mill deservedly bears a high character. The yarn spun from this wool is so much approved of on account of its colour,—which highly recommends it for the purpose of making what, in the trade are termed, "brown" goods,—that it has met with ready sale at prices which it is hoped will be sufficiently remunerative to induce the spinners to enquire earnestly for a further supply.

As the best way of bringing this subject *tangibly* under your notice, I have sent herewith two pairs of hose made from this excellent *free-labour* wool, of which I beg your acceptance, to prove to you that you have not in vain called our attention to this deeply-interesting question. I am glad to learn from a gentleman who is himself a cotton-spinner, and who has a son residing at Jamaica, that the cultivation of cotton is beginning to attract attention in that island, the soil and climate of which it is said, are considered favourable to this production. I wish the inhabitants of Hayti also may turn their attention to the cultivation of cotton, their success in which would form a suitable set-off to the insidious attempts of Calhoun and other pro-slavery statesmen of America, to undermine the independence of the sable Republic of the West, which is so grievous an eyesore to those *tender-hearted* gentlemen of "the pure Anglo-Saxon race!" With great respect, I remain, dear Sir,

Your constant reader,

ALFRED COX.

MEETINGS OF THE FRENCH AND GERMANS OF LONDON.

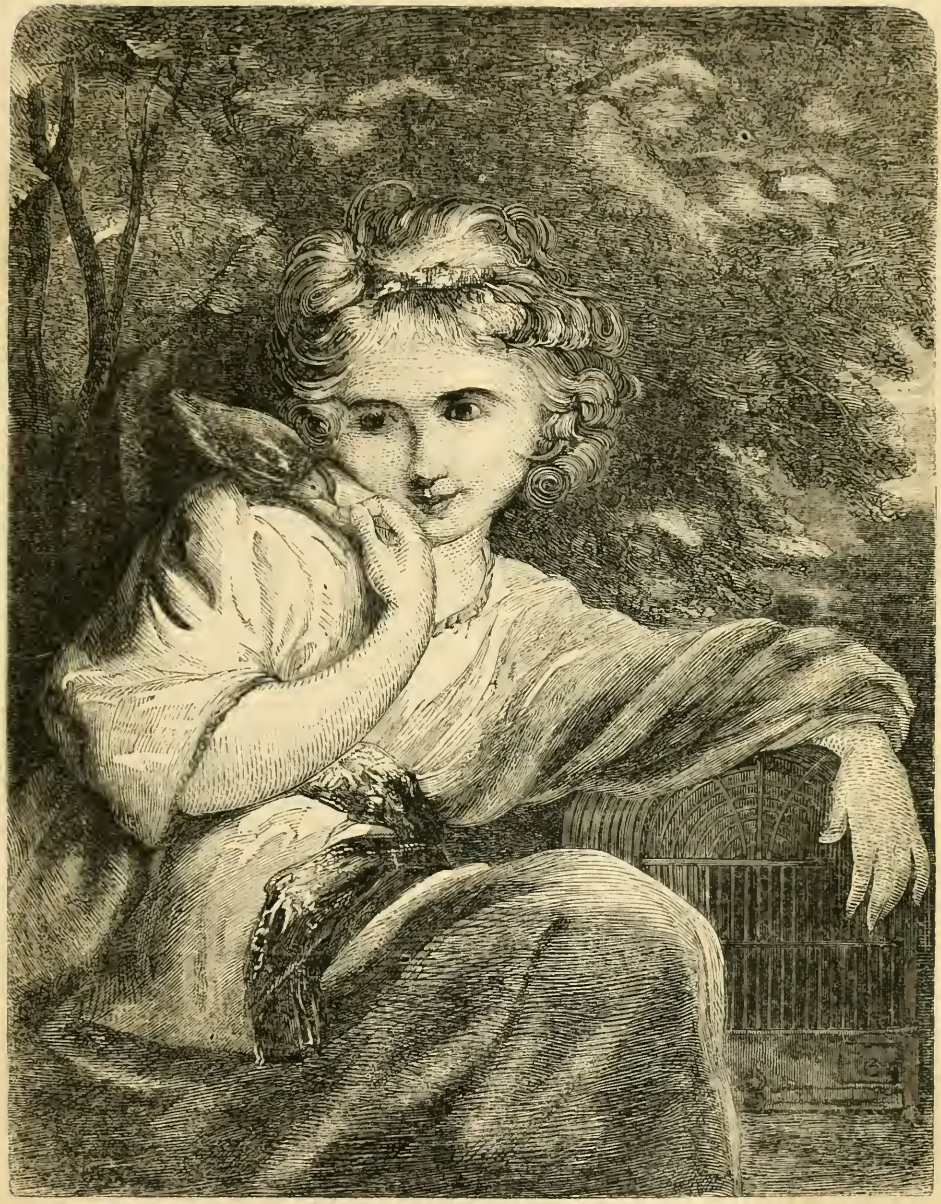
The French and Germans residing in London have held meetings, where addresses to their respective Provisional Governments have been enthusiastically passed. That of the French was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. That of the Germans in the Hall of Commerce, on the evening of March 30th. Nothing could be more energetic. During the proceedings, Mr. Freiligrath, the poet, was loudly called for, and was received on ascending the platform with universal acclamation and waving of hats. He read one of his stirring lyrics warm from the brain, which elicited repeated thunders of applause. The lyrics which every week this Beranger of Germany sends into his Fatherland, are seized on with inconceivable avidity, and are everywhere read in the streets to assembled crowds.

CONTENTS.

Memoir of Thomas Cooper, Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides"—The Evils of the Game Laws. By a Lawyer—Scenes and Characters from the First French Revolution, from Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins.* Madame de Stael and M. de Narbonne—Facts from the Fields. The Meldrum Family. By WILLIAM HOWITT. (Continued.)—Memoir of Albert, the Artizan. By GOODWYN BARMBY—Berlin—Beata. By EDWARD YOUL—Record.

PRINTED for the proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

PRICE 1½d. STAMPED, 2½d



THE ROBINET.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

ENGRAVED BY G. AND E. DALZEIL.

POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

No. III.

THOMAS COOPER,

Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

(Concluded from p. 226.)

I was born at Leicester, but my mother, being left in a state of widowhood in my infancy, removed with me to Lincolnshire, her native county. She procured me bread by the labour of her own hands; and I have often known her give me the last bit of food in our humble home, while she herself fasted. I frequently knew, in childhood, what it was to go shoeless, and to wear ragged clothing. My constitution was enfeebled by early and continued illness, and to this circumstance, perhaps, it was owing—rather than to any natural bent of the mind—that I became very early devoted to reading, drawing, and music. My beloved mother inflicted hardships on herself in order to afford me encouragement: she frequently gave me her last penny for a circulating library book, a sheet of paper, a black lead pencil, or a bit of water colouring—and as I advanced in boyhood, she purchased me, with much self-denial, one of the old-fashioned, but sweet-toned instruments called a dulcimer, on which I learned to play with considerable skill. In this manner, gentlemen of the jury, surrounded with poverty, but wrapt up in a happy attachment to books, and drawing, and music—often varied by a ramble on the hills and among the woods above Gainsbro', in search of flowers—I passed the earliest portion of my existence. At fifteen years of age—after many promises of patronage had been broken—my poor mother was compelled to send me to the stall to learn the humble trade and craft of a shoemaker. I plied the awl and bent over the last till I was three and twenty years of age; and if I can look on any period of my life with unmingled pride and pleasure, it is on that portion of it which I passed in this sedentary employment. My young enthusiasm found a vent in the composition of poetry for some time after I was thus placed at an occupation which only employed the hands without filling the mind; but the perusal of a memoir of Samuel Lee, professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, and an example of genius and perseverance triumphing over all the difficulties of lowly birth—soon animated me to encounter the labour of acquiring languages, together with the mathematics. It would ill become me to take up the time of the court with a recital of the particulars of my labour: suffice it to say that I formed a written resolution to acquire, in a given time, the elements of Latin and Greek and of Geometry and Algebra—and to commit the whole 'Paradise Lost' to memory, together with the seven best plays of Shakspeare. My resolve was exceeded in some respects, but failed in others. I committed to memory three books of Milton and the whole of 'Hamlet;' and these treasures I still retain. I went through a course of Geometry, and learnt something of Algebra. And in addition to the Latin and Greek, I mastered the elements of Hebrew and French: to these philological acquirements I have, in succeeding periods of my life, added some knowledge of the Italian, German, and other tongues, but less perfectly than my earlier studies. During the youthful period in which I was thus eagerly striving after elementary knowledge, I had to contend with want and deprivation sometimes in a severe degree. I could not earn more than ten shillings a week at my trade; and my poor mother, who began to advance in years, was often too much enfeebled to work. We were thus compelled to share a scanty pittance, barely sufficient to keep us in existence. Yet I look back to that time with pride and pleasure. In the summer mornings I used to rise at three or earlier, and walk miles, among the woods and over the hills, reading every inch of the way, and returning to my labour at the hour of six—not quitting my stall till nine or ten in the evening found me so far wearied with exertion that I frequently swooned off my seat. In the winter, because poverty prevented my enjoyment of a fire, I used to place a stool upon a stand to rest my book, and a lamp upon it, and with a bit of old rug under my feet and my mother's old red cloak over my shoulders, I used to keep up a gentle kind of motion, so as to keep off cold and sleep at the same time. In this mode I used to pass the winter hours from nine or ten to twelve at night; and from three or four to seven in the morning, my mind being too enfevered after learning to permit my sleeping long, even if I had remained in bed. During those laborious hours, in addition to my pursuits in languages, I read over the productions of some of the most colossal intellects my country has ever produced—such as Hooker, and Cudworth, and Stillingfleet, and Warburton. Oh! those were happy hours, and I am proud of them!

It so happened, that among the books I devoured in my zeal for multifarious reading, that I fell in with "Rousseau's Confessions," with "Volney's Ruins," and "Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary." My young mind yielded to deistical impressions,—and for two full years I rejected Revelation. A perusal of the "Memoirs of Henry Martyn," and an acquaintance with "Paley's Evidences,,'—which I read thrice, and analysed, until I could repeat the whole substance of the book,—served to fix me again in a belief of the historical evidence for Christianity. I have never doubted that evidence up to the present moment. While on this subject, I cannot omit to mention the truly evangelical conduct of Mr. Hensley, the curate of Gainsborough, who, during a long and severe illness which was brought about by my severe study,—visited my bed-side, and poured the consolations of Truth in my ear.

On recovering from my severe illness, a valued friend persuaded me to leave the humble trade which I had followed for nearly eight years, and to enter on the profession of schoolmaster. I did so; and formed a prosperous school at Gainsborough. Shortly before I was thirty years of age, I left that town for Lincoln, still pursuing my calling as a schoolmaster. I joined the Mechanics' Institute there,—a thriving establishment, under the patronage of Lord Yarborough: I taught Latin and French Classes, gratuitously, in the Institute, and was enthusiastically attached to my engagement. In conjunction with two other young men, I also projected a Choral Society; and during four years I devoted myself, most unremittingly to its management, as secretary. My mind thus became familiar with the choral majesty of Handel, the sweetness of Haydn, the varied richness of Mozart, and the sublimity of Beethoven.

It was at Lincoln that I first became connected with a newspaper. I had been listening to some very eloquent and instructive lectures on Chemistry, delivered at the Institute, by a Mr. Murray, and asked my stationer whether the lectures would be reported in any of the papers. He replied that he would send a paragraph descriptive of the lectures, to the *Stamford Mercury* if I would write one. That paragraph led to my connection with that paper. Mr. Richard Newcomb, a gentleman for whom I shall always feel a grateful attachment,—gave me a situation as reporter for Lincoln, my salary being successively advanced from £20, to £40, £60, and £100 a year. Eventually, he removed me to Stamford, with the understanding that I was to remain there and to assist him in the editorship of his paper, at a salary of £300 per annum. Owing to family circumstances of a disagreeable nature, to which I shall not now, further allude,—I was induced to leave Stamford,

—and ventured to London, depending chiefly on the promises of help given me by a literary baronet who then represented Lincoln, and in whose interest I had sedulously laboured for some years. For seven anxious weeks that baronet kept me in cruel suspense,—pretending that he had placed a manuscript romance which, *at his own request* I had entrusted to him,—in the hands of his own publisher. I afterwards learned that this was a wholesale falsehood; and he had only been mocking me when he returned that manuscript, complimenting me on its merits, but affecting to regret that his publisher had too many things on hand to undertake to bring it out.—For eleven months I subsisted, almost by casualty, in London. My library, which was a choice one, amounting to 500 volumes. I sold, volume by volume, for bread. Sometimes I obtained a little employ on the magazines—but when I had earned five pounds, I usually received no more than one. Mr. Lumley, the bookseller of Chancery-lane, was one of the kindest friends I found in town: he employed me on various occasions, especially in the pleasing, though laborious work, of copying at the British Museum library. At length, when I was on the point of being reduced to extreme difficulty, having actually pawned my cloak, and several other articles, I received a letter offering me the editorship of the *Greenwich Gazette* or *Kentish Mercury*. I remained on that paper at a salary of £3 per week, until the prospect of retrieving it from ruin was gone. It has since become extinct. One fortnight after I had given notice to leave that situation,—by one of those sudden and unlooked-for incidents which I have so often experienced in life as to impel me to the belief that a High and Ever Watchful power presides over our ways,—I received an offer of a situation as reporter to the *Leicestershire Mercury*. There were several reasons which operated strongly to induce me to accept this offer. Leicester was my birth place, and although I had not seen it since infancy, I was romantic enough to feel an ideal attachment to my native town. I also wished to be nearer my aged mother, whose increasing infirmities warned me that she would soon quit this stage of existence. These reasons, added to the information that the paper I was invited to assist was ultra-democratic in its principles, induced me to remove at once to Leicester. It will be two years come November, since I settled there. In the month of January or February following my settlement, I was requested to attend and report a Chartist lecture. That was the first lecture of the kind I had ever heard in my life. I had never, before, either seen or conversed with a Chartist, to my knowledge. Yet the principles I heard enunciated in that lecture, by Mr. Mason, were my own; they were the doctrines to which I had theoretically clung from boyhood. It was when leaving that lecture, too, that I first became acquainted with the real suffering and destitution of the operatives in the manufacturing districts. It was about eleven o'clock when we were leaving the meeting; and as I heard the crazy, rattling noise of the stocking frames in the garrets, while passing along the street, I said to some of the working men who had been at the meeting,—

"Bless me do these poor people frequently work so late?"

"Aye, and gladly, when they can get it to do; was the reply.

"And what may their earnings be?" was my next question.

"On the average, about 7s.; and three goes for frame-rent and other charges, so that they have about 4s. left."

"Well," I replied; 4s. per day is a decent wage."

"But we mean 4s. per week!" was the rejoinder.

And on the closest enquiry I learnt that that was the sad truth. In fact, I had been incredulous as to the deep destitution of the working classes in the manufacturing districts, until I became a resident therein. I then began to observe the striking contrast between those districts and the agricultural parts of England. In happy Lincolnshire,—for I may call it so comparatively,—the strongest attachment subsisted between farmer and peasant—between landlord and tenant. No large fortunes could be there made, in the brief space of five or six years. In Leicester, and similar localities, the bitterest feeling of hostility subsists between manufacturer and workman: the workman is ground to the earth by successive "docks," as they are called, of his paltry wages,—by being thrown out of work, and by various kinds of ill treatment,—whilst his masters, amidst all their complaints about the Corn Laws, build large factories and rear tall chimneys; the workman toils in rags and starves, while the master rolls in luxury and comfort. It was my actual experience of the truth of this distress which kindled in me the resolution to espouse openly, manfully, and decidedly, the cause of the suffering and oppressed operatives. A poor framework-knitter on whose veracity I could repose my life, had suffered the deepest privation for weeks, but suffered silently. At length, when every article which could be so disposed of, had been taken to the pawn shop, himself, his young wife and infant reached the verge of starvation. Unable longer to conceal his extremity he laid a note upon my desk, at eleven o'clock one night, and ran out of my shop. That note depicted his destitution, and informed me that on the previous morning when he awoke with his young wife lying by his side, her first language, accompanied with heart-breaking sighs, was,—

"Sunday come again, and nothing to eat!" while the infant sought her breast, but there was no nutriment for it; Nature's fountains were dried up by starvation! Another poor stockinger came one morning into my house, and sitting himself down with a despairing look which I shall never forget, exclaimed with an oath,—

"I wish they would hang me! I have lived on cold boiled potatoes, which were given me, for the last two days, and this morning I have eaten a raw potatoe from sheer hunger! Give me a bit of bread and a cup of coffee, or I shall drop!" Such is the wretchedness, the abject suffering, and the unparalleled destitution to which the manufacturing operatives of my unhappy country are reduced!

Can you wonder that such beings become Chartists?—or that a man of my nature became a Chartist while beholding such wretchedness?

Of the causes of his arrest and trial Thomas Cooper gives us some explanation in this defence. Having, as he states, been induced to enter heart and soul into the adoption of the People's Charter, as the means of redeeming them from the dreadful condition into which they were fallen, he began to lecture to the masses on the necessity of adopting it. Amongst other places he was invited into the Staffordshire Potteries by the Hanley Chartists, in August, 1842. He arrived at Hanley on Saturday the 13th of that month, and on the following day addressed three assemblies, at Fenton and Longton, in the afternoon, and on the Crown Bank, at Hanley, at night. On this occasion, his text was "Thou shalt do no murder." That evening he was requested to address the colliers on strike on the Monday morning. It appears that there was an extensive strike amongst the colliers at that time, and Thomas Cooper, before his arrival in the Potteries had addressed large assemblies of them on strike at Wednesbury, Bilston, and Wolverhampton. At the meeting at Wednesbury, 30,000 colliers had held up their hands in token of their determination to keep the peace, a resolution to that effect having been put. The result of this great meeting, however, on the morning of Monday the 15th, on the Crown

Bank, at Hanley, was disastrous. The colliers, excited to a high degree, broke out into riot on the following night, attacked the house of an obnoxious clergyman, and finding wine in his cellar, drank, became furious, and set on fire that and other houses, besides committing other acts of violence.

It was natural enough that the direct causation of this outbreak should be charged on Cooper, who was not only the chairman and orator of the meeting, but had addressed another large meeting at the George and Dragon, on the evening of the same day. It would appear, therefore, that the outbreak did not occur immediately after the meeting on the Crown Bank, for Mr. Cooper stated on his trial that he had left Hanley, and was on his way to Manchester, unconscious of any tumult or mischief, when he was arrested. On his trial he proved an alibi, and was acquitted of the charge of aiding and abetting in the riot and burning, but was remanded for trial on two other indictments.

In his defence on this occasion Thomas Cooper stated most candidly what he did, and what he did not do. He advised the people to strike all work till they got the Charter, and had again and again said. "Give me but one million of combined human wills, and the Charter shall in one day be law in England. He regarded himself as fully sanctioned in his advice of striking all work, by the same advice having been given by the Anti-Corn Law League, and by the perfect right of every man to desist from labour for the attainment of a clear legal right. But, on the other hand, he stoutly denied having, either on that or any occasion in his whole life, incited the people to acts of violence. He referred to his text on this very occasion—"Commit no murder." He referred to the principles and practices of his whole life. "I have always struggled," he said, "to popularize Chartism, by delivering familiar and elementary lectures on geography, geology, astronomy, history, phrenology, and other popular subjects. I have endeavoured to humanize, and civilize, and refine my own class. I never saw a pike, a gun, or a dagger, among the Leicester Chartists. I never had an offensive weapon of the kind in my own possession during my whole life. I never let off a gun or a pistol in my life—nor do I know how to prepare either instrument for firing. It is by moral means, and moral means alone, that I have advanced Chartism, until I had enrolled in one association in Leicester nearly three thousand individuals of both sexes."

It was at Leicester that Thomas Cooper was residing at that time. He was arrested there, and after the term of his imprisonment he returned thither. As we have said, he was acquitted of the charge of incendiarism, but in this he was more fortunate than William Ellis, another prisoner, arrested on the same charges, who was transported for twenty-one years, although he protested in the most solemn manner that he was utterly innocent, and was asleep in his bed at Burslem at the time of these outrages; and this statement was confirmed on oath by the aged woman with whom he and his wife lodged at the time. It is astounding on what evidence this poor man was condemned. A *single* man swore that he saw a tall figure, with its back towards him, at the fires—that he then, for a few moments, saw the *side face, blackened*. of this figure—and that he could swear that it was Ellis. There is now a universal feeling of the innocence of Ellis, and that he fell a victim to having defeated the Lord-Lieutenant of the County at a public meeting, by moving an amendment—yet he is to this day suffering under this infamous sentence in a penal colony.

On his second trial Thomas Cooper made a most determined, able, and memorable defence before Judge Erskine. The struggle lasted ten days, and the Tory papers made testy complaints of "the insolent daring of a Chartist, who had thrown the whole county business of Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Herefordshire, into disorder." On both occasions he was most keenly denounced by Sir William Follett, the Solicitor General. He was imprisoned altogether two years and eleven weeks. The fruits of this imprisonment were neuralgia, rheumatism, and other torments, occasioned by sleeping in a damp cell, added to the generally injurious influences of imprisonment—and—the composition of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

Reflecting on these latter facts, Mr. Cooper says with a just pride in the preface to this remarkable work—"I am poor, and have been plunged into more than two hundred pounds' debt by the persecution of my enemies; but I have a consolation to know that my course was dictated by heart-felt zeal to relieve the sufferings and oppressions of my fellow men. Sir William Follett was entombed with pomp, and a host of titled great ones, of every shade of party, attended the laying of his clay in the grave: and they purpose now to erect a monument to his memory. Let them build it: the self-educated shoemaker has also reared his; and despite its imperfections, he has a calm confidence that, though the product of poverty, and suffering, and misery, it will outlast the posthumous stone block that may be erected to perpetuate the memory of the titled lawyer."

Of Thomas Cooper's great work we shall quote our own opinion as given in the "Eclectic Review" on its appearance.

"We have here a genuine poem springing out of the spirit of the times, and indeed, out of the heart and experience of one who has wrestled with and suffered for it. It is no other than a poem in ten books by a Chartist, and who boldly sets his name and his profession of Chartism on the title-page. It is that of a soul full of thought, full of a burning zeal for liberty, and with a temperament that must and will into action. The man is all bone and sinew. He is one of those '*Terræ filii*,' that England, more than all the other nations of the earth put together, produces. One of the same class as Burns, Ebenezer Elliot, Fox, the Norwich weaver-boy, to say nothing of the Arkwrights, Smeatons, Brindleys, Chantrys, and the like, all rising out of the labour-class into the class of the thinkers and builders-up of English greatness. What is moreover singular, is, that he is another of the shoemaker craft, that craft which has produced such a host of men of talent—as Hans Sachs, George Fox, Drew, Gifford of the 'Quarterly,' and others. "Till three-and-twenty'" he says of himself, "he bent over the *last* and the *awl*, struggling against weak health and deprivation to acquire a knowledge of languages,—and his experience in after life was, at first limited to the humble sphere of a schoolmaster, and never enlarged beyond that of a laborious worker on a newspaper."

Here, then, we have a striking instance of what are, and are likely to be, the fruits of general education and mechanics' libraries. Genius, freed from the heavy clogs and bonds of ignorance, thus does and will more and more develope itself in the labouring class, and not only distinguish its possessors, but add rich treasures to the national literature. If it were needful to convince us what a mass of information men of this description will glean up, the present volume is a striking evidence of it. The author tells us that he has spent years in mastering languages as the keys of that knowledge which he thirsted after; and the book abounds with proof of the success of his endeavours. He appears to have revelled in history, ancient and modern. His acquirements in this department are quite amazing. It is probably this propensity to historic research which has suggested to him his subject—"The Purgatory of Suicides," certainly a singular one. As a subject, we should say that it is rather curious than poetical; and although he has contrived to invest it with features and circumstances of grandeur, yet we must at the same time declare, that it is not the legitimate matter of the subject, but the introductions to each book, which are the truly poetical portions of the volume. These are full of passion, and sentiment of the highest poetical character. They are, as we have said too, full of the spirit and tendencies of the present times. They are the actual produce of that spirit and tone of the great mass of the population of this country, which, under the influence of circumstances, good and evil, and of intellectual advance, are so interesting and so important for us to contemplate. They speak out to us what is passing in the depths of the popular mind. We do not hesitate to affirm, that these introductions stamp Thomas Cooper as a genuine poet of a high order. They place him at once beside that man of iron, Ebenezer Elliott. They are fraught with fire, power, tenderness, and a deep spirit of speculation on man and his prospects. We will briefly enumerate these striking exordia. The first is a call on the enslaved to free themselves, couched in terms such only as those who feel the wrongs and the oppressions of life are stimulated to use; and in pursuing the review of which, the poet is tempted to ask himself, "Is life worth having?" This is the natural prelude to the great theme of his volume; and he soon finds himself voyaging through strange scenes, in company with a host of suicides. Like John Bunyan, he repeats the dream at will, and thus enters into the society of all the celebrated suicides of all ages. It is not till we are led by his demonstrations, that we become fully sensible of what a mighty host the suicidal portion of our race consists, and what a startling number of great names it includes. From the earliest age to the present, and in every country of the globe, men, and some, too, of high genius, fortune, and powers, have laid violent hands on themselves. Sardanapalus, Saul, Zimri, Achitophel, Eleazer Maccabæus, Ajax, Lycurgus, Charondas, Themistocles, Zeno, Demosthenes, Cleombrotus, Appius Claudius, Marc Anthony, Nero, Otho, Maximian, Mithridates, Lucretius, Brutus, Pompey, Lucan, Cato, Curtius, Caius Gracchus, Juba, Hannibal, Apicius, Sophonius Tigellinus, Petronius Arbiter, Atticus the friend of Cicero, Vibius Virius, with Sappho, Dido, Porcia, Arria, the wife of Asdrubal the Carthaginian, and numbers of other women. These names, taken without regard to order of time, and merely as they present themselves to the memory, are but a mere indication of the thousands in ancient times who fled from life by their own hand. The Greek and Roman annals abound with distinguished suicides. In every succeeding period, down to our own day, spite of the grand truths and awful warnings promulgated in Christianity, the case is the same. Pontalba, Villeneuve, Condorcet, Roland, Marshal Berthier, Pétion, Chatterton, Castlereagh, Romilly, Whitbread, etc. These have their numbers swelled to vast hosts by being—

With sages blended,
Uncrowned, unsceptered, all their haught looks ended,
With bards, and workers out of human weal,
And patriots who in lofty deed transcended
Their fellows. Ghosts of erring zeal
For faiths fantastic, creeds incomprehensible,

And cruel idol-worship, whom I saw
Climbing the mount of vanity,—the wild
Lone dweller in the cave, whose rage with awe
I witness'd 'mong his snakes—the poet-child
With his lamenting harp, who wept, exiled
To forest solitude,—the tuneful choir
Of bards who walked the grove—the band who toiled
For aye, to kindle the fierce fatal fire
Of soul wherewith France lit the devastating pyre

Of Liberty,—a moiety of the ghosts
Who idly lay along the beach i' th' land
Of sloth and devastation,—sorrow's hosts.
Of every age, and every mortal clime
They were; and 'twas appalling their array
To view, and think of nations choosing crime
Of suicide,—hastening themselves to slay,—
Rather than be their butcherous brethren's prey!—

Book viii. p. 271.

But this awful spectacle has led us from our immediate object. The introduction to the second book is an invocation to the poetic spirits of England, and contains a splendid eulogium on Milton, one of the noblest to be found in any author. The next is an apostrophe to the sun, but turns into a pathetic and beautiful tribute to the author's mother. The fourth book is opened with a very poetical address to the robin, but speedily turns as the poor man's thoughts, especially those of the agricultural labourer now do, from the amenities of nature to the crushing miseries of his condition.

Alas, poor bird! thy lay
And all its sweetness is forgot; their want
Of bread hath banished thoughts of Robin's chaunt:
The children plenty know no more; and Love
And Gentleness have fled from hunger's haunt:—
Fled is all worship for fair things that rove
Among fair flowers—worship in young hearts sweetly wove.

Fair Nature charms not; fellowship of song
And beauty,—germs from which grow, for the good
Reverence, and for the frail—though wrong—
Pity and tenderness;—all these the rude
Chill breath of Want hath stifled in the bud;
And beggar quarrels for their scanty crust
Now fill the bosoms of the lean, dwarfed brood,
The peasant-father—sprung from sires robust—
Beholds at home, and wishes he were laid in dust!

Ah! darling Robin,—thou wilt soon behold
No homes for poor men on old England's shore:—
No homes but the vile gaol, or viler fold
Reared by new rule to herd the "surplus poor."—p. 131.

Book the fifth opens with an apostrophe to night, and what is the night to which the mind of the poor is irresistibly turned? It is not that of the fair moon, and the deep blue vault of heaven brilliant with stars, but the night of short rest from the wheel and the ill-paid loom.

Darkness! thy sceptre still maintain,—for thou
Some scanty sleep to England's slaves dost bring;
Leicester's starved stockingers their misery now
Forget; and Manchester's pale tenderling,—
The famished factory-child,—its suffering
A while exchangeth for a pleasant dream!
Dream on poor infant wretch! mammon may wring
From out thy tender heart, at the first gleam
Of light, the life-drop, and exhaust its feeble stream!

Book the sixth begins with an execution, and calls forth the anathemas of the poet of the poor on the state of the criminal laws, and on capital punishment. London, with its splendour and its misery, its mammon worshippers and its strange regions of wretchedness and guilt, opens with a powerful but lurid picture the seventh. The commencement of the eighth book is a grand hymn to the progress of knowledge, religious information, and to the glory of the great men who have been the devoted labourers of love and human happiness. This one portion is a superb and beautiful outpouring of a poetry worthy of the highest name in the art, making us almost unjust to its real author by causing us to forget that he is a poor and self-taught man, the son of a poor woman who

toiled to win her child a crust
And fainting, still toiled on.

Book the ninth begins with an address to woman, of equal beauty, and in its first stanzas presents another wringing reality, not uncommon in the life of the poor.

'Tis woman's voice! woman in wailful grief,
Joined by her babe's scarce conscious sympathy.
Thy wife hath come to take her farewell brief,
Gaunt felon! Brief and bitter must it be
For thy babe's mother, since the wide salt sea
Must roll, for life, its deep, dark gulph between
Thee, convict, and that form of agony!
Poor wretched thing! well may she wail, I ween,
And wring her hands, and wish that she had never been!

"Let me have one last kiss of my poor babe!"
He saith, and clingeth to the grate. Oh! how
The turnkey's answer will his bosom stab!
"Away! we open not the bars!" and lo!
They push him rudely back! he may not know
What baleful bliss it is to clasp a child
Or wife, ere one must yield them to life's woe.
Oh! little had that kiss his grief beguiled,
But rather, filled his soul with after throes more wild.

She fainteth! yet awakes to moan and weep!
How little didst thou think that smiling morn
Thou didst, so early and so eager, peep
Into thy mirror, and thy breast adorn
With virgin-rose, so soon the sorrow-thorn
Would there have pierced, and thou, in two short years,
Would see thy husband in that dress of scorn,
And thou, a widowed bride, a thing of tears,
From that stern grate, forlorn, to meet the world's rude jeers!
p. 283.

The tenth and last book opens with an invocation to liberty, in which, after a scarifying appeal to Lord Brougham, as the author of the New Poor Law Act, by the apt epithet of "Harlequin Demosthenes," he breaks out into a jubilant assurance of the triumph of freedom. This we must take as our last quotation because it demonstrates the operation of that salutary change of opinion amongst the Chartists, which has led them to abandon the fatal dream of physical force, and to rely, like enlightened men, on the omnipotence of moral power and knowledge.

O! not by changeling, tyrant, tool, or knave,
Thy march, blest liberty! can now be stayed!
The wand of Guttemburg—behold it wave!
The spell is burst! the dark enchantments fade
Of wrinkled ignorance! 'Twas she betrayed
Thy first born children, and so oft threw down
The mounds of Freedom. Lo! the Book its aid,
Hath brought! the feudal serf—though still a clown,
Doth read;—and where his sires gave homage, pays,—a frown.

The sinewy artizan,—the weaver lean,—
The shrunken stockinger,—the miner swarth,—
Read, think, and feel; and in their eyes the sheen
Of burning thought betokens thy young birth
Within their souls, blythe Liberty! That earth
Would thus be kindled from the humble spark,
Ye caught from him of Mentz, and scattered forth,—
Faust,—Koster,—Caxton!—not "the clerk,"
Himself could prophecy in your own mid-age dark!

And yet, O liberty! these humble toilers,
The true foundation for thy reign begun.—
Aye, and while throne-craft decks man's murderous spoilers,
While feverous power mocks the weary sun,
With steed throned effigies of Wellington,
And columned piles to Nelson,—Labour's child
Turns from their haughty forms to muse upon
The page by their blood-chronicle defiled;—
Then, bending o'er his toil, weighs well the record wild.

Aye, they are thinking,—at the frame and loom,
At bench, and forge, and in the bowelled mine;
And when the scanty hour of rest is come,
Again they read,—to think and to divine,
How it hath come to pass, that toil must pine
While sloth doth revel;—how the game of blood
Hath served their tyrants; how the scheme malign
Of priests hath crushed them; and resolve doth bud,
To band—and to bring back the primal brotherhood.

What though awhile the braggart-tongued poltroon,
False demagogue, or hireling base, impede
The union they affect to aid? Right soon
Deep thought to such "conspiracy" shall lead,
As will result in a successful deed—
Not forceful, but fraternal: for the past
Hath warned the Million that they must succeed
By will, and not by war. Yet to hold fast
Men's rage when they are starving—'tis a struggle vast!

A struggle that were vain unless the Book
Had kindled light within the toiler's soul,
And taught him though 'tis difficult to brook
Contempt and hunger,—yet he must controul
Revenge, or it will leave him more in thrall.
The pike,—the brand,—the blaze,—his lesson saith,
Would leave Old England as they have left Gaul—
Bondaged to sceptred cunning. Thus their wrath
The Million quell, but look for right with firmest faith.
p.p. 307—8.

Thomas Cooper left Stafford Gaol on the 4th of May, 1845, when he was just turned 40 years of age, being born on the 20th of March, 1805, and consequently at the present time turned 43. He came to London with his manuscripts, as described in the preface to the "Purgatory," but was unable to get out his poem till the September following. Its immediate success was greatly promoted by a generous review in the "Britannia," a Conservative newspaper, and supposed to be written by Dr. Croly. The "Eclectic" and others immediately followed, and the merit of the poem, once made known, secured its own acknowledgment. In two months after this appeared, a prose work, called "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," consisting chiefly of stories of country life, and giving many startling insights into the real condition of the working classes of this country. In January 1846, he also published a poem entitled "The Baron's Yule Feast," which had been written previous to the Purgatory.

An unfortunate turn in the affairs of his publisher stopped the issue of other works for which he had agreed. In the following summer Mr. Cooper was engaged on Douglas Jerrold's paper, and made a tour of the manufacturing districts and the North of England, to collect materials for a series of articles, which appeared in that newspaper under the title of "The Condition of the People of England."

In November 1846, he returned to London, and commenced lecturing at the National Hall, where he delivered the "Two Orations against taking away Human Life under any circumstances." They contain his avowal of having entirely given up physical force doctrines, and his most explicit maintainance of the sacredness of human life. He has continued to lecture at the National Hall on almost every subject of history, science, morals, and government, to thronged audiences, up to within a very few weeks of this date. He has also delivered discourses on the lives and characters of Men of Genius, History, Poetry, etc., at various Literary Institutions, in particular at the Parent Mechanics' Institute, Southampton-buildings, at the City of London and City of Westminster Institutions, the St. John Street Institution, etc. He has also repeatedly supplied the place of the eloquent W. J. Fox, at his chapel at South-place, Finsbury, on Sunday mornings during his illness or absence; and has contributed various papers to this Journal, "Jerrold's Magazine," and other periodicals. Lately he has, moreover, published two songs, the music to which he composed in Stafford Jail; that to the "Minstrel's Song" being a *minor*, and reckoned by musical judges to display real musical taste.

It will be seen that Thomas Cooper is still a hard worker – the especial fate of the author in London. The labour he performs would be a large amount for a man of strong habit and robust health, but in Thomas Cooper's case, this labour is performed with a constant struggle with ill health, debility, and neuralgia, the fruit of jail confinement. The difficulty with which he pursues his lecturing from this cause would perhaps, however, never be suspected by those who listen to the fervent addresses which often, for two hours together, he pours out.

But it is the fate of almost every man of the present day who devotes himself to the pursuits of literature, and the advancement of political freedom to have to perform nearly as much toil as a steam-engine. Thomas Cooper, like too many of us, has to labour for his bread while he labours also for the public cause, and we regret that he has to suffer the Purgatory of Martyrs, in the legacy of prison pains, as well as the daily arduous strife of existence, when he would otherwise be able to devote himself to healthful reflection, and work out his long projected twin-epic of "The Purgatory of Suicides," The Paradise of Martyrs, a noble and glorious subject.

We may conclude this notice by stating, that Thomas Cooper has no children, but a most amiable and intelligent wife, who, however, suffers from constant ill health. He is careful always to proclaim his adherence "to his own order"—the Working Class, and we believe the warmest wish of his heart, is that for which he is constantly labouring, to see them achieve what he conceives to be their RIGHTS.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(For Howitt's Journal.)

No. III.

THE PLACARDS OF PARIS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Paris is quite papered with placards. Its walls are inspired with mind, not only with the sacred words, LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ, which are gloriously prominent on every public edifice, not only in those mementos to tyrants which must have an eternal existence, but also with those signs of daily life, with those pulses of intellectual movement which we count by the minute, and which assuredly show that the grand heart of Paris beats quick, and that its throbs are magnificently momentous. Well will it be for the Belshazzars of the earth, if they will read its handwriting on the walls. Well would it be for all to mark as one can in Paris, how the overthrow of a lethargic monarchy quickens, and warmly vivifies the intellectual life of a people.

First of all, for the sake of distinction, printed upon white paper, we see the proclamations of the Provisional Government, with its splendid array of names of European reputation, upon the walls of Paris. These with their beneficent ordinances have already been made known by the British journals. Two recent ones I will, however, notice. The first is one which decrees the gratuitous opening of one of the theatres, under the name of the *Théâtre de la République*, to the poorest citizens. It is well to be known that this theatre is intended principally to produce the popular anthems. The second is the decree that the English workmen should leave France. Let not the working classes of England think this harsh. France is engaged in the organization of her national industry on a national basis, as an example to other nations. She has assuredly enough to do to serve her own sons, without being burthened with those who have no right to claim that which her children have won. Let Englishmen demand the right to live by work at home, and then when each nation has rightly organized its own industry, nationality may cease, and the world become one wide workshop, free in common to all. The justice of this position every enlightened English workman must admit. Let no ear then be open to the temptations of that foul war-spirit, which some, for their own interest, would endeavour on the ground of this decree to instil into the minds of the labouring classes of England. The true interest of both peoples is one—the national employment in their own country of the members of each nation. The working classes of both France and England have not only the same interests, but are also embued with the same political and social views. In vain then, will the war-cry be raised. I am as safe here as in London. The Revolution is not finished, but perfect order reigns in Paris, although citizens without uniform guard us; and this order will continue, even through further changes. Let not the press of England be believed when it says the contrary. Its falsehoods have already been infamous. It has far from truly read the Placards of Paris.

These placards surround the proclamations of the Government, with a rainbow of all colours. On that wall yet blackened with the discharge of the murderous musketry of a dead and drivelling despotism, now shine the placards of each arrondissement calling their several inhabitants to prepare for the election of the National Guards. Here a colonel offers himself for re-election on the ground of his past patriotism, in a green *affiche*. There a captain calls for support to his candidature through a pink paper. Fortunate the people, who choose their military, for soldiers must then become the organs of order, and not the delegates of despotism!

Financial affairs have produced a host of projects in paper, which would suit the Birmingham brotherhood. One convenient citizen produces a plan by which he would make France rich in eight days. The project for a property tax by its side is, however, nearer the purpose. Assuredly, though we have had change and plenty, a certain change is not now always to be obtained, except for gold, which one can ever easily get rid of. The people of Paris, however, are not paralyzed by the difficulty. Bravely has it brought out that sacred sacrifice of theirs which is not bounded by the barricades, but is as universal as the heart. They come forward—that *canaille*, as Louis Philippe's silly son denominated them, in his anxiety for cannon—they come forward, God's hands as they really are—those working men of Paris, with their shoemakers' *sous*, with their plaisterers' *pennies*, with the *centimes* of their carpenters, and with the *francs* of their *free*-masons, with the wages of their days works, and offer them as a holy offering, as true tithe, to the Provisional Government, the political priesthood of the nation. The other classes, too, are following their example. With such faith as this, what fear for commercial credit! When the heart coins money the mint can never fail.

The clubs, however, are the great placarders of Paris. Everywhere, where a placard could by possibility appear, they have papered the plaister with their prints. Some proclaim their principles. Others call upon the citizens to accord them their support, and others again make known the hours and the places of their meetings. The clubs thus convened in Paris are most numerous—they are ubiquitous. Every arrondissement has one. There is the club of the National Guard. There is the club of the Independants; not like those, however, who fought with Cromwell, for our Commonwealth, as not only seekers but soldiers of the Lord—but political independants, preaching no party, but wishing to weigh all things. There is the club of the Marais, meeting, I believe, in the house where Marat dwelt. The Girondist Club is not resuscitated, without Lamartine and his friends represent it. That, however, cannot be the case.

The Gironde, represented the sentimental phase of Republicanism, and Lamartine and the Government are pledged to practical measures of industrial organization. The treacherous *Times* need not, therefore, be so sure that the author of the "History of the Girondists," will share the fate of his heroes, for Lamartine could appreciate the good in Robespierre, as well as in Brissot or Roland. Although, however, the Plain has no name in the clubs, the Mountain has. There is both the Club de la Montagne and the Club des Jacobins. Their names even are important. The signers of the placard of the latter state, that they "would resuscitate those heroic Montagnards who descended into the tomb with vanquished liberty." They subjoin the important addition that they would do this pacifically, and that, God will judge. In fact, there has been great pacific progress since '93, and whatever the name, no club of '48 can have its exact counterpart, in any society existing during the reign of terror. For the rest, the placards have imprinted the names of clubs innumerable. We defer further speaking of them, as we wish to visit them, with our readers in a special letter. In noting the preaching of the placards it was impossible, however, to omit them.

The religious movement, moreover, has not disdained the bill-sticker. In a land of transubstantiation it would have been indeed unwise to eschew the paste. The Wafer-God, however, is at a discount in the placards at Paris. The placards are Protestants. A Protestant Association, under the name of the Society for the Application of Christianity to Social Questions, is actively useful. Liberty in worship is proclaimed. The pastor and the priest, in their past preachings on the Republic are placarded in comparison together. By the side of these placards of Protestants, however, there is one calling for the formation of a French Catholic Church, on somewhat Unitarian opinions, and another convoking the Club of Free Thinkers. Thus Protestantism will soon need a definition in France, as it sometimes does elsewhere.

The placards of the foreign democrats residing or rendez-vousing at Paris are also numerous. These alone are sufficient to show to those who disdain not in their arrogant blindness to read the hand-writing on the wall, that this Revolution of '48 is but commenced, and that it will be not only French but European. First there came the appeals of Swiss, Germans, Belgians, English, Negroes, Poles, Portuguese, and Spaniards, convoking their countrymen to assemble together, and render their adhesion to the Provisional Government. These were quickly followed by placards announcing that Belgians, Germans, and Poles, were forming legions to march for the recovery of their own rights in their own countries. These again, were but the leaders of other proclamations calling for arms, money, and assistance. Then came the announcement that a Belgian battalion had departed by the northern railway. Then the placard that the Germans were about starting for Vienna. Lastly, the Polish proclamation—"Order reigns on the banks of the Seine. Let it reign also on the banks of the Vistula. Poland shall become more than a name. The Republic will make the tour of the world. *Vive la Republique Belge! Vive la Republique d'Allemande! Vive la Republique Polonnaise! Vive la France!*"

Other placards are deeper, or more bizarre, less national and more individual. One placard announces a new planetary calender. Another bears the simple words—"The moral sense of the country asks for a law of divorce." Glorious generosity is in others. An exempt invalid calls upon those like himself to assist the military service of their country, by clothing the National Guard. A foreign physician, offers from the feeling of fraternity to apply medicaments, and to heal the diseases of the poor, free of fee. The working artists of Paris proclaim that they are ready to build a Palace of the People at Paris for soldiers' rations. Such are some of the sunbeams on the walls.

Lastly, the placards of the press must not be forgotten. The Revolution has most immensely quickened intellectual life, not only in the clubs, but also in the pulpit and the press. New pamphlets are placarded every hour. Prominent above all others is the placard of Louis Blanc's work on "The Organization of Industry." In its 5th edition, it has still an extraordinary sale, and no less than six works with a similar title help to paper the walls with placards. George Sand is also publishing pamphlets in the form of letters, the first of which is entitled "Yesterday and To-day." and by the placards we likewise learn that Lamennais is editing a paper, and Michelet is the president of a club. In fact, pamphlets are prolific—newspapers numberless. The booksellers must all be republicans. The mental pulse of the Revolution beats incessantly. The printers must become princes—the authors not anybodies. The press of Paris demands, however, a more serious notice than the placards of Paris can help to give. Glory, however, to those placards which print the walls, with the warm letters of active brains! Glory to them which are the hand-writing on the wall to the Belshazzars of the earth! Let me leave them now for awhile, and remain, until my next communication, which will be on the coming elections, here, and in which I hope to show in some measure how much the press of England has perverted the state of party in France,

Yours very truly,
GOODWYN BARMBY.

P.S.—In my introductory letter, what I stated of the tri-color was then historic and true. Since, with the view of preventing confusion, the Government has reordained the old arrangement. Difference, however, still remains.

No. IV.

THE ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

DEAR FRIENDS,

As the English journals have by this time made known, the general elections in France have been postponed to April 23, and the meeting of the National Assembly to May 4. The cause of this postponement has been misinterpreted by a few here, and this misinterpretation will be widely re-echoed by the majority of the British papers, ever ready as they are to mislead the public, when a movement of positive progress is at stake. They will say, or rather they will have said by the time this reaches you, that the Provisional Government has postponed the elections and the National Assembly, that it might the longer maintain its power, and preserve its revolutionary dictatorship. This however is wrong; it is a delusive idea, and one calculated injuriously to mislead the English mind. The true cause of the postponement of the elections is a simple one. Although it is certainly the case, that the democratic clubs have worked for the postponement of the elections, because they were aware that unless the intelligence of the people generally, was awakened to the true interests of the commonwealth, which required time for its accomplishment, that the influence of the counter-revolutionists would be injuriously exercised on the votes of their dependants; yet still the Provisional Government, however natural, politic, or right, it might have been, have not allowed themselves to be influenced, in favour of this movement, and their own apparent interests. With a glorious self denial, Lamartine, and his bright band of colleagues, have nobly abided by their first declaration, that they maintained their power, only until such time as a National Assembly could be constituted, and that then, unless the voice of the country otherwise called them, they should be ready to retire, like new Cincinnati or Washingtons, into private life. Nor have they gone counter to this declaration in their present postponement of the elections, however it may be the interest of some to make it appear that such has been their course, and thus to damage the Republic in the eyes of other nations. In no wise has the Provisional Government been influenced by the ultra-revolutionary propaganda for postponement—in my own eyes a salutary if not necessary movement. In no wise either has the Provisional Government been anxious for their postponement, from the wish of longer retaining their present power, as their actual position is one of much more grave responsibility, than will be the functions which in every probability they will possess, in connection with the regulated and legally constituted authority, proceeding from the National Assembly. Men already, mostly of European reputation, they have no interest in the mere plaudits of the mob. Men of art, as they are, they have no natural love for anarchy, but the rather every preference, for order, harmony, and symmetry. It has not, then been for the causes assigned that the Provisional Government has postponed the meeting and the election of the National Assembly, but from a much simpler consideration, a much plainer cause. The truth is, that the people of France, and even the inhabitants of Paris, have not been unprepared for universal suffrage—certainly not! But they have, however, been wonderfully unprepared for the mode, the manner of its exercise. We that in England have had a larger electoral body than France has hitherto enjoyed, with the exception of the interval of '93, can scarcely conceive this. Such however is the plain matter of fact case. The French masses do not understand the machinery of elections. I have verified this fact by eyesight enquiry. In the department of the Seine, up to last Sunday, in the department in which popular, and populous Paris is situated, it was an absolute fact, that but one fourth of the population had registered their votes. Why was this? Was it that the populace took no interest in the elections? Most certainly not. Their congregated clubs, their processions, the evident excitement everywhere, clearly demonstrate the contrary. The true causes of the delay were, first, the ignorance of the people as to the electoral mode, and second, the insufficiency of the electoral machinery. In connection with the first cause we must keep in mind, that although France, to our shame, is now ahead of England on the suffrage point, that the French masses have on the whole been more unaccustomed to public meetings and popular elections than ourselves. Then the Provisional Government pressed with petitions and processions, and bothered with business on all sides, did not give sufficiently explicit explanations to the citizens, as to the mode of registering their votes. Thus there has been ignorance on one hand, and want of instruction on the other, in this matter. At the same time, under the second cause there has been deficiency. The electoral machinery itself has been insufficient. The *Mairies* have been appointed the offices of registration for the votes of the electors. Now these *Mairies*, organised for the purposes of municipal government, are not constituted on a sufficiently large scale for the arrangements connected with a system of universal suffrage. Their staff of clerks has not been numerous enough to dispatch, in the time at first fixed, the business of verifying and registering the votes. While the working hours of others have been shortened, theirs have been increased, and yet the day has not been long enough to perform their business. Thus in fine the electoral mode has been imperfectly understood, and the electoral machinery inefficiently arranged. It is these causes and these alone, which have compelled the Provisional Government to postpone the elections. They have not been postponed by it, under the influence of ultra-revolutionary propaganda, or from the wish to preserve power, but simply because the elections could not be proceeded with, as the votes could not be registered within the time first given. Let those journals which in England have published the contrary, reprint this letter, and thus help to undeceive the British public on this point. Let those who blame the Provisional Government for the inefficiency of their electoral machinery, do better themselves, under similar circumstances.

The elections of Paris will of course have considerable influence on the general elections in France. It will therefore be interesting in England to know who are the candidates proposed by the people themselves, for the Parisian representation. We compile a list of them, which is a junction of two lists, considerably accordant, presented by *L' Atelier*, Albert's paper, and *La Fraternitè*, another journal of the working men. These lists propose to proportion the representation of Paris, in the following manner:—

1st. The Members of the Provisional Government	11
2nd. The Chiefs of Schools of Societary Science, and Literary Men	9
3rd. Working-men—chiefs of their class	14
	34

The individuals selected as candidates, to carry out these two last proportions, proposed for the representation of Paris, are as follows:—

1st. Chiefs of Societary Schools and Literary Men.
Lamennais, author of the "Words of a Believer."
Pierre Leroux, editor of the *Revue Independante.*
Beranger.
Considerant, chief editor of the *Democratie Pacifique.*
Eugene Sue.
Cabet, editor of the *Populaire.*
Buchez
Charles Leste } Advocates of the accused in April.
Charrassin }

2nd. Working-men—chiefs of their class.
Perdriguier, author of "Works on Association."
Bernard, politically punished in 1839.
Leroy, founder of a Working Man's Association.
Savary, late editor of the *Tribune des Proletaires.*
Hubert, a political prisoner.
Launette, an active democrat.
Adam, late director of the *Liberateur.*
Berard, treasurer of the Fund for Political Prisoners.
Martin, one of the editors of *La Revue Independante.*
Warhy, sentenced for Trades' Unions.

The list is thus left with a deficiency of four working-men candidates. It is probably, however, as good a programme of popular representation as could be presented to Paris. At the head of the lists the names of all the members of the Provisional Government are rightly placed. Their election as deputies for Paris, will be a glorious act of ratification of the Revolution of February 24, and a startling declaration of adhesion to the Republic. The chiefs of the schools of societary science, and the literary men who have battled for democracy, are also rightly pointed out as proper candidates to the population of Paris. The problem of industrial organization insists now upon a speedy solution, and who so fit to assist in solving that upon which the Republic depends, as those who for years have made a duty of its study. Literary men moreover, are as much producers and labourers, as any other working class. It is good, however, that working men are likewise proposed as candidates for Parisian representation, whose hands have laboured not only with the pen, but even physically, who so well as they themselves can tell of the sufferings, the wrongs, the wants, the wishes, and the rights of their own order? Who so well as those, who have themselves experienced them, can describe the miseries which result from the lack of labour, and point out, by the side of the errors of competition, the necessities for an organization of industry? A certain class of minds may sneer at the idea that working-men should take part in a deliberative assembly; but hereditary rulers have never practically shown any fitness for their task no more than they have brought forward any right or reason for their peculiar possession of legislative functions. On the whole the proportion of candidates adopted by the movement party of Paris is well adapted for a fair representation of its intellectual life, and the names of the candidates proposed in the two lists which we have amalgamated into one, are most probably the best selection which could have been made, both for the future, and for the exigencies of the moment.

Before concluding this letter, however, let me endeavour to disabuse the public mind in England, on another point in connection with the general elections in France. The impression attempted to be given by your leading British journals, is, that in and after the elections, Paris will dictate to the provinces. "That city," says the *Times* of the 25th, "has entirely assumed or usurped the sovereignty of France." Nothing is more false than this. It is not in Paris alone, that the rule of Louis Philippe was opposed. Look back and remember, the historic struggle at Lyons, the second city of France, and of whose working classes Albert is now the representative in the Provisional Government. Did the banquet at Dijon do nothing to sympathise with the Parisian propagand? Was the attack at Amiens less fierce than the outbreak at Paris? Has not the Republic been everywhere proclaimed through France? Yet still in spite of this, the implication intended, is that Paris has not only usurped authority over the provinces, but also that the Parisian population will dictate to the provincial delegates. Such indeed are the injurious insinuations of several articles in the *Times* which thence prophecies, "a struggle, not with the partizans of royalty, for they have lost all hope, but with a republic, in which the intelligence of the country would be fairly represented, and a most unmitigated democracy." The serpent-like guile of insinuations like this, must glance, through all its folds of green and gold, upon the honest eye. These treacherous things would produce the very processes which they pretend to deprecate. They assume division for the purpose of dividing. Nothing would better please the *Times* than such a denouement, as it prophecies. It reminds of a reign of terror, that it may again ensue, and despotism once more be installed. The Paris of '48 is not however the Paris of '93. There are now, other great cities in France, as well as Paris. France has now her Manchester and her Birmingham, as well as her London. Paris, will of course, influence the provinces; a metropolis ever must, but her influence will be legitimate—the example of intelligence, not the dictatorship of terror. Her own list of popular candidates is a guarantee, versus the *Times*, for the intelligence of her democracy. Is not the department of the Seine, moreover bound, like the other electoral districts of the provinces to a proportion of the national representation? Besides, the work of '48 is different from that of '93. In '93 it was confiscation—destruction. In '48 it is construction—organization. Terror was demanded by the one—intelligence is required by the other. With false-playing journals like the *Times*, however, the wish is father to the thought, and should opposition incense a people, it might rank as a prophecy. Now, thank God, the contrary is the case. We move on as harmoniously as may be expected, amid such immense obstacles. Let the elections pass off well, and practical minds be brought to bear upon the organization of industry, and the Republic is safe. "Now pray we for our country," and now, until my next letter, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

GOODWYN BARMBY.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

EXTENSION OF THE ENGLISH MANUFACTURING SYSTEM, BY WHICH MEN ARE WORKED UP INTO MALEFACTORS.

THE MELDRUM FAMILY.

(Continued from page 235.)

MELDRUM went silently in the track of his companion, who ploughed his way through the densest masses of brushwood, and over bogs and ditches, till they struck into an open riding, which led them to a gate on the opposite side of the wood to which they had entered. Here the stranger said in a low voice—"Aha! now I perceive where we are;" and advancing cautiously, he crossed the gate to reconnoitre, and then telling Meldrum all was right, they struck across the country over hedge and ditch for a full mile, when they came out upon a highway.

All here appeared as still and deserted as possible. Not a straggler from the agricultural meeting, nor a policeman was to be seen or heard. The stranger began to stalk on at a good round rate.

"Is this the way to Reading?" demanded Meldrum.

"To Reading!" replied the man, "God forbid! Would you run into the lion's mouth? In that direction the Philistines are sure to be swarming. It would be impossible to enter the town before morning without being stopped and reconnoitred by the police, who will have been informed of what has passed on the common yonder by that cursed devil's invention, the telegraph. No, we must make for safer and more obscure quarters. Come along."

Meldrum felt a repugnance to commit himself with a man of whom he knew nothing, and who might, for aught he could tell, be a spy ready to give him up for a reward. But the assurance of the fellow that he could do as he pleased, but for himself he should lose no time in running to earth, at length determined Meldrum to follow, and away they hastened. Presently they turned out of the highway to the right into a narrow country lane, and after following this for some time, and then crossing several downs, they descended into a valley, and halted before a row of what appeared to Meldrum, in the obscurity of the early morning, very miserable houses. Here the stranger flung a handful of sand at an upper window, the casement was presently opened, and a rough masculine voice demanded who was there.

"Bates and a friend," was the reply—the window closed, the door soon afterwards opened, and Meldrum found himself in what appeared to be a public-house of none of the nicest aspect, and admitted by a man of almost gigantic build, with immense black whiskers, and with an eye that scrutinized Meldrum so keenly, that it seemed to lay his very heart bare before him. His huge person, clad only in shirt and trowsers, appeared more colossal in its dimensions than it even was, and his night-cap covering his bushy head of jetty hair, made his coal-black whiskers the more striking.

"All snug, Bates, I reckon," said the landlord.

"I should think so, old fellow," replied Bates, for such was his name here, at least,—"but it will be snugger still when we have seen some supper and a good jorum of heavy wet."

"Breakfast—you mean Joe," replied the landlord, as he thrust his bare feet into his shoes, which stood just under the oven, where he had pulled them off on going to bed, and proceeded to fetch out some bread, cold meat, and knives and plates.

While the two arrivers got their supper, the landlord, who had fixed himself opposite to Meldrum, and scrutinized his outward man very attentively, after first throwing an ironing blanket round himself, inquired where they had come from that evening—and received from Bates a circumstantial account of all that had taken place. As he related Meldrum's part in the business, the huge man cast still more searching glances at him, and ejaculating only—"The devil!"—The three severally retired to their night's quarters.

This place, to which Meldrum's guide had conducted him, was not deserving of the name of a village nor of a hamlet, but rather of a rookery. It consisted of two rows of houses, one on each side of the road, facing each other. They were of a very ordinary description, erected without the slightest regard to the picturesque, being all of one height, and as plain and bald as architecture, or the want of it could make them. They had evidently been at some time the speculation of some very prosaic soul, and why he should have set them down just here, where there was no apparent occasion for them, would require perhaps to call their projector up from the dead to inform us of. Around were naked downs only traversed by a few shepherds, not one of whom took up his abode here. These two rows of mean houses staring at each other eternally, as if in wonder at their own location, were impressed with the most palpable marks of poverty and rudeness. The windows were broken, and the missing panes supplied by old rags, or hat crowns, or were pasted up with dirty paper. Before the doors were ash-heaps and other accumulations of nuisance. There were children of a dirty exterior to be seen playing in the street, if so it might be called, and the whole denoted that the inhabitants were of a low stamp. In fact, for the last two hundred years Twigg's-Houses had been the notorious resort of thieves, tramps, wandering potters, and still more nondescript population.

In the centre of one of the rows stood a public-house, bearing no resemblance to village ale-houses in general, but rather to a London gin-shop. This was the abode of the proprietor of the whole—no other than the large whiskered landlord, who admitted over night Bates and Meldrum. This landlord and proprietor was well known by the name of Captain Crick. There was a mystery about the man, and an unquestionable cleverness. He came here ten years ago. Twigg's-Houses were at that time almost deserted. The owner had absconded for debt. The creditor, whoever he was, for he did not appear to be the mortgagee, had found so much trouble in collecting his black mail from the nomadic population as to have given up the task in despair. The thieves, beggars, tramps, potters, and the like, came and went at leisure. The public-house only was held by the creditor, and retained as a sort of security for his debt. Here the carriers of calves, fowls, eggs, butter, and such commodities halted for the night on their journey from the lower country towards London, and this kept up a considerable trade in cheap beds, beer, suppers, and hay and stable room.

In this state of things Captain Crick one day arrived at the inn, and staid there for some days. He professed to be retiring from the sea-faring line of business, and to want to settle in a thoroughly country retirement. This place seemed to have peculiar charms for him—there is no accounting for tastes—and so he very soon installed himself as master of the inn, and it was speedily rumoured that he had made out the retreat of the proprietor, and had purchased the premises. In fact, very soon Mrs. Crick made her appearance, and took upon her the duties of landlady. Mrs. Crick was a woman of dimensions almost as Herculean as those of her husband. She was a handsome commanding woman of that class which pretends to be nothing but what they are—fine animals of the human species—enjoying life in all the ordinary elements of life: having their own way very much, and exercising a strong will over all around them. Mrs. Crick took the whole management of the house, and Captain Crick of the rest of the houses. In her own sphere she ruled paramount—the captain never appeared to wish even to interfere with her sway, and she on her part never interfered with that of the captain. In his absence she collected the rents, but never pretended to know anything about the affairs of the property.

This system had its conveniencies: for Twigg's-Houses, as we have said, were notorious all over the country for the character of its population, and were therefore not unfrequently honoured with the visits of police and constables, and sheriff's officers. It was said, that not only were the people thieves, but that Captain Crick himself was the grand receiver of all their stolen goods. Many a time had the Captain been summoned before magistrates to give an account of his tenants when they were charged with thefts, and neglect of payment of poor-rates, and the like. But on all these occasions, the captain declined placing himself in the position either of accuser or patron of his tenants. All he knew, he declared, regarding them was, that they paid their rents. That was his only concern, and that he attended to. If it was a case of poor-rates, he would ask the parish authorities before the magistrates, why they did not collect their rates as he collected his rents, weekly. He protested that he lost little or nothing; but he could not take upon him the parish business to collect the poor-rates, or to be guarantee for them.

"But the tenants are gone off without paying the rates," the magistrate would say, "and therefore you must pay them."

"I beg your worship's pardon," would be the captain's reply, "but the rates were due when the people were there—the officers should have seized on the goods—it is their neglect—I have nothing to do with it."

The captain knew the law, and stood by it, and it stood by him.

If it were a case of theft—the captain pleaded ignorance—he did not concern himself with any doings of his tenants, except the paying of their rent. He never set himself up as a critic on the conduct of his neighbours, and he never would. God knew there was dishonesty and wickedness *in all ranks*, and let God himself judge it—he Captain Crick had enough to do without.

This the captain said with peculiar emphasis and shrugs of the shoulders, and expressive looks. It was a hopeless case, and constables and overseers soon grew tired of bringing the captain to the justice-room only for him to make them look very simple and ignorant of their own business.

But the captain was said to be in reality the patron and receiver-general of the booty made by his tenants. If this were true, then the booty must have been of a kind very easily concealed, for defeated in all other respects, the police had made at least a score of searches by warrant of his premises, and invariably with the same success, that of finding—nothing.

On all these occasions the captain was quite polite to them, and in his absence Mrs. Crick was equally so—saving that she gave them some sly cuts of the tongue—on their hunting of mares' nests, and suspicions of their honest neighbours, in which the captain never indulged.

This had gone on for ten years. Twigg's-Houses had still the character of a rookery of thieves, and Captain Crick of their receiver-general—yet never had the authorities on a single occasion been able to fix a charge on the captain. There had been proved to have been some scores of thieves tenanting his houses, but then, what had the captain to do with that. It was his misfortune to have houses where it was not everybody that wanted them. He repeated it, he was no critic on any body, *high or low* (this was given with a nod and a shrug)—let the police look as sharp after the people as he did.

Now we have been informed, however, though we publish it with caution, lest we should bring any unmerited stigma on the captain, and act with less candour and fairness towards him than he did to the public—that is, setting ourselves up as critics on *his* conduct—that the captain had in his back court a certain most ingeniously contrived little crane and pulley by which any one in the secret could, by pulling a bell in a certain place have a basket let down at certain hours of nocturnal darkness, in which they could deposit anything of value occupying a small space only; and that the basket drawn up again, would soon afterwards descend with a certain sum in it, the exchange for the goods. Now we have been informed that by this means, a great exchange went on between the duly initiated, and some Great Unknown. The initiated brought their goods, and received their money. From whom? As the captain would say—God knows! The captain nor any one else was ever seen in any such transactions. There never was a living soul who could charge him or any one else with receiving stolen goods—He never entered on any occasion into any bargains of the kind, or discourse on such subjects. The police had looked in this back court, but they never found any such crane, they only found the house well supplied with good capacious water spouts descending from the roof. They had examined the house, and never found any stolen or suspicious goods. If they *were* received—what became of them? Let those answer who knew.

But we have again heard, that out of Captain Crick's attics, you stepped upon his roof, and there found yourselves in a leaden gutter, between the front roof and the back roof, from which rose a wooden stage with steps up to it, from whence you could enjoy a splendid view over the country. The captain was fond of a breezy lookout. On this stage, however, stood a bench, which it has been whispered, turned upside down, made a little bridge, and this bridge pushed across from the gutter of Captain Crick's house, to a certain window in the end of the next house, that of the captain's trusty hostler, gave a ready means of escape for either goods or persons; that in the hostler's attic, this bridge again became a seat, and gave a speedy means of access to the captain's roof when needed.

Now, those who are too illiberal to follow the captain's excellent system of not making themselves critics on their neighbours, declare, that as the stupid police never dreamed of examining at one and the same instant, the houses of both Captain Crick and his hostler, it was by the means of this bench, which was made

A double debt to pay,
A bridge by night, a simple bench by day,

that the captain contrived to elude all detection of his illicit deeds. So said those who were ungenerous enough to be critics.

Well, for ten years had Captain Crick been lord and master of Twigg's-Houses; and entertainer of all the carriers, who, with fine flower-y-painted waggons, and peals of jingling bells came daily up the country laden with calves, butter, eggs, cheese, hay, straw, and sundry other commodities out of the farming districts, to the railway station, where they now unloaded their live stock, and more compressible articles, and left only the hay and straw bearers to proceed to London as in the olden time. These men passed the night here, and thus there might be generally seen a throng of waggons standing about the public house at Twigg's-Houses, and the bleating of calves and lambs was generally sonorously heard there. In the tap-room as sonorously resounded the voices of these smock frocked and ancle-booted carriers, who thumped their pewter pots on the tables before them, as a sign for the bar-maid to replenish them, while they sent up clouds of smoke from their pipes. In the midst of the settle, Captain Crick would generally be found in earnest conversation with them, and at night often amused them with the relation of his sea-adventures. When you saw him dressed in his best, with his huge frock coat, his broad-brimmed, fierce looking hat, turned up quite briskly at the sides, and his enormous black beard, you imagined you saw some ferocious pirate or smuggler, that had boarded many a peaceful merchantman, and would sweep a score of such quiet people into the sea, as easily as he swept the flies off the table before him when they came to sip the ale spilled by the carriers. But we dont want to be a critic on a man who was too magnanimous to be a critic on any one else. All we know is, that Captain Crick, ever and anon, disappeared, on a journey into Cornwall, to visit his aged mother! All honour to his filial piety!

Well, here were Bates and Meldrum housed. They slept in the same room, and early in the morning Bates commenced a conversation. He told Meldrum how delighted he was to find a man like him who was prepared to rouse the country in the only way it could be roused. That the people were too tame, and would all perish of starvation without taking any means to help themselves. That Meldrum had hit the right nail on the head—the only way was to carry fire through the country, and compel those who had the property at stake, to have things altered, and give decent wages.

Meldrum, who had cooled down a good deal since the meeting last night, listened in silence and with strong repugnance to this counsel, and when Bates had done, expressed his doubts, whether he had not gone too far in his speech. That unless the whole of the agricultural people were prepared for such a plan, it would bring destruction on the few who adopted it, and that he was grieved to think, that scores might be suffering now from his own act last night.

At this, Bates started up in bed, and casting a furious look of astonishment on Meldrum, said,—

"What! are you a coward? What! are you afraid of doing what you have so strongly advised others to do? The devil, have I been taken in, in you? Are you a pigeon livered milksop, and not the man I took you for? Did you not say that cruelty and injustice, the same cruelty and injustice which was grinding every other working man to death, had convinced you that nothing but fire and terror would be of any use in getting justice? Mark me, my man, you must speak out for I tell you, that either you show yourself all right and *jannock*, (bold and honest,) or I will be the first to put the bull-dogs on your heels!"

Meldrum felt that he was committed. He had put himself into the power of a fellow of whom he knew nothing—and now he must go on, or be denounced at once to the law. For a moment a cold shiver went through him, and he cursed his folly for going to the meeting, and still more, for accompanying this man here. But when he came to review his situation, and his prospects, to reflect that no doubt a description of his person would be widely circulated amongst the police, and that he was a marked man—he felt that there was nothing for him but to give up tamely, or to carry out boldly the doctrine he had recommended, he resolved to do the latter, and told his companion so.

"That's right, my man!" exclaimed Bates. "Then here goes for a grand campaign! We two, who have nothing to hope from the people of property, but everything to fear, will now make them know what it is to drive honest men to despair. They shall either relieve the miseries of the working people, or they shall know misery themselves."

A bond dreadful, and devilish was now entered into by these two, to destroy and lay waste regardless of the merits or demerits of those on whom they committed their ravages—it was in their perverted minds sufficient that fear must do the work which neither ordinary justice, nor compassion, which neither law nor religion had done. The icy indifference of the educated and wealthy, had produced their natural fruits, wrong and indifference towards them in the victims of their system, and the devil entering into the souls of the oppressed, made them regard themselves, not as evil, but as patriots and saviours.

A mutual enquiry into each other's history here took place between the confederate incendiaries. They resolved to open up their whole lives to each other. We know the story of Meldrum, let us now hear a few particulars of that of Bates.

(To be continued.)

CORPORATION RESISTANCE TO THE WELL-BEING OF THE WORKING CLASS.

There has not been for many years a measure proposed by Government so directly important to the working men of England, their wives, and families, as the Health of Towns' Bill. True, we all suffer from the present state of our towns as to sanitary matters, but it is on the poor—on the working class in general, that the intensity of the evil falls. It is they who are crowded into inconvenient dwellings, in narrow courts and lanes, uncleansed, undrained, uncared for as to the common decencies of life, without pure air and without water. It is among them that fever rages, that life is shortened to nearly one half its average length, that infants are born to sicken and die, that widows are left to go into the union workhouse, because husbands are struck down by poison and pestilence in the prime of life, and among them that cholera, if it comes, will commit its ravages. But members of corporations are comfortable burghers, tradesmen, lawyers, or belonging to professions of one kind or other. They live in substantial houses, and have the water laid on and the drains trapped. Their wives and children are well lodged and well fed, and if the air of the town seems not so pleasant as might be wished, because the wind blows certain unhealthy odours from the "poorer districts," they can go to the cottage in the country, or take lodgings at the sea-side. Corporations therefore say that towns are all in an admirable state; that nothing can be better; that to take the management out of their hands is centralization, and centralization they say is bad, and therefore they want to go on as they are, managing their own affairs, and continuing to have the power of spending their own money as they like.

"Yes, undoubtedly!" says the Report of the Health of Towns' Association, just published—

> "Yes, undoubtedly! spend as much as you like. You will have perfect freedom in every extravagance you choose to indulge in with what is really your own money. It is not proposed to impose the slightest restraint upon your freedom as Englishmen in this respect. The limitations in question are not upon the expenditure of your own, but of *other* people's money."

The Health of Towns' Association in this Report, just published, has furnished the complete solution of the mystery which brings about the present opposition to the bill so necessary to the well-being of the working class:—

> "The objections of the local administrators against interference with people's management of their "own affairs," have a very close and literal meaning, when the Chairman of a Court of Sewers is the possessor of small tenements of a neglected class, which most require the exercise of compulsory powers against the owner; when leading members of the local administrative body are householders whose charges for works of house-drainage most need regulation and reduction; or when, on a Paving Board, an influential member is the retired partner who holds the contract for paving."

An example of some of the common sources of the outcry may be taken from the evidence of the Secretary of the South Devon Sanitary Association. Speaking of the important town of Devonport, he says,—

> "Whilst engaged in making a report on the sanitary condition of the town, a tradesman complained to me that the health of his family and workmen suffered, from a very large number of pigs being kept in a yard behind his house; they were fed with offal from a slaughter-house adjoining, and a more disgusting nuisance I never witnessed. I asked him why he did not complain. He said it would be useless; at the same time mentioning the *influence* which would be brought to bear against him. I next asked why he did not appeal to his landlord. 'That would be useless, too,' he replied, 'as the pigs are his best tenants.' *The landlord, a butcher, is a commissioner.*"

This gentleman gives three or four more instances quite as flagrant of commissioners having such vested interests as this in filth and fever, and says they might be multiplied ad infinitum, as proofs of the "impossibility of carrying out an efficient plan of sanitary reform without government superintendence."

The report from which we have quoted* contains a statement of the sanitary condition of sixty nine towns in England and Wales. The picture is a deplorable one. It shows in equal proportions, lavish expenditure and excessive neglect. Let us take an example from Manchester. The following is taken from the evidence of the secretary there;—

> "What number of water-works are there at present at Manchester?—There is at present only one.
>
> "Do you know anything of the expenses connected with that; what according to their own statement have they spent?—£366,000.
>
> "Are they able to supply all the town?—They supply about one-half.
>
> "What is the quality of the water supplied?—Very indifferent indeed; it is foul in taste and it is very hard; it contains a great quantity of sulphate of lime. Speaking of the losses sustained in Manchester by the bad supply of water, the usual calculation is that such a population consumes about 14 pounds of soap each person annually. Our water spoils at least half the soap that is used; if so, we lose in Manchester about £50,000 in soap; that is, we use £50,000 in soap more than we need to, which is about £10,000 more than a good supply of water need cost us. Out of respect to these trading interests, these works have had to be purchased, and an entirely new water source obtained, the community being taxed in perpetuity for the previous local legislation, for which no one is now responsible."

The following remarks relate to Liverpool;—

> "When works bearing upon purity and decency are completed, works of ornament and splendour are admissible. The very reverse is usually the order of works adopted by the trading classes represented in Town Councils. Even the works of more direct utility are most partially distributed. Front and main streets, occupied by the influential classes, are opened up, whilst back streets, which nevertheless contribute to the rates,

---

* Report of the Sub-committee of the Health of Towns Association on the answers to questions addressed to the principal towns of England and Wales, 1848.

> are neglected. In Liverpool upwards of £120,000, which would have sufficed for the abolition of cesspools, and the perfect internal drainage of 25,000 undrained houses, has been expended by the Corporation on one public hall, the St. George's Hall, (with a multitude of Corinthian columns, like an immense Greek temple,) which overlooks a mass of filthy dwellings, ill-paved and ill cleansed streets, and the sites of cesspools and fever nests."

Here is the case of Exeter;—

> "The Local Improvement Board of Exeter, which had, at the period of the Act, only 5,500 inhabited houses, has expended £542,000, or at the rate of £100 per house, in widening streets and building markets, leaving the town upon cesspools, and the parts of it inhabited by the labouring classes in the state of fever nests; the town being the most unhealthy in the country, in spite of its salubrious situation in a fine climate."

* * * * *

> "The members of this Local Improvement Board are loud against consolidation, by which the establishment charges would be reduced; they are against central control, which indeed, come as soon as it may, comes far too late to secure a better application of the town rates. The rate-payers are left with severe burthens, and some of them are heard to declare that they can bear no more.
>
> "The heaviest burthen, however, which they bear, is what is left in addition to this misdirected expenditure, namely, the burthen of excessive sickness, loss of labour, premature mortality, and excess in the number of deaths and funerals. The excess of deaths, even above Tiverton, was, in the year 1841, 332, and the numbers have not lessened since that time. The pecuniary loss from that excess could not be less than £50,000 for that one year. This burthen is found to be reducible by means of a much lower amount of expenditure; but it must be expenditure otherwise directed than by such a body as the existing burthens have been imposed by; it must be by the application of science and skill, which ignorance and prejudice, and want of care and sympathy, as regards the labouring population, would repudiate."

The outcry of our own "Dirty City," still rings in our ears. The following relates some of its doings;—

> "The Corporation of the City of London, besides spending about a quarter of a million upon ignorantly and mischievously constructed sewers, an expense at which, it is declared, three cities might have been sewered completely, have charged by a coal tax upon the whole metropolis, a sum of £1,000,000, and upon public property an outlay of £750,000 for new edifices. Some of the works, such as the widening of streets, were undoubtedly good in their time and order, though they are all the subject of complaint for their extravagance. It is, however, proper to note, that this expenditure, employed at the scale of expense requisite for constructing model lodging-houses, would have sufficed to substitute salubrious, in the room of insalubrious, dwellings for 85,000 out of the 129,000 inhabitants of the corporation jurisdiction."

Our limits alone prevent us from multiplying instances. The sums spent in litigation alone, would suffice to convince any one who became aware of them of the ruinous extravagance of the present system;—

> "'I believe I am within the mark,' said Mr. E. Rushton, the Stipendiary Magistrate of Liverpool, in his evidence before the Committee on Private Bills, speaking of the expense of obtaining private Acts, 'when I say that, within the last ten years not much less than £100,000 has been expended in these matters, including the expense of parties in resisting local Acts.'"

"Besides the profits of the applications for the acts themselves," observes the report, "they yield profitable crops of fees in the proceedings under them, and then again in applications for their amendment." These things make us perceive the force and justice of the following remarks;—

> "It is objected to the proposed measure that it permits any fifty householders to involve the town in an 'expensive' inquiry; the true statement would be, that it requires fifty householders *to initiate a large economy*. As matters now stand, any one or two individuals may involve a town in the enormously expensive inquiry for a local Act; and moreover in excessively wasteful expenditure for inefficient works."

Even if we had as much faith in the honesty and disinterestedness of corporations, as we have cause to doubt the existence of either we should still have to contend with their ignorance and should protest against the folly of entrusting works which require skill and knowledge in various branches of sciences to men who however well they may understand their own trades or professions know nothing bearing on the subject in question. It is truly observed;—

> "The very assumption on the part of the local authorities or their representatives, that they can carry out the requisite works by themselves, is only a deplorable proof of the ignorance of both, as to what is required to be done. The baker who is the Chairman of the City Commissioners of Sewers, has declared that he and they are 'willing' to carry out complete works of sanitary improvement. He might as well say, that he is 'willing' to construct a well-working locomotive steam-engine. Such assurances from such men, only show they know not what they promise."

The people themselves are equally incompetent to mend the matter. They have no redress. They cannot possibly improve the condition of their dwellings as to sewerage, water supply, and ventilation; nor can they remove to better. Where can they find better? All are defective, and if one neighbourhood is worse than others, still in that worst of all, must the work-man live, whose employment necessitates his living thereabouts. There are people who will say that there is power sufficient, if the law were enforced, to do away with all nuisances. We find in this report, mention made of a gentleman who writes a pamphlet to the effect, that the common and statute law of England is sufficient for all sanitary purposes. This reminds us of the gentleman who argued that the law of England was open to the poorest man as well as the richest, and of the reply he received from Professor Porson. "True," said Porson, "and so is the London Tavern." The reply needs no comment, at all events, to any one who ever experienced the cost of a law suit.

There is not a doubt that what we require in order to work any sanitary measure, is a controlling power. We want an authority competent to see that the people's money is well applied and not wasted; that the people's health is cared for, not wantonly destroyed; that the people's lives are valued, not recklessly suffered to be extinguished by tens of thousands yearly from fever. Local bodies require looking after, as we all do. Irresponsible power is bad for every one. Let the people then petition (we again enforce the necessity of this). Let the people petition, that the bill which so deeply concerns their interests, may pass into law, and that to work it, there may be a controlling power, a central authority, composed of those men who have proved their earnestness in the cause, by years of labour and their knowledge of the proper means to ensure it by their able and vigorous proceedings, since they were constituted as a metropolitan commission. Without this nothing will be done. It is the people want protection and support. Let them bestir themselves in time.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

THE BLOOD-GUILTINESS OF KINGS. DAWN OF THE MILLENNIUM OF FREEDOM.

There is nothing so notorious in history as that its pages are drenched with human blood. It would appear as if mankind were a race far exceeding any idea of devils that has been furnished to us, in crime and cruelty, far exceeding any extent of conceivable folly in their foolishness. Their great avowed purpose has been to seek happiness; their great business from age to age to destroy each other. Nation has risen against nation, and people against people, and the more than march madness of it has been that they have denominated their murderous deeds—national glory!

If we come to look, however, more clearly into this, we perceive that it has all resulted from the sole absurdity of submitting themselves and their affairs to kings. The idolatry of kingship has been punished in every age, with the infatuation of the furies, the dipping of each other's hands in blood. Blinded as it were by the curse of heaven for this idolatrous crime, with a ten-fold blindness these idol kings of theirs have led them up to mutual destruction, as butchers lead up sheep to the slaughter-house. The earth has groaned under the curse of perpetual carnage, civilization has been arrested, and misery and stupidity have prevailed.

Thank God! the delusion more pregnant than all other delusions put together, with horrors and calamities, with crimes and abominations, is, however, coming to an end! The events of the last month more wonderful than any since the foundation of the world, testify to the awakening of the people, and the permanent spread of the spirit of civilization. From end to end of Europe the spirit of revolt against regal tyranny and deception has gone like a stroke of electricity; or rather like what it is, the voice of the Almighty, which has cried once more in the hour of a second and a greater creation—"LET THERE BE LIGHT! AND THERE WAS LIGHT!"

At that voice every idol of regal paganism has fallen like Dagon flat on its face, and the palms of its hands have been cut off. God once more has crazed the chariot wheels of the Pharaoh of Despotism, and plunged all its hosts into the Red Sea of popular indignation. Before the spirit of God manifested in the spirit of the people, every mighty heart has trembled, every proud knee has failed, every throne has shaken, and cast its occupant prostrate before it in the dust of humiliation. The People have shown that they are truly—and without any fiction—the Sovereign People; they have now to show that what they can so easily assume, they can as easily maintain. That they do and shall maintain the rights which they have thus vindicated is a duty holy and inviolable; a duty more religious than any other, except the worship of God himself, for it is the pledge of peace and happiness to the whole earth; it is the guarantee against the return of these old evils and oppressions, and for the steady progress of freedom, truth, knowledge, and religion. For this there is no security but the extinction of the kingly superstition, the establishment of the power of the people through the medium of a wise and extensive representation. The institution of royalty is so unnatural, that it invariably corrupts those whom it involves, and converts them into faithless and treacherous individuals. Scarcely one man in a million is proof against its sorcery; and therefore it is that an Alfred is so rare. By creating kings, nations create traitors to themselves. They elevate men only to plot and strive against their liberties, and inflict on the public the everlasting strife of politics. The eternal business of nations is to endeavour to wring from their princes their own natural liberties, which these men with an inconceivable infatuation are perpetually striving to extinguish. It is time to put an end to this troublesome and pernicious condition of affairs: if there be one thing more ignominious and disgraceful to the human intellect than another, it is to see thirty or forty millions of men subjected to the will and caprice of one single individual, perhaps the most foolish and depraved in the nation.

If we look at what has just taken place on the continent, we behold but another exhibition of the treachery of kings to their trust, and of their blood-guiltiness towards their subjects. Every drop of blood which has been shed in every country where it has been shed—what is it but the result of the resistance of monarchs to the just claims of their people, and in many cases of their refusal to keep the terms on which they have been admitted to their thrones.

See Louis Philippe. Here is a man *elected* by the people, the terms on which he was chosen made known to him; the principles of his government clearly defined; yet with the fatal warp of royalty he betrays his trust, and works industriously to reduce his benefactors and elevators to the miseries of a despotism. If ever a man might have known the consequences of such a proceeding, it was he. The French had sufficiently shown that they would tolerate no such treachery. But the traitor pressed the daring treason to extremity, and the consequence has been the murder of some hundreds of his people, whose blood cries against him from the ground.

Look again at this Prussian assassin. His father promised his people the freedom for which they had fought, and which had been guaranteed to them as the price of victory. He died the violator of his word. The son repeated spontaneously the promise; and refused to keep it. The consequence is, that his streets are drenched with blood, and the souls of 2,000 slaughtered men cry against him from the ground. In the hour of his humiliation, the crafty monarch, to turn away the accusations of his people, promises them the supremacy of Germany, and to elude the demand of domestic justice, plunges into a crime against the whole Germanic race. He declares himself the King of Germany. This was sure to produce a cry of universal execration from every other German state; and it is come. From Austria, Baden, Bavaria, everywhere resounds the voice of indignation. On the walls of Frankfort, Mayence, Mannheim and other cities is displayed a handbill, in which is pronounced the opinion of the German people of his persevering perfidy, and unprincipled ambition. They tell him that they would sooner acknowledge a "butcher's dog as the head of Germany, than he." He who has sacrificed the children of the land to his puppet play of deceit and lying. They tell him that he can no longer deceive them; that he has torn off the mask; that he has spoken out, confessing that he grasps at the crown of Germany. "Let there be truth between us," add they, using his own deceitful words. "We and our house will not serve thee. We will have no fellowship with the oppressor of the people, the originator of the Silesian famine-fever, and the exterminator of his unarmed subjects."

This is the language of a people awakened to a sense of their own power. May every nation which has now won by its blood, and bravery its freedom, know how to maintain it, and secure the world against the recurrence of the destructive murrain of royalty.

For us in this country the principle is fast-rooted in the constitution since 1688, that "all power is inherent in the people." That is the great language of the Bill of Rights. The British people decided practically its right to choose its own kings. William III confirmed this right by refusing to accept the crown on any other ground. It is not the monarchy which pinches us here. That has been sifted, and settled on so simple a basis, that it can no longer injure us. With our worthy Queen we have no quarrel. After the licentious reigns of her predecessors, her own domestic life is a welcome spectacle to the nation. We believe that from her, no exercise of popular right would receive a check: and we believe as firmly that, should the popular voice to-morrow demand a change in the form of government, she would receive not the most distant shadow of injury. Was she requested to descend from the throne to make way for a republic, she would descend with the love and respect of the nation, and to a station of private security, honour and plenty, which would secure all the true sources of human happiness.

But there is another power which has a huge debt to discharge to the nation, and which, if we do not mistake the signs and the spirit of the times, will ere long, be demanded of it. That is the Aristocracy. This power has usurped everything in this country which can be called national right as private property. It engrosses the throne, the parliament, the church and the property of the people. It has cursed us with the debts of its national murders, and taxing the poor man's loaf, —the poor man's labour by which it is earned—has exempted itself from its own share of the burden. If the people be true to itself, this monstrous power, this power destructive to our liberties, our progress, and our commerce, must be put down and annihilated. Well has Lamennais said, that "the English aristocracy is the last remnant of the feudal institutions in Europe, and that England is the battle-ground on which the contest for its extinction must be fought out!" Well has Lamartine declared,—

"*A l'époque où les Aristocraties tombent, c' est là que les nations se régénèrent. La séve des peuples est là.*"

"The epoch when Aristocracies fall, is that in which nations regenerate themselves. The sap of the people is there!"

Against the bloody treasons of kings, and the aggressions of aristocracies, hostile to the progress of peace and civilization, the voice of God is gone forth, and it will be the crime of the people if the will of Heaven on its behalf be not fulfilled. Christianity is arising from its hindrances and perversions to speak to the nations from the seats of governments in voices like that of Lamartine. When did kings, or priests, or aristocrats, speak from their assumed altitudes, language like that? Instead of demonstrations of war, and proclamations of oppression, we hear the accents of peace, love, and liberty breathed from the chambers of government, and the great German nation is uniting to embody in the constitution of their country, the principles of sound philosophy, which they have made universal. Thanks to Christianity, the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, which is rolling on now manifestly to fill all lands. Thanks to the pen which, in many a dark and terrible day, and in many a day of seduction has still held on its silent but invincible way. Thanks to thousands of poets, and other martyrs of the spirit who, in contempt, in prison, in exile, and in death, have sown the seeds of fire, and leavened the huge popular mass to its present glorious condition, and made one day of present existence, worth a century of the past.

EXCELLENT USE FOR NEWSPAPERS WHEN READ.

An intelligent friend of ours has suggested a plan of diffusing much satisfaction and information at no cost whatever. We are apt to commit the most extensive waste without reflection. We are now coming to the consciousness that we have been committing a waste of from one hundred to two hundred millions of pounds sterling annually in this kingdom by washing away all our sewerage into the rivers. That will be realized, and future ages will wonder at our folly in thus recklessly destroying the great sources of fertility. But we commit an almost equal waste of newspapers—those sources of civilization and intelligence. We take our weekly or daily paper, read it, and fling it aside. Many of us have whole piles of newspapers sent from one quarter or another, which are a nuisance rather than anything else to us when once read, if ever read they are. But if *we* exist in such newspaper plenty, there are thousands and millions who exist in an equal dearth. That which is useless or next to it to us, would be of infinite service to others: that which is quite in our way is quite out of the way of numbers of others—we have a plethora, but our poor neighbours have a vacuum—our surfeit leaves them equally in starvation.

Now how easily is all this remedied; what a source of benefit and pleasure to others is in our hands. What a mass of the seeds of information we destroy, when we might fling them to the wind, and make them generate all over the country.

Let us never destroy or fling aside a newspaper. Let us reflect how many thousands and millions of our fellow men would be glad to pick up what we fling down. Let us reflect how many mechanics' libraries and news rooms there are; what numbers of clubs and mutual improvement societies, and coffee houses of the working classes there are at which every one of these newspapers would be thankfully received.

It is surprising what a source of intellectual fertility we may thus throw open. Do you wish our labouring brethren to read, to think, to get a habit of preferring the reading-room to the tap-room? Do you want all to inform themselves of the actual condition of things, of the real state of every social and political question, that they may exercise their rights powerfully, and their powers rightfully? Scatter abroad then your newspapers. Get a list of all the Mechanics' Libraries, and reading-rooms of all kinds, and send your papers to some of them—and let those who have more than they want, send such as they do not want to others. A few penny post letters of inquiry, both from those who have to send, and those who want, would soon organize a system of distribution. A list of such parties and societies as wished for a number of papers, might be furnished from time to time in popular journals and newspapers in answer to enquirers, which would facilitate the diffusion. The great thing would be to avoid sending a shoal to some and none to others. It would be quite requisite for public-spirited members of any institution where an unnecessary quantity arrived, to give public notice of that, or to apply themselves to direct the stream on to remote and obscure localities. By a little care, zeal, and patriotism, the bulk of once read newspapers might be soon directed into the proper channels—and these channels—let it especially be remembered, are those where there are *not* funds to purchase. We should not make our good will to the necessitous an injury to the press itself, which in its great work of diffusion of knowledge, deserves and must enjoy as extensive a patronage as possible.

That which applies to newspapers applies to literary papers also, to any species of printed sheet, in fact, which can be transmitted, cost free, by post. We are quite sure that a great moral and intellectual revolution lies in our hands, through this plan, and that our newspapers and literary and scientific papers may thus be made to do a vast and almost incalculable service, without diminishing the number of purchasers, nay, with the ultimate certainty of *increasing* them.

POPLAR WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of this valuable Association, formed in 1846, announce its prosperity. In the evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, there are classes for Arithmetic and Algebra, Geometry, English Grammar, Mechanical Drawing, and Civil Architecture. The value of these means of instruction in a place like Poplar needs no pointing out.

The following Lectures are also about to be given:—

Tuesday, April 11.—A Reading on Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, by the Rev. J. A. Baynes, illustrated by Dissolving Views. Admittance Free.

April 18.—On Astronomy, by Mr. M. A. Austin.

April 25.—A second by Mr. Austin.

May 2.—On the French Revolution, by the Rev. Fitz-Herbert Bugby.

May 9.—On Charles Dickens and his Writings.

May 16.—Discussion on the French Revolution.

May 23.—On Ancient Egypt, by the Rev. J. A. Baynes.

June 6.—On Electricity, by Mr. T. Cousens.

June 13.—On the Fine Arts, by Mr. J. D. Willett.

June 20.—On Building Societies, by Dr. Bowkett.

June 27.—On Chemistry, by Mr. T. A. Smith.

ANNUAL TEA-PARTY OF THE MILES PLATTING MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, MANCHESTER.

We have read with pleasure the particulars of this meeting in the Manchester newspapers. Oliver Heywood, in the chair, the President of the Institute, and amongst those taking part in the business of the evening, were George Cook, Elkanah Armitage, Mayor of Manchester, Abel Heywood, Councillor, and many other gentlemen.

The receipts for 1847 were £57. 11s. from members, £11. 6s. 2d. from proceeds of tea and coffee parties; the total income for the year being £72. 5s. 7d. They had spent £19. 14s. 11d. on books; teacher's salary £20. The income exceeded the expenditure by exactly 3s. The number of members, male and female, averaged for each quarter 144; and with 23 honorary members the whole number was 167. 1,500 volumes constituted the library; the issues were 4,300, giving 83 issues per week. The reading-room contained Manchester and London newspapers and several magazines. Lectures (gratuitous) had been delivered by Mr. Daniel Stone (1), Mr. S. Pope (6), Mr. John Watts (2), Mr. R. J. Richardson (5), Mr. Langley (2), Mr. Walker (1). Eleven concerts had been given during the year. There were reading, writing, arithmetical, architectural, and general drawing classes, a class for females, and a sewing and knitting class, gratuitously managed by Mrs. Winstanley. £40 had been raised, and £22 more given on loan, to purchase instruments for a band. The band, however, had not been steady, and the instruments had been called in. They hoped soon to have another formed. Mr. Winstanley concluded by stating the very remarkable fact, that the scholars who attended best were those who paid for their own education and that *four-fifths of those who got gratuitous tickets did not attend al all.*

CONTENTS.

Poets of the People. Thomas Cooper, Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides"—Letters from Paris. By **Goodwyn Barmby.** No. III. The Placards of Paris. No. IV. The Elections in France—Facts from the Fields. The Meldrum Family. By **William Howitt.** (Continued.)—Corporation Resistance to the Well-being of the Working Class—**Record**: Blood-Guiltiness of Kings, Dawn of the Millennium of Freedom—Excellent Use for Newspapers when read, etc. etc.

Printed for the proprietor by **William Lovett**, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. **Stamped**, 2½d

HOWITT'S JOURNAL.

CLASHINGS IN TOKEN OF FREEDOM.

STUDENTS AND STUDENT LIFE ABROAD.
See Page 265.

No. 69—Vol. III. April 22, 1848.

ORGANISATION OF LABOUR.

By Louis Blanc.

Abridged and Translated by Laciquoque.

[Many of our readers who have not seen the work at large will be glad to obtain a good general idea of the doctrines of Louis Blanc which are now testing in France.—For this reason we give the following. Eds.]

Organisation of Labour—These words four or five years ago expired in the void; now they sound out from one end of France to the other. Far from being accusable of materialist tendencies, this plan of organising labour for the suppression of misery, is based on the best understood spiritualism. Who is ignorant that misery holds the intelligence of man in darkness, by narrowing education into the most shameful limits. Misery causes a dependence of condition to him who is independent in character; hides a new torment under a virtue, and changes into bitterness man's most generous sentiments. If misery engenders suffering, it also engenders crime. If it ends in a hospital, it also leads to the galleys. It enslaves; it makes the greater part of our robbers, our assassins, our prostitutes.

We desire then that labour be organised, so as to bring about the suppression of misery, not only that the people be raised out of their material sufferings, but also, and above all, that every one may be restored to his self-esteem; that an excess of wretchedness may no more stifle noble aspirations of thought and a legitimate feeling of pride, that there may be room for all in the domain of education and at the springs of intellect; that there be no more men enslaved, absorbed by a wheel that turns, no more children transformed for their families into a supplement of wages, no more mothers armed by the impossibility of living against the fruit of her own womb; no more girls reduced for bread to sell the sweet name of love. We would that labour be organised, that the soul of the people, the *soul*, remark it, may no more be crushed and debased by the tyranny of *things*.

That Christianity has laid its anathema upon the flesh, is true. And who does not know how much evil the *abuse* of the Christian idea has produced? For in truth the corporeal life cannot be too completely sacrificed to that of the soul, without attacking our very nature. But what a strange and sad inconsistency is here! It is the privileged classes who, in our days, are lost in sensualism. They have invented, in luxury, unheard of refinements; they have scarcely any other religion than pleasure; they have stretched the domain of the senses to the most extreme limits imaginable; for them, to *employ* life is no object, to enjoy it is everything. And yet it is from these fortunate classes, it is from the depths of these gilt boudoirs where this their pleasant philosophy is cradled, that we are adjured not to appeal to material interests, when we demand, for the poor, assurance of employment, daily bread, a home, raiment, the power to love and hope.

What are you afraid of? That we sow about false notions on the condition of the labourer, and on the means of elevating him. If these notions are false, the free breeze of discussion will sweep them off, as chaff from the grain. What then do you dread yet? Take care, you are told, of the war of those who have nought against those who have. Ah! if this impious war were really to be dreaded, what should be thought of the social order which breeds it in its bosom! Miserable sophists, do you not see that the system whose defence you would babble forth, were condemned irrevocably, if it even deserved these fears?

But if it is necessary to think about a social reform, it is no less so to strive for a political one. For if the first is the *end*, the other is the *means*. Besides, the emancipation of the labourer is too complicated a work; is connected with too many questions, deranges too many habits, goes against in appearance, not in reality, too many interests, for it not to be foolish to think of effecting it by partial, isolated efforts. It requires the whole force of the state. What the *proletaires* want to emancipate themselves, is instruments of labour; the business of government is to furnish them. If we had to define the state, after our idea, we should say, the banker of the poor.

But we make the state interfere, at least initiatorily, in the economical reform of society? We avow our end to be the destruction of competition, the withdrawing of industry from the system of *laissez-faire* and *laissez-passer?* Assuredly; and far from denying it, we proclaim it aloud. Why—because we will have liberty; that liberty which will be sought in vain, wherever equality and fraternity, these immortal sisters do not reign.

And is he at liberty to form himself to intellectual life, the child of the poor, who turned off by hunger from the road to school, has to sell his soul and body to the next mill, in order to add some mites to the parental wages! Is he at liberty to discuss the question of labour, the labourer who dies, if the discussion is prolonged! Is he at liberty to shelter his existence against the chances of a homicidal lottery, the labourer who, in the confused melée of so many individual efforts, is reduced to dependance, not upon his own foresight and sagacity, but upon all the disorders which competition naturally breeds; upon a distant failure, an order stopped, a new machine, a mill closed, a panic, a strike! Is he free to choose a better couch than the pavement, the day-labourer who without work, has no lodging! Is *she* at liberty to preserve herself chaste and pure, the daughter of the poor who, wanting work, has no choice between prostitution and famine!

I ask, who is really interested in the maintenance of the present social system? None, none. For every pauper who trembles with hunger, there is a rich man who trembles with fear. O ye rich, you are deceived by them who excite you against those who consecrate themselves to the calm and peaceful solution of social problems. This holy cause of the poor is your cause also. A union of interest enchains you to their misery through fear, and binds you to their future deliverance. A nation in which one class is oppressed resembles a man who is wounded in one member; the weak member interdicts all exercise even to the members unaffected. Thus, however paradoxical the statement may appear, oppressors and oppressed both gain by the destruction of oppression; they both lose by its maintenance. Will you have a striking proof thereof? The *bourgeoisie* (employer class) has based its domination upon unlimited competition, a tyrannic principle. Well, it is just through this unlimited competition that we see the employing class sink at this day. I have ten thousand, say you, my rival has only five; in the lists of industry, with the lance of cheapness, I will bring him down, for sure. Base and senseless man! Do you not know that to-morrow some pitiless fellow with millions will crush you with your own arms?

Prove then, that competition is a system of extermination for the employed—and for the employers—a constant cause of impoverishment and ruin. Thus it will result clearly that all interests are correspondent, and that a social reform is a means of safety for all the members of society.

COMPETITION A SYSTEM OF EXTERMINATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

Is the poor a member or an enemy of society? He finds all round him the ground occupied. Can he sow the earth on his own account? No, for the right of the first occupant has become right of property. Can he gather the fruits that God has ripened on his passage? No, for they, like the soil, are *appropriated*. Can he hunt or fish? No, for that is a right given by Government. Can he, dying with hunger and thirst, stretch his hand out for the pity of his fellows? No, for there are laws against mendicancy. May he, worn out with fatigue and homeless, sleep on the stones of the street? No, for there are laws against vagabondage. What then can the poor wretch do? He will say; I have arms, intelligence, force, youth; take it all, and give me in return a bit of bread. That is what the *proletaires do* at this day. But here even you reply to the poor; I have no work to give you. What shall he do then?

This then is the question; is competition capable of *assuring* work to the poor? But to put the question thus, is to answer it. What is competition as regards workmen? It is labour put to auction. An employer needs a hand—Three offer. How much do you ask? Three shillings; I have a wife and family. And you? Half a-crown; I have a wife. Good, and you? Two shillings will do me. I am single. So much the better; you come along. And so the bargain is closed. But what becomes of the two unemployed? They will let themselves die of hunger, it's to be hoped. But, suppose they take to stealing? Never mind, we have police! Or to murdering? Well, we have the hangman—As to the more fortunate of the three, his triumph is but temporary. Another man comes, robust enough to fast every second day, for awhile, and so down goes the wage to zero, and a new paria, a new recruit for the hulks perhaps, is set adrift upon society.

Thus, if there is in this question, an argument of charity, as concerning the poor, there is also an argument of security, as concerning the rich. A perpetual tyranny for the one, competition the mother of poverty, is for the ether a perpetual menace. And then imagine, O philanthropist, what a beautiful penitentiary system!

But the savings'-bank—the workman is advised to save up for the future. And why? In order to arrive at the possession of a little capital, a prey reserved for the vulture competition, after ten, twenty years of privations and sufferings, when the heart chilled by such an age, beats no more for pure happiness, when the man has past the age of sun and flowers. In itself a little saving is an excellent thing. It would be puerile and foolish affectation to deny it. But, remark well, combined with individualism, it engenders selfishness, competes with alms, taints imperceptibly in the best natures the fountains of charity, substitutes a greedy satisfaction for the holy poesy of benevolence. Combined with association, on the contrary, it acquires a respectable character, a sacred importance. To save up for oneself alone, is to act distrustfully towards one's fellow men and towards the future; but to save for others at the same time as for myself is to practice an elevated prudence, it is to add to wisdom the might of devotion.

From individualism (separateism) proceeds competition; from competition, the changeability, the insufficiency of salary. Then follows dissolution of the family tie. Marriage is an increase of expense. Why should poverty unite poverty? Here then the family gives place to concubinage. Children are born; how support them? Hence so many unfortunate little creatures found dead in corners. Hence it has been direly enough needful that the State say to the indigent mother—Give me your children, I must open hospitals. But that is too little. It is necessary to go farther, and banish those obstacles which render the remedial system of no avail. The proportion of foundlings to the population has almost tripled within forty years; and to crown the evil, the hospitals progress daily in sanitary improvement! Hygienic improvement becomes a calamity! Heavens, what a social state! But you find additional taxes growing. Ah! that shoe pinches. But we will not have it that the number of infanticides should increase. The weight of your budgets frightens you. But since the daughters of the people cannot find a livelihood, it is just that what you gain on one side, you should lose part of on the other. Then the family tie is broken thus? Doubtless. See then that labour be organised. For competition produces misery; this is proved by statistics. Misery is horribly prolific; this too is proved by statistics. The fecundity of the poor throws upon society wretches who need work, and cannot find it; this too is proved by statistics. Here then, society has only to choose between extirpating the poor, or nourishing them *gratuitously*; atrocity, or folly.

COMPETITION A COURSE OF RUIN FOR EMPLOYERS.

I might stop here. A society, such as I have just described, is in gestation of civil war. It is quite in vain that the *bourgeoisie* felicitates itself upon not bearing anarchy in its bosom, if anarchy is under its feet. But does not the middle class domination itself, even leaving aside what ought to serve as its base, contain in itself all the elements of a speedy and inevitable dissolution.

Cheapness, here is the great word, which contains, according to economists of the school of Smith, and say, all the benefits of unlimited competition. But why obstinately regard the results of *cheapness*, relatively only to the momentary profit obtained by the consumer? *Cheapness* only benefits those who consume, in sowing amongst those who produce, the germs of the most ruinous anarchy. *Cheapness* is the club with which rich producers crush the poorer of their own class. *Cheapness* is the trap into which bold speculators make laborious men fall. *Cheapness* is the sentence of death upon the manufacturer who has not means to procure at once a costly machine which his richer rivals set to work. *Cheapness* is the right hand agent of monopoly; in a word, the annihilation of the employer class itself in favour of a few industrial aristocrats.

"Is it that cheapness ought to be condemned, in itself? No one would sustain such an absurdity. But it is the property of bad principles to change good into evil, and corrupt everything. This competition, which tends to dry up the sources of consumption, pushes production to a devouring activity. The confusion produced by universal antagonism, hides from the individual producer an acquaintance with the market. He must count upon chance for the sale of his products, which he brings out in darkness. Why should he moderate his course, especially when he can throw back his losses upon the salary, so elastic, of his workers? Even those who produce at a loss, continue to go on, because they will not keep useless their machines, their tools, then raw stock, then mills, then remainder of customers; and because industry, under the empire of competition, being only a game of chance, the player will not give up the possible profit of some fortunate turn of the dice.

"Thus, and this result cannot be too strongly insisted upon, competition forces production to increase, and consumption to decrease; thus, it goes precisely against the aim of economy; thus, it is at once oppression and insanity—Manufacturers crushing trades; great shops absorbing the little; the artizan working for himself displaced by the tender of the machine; failures multiplying; industry transformed into a game where the gain is assured to no one, not even to the knave; in fine this vast disorder, so fit to raise in every soul jealousy, distrust, hatred, extinguishing by degrees, all generous aspirations, and drying up all the fountains of faith, of devotion, of poetry—this is the picture, hideous and too correct, of the results of the application of competition.

“And since it is to the English we owe this deplorable system, let us see a little what it has done for the glory and prosperity of England.

COMPETITION CONDEMNED BY THE EXAMPLE OF ENGLAND.

“Let us form sailors, let us construct ships which shall deliver to us the commerce of the world—let us go seek, at the extremities of the earth, raw materials to manufacture—let us produce, always produce. and get by every means other nations to consume. Then all the people will consume our products, and we will work for all the world, and this will make the wealth of England and develope the genius of our people.

“Such is the idea of England. Gigantic plan, almost as absurd as it is selfish, which, during nearly two centuries, England has followed out with incredible perseverance! But to attain her end, what has she not attempted! To what deeds has she been driven by the rapacity of her hopes, and the delirium of her pretentions! Think of Essequibo, Surinam, Ceylon, Demerara, Tobago, Saint Lucia, Malta, Corfu; of her tyrannic abuses of force in India”—and (the author might have added since) of the massacres of Affghanistan and China. While over all these atrocities, which would make a black stain even on the dark records of Tamerlane, of the Vandal or the Dane, her merchants and philanthropists console themselves by the idea, that through the hole, smashed open by the cannon-ball, they can throw their calicos, and their Bibles—can build glory, civilization, Christianity, over the tombs of the massacred aborigines. “All this to envelope the world in an immense girdle of colonies, and to have raw materials for her mechanics, and consumers for her products.

“This political economy carried in itself a vice which ought to render it fatal to England. It laid it down as principle, that the end of everything was to find consumers; it should have been added, consumers who pay In constituting themselves, as a people the producers par excellence, could the English expect that their products would long find markets among *peoples exclusively* consumers? Such an expectation was evidently senseless—A day would be forced to arrive, when the peoples consuming would not be able to give materials in exchange; whence would result for England, repletion of markets, ruin of numerous manufactures, misery for masses of workmen, and general shock of credit.

“To know to what a point the unforesight of the folly of production can go, we only need to look at the industrial and commercial history of England.—What losses has she suffered by the single circumstance of her products accumulating in a proportion exceeding the objects to be given in exchange! How often she has produced according to pre-calculations, which events have cruelly punished for their extravagance! And while, abroad, she was exhausting her forces in efforts, scarcely credible, to render the universe tributary to her industry, what a spectacle has her interior history presented to the attentive observer! Mills added upon mills; the working population increasing out of all measure, under the thousand excitements of unlimited competition; the bread of charity substituted for that of labour; the workhouse filled instead of the house of work; poor-law raising swarms of poor; England, in fine, presenting to the indignant and astonished world, the spectacle of the extreme of misery, crouched under the wing of the extreme of opulence. Such are the results produced by this policy of seeking consumers everywhere and at any price.

COMPETITION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND, LEADS NECESSARILY TO A WAR TO THE DEATH.

“Now it remains to be known if manufacturing France would tread in the steps of England; if, in order to find for her industrial power ever renovated aliment, she would wish to succeed to England's odious domination of the ocean. For it is there that irresistibly tends, for a great people, the logic of competition. But England will not resign, without combat, the sceptre of the seas. Still as ever that race, unconquerable in cupidity, seeks and finds consumers. England has cottons and woollens requiring sale. Quick, and let the East be conquered that England may clothe the East. She must live, but she cannot, except by enslaving the world for her merchants.

“But that which is for England a question of life or death, is so also for France, if the principle of competition be maintained. This competition then, includes necessarily the conflagration of the world. No, let France draw sword for the liberty of the peoples, and all men of heart will applaud. But why should she draw it to revive in her own bosom the excesses of England? Ah! *to come to a poor law*, it is not worth while putting the world to pillage!

HOW, ACCORDING TO OUR IDEA, LABOUR COULD BE ORGANISED.

“The present social order is bad—how change it? Let us say what remedy we imagine might be possible; warning the reader, however, that we only regard as transitory, the social order, whose bases we are about to indicate.

“Government would be considered the supreme regulator of production, and to this end, invested with great force.

“Its task would consist in employing the very weapon of competition to abolish competition.

Government would raise a loan, for the creation of *social workshops*, in the most important branches of natural industry.

“This creation, requiring considerable funds, the original number of workshops would be rigorously restricted; but in virtue of the plan of their organization, as will be seen, could be endowed with an immense force of expansion.

“Government, being considered the sole founder of these *social workshops*, would draw up the regulations which deliberated and voted by the national representatives, would have form and force of law.

“There would be called to work in the *social workshops*, until concurrence of the primitive capital, all workmen offering guarantees of morality.

“Although the false and anti-social education given to the present generation, renders it difficult to find otherwise than in increase of profit, a motive of emulation and encouragement, the salaries would be equal, an entirely new education being instituted, in order to change manners and ideas.

“For the first year the government would regulate the hierarchy of functions. Afterwards, the workmen, having had the time to appreciate each other, and all being equally interested in the success of the association, the hierarchy would be elective.

“Every year the account of net profits would be made, and would be divided into three parts; one for the support of old, sick, and infirm; one for the alleviation of crises fallen upon other branches of industry, as all branches owe each other aid and support; another in fine, to furnish instruments to those, who desire to join the association, so that it might extend indefinitely.

“Into each association formed for the industries which can be exercised on a large scale, those might be admitted who belong to professions which are forced by their nature to scatter in different localities. So that each social workshop might be composed of different professions, grouped round one great industry, different parts of one whole, obeying the same laws, and sharing the same advantages.

"Capitalists would be called into the association, and receive the interest of their capital; but they would not participate in the profits, unless as workers also."

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

The Meldrum Family.

(Continued from page 253.)

BATES'S STORY.

"My name," said the man, "is not Bates; but James Jackson. In fact, I have been baptized by necessity, with half a dozen names. I can boast as many titles as any rascally lord. James Jackson, alias Rambling Roby, alias Billy Bullivant, alias Grim Joe, alias Sampson Sly, alias Drummer Osborne, alias Joe Bates. If I were to tell you all the occasions on which I have been christened afresh, it would last us a week. Enough; in different parts of the country it would not be safe for a man to have some one of these names.

"Well. I was born at Bulwell, in Nottinghamshire. Were you ever there?"

Never," replied Meldrum—"never was on that side London.'

"Well. My father was a stockinger—almost every body are stockingers there. Do you know what that is?"

Meldrum confessed his ignorance.

"Well. A stockinger is a man or woman who makes stockings on a machine which they call a frame. He weaves them like a flat piece of cloth, and they are seamed up by the women or children. This trade, you would think, must be a good one. Everybody wears stockings. You never see anybody without stockings, except Irish or Scotch, and they only the women. Men wear stockings everywhere, women don't. I've often wondered why—for women and children's feet, one would think, are tenderer than mens' feet. But never mind that, everybody, except these Irish and Scotch women and children, wear stockings. The population is everywhere increasing, and stockings are only made in a few districts, and yet—the stocking trade is one of the worst in the world.—What's the reason? It's machinery. I've heard it often said, and I've often read it in the newspapers, that machinery is the blessing of this country. That without our machinery, we never could have stood out the last great war against all the world. Well it may be a blessing to the country—God knows—for I don't. But I know that its a curse to the people. Wherever there's machinery, the people are as poor as crows, and as to the war why, to my thinking, it had been better if they could not have stood it out. That was a curse to the poor, and remains a curse to the poor, for it grinds them to death with the debt it has left. But they tell you again, that the debt is a blessing. Well, it may be a blessing to those that get anything by it, but it is a confounded curse to the poor. 'How to the poor?' say they. Why, let them be poor, and they'd soon know. The manufacturer sells his goods to the merchant, and the merchant sends them abroad. But abroad they live cheaper, and they begin and manufacture for themselves, and the merchant abroad tells our merchant,—that he can buy twenty and thirty per cent. cheaper of his own countrymen, and, of course, our merchant must come down, or he can't sell. So he comes home and tells the manufacturer this, and he says, you must afford your goods twenty or thirty per cent cheaper. And the manufacturer says 'how?' The raw material is *so* much, and the labour *so* much. We can't get the raw material cheaper—and if we reduce the labourer, he can't live.'—'That,' says the merchant 'is not my business, but yours; twenty per cent. lower, or I can not buy.' So the manufacturers lay their heads together, and say,—'The raw material we can't get cheaper, because our government takes no pains to encourage the growth of it in our colonies, and other countries are manufacturing, and if we don't give the price, they will. Well; there's nothing for it, but reducing the price of the labour.'

"Well, they reduce the price of the labour. They can't squeeze the foreign merchant, because he can get the goods elsewhere, but they can squeeze the workman, because he can't get work elsewhere. And so he works at a starvation price—and why? Because the debt lies on everything, and has to be paid out of the taxes, and so makes everything dear; makes the poor man's bread and candle that he works by, and the house-rent, and everything dear. His labour, therefore, must be dearer too if he is to live, but the manufacturer could not live if it were, because he is fast with the merchant and the merchant with the foreigner. *That* end is fast, and so *this* end must give way. According to the old saying, 'the weakest must go to the wall,'' and so the poor workman goes to the wall. He is compelled to work, and to make more work than ever, so that the manufacturer may live, and the interest of the debt be paid.

So the debt grinds the poor man. He does not live he only dies daily. He dies by inches. More work than ever is made, or the manufacturer and the merchant could not get a living out of the fraction of profit now left them. And this, people call the blessing of machinery and of the debt. Now I say, if it be a blessing, it is all on one side—it is a devilish curse to the poor.

"But they say—where one man used to live by manufacturing, thousands do now, by means of machinery—and so it is a blessing. Well, if they *did* live, it *would be* a blessing, but the devil take me if they do live! The working manufacturers are neither half fed, nor half clothed. They are dragged to pieces for rent, taxes, and rates, and live in a misery that is enough to drive them mad; and yet they that ride in their carriages, and get up to eat, and go to bed with full stomachs, talk of the blessings of machinery and the debt. God Almighty give them these blessings all to themselves!

"Well,—I was born on Bulwell Common; the son of a stockinger and doomed to be a stockinger myself. I've heard people read out of books that when one trade is too full, people naturally go into another—and they call that Political Economy and Philosophy. But they that write such rascally nonsense, ought to be hanged for it. When the Irish labourers get too many on the ground, why don't they turn to something else? When a stockinger has children, and knows that his trade wont maintain them, why does not he put them to another? Why just because they can't. The Irishman can't manufacture land, and the waste land that God has already manufactured, the aristocracy wont either use themselves, or let him use; and as to trade, there is none in his country, and so they live as long as they can, and then die off like rotten sheep. And the stockinger does just the same. He and his children are made prisoners to their own trade by their poverty. They'd be glad enough to get into another trade, but how? All other trades are full, and it wants money for a man to put his son apprentice, and that is just what the stockinger has not got. The moment his children can seam a hose, they must seam, and earn a penny, and the moment they can mount a frame, they must do it; and get all they can to help. And so the numbers every day increase, though they know well enough that by this increase, even the present starvation prices must decrease; and so it has come to pass, that the stockingers are eating one another, and when the horrible wretchedness is to end, God knows, for I dont!

"Well,—I was a stockinger's son. I had better have been the devil's ten times, for he's a cunning piece of goods, and would have found me a good trade—made a lawyer, or a lord, or something of me, but as it was, I remember running about a stockinger's son, without shoes or stockings. I could have been very happy on Bulwell Common in the sunshine, in hunting birds' nests, and picking violets from under the hedges, or catching bull-heads in the brook, and these days are the only ones that I can remember that had any pleasure. But I was always so nation hungry. I was forced to sit at the house-end and seam till my fingers were sore, and wind cotton, while I saw the colt gallopping on the common, and the lark singing in the sky—and I wished I had been only a colt or a lark, and not have to seam and to wind, and to starve for ever. Water gruel, and nettle porridge, and a piece of bread now and then, were my diet. I heard my father and the rest talk of Luddites, who broke the frames, and broke into bakers' shops, and I wished they might come that way, for if the frames were broken, I saw clearly enough there could be neither seaming nor winding; and as for the bakers' shops, when I passed them, and smelt the hot new bread—Good Lord alive! I would not have given a pin to go to heaven if I was not sure that there were bakers there!

"But the Luddites never came, and I grew up into a great lad, and was set to work in the frame; and was starved six days every week on water-gruel and a few potatoes—and on Sundays lay in the sunshine in the fields and ate raw turnips.

"My father died soon,—starved, and worked out—my mother and the younger children went to the workhouse. I stayed in that house and married."

"Married;" ejaculated Meldrum.

"Ay, married!" rejoined Bates. "Can't you tell why?"

"No. How should I? You could not maintain yourself."

"Nor ever hoped to do," said Bates. "Was sure I never could do, if I worked my fingers to the bones. It was precisely for that reason that I got married. 'Population,' say the political economists,—how often have I heard that read at our public house—'increases with the means of subsistence.'—It's a lie! It increases with the want of it. Ireland is one proof of it—the manufacturing districts are another. Men must marry because they can't maintain themselves—and then they get a claim on the parish. At least it was so then. I knew that when I had a wife and two children, I could go to the parish and demand relief: and so I married.

"Now what do you think we lived on, I and my wife? I got about seven shillings a week—out of which I paid two shillings for frame-rent. Then there was suet to stiffen the cotton, and candles, another shilling. Four shillings were left, and my wife got about a shilling a week by seaming. Five shillings a week. And of this two went for rent. The landlord came every Monday morning for it—Three shillings were left for two people—eighteen-pence a piece per week! Why, Meldrum, your labourer's wages were princely to that.

"But these were good times to what came after. I worked to a bag-hosier, but you dont know what a bag-hosier is. He is a man who, to avoid starvation himself, by hook or by crook, gets a frame or two at first. He hires them of the hosier in the town, and re-lets them at a profit, to his neighbours. So he gets along till he has perhaps all the frames in the village his own, or in his hire, let and re-let. The stockingers take in their work to him, and he pays them, and carries these stockings to the town, and sells them to the great hosiers there. He is the English middle-man, and is called the bag-hosier, because he is often seen in the earlier part of his career, carrying his goods in a bag on his back to the town. But he soon gets beyond this, and sends them by the carrier. Then, perhaps he gets his horse and gig, and at last goes to the town, and becomes a great hosier and a great man himself. That is the history of scores who now are great and wealthy men, magistrates and mayors, and some of them parliament men.

"Well—I don't blame them for getting on—every man should try to get on—but I blame them for the means by which they often get on. They get on by tyranny and extortion. Once that they get the stockinger under their thumb, and all is over with him. He rents his frame of the bag-hosier, and takes in his work to him. He gets a few shillings into his debt, and is at his mercy. Then begin the screw and the press to work and squeeze and crush him. Then begin the systematic bullying and baiting and *docking*. Ah! curse that word *docking*! The horse is docked of his tail once in his life, but the stockinger is docked of his very vitals every week of his existence.

"He goes in with his work. He has been in his frame sixteen hours a day all the week. It is Saturday night, and till he gets his wages, his family is without fire, candle, or a mouthful of bread. He has been induced to work to the bag-hosier because he is on the spot, and the poor stockinger, to whom time is inestimably precious, cannot afford to spend half a day or a day in going himself to the town. He enters the bag-hosier's house and sits or stands. There are a score of others. There he waits while one by one are called into the warehouse, that is, the parlour. In goes every one in turn with a pale care-worn look, and a sad and anxious expression—the door is closed, and stern hard-sounding words are heard on the part of the hosier, and anon out comes the poor man, with a flushed look, and goes off with a shake of the head and a—'God help us!' Your own turn comes. You go in: the door is closed—your stockings are taken. 'How many are there?'—'So many.' They are counted—the hand is put down them. They are stretched, held up to the light, weighed—and then begins the operation of the commercial rack and thumb-screw.

"A thousand faults are found with the work. There are as many ravellings ith' welts and toes as would stuff a bolster. There is a regular line of tuck-stitches hafe (half) way down th' hose. You have doubled the weight o' th' cotton by suet or oil, that is, by greasing it to make up for waste, and have thus embezzled half the cotton itself. You have put too few narrowings in, and narrowed by too many needles at a time. You've missed th' presser and have drawn th' course out. You've made cuts and let stitches down, and never stopped to mend 'em. You've made th' work too slack by ten or a dozen nicks of a side. The seamer has missed th' *loop* and gone into th' *wale*. You've brought 'em in as damp as dish-clouts.

"During all these imputed defects, the bag-man makes your hose almost as slack as he describes them by stretching them unmercifully, as he shines them between himself and the candle. For every one of these defects there is a docking of the price! You are told that there is no pleasing the hosiers at the warehouse now trade is bad; foreign goods are so cheap in the market; there are so many hands out of work, that nothing but the very best of work will go down; and what is more, they can only give out so much this week, the stock on hand is so great.

"By the time this purgatory is gone through, the poor man has wasted half away in a perspiration of agony, and his wages have wasted away as fast. There is no help for it. If he complain—the answer is. "Well, mend yourself: get work somewhere else—and pay what you owe me. Will you do that? Shall I stop that fifteen shillings? Eh! What do you say?"

"What can the poor devil say? He is only part of the machinery of a system that must follow the revolutions of the other wheels about him, or be smashed to atoms. He must do as all are doing—slave on—starve on—and die at last in the workhouse—or turn beggar, poacher, or thief. That is a nice picture of what war, and aristocratic government, and the blessings of machinery, have brought us to. If any one doubt it, let him go and see.

"For my part, I endured it in the hope of two children and a claim on the parish. The two children came—and just as I was about to make my claim—the law was altered, and the New Poor Law and the union stared me in the face. Here was a go! But there was no help for it. I was now grown desperate. I resolved to go into the union. Anything seemed better than the starvation and misery that I endured. I applied and was refused relief—because I was in employ. I threw myself out of employ—no matter. I could have work. The bag-hosier offered it. I took his work, and determined to cut myself clear of this work that would not maintain me. I did it so ill that the hosier refused me any more. Now the parish was compelled to take me into the house, but this was not done till I had been sent to and fro from the overseer to the guardians, and from the guardians to the overseer, till my patience was worn out, and my family were nearly dead with hunger. At last we got in.

"It was at the time when the law was bran new, and the Whigs and their commissioners were fiery hot to carry it out to the letter. My wife went one way, the children went another, and I a third. I was turned amongst a lot of other stockingers, and we were set to work in frames ready prepared, and kept at it for twelve hours, and then let out only into a small court surrounded by a high wall to walk. It is true that our food was far better than what we could get out of doors, but to be treated like so many cattle in a stall, fed and worked, kept shut up, and not allowed to see one's own flesh and blood—that was more than could be endured long. But besides this, to be called "great hulking, idle fellows," and insulted every time we ate with being told that we liked to eat that which we did not earn; and to be dressed all in one pauper costume, and every few days to be stared at by the guardians, and called to account for not working hard enough, and not doing the work well enough, and for not being contented to be separated from our families, and threatened with beating hemp and the house of correction for every word that we spoke in our own defence—Good Lord! it was enough to drive a man mad. They told us they resolved and were bound by the law to make it bitter to us, and sure enough they did. I soon asked leave to go out and seek work, determined to live on raw cabbage and lodge in a hovel, rather than to be cooped up and hectored over there. It was granted me. I sought work in Nottingham, and got a promise in a day or two, and till then got a job of breaking stones on the road. I then went back to tell my wife that I should come and fetch her out in a few days, but I was told by the master of the union, that I must either take them away at once, or come in myself. The one was not yet in my power, and the other I would not do. I returned to Nottingham, and the next day was seized by constables and carried before the magistrates on the charge of having left my wife chargeable to the parish, and gone off with the clothes of the parish on my back. It was declared a felony in me to have gone off with the parish property, that is, the clothes. Was the parish a felon too, for it had got my clothes? I asked the magistrate this, and he termed me insolent, and condemned me to three months hard labour in the house of correction at Southwell.

"Man alive! my blood was but poor and thin, but it boiled at this injustice. I would work and be independent of the parish, and it would not let me. It took my clothes to badge and ticket me as a pauper, and then branded me as a felon, for having these pauper garments on my back when I sought work.

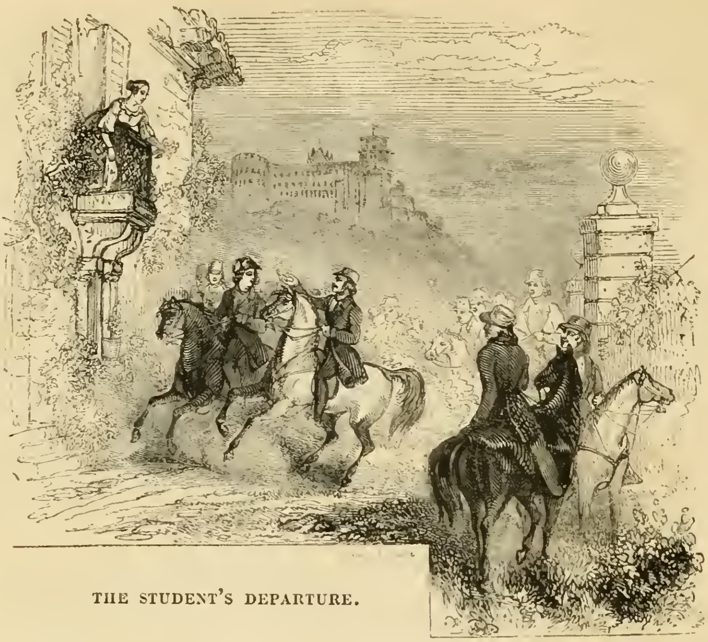
"I went to Southwell, and to the treadmill. My heart swelled within me, at every turn of the wheel, and I vowed vengeance against the master of the union—the parish—the magistrates—everybody! I came out, but not before I had found others there ready to join me. There was a great poacher of Hucknal—a stockinger too. We retired to Bulwell, and took each a house, and set up our frames as an excuse, but our resolve was to plunder the game in the woods of Papplewick, Annesley, and Newstead.

"For awhile things went on gloriously. We found a ready market for our game in Nottingham, Mansfield, Derby, and Newark; but one night we were encountered by a band of keepers and watchers, and we fought with the fury of men who regarded each other with a hatred worse than that of enemies of different countries. They called us velveteen villains—the scum of the earth—thieves, and robbers; we looked on them as the [illegible] slaves of proud monopolizing oppressors. The [illegible] of Hucknal was knocked down by a pocket [illegible] he had shot one of the keepers, and felled [illegible] the butt-end of his gun. We fled, and th[illegible] maining any longer in the neighbourhood. [illegible] and reached first Leicestershire, and then Nort[illegible] changing my name at each place. Here I soon fou[illegible] fresh companions of the same kind, and we came to the same conclusion of blows and murder. I was seized and imprisoned. I was condemned to transportation, but the night before we were removed from the jail, I made my escape, and got down to the New Forest. Here awhile I herded with a gang of gipsies and deer stealers. I heard that my wife had been put again into the union, and had got her death by sleeping in a room of a new erection not dry. The children were sent into Derbyshire to work in a mill.

"From that day I cursed the laws of the country, and those who administered them, as if their fellow men were vermin to be crushed and destroyed. I am an Ishmaelite—my hand is against every man of that class, as every one of their hands is against me. They shall see that those they trample on can yet turn like the trodden serpent and sting."

By the time that Bates, for so we must call him, had ended his harangue, he had worked himself up into a perfect fit of livid fury. His face was pale and almost black with passion, his lips quivered, his eyes stared at the farther end of the ceiling, and his huge knotty stick, which he had snatched up from his bedside, he held aloft and grasped with a fury that seemed to make every bone and muscle in his hand ready to burst from the skin. His long wild hair, his sandy whiskers, and unshorn chin, gave him a savage air, and Meldrum, who sympathized deeply in his story, looked on him as a man not only justified in his sentiments, but as ready to face any danger, or death itself, in his revenge.

(To be continued.)



THE STUDENT'S DEPARTURE.

N STUDENT-LIFE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON POPULAR MOVEMENT.

By William Howitt.

At a time when the continental students have once more shewn themselves so conspicuously in the van of the recent great revolutionary movements, it can not but be interesting to the general reader to be made acquainted with the causes of the constant appearance of this class of youths on all such occasions. These causes prevail more or less all over the continent, and produce a spirit amongst the students there as opposite to that of our English universities as possible. Our students springing, for the most part, from the aristocratic class, and seeking only aristocratic favour and advantages, are distinguished for nothing so much as their opposition to all popular reform and advance. They are the unflinching, unhesitating, and we might almost say unreflecting champions of Church and State. They are ready to assault the Anti-Corn-Law lecturer, break the benches of his audience, and chase him from the city; to petition against any admission of Catholics or Jews to the merest civil rights, or to clamour against the smallest reform in the profitable trade of the established church. For the rest, boat racings and guzzlings, running into debt, and threatening the creditors, if they press for payment, to ruin them—are the chief features of our English student-life.

On the contrary, on the continent, whether the students are of aristocratic or plebeian origin, the spirit of popular liberty has, from times almost immemorial, or at least from the very first establishment of such schools, been the grand characteristic of the foreign high schools.

In order to encourage learning in times semi-barbarous, the Princes who founded universities, granted them certain privileges—a certain constitution of their own. They were allowed their own courts of justice, and the laws which regulated and defended their privileges were ultimately formed into a code. On this code grew the spirit of what is called Academical Freedom. For this every academician, whether teacher or scholar, naturally became a zealous advocate. In time, owing to aggressions and contests with encroaching rulers, this freedom came to possess also a political character, and the universities, especially among the youthful members, became the seats and nurseries of national liberty. The young men came to regard with pride this sacred deposit of the maintenance of the spirit of freedom, and celebrated it in their songs, and paraded it in their customs. It was a spirit peculiarly fascinating to the spirit of youth. At the time of life when every noble and generous emotion is, if ever, predominant, when the inspiring sentiments of the patriots, poets, and historians of the greatest nations of antiquity—Greece and Rome—republican Greece and Rome, were the peculiar study of these young men, it was natural that such sentiments sanctioned and invigorated by the very charters and customs of the schools, should acquire extraordinary power. In fact this Academical Freedom on the continent has grown into a singular pre-eminence and has produced the most important national effects.

The student life of Germany has often been referred to in this country for its singular features. Those features, however, which have been most noticed are the customs of drinking and duel fighting. These have been given an undue prominence, and the German students have been represented as a wild, lawless, drunken, fighting and hectoring class, something more than half-savage. If this were their real character it would be one of the most remarkable circumstances in the world that out of these wild and lawless youths are made the most sober officers, the most domestic clergy, the most refined poets, and the most profound philosophers in the world. Having lived ourselves for some years in the midst of these students, admitted them freely to our house, and studied their characters and customs, we were at some pains to make our countrymen cognizant of the true facts.*

What these facts are we will now endeavour to shew in as small a space as possible, and being once in possession of them our countrymen will not be so likely as they have been to be imposed upon by the ignorant mistakes of mere passing travellers. One of the commonest mistakes is that of confounding the university students with the journeyman artizans. Into this mistake Mr. Laing fell when he assured his readers that he saw students begging on the German highways. The same mistake Sergeant Talfourd fell into when passing up the Rhine to Switzerland, and unable to speak either French or German, he still thought fit to write a book, and assured us that he did not find the students quite such gentlemanly fellows as Howitt had represented them. It was, to say the least, rather wonderful that Mr. Talfourd, who only sailed up the Rhine in a steamboat utterly ignorant of the language of the country, should be able immediately to correct one who had resided three years in it, and made its life and habits a study. I however was all the time talking of *students* in my work, and poor Talfourd was talking of the travelling artizans and imagined them students! When either he or Mr. Laing meets with a German student begging on the highway, he may be quite sure of being able to meet with Oxford and Cambridge students doing the same in England.

Not less are the mistakes as to the great objects and spirit of continental student-life. This life is regarded as a season not only of study but of enjoyment. To it every youth looks forward as to that period in his existence in which, whatever be the despotism of the country at large, he shall by charter and precedent enjoy the fullest freedom, combined with all the social pleasures of youthful brotherhood. When song, music, social parties, new friendships, and perhaps loves, and the mutual excitement of the spirit of liberty and patriotism shall throw over life an enchantment the feeling and the memory of which shall continue to gild all his after-existence, whether it shall be passed in the distant solitude of some rural official post, or in the obscure village, amid the storms of misfortune or the shoals of poverty. Everywhere in the works of poets and philosophers do we find traces of the enthusiasm with which they regard their student years. "How shall I call thee" says Hauff, "thou high, thou rough, thou noble, thou barbaric, thou loveable, unharmonious, song-full, repelling, yet refreshing life of the Burschen years? How shall I describe you, ye golden hours, ye choral songs of brotherly love? What tone shall I give to you to make myself understood? I shall describe thee? Never! Thy ludicrous outside lies open: the layman can see that, one can describe that to him, but thy inner and lovely ore, the miner only knows who goes singing into the deep shaft * * * * Old grandfather, now I know what thou undertook when thou held thy annual solitary, intercallary days. Thou too hadst thy companions in the days of thy youth, and the water stood in thy grey eyelashes when thou mocked me in thy stambook as instructed."

The youth in Germany then look forward to the days of his University life, as to the very heart and flower of his juvenescence. It is a period not merely of dry study, it is a season in which he is to meet with the youth of all the surrounding district, and in which one common bond of customs, one common enjoyment of a peculiar social life, is to open up to him everything which earth can offer of friendship, of the community of sentiment, and aspiration, of music, song, frolic, whim, excursions into the loveliest scenery, and compacts for the advancement of the liberties of the great Fatherland.

The time arrives; he quits the paternal home with a beating heart, he enters the university town, often a small one, seated amid mountains and forests, and what does he first observe? Troops of those who are to be his fellow students—of those with whom he is to form the closest intercourse, with whom he is to fight, to carouse, to study, to pledge eternal friendship, and to pass through a score of ceremonies and processions in the cause of Freedom. They are a strange generation to look on. They affect a quaint and somewhat antique costume. None of your gowns with hanging sleeves, and tile caps, but surtouts of singular cut, often belted, spurs frequently on heel, on the head little caps of shapes and colours denoting the particular state to which they belong; many with cane or stick in hand, more with a long and ornamental pipe, and some with a large dog following their steps. There is no lack of beard and moustache, nor of a certain swaggering air which inspires foreigners, and especially ladies with a most erroneous idea that they are rude, wild fellows, who would push you off the causeway—while, in fact, they would find them in society perfectly well-bred gentlemen. Such a Bursche was Prince Albert at Bonn, such was his brother the reigning Duke who bears a sword-cut still on his cheek, the memorial of a student duel, and such are all the Princes of this country in their days of student life.

The student now matriculates by presenting himself on the appointed day, and at the appointed hour, before the board of matriculation with his certificates, from the gymnasium, of learning and morals. These [illegible] satisfactory, the board delivers to him the pr[illegible] demical regulations. He signs the revers[illegible] called, that is, a declaration that he will [illegible] in any prohibited unions, but conform to [illegible] laws, and giving what is termed the *hand-ge*[illegible] literally hand-oath, that is, giving the pro-rector of th[illegible] university his hand, he receives his matriculation certificate, which confers on him the enjoyment of all the rights of academical citizenship. These include the benefit of the university library and all its learned institutions, and he has only to take his choice of the courses of lectures that he will attend, and pay the fees.

This portion of his academic life, however, that of attending the lectures of the University, would be of itself a very prosaic and dull affair. There is another life to which he looks forward with the most anxious interest. If he choose to remain a solitary student he may; if he choose to take his chance of making such acquaintances as may fall in his way through ordinary circumstances he may; but there exists in every university a peculiar life which he will hasten to enter, and which flings wide to him the social advantages of all studentdom. This is the chore-life.

Every particular state has its chore or club. These chores wear the colours of the particular state or nation whose name they bear, though they no longer consist exclusively of subjects of that state, but admit members from any. The colours are displayed on the cap, and also on a broad band which is worn over the breast. The colours consist, like those of the nations, for the most part of three. As we shall see, the wearing of these colours, has been prohibited by the different governments owing to political causes; and most strictly of all, those of the old Germanic Empire, and afterwards of the Burschenschaft, a society formed for its restoration, which could not be worn on the person, or even printed in a book, without incurring the penalty of banishment.

---

* See the Student Life of Germany, by William Howitt, from the unpublished MS. of Dr. Cornelius, containing nearly forty of the most famous student songs, with the original music, etc. Longmans, 1841.

The principal of the regular Chores are—

The Rhenish, whose colours are	blue, red, and white.
The Hanseatic "	white, red, and white.
The Westphalian "	green, white, and black.
The Swabian "	black, yellow, and white
The Nassau "	blue, white, and orange
The Swiss "	green, red, and gold
The Sachsen, Borussen, or Prussian	white, green, black, and white.
The English, in Leipsic only.	

Besides this, each Chore has its sign or token; that is, certain letters curiously interwoven, with which it signs its documents, and which is known to all the other chores.

(To be continued.)

THE BEADLE COMES.

E CHRONICLE OF A RAGGED RASCAL.

By DWARD YOUL.

Part the First.

I.

A RAGGED rascal, lodging in the street,
Who seldom stumbles on a meal,—
That he should lie in wait to steal,
Since ragged rascals are obliged to eat,
And have as good an appetite
As those whom roast and boiled invite
To daily dishes, hospitably set,
Does not to me, at least at dinner time,
Seem half so great a crime,
As for a Duke of York to die in debt.

II.

The verse of Homer, or the faith of Pascal,
Or theories, which task all
One's poor abilities to comprehend,
May set the learned mind agog,
Or else involve it in a fog;
Or, politics
May popular attention fix
Till of the argument there seems no end:
But who cares dumps about a ragged rascal?

III.

One such there was, the wretch I single out
From many thousands wandering about
The streets of this great city,—to rehearse
His fate is the intention of this verse.
He knew no nurturing care of sire or mother.
At four years old,
He found himself, led by an elder brother,
Half-dead with cold;
And where his guide went, he was forced to go,
With shoeless feet,
Limping along,—and, everywhere, the snow
Choked up the street.
The bigger lad, who hobbled on one leg,
Shamming a lameness, said,—"Now we must beg;
Keep you behind,
And mind,
You have not tasted bread to-day;
For if the truth you dare to tell,
It won't be well
For you;—you know I always pay
The debt I owe,
Both when it is a kick, and when a blow."
In speech less gracious, than is here set down,
With eyebrows knit into a frown,
Grasping his pupil by the wrist,
And shaking in the little face, his fist,
With emphasis the teacher taught the lesson,
And felt that he had made a great impression.
(Here the muse enters on her first digression,
And trusts the reader will excuse,
Since she is a didactic muse,
And of propriety observes the rules,
A word or two in praise of 'ragged schools.'
For had there been a school on Saffron-hill,
In the New Cut,—or,—in short, where you will,—
A school, where ragged rascals, such as this,
Who learnt the lesson taught with emphasis
By his abominable elder brother,
Who hoped to make the infant such another
As he himself, by others, had been made,
And bring him up to vice as to a trade;—

I say,—that is, the muse says, had there been
Such an academy as may be seen,
To-day at Saffron-hill, and other places,
Where ragged rascals, with their unwashed faces,
At visitors and teachers make grimaces,
Another fate had this poor wretch awaited,
Another tale would have to be related.
Is it not possible, the muse would ask all
Readers, if to school he had been sent,
He might have proved a shining ornament,
A human bude-light, not a ragged rascal?
Therefore, the muse bestows her approbation
On 'ragged schools,' and trusts the time is nigh,
When even knowledge,
That keeps close at college,
And costs, to-day, so large a sum to buy,
May be accessible to all the nation.)

IV.

There was a red mark round his wrist,
And he knew the weight of his brother's fist,
So the wretched child fell back in his place,
At his leader's heels, and looked up in the face
Of every passer by,
To see if he could note the trace
Of some humanity;
For God bestows a mark of grace
On the Samaritans of the race,
And with his hand, and with His seal,
Attests '*The heart within can feel.*'
But no one felt,
Nor did any heart melt
For the ragged rascal with shoeless feet:
"An't you ashamed"—
T'was thus they blamed,
"You imp and you egg
Of a thief, to beg,
So young, as you are, in the public street?"
But they who thus censured, had bread to eat,
And had dined that day off a joint of meat.
I cannot relate
Each step of his fate;
The soft heart would bleed, if my pen could record it.
Of this we are sure,
That a rascal so poor
Will meet his desert, and the law will award it.

V.

Long years have passed;—no elder brother now
Drags through the snow
A helpless, unresisting child,
With aspect mild;
Whom you or I, to virtue might have reared,
Had we appeared
In time to rescue him, and been inclined,
Possess'd by Heaven with so good a mind.
Our rascal is the inmate of a gaol,
Where food at least, and shelter never fail;
And where instruction,—but it comes too late—
Defects of rearing strives to obviate.
"Come, tell me," says the chaplain, "tell me true,"
—Gently he spoke,—"How has it been with you?
Where are your parents?" "Parents?" "Where are they,
Who gave you birth?" "Why dead for many a day:
I never knew them." "And your home?" "The street."
"Your bed?" "A door-step, and my rest was sweet."
"You know your duty?" "No, nor wish to know."
"At least, you know the catechism?" "No!"
"How shall you live when you are free once more?"
"Why, live by stealing, as I lived before!"
"To steal is wicked!" "And to starve is hard!"
"But industry will bring its own reward."
The rascal laughed aloud, for who would give
Him work to do, if he must work to live?

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(*For Howitt's Journal.*)

No. V.

THE ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY.

DEAR FRIENDS,

We have promised in the course of these letters to shew that the movement in France of February, is not only critical, but constructive, not only political and republican, but also industrial and associative. We now proceed partially to fulfil this pledge, by shewing the present position of the doctrine of industrial organization in relation to the last French Revolution.

The revolution of '89 up to the period of the further revolution of '93 was purely political. '93, was the pivotal point on which the revolutionary machine turned towards social and industrial amelioration. At the conclusion of that great date, before the counter-revolutionary proceedings of Buonaparte, Babeuf arose, and said,—"What is your convention, what is your directory, what are all your mere changes of governmental reform, without the amelioration of the industrial and social condition of the masses?" He said this in a conspiracy which vanished in a sanguine cloud for the time, but through his disciple, the graceful and talented Buonarotti, a descendant of the great Italian painter, it yet lived, it re-appeared again, not as a conspiracy, but as a school of political economy and societary organization. Buaronotti did his work, and St. Simon arose. 1830 was the apogee of St. Simonism. The Revolution of 1830 was the echo of that of '89. St. Simonism continued in it the industrial protestation against mere political change, which had been previously made by Babouvism. It is true that the protestation was less fierce, but it was all the better for that. Its roots insinuated themselves, and grew even in sterile soil. To St. Simon is due the honour of first giving a science and a nomenclature to the new ideas. His catechism for the industrials, was the first published primer of societary science. His newspaper, the *Organizer*, first shewed, how chaotic was our commerce, how unorganized, anarchic, and parcelled our industry. St. Simon's was eminently a practical mind. If his own works had been studied instead of those of his disciples, the public would have had a better idea of St. Simonism. After his death, however, his disciples, by their bizarre proceedings brought a discredit upon the name they bore, which for a while, was injurious to the cause of industrial organization. Meanwhile while Fourier was writing down his views on associative industry, and ultimately collected around him some of the chiefs of the dispersed St. Simonians, who organized a new propagand, differing in its views but little from the St. Simonians, with the exception that the new associative school admitted interest on capital as one of the cardinal points of their social economy. Many of the theories of Fourier, on psychology and cosmogany, were however as bizarre, as the doctrines of the *Religion St. Simonierme*. These with some formed an insuperable objection. Pretty generally, however, the views of industrial organization, distinct from the categories of any particular school, have been imbibed by the literary and working classes, in France, as the present revolution shews. These have selected the good from every school of societary science—they have taken the wood, and left the varnish. These wanted however an exponent of their simple acceptation of industrial organization, and Louis Blanc is the man. In 1839, he published first his small work on the organization of industry. In 1840, when I was in Paris, seeking for such works, it was not heard of. It has since then, however, quietly made its way, as a work, simple, and easy to be understood by the working classes, not only in France but elsewhere. For instance, I first heard of it, two years ago in a letter I received from a member of the Grand Conseil of the Canton de Vaud, in Switzerland, who then informed me that Louis Blanc's views of industrial organization, were there generally accepted by the Radicals. In fact, however incomplete his views may be, no better man could have been found, for commencing the national introduction of a system of industrial organization in France, than Louis Blanc. His very incompleteness is in his favour. It makes him less objectionable to opponents, while the members of all the schools of societary organization, can rally round him, as around a friend, to whom they have some additional information to offer.

Such then, is the tradition of the idea of industrial re-organization in France—Babeuf, Buaronotti; St Simon, Enfantin; Fourier, Considerant; Louis Blanc. Louis Blanc is a combination of communist, St. Simonian and Phalansterian, but principally of the two former. To the first he is allied by his democratic ideas, to the second by his depth of sentiment. The Phalansterians as a school, have done much in the propagation of industrial views, as did the St. Simonians before them, but the Communists, including the Icarians, are by far the most numerous body. The Phalansterians however, although an excellent Normal school for the formation of a new public opinion, are as a political party, not supple enough on the one hand, nor expansive enough on the other. They cannot well adapt their school studies to the altered action of things. Their chief demand is a square league of land to try an experimental Phalanstery. This is too formal a proposal for the present disorganized crisis. It is too petty a plan for the actual state of industrial anarchy, which now convulses France, and threatens a new a of social dissolution, unless a new industrial order on a large, a national scale, is not immediately instituted. The people are prepared for this. The propaganda of the new industrial ideas, although under a variety of forms, has been most extensive and successful for the last ten years. The literary classes, the working classes, and the most intelligent of the middle class are fully prepared for a social as well as a political revolution. However they may differ as to details, they are fully agreed as to the general subject of a new industrial organization. They entirely recognise that a form of government is not everything. As far as the people are concerned, they are determined that France shall not only be a republic, but also the sphere of a new industrial order.

If the progressive portion of the people are thus prepared for industrial organization, the leading minds of the Provisional Government, are not less so. One or two of its members are indeed but Radicals of the old cut, with no constructive ideas, further than those which are required to alter the supreme governor of the state, from a king into a president, and to change things from monarchical into republican forms. These however, are the minority in numbers and in influence. Lamartine himself, although professing much ignorance, as to the details of its operation, is a friend of industrial organization. In his travels in the East, some while since, he gave in much of his adhesion to the St. Simonian views, and denominated his political system as Christianity practicalized. Later still in the Chamber of Deputies, he was the chief of that denominated, the Social Party. Carnot, also, the Minister of Public Instruction, is an old disciple of the school of St. Simon. Albert, again, now vice-president of Louis Blanc's Board for the organization of work, in the *Atelier* has been long since the advocate of national workshops, and other associative combinations. Lastly, Louis Blanc's views are well known. A sixth edition of his work on the organization of industry is just issued. Then it is not only the Provisional Government, among those who have been engaged in administrative functions, who hold these views. The most talented employées even under the regime of Louis Philippe were compromised more or less to them. Among these, Michel, Chevalier, and other men of celebrity were ex-Simonians. These men organized and managed even under the old regime all the great public works of France. Cæsar Daly, a Phalansterian, was the architect of the column of July. Pere Enfantin, since his return from Egypt, has been the director of a railway. Olinde Rodrigues, another St. Simonian chief is a banker, of influence on the Bourse, and now again active in the cause of industrial organization. Moreover there is now no fear, but that the Provisional Government will carry on heart and soul, this organization. About a fortnight since it was not so certain. A council meeting was then held of the members of the government, in which the great difficulties of organizing a new system of industrial operation were warmly pressed. Of this meeting I am told an anecdote from a source to be depended upon. Albert seldom speaks in the government council. However, when these objections were urged rather strongly, he at length found his tongue, "Gentlemen," said he, "I rarely speak here but prefer to listen. Unless, however, you carry on the organization of industry, I had better give in my resignation and go and again shoulder my fusil!" Now, however I am happy indeed to add, there is no disunity in the government, as to industrial organization. They are entirely united to give it the most efficient momentum possible, during their provisional, and therefore revolutionary administration. The Revolution, did not cease with the thirty hours of February, and the flight of Louis Philippe, but is thus even now defining itself through the acts of the Provisional Government. Louis Blanc's organization of workmen are already formed into industrial battalions, brigades and legions, and march to and from work with pacific military step, in orderly array, with bugle blowing and with flag flying through the streets of Paris. Already also in Paris are some national workshops for mechanics in operation. Moreover, the decree of government has gone forth, for the immediate enrolment of two large industrial armies, to march forth not with swords and muskets to commit murder, and to destroy, but with spades and pickaxes to attack the waste lands of the country, and to win pacific and productive victories. Lastly, by the time this reaches you, the government will have taken into their hands the management of all the banks, railways, and manufactories of France, the present owners to be reimbursed, and these establishments henceforward to be conducted as national works, under government directors. Thus, then, the government are at one among themselves, with the people, and with the great principles of the present revolution on industrial organization. It is fully evident that the movement, the victorious movement, is industrial, as well as political.

Beautifully shone the sun upon a placard calling us together to the Champ de Mars! Beautifully shone the sun when we found there assembled the young students of the schools and the men of the workshops! Company after company they flowed in with the Tricolor waving above them, amid the music and the singing of their patriotic hymns. There they met—students from the Polytechnic, students from the colleges of law and medicine, working men from the faubourgs, with a priest among them, to write such a page of poetic history as has never before been written in the history of the world. What had the placard announced? That there they would meet, those who worked with the head, and those who worked with the hand, there to shew, that industry was honourable, that there was but one class in future in the Republic—Workmen. There they met, and the workmen brought their tools. There they met, and the students took the tools and went to work with them, while the blue-blouzed workmen looked on. Then they fraternized. Then they collected gifts of money for the Republic. Then they marched in procession, indiscriminately mixed together! Oh! it was living poetry! It was the marriage of industry, by head and hand! It proclaims trumpet-tongued the organization of industry! Never before had I assisted at so glorious a federation! Never shall I forget that day! They fixed the day, and God gave them sunshine! Sure am I, that the present revolution is industrial as well as political. The revolution of '93 proclaimed the Rights of the Citizen. That of '48 will proclaim the Rights of the Working man.

Yours very sincerely,

Goodwyn Barmby.

◆

No. VI.

THE PAMPHLETS OF PARIS.

Dear Friends,

In my letter on the Placards of Paris, I intimated that the Parisian pamphlets, so numerously issued at the present crisis, required a more serious notice than could be given of them under that head. This notice the present letter is intended in some measure to supply. Of course, I do not mean even to name the hundreds of pamphlets which have issued from the press since the great event of February. Such a task would be tedious alike to writer and reader. I would only notice the most remarkable—those whose authors have had fame before, or whose mode of treating the grand subject is remarkable.

Of these, the first on my list are the "Letters to the People," by George Sand. Two of these letters by that electrical woman have appeared. The first—"Yesterday and To-day." The second—"To-day and To-morrow." The first of these epistles of the new republican faith, has already been noticed by the British press, and may therefore here be passed over. The second, however, to the best of my knowledge, has not been noticed in England. "O people!" it begins, "When I wrote thee some days since:—'*Thou ought to be loved, because thou wert worthy of being so*,' I had not deceived myself, and my faith on that point still remains unshaken." She continues—"But where I have failed, where I have dreamed like a child, is in the short duration of the time which I fixed in my thought for that prompt reconciliation, for that solemn effusion of fraternity, for that confidence, without limits, which has today united all classes, and rendered the privileged of yesterday, anxious to be lost and confused in the glorious ranks of the people. Pardon me, people, for having been thus deceived." She then goes on to indicate those who would destroy the social end of the Revolution, by supplying the Republic only with liberal laws and the forms of liberty. "These," she adds, "are perhaps sincerely republicans, but they do not comprehend the social bearing of the Revolution, and they but little understand the people. Take care, they say, the people is more sharp than you think. It comprehends very well its interests, and if you deceive it, it will dash you to pieces. It is communist at the bottom; it would make a common table, and it seeks but the pretext or the occasion. It would seize in the uproar the gates of the constituent assembly, and you would be forced to save yourselves by the windows. While when thus the workmen of Paris, violated the sanctuary of legality, on every side of France, the workmen of the provinces would break your machines, would burn your forests, would pillage your domains, would cause civil war. You would recommence the horrors of the past, and the passions you had kindled would respect nothing. Adieu civilization! adieu France! adieu humanity! There would be a universal cataclysm. As for us, we are convinced that what the people wishes should be done. What all! Find you the Provisional Government, too patient and too humane? We find it too firm and too equitable. It holds us over a volcano. Alas! we have but one resource, it is to flatter the people. Would you strike off its talons? Let us kiss its claws. That dear people! that good people! Let us double its salary at the first onset, and allow it no time to demand anything. Let us place ourselves at its mercy. It is so good, that if we contradict it the least, it will tear us in pieces." "People," continues George Sand, from her own proper self, "beware of the flattery of poltroons, and avoid the artifices of traitors. Esteem not those who know thee—but by belief. Esteem not those who turn towards thee the uncovered breast when even thou art angry and who speak to thee in the face. Let us explain. Never in the future shouldst thou recommence the past. In the past, thou hast been the man of the past, sometimes sublime, sometimes criminal. Recollect the faults of thy fathers, and yet venerate and bless their names and memories. It was for that, that they were at once grand and culpable, and those who hate and condemn thy fathers absolutely, know not even the processes of God, who enlightens the human conscience but by degrees. But thou wouldst still be culpable in recommencing literally the past, in the face of the maledictions of the history of humanity, and with the law of perfectibility founded even upon imperfection itself. Oh! no, people, the past is not the ideal. Its remembrance is united with regret." She concludes by saying—"They calumniate thee, those who say, that you struggle but for material things, and that you desire by increasing wages and by shortening the hours of labour, but a condition of physical well-being. Without doubt thou hast a right to that well-being, to that repose, but those who know thee, know well, that it is with thee a higher question than that of the bread which nourishes the body. Thou wishest the bread of the soul, thou wishest light, instruction, the time to read, to meditate, to exchange thought. It is an intellectual conquest which you claim." Such are the words of this glorious woman. She rejoices at the progress of the people. She warns them of their flatterers. She conjures them not to recommence the faults of the past. She vindicates the spirituality of their aims and objects. There is nothing definite, little indicative in her words, but there is a generality so soothing, so hovering overhead like a dove, that they calm and call a sabbath in the heart, that they spread a soft influence over the soul, like a magnetic languor, until we recognise in them a something of the evangelic strain.

"The Discourse at the College of France on the Republic, by Quinet," the celebrated collaborator of Michelet, is the next pamphlet I would notice. "The reign of matter, of brute force," says he, "is past, is fallen; the empire of the soul, of justice for all, is come. Friends, brothers, for a new society, become new men. The day of alliance, of reconciliation, is here. Let us cast from our hearts every selfish thought, every mean calculation, as the last links of the fetters which we have worn. Among all human revolutions, what is the spirit of that revolution which has now come to be accomplished? It is this. The masses have led their leaders. Such is the genius of this last revolution, accomplished through faith, by the feeble, by the poor, by the humble, the most conformable to that which was ever the spirit of the Christianity, of the Gospel. The pure gospel has conquered. The Republic, which we bear to the world, rests above everything, on the divine equality of hearts. A people in its moments of inspiration is like an individual. It was in the midst of the flames of Sinai, that the tables of the law were written upon the stone. They speak of the necessity of enlightening, of preparing the masses, of giving them education. But what book, what journal, what club, what teaching more powerful than the voice of God, echoing in the ear of an entire people, during the night and the day of the 24th of February. Everything that bore the heart of man in France, workman, peasant, obeyed at that moment that divine commandment—March! which a sovereign voice impressed upon a nation and a world. But these sublime moments are not eternal. After having fought alike with the heart, the mind, and the arm, our mission is to be watchful of that pure flame which God has re-animated. Have we not all received a hundred-fold our reward, in the hour when it was given us to bear from the paving-stones of the barricades, those three sisters, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, into the palace of monarchy. For myself speech is restored to me, when I feel with a sovereign evidence, the powerlessness, the impossibility of speech. Actions, not words, are what I would repeat without ceasing. Let us speed then, each according to his vocation, with the fact, with the event; let us obey the commandment from on high. All I can now do, is to collect my strength to utter with you the cry of invincible France—Live the Republic!" Such is an abstract of Quinet's discourse. Suppressed by Louis Philippe, he is reinstated by the Republic, and thus addresses, as their authorized instructor, the youths of the College of France.

Another remarkable pamphlet is published by the League of Social Salvation, a species of French Leeds Redemption Society. It is an appeal to the Baron James Rothschild, for the means of the organization of work, by Dr. Arthur Bonnard. The Christian physician plainly tells the Hebrew baron, that but two roads are open to him. The first would lead to an ephemeral and detested feudal power, which he could not insure to his children. The second would conduct to a fortune, immutably fixed upon the recognizing love of nations. "James Rothschild," he says, "France is a monarchical country. When a king dies, another mounts his throne. To-day the king * * * is the people. But that king is hungering, and has not bread. But that king has huts for a palace, and the corners of streets for chambers. But that king could say, like Christ, the son of Mary, your compatriot of the tribe of Judah—The birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." He then shews that with the sovereign people, enthroned upon the barricades, seated on paving stones, with a musket as its sceptre, there is under such a state of things much to be feared. It may be a good king or a bad king, an Antoninus or a Nero. But the people is never an idle king. A cyclopean worker, it labours day and night, for good or for evil. It must then be employed. Its industry must be directed, moralized, and organized. The difficulty is to find the means for so great a measure. What is the measure! Production, Consumption, and Distribution, are the three persons of the Material Trinity. The producer is too often deprived of the right of consumption. He is Lazarus under the table of the rich man. Distribution is exercised by tradesmen, ten times too numerous. It is Parasitism—they live upon that which they produce not. Form a league then, and proclaim as a principle of Eternal Justice, that the products of work should be sold for the benefit of the workers. Organize a body of Distributors of Produce generally, as the Government has organized such bodies for the sale of stamps, powder, salt, and tobacco. Disgorge also the town, by the emigration into the country of the unemployed, that they may there unite manufacturing industry with agricultural colonies. Government workshops are already found insufficient for the crisis. Complete the political revolution by a commercial and industrial one. Such are the measures. What are the means? James Rothschild has them. Such is the conclusion of the pamphlet—such its appeal. It is but a sign of the times, a straw which indicates the way of the wind. The straw is prophetic, and the wind is all powerful. Though it may crack its cheeks as a storm, it will sweep as a breeze over the world.

The limits of my letter will yet allow the notice of another pamphlet. In doing so I am happy to be the servant of many ladies in Paris. It is "The Future of Woman, in the Republic; by Madame Sophie Saint-Amand." With a soft and sweet voice she calls upon the friends of woman to aid her in evolving for the future of France, all the grace, tenderness, and purity of true womanhood. "Ah!" she says, "if the organizing genius of work had but induced a more just repartition of those employments which appertain to our feebleness * * * that arm so powerful, and which France has so long abused, would never have served a more just cause." Young Republic!" she adds, "who hast signalized thy advent, by an abolition of the punishment of death, determine that at length woman shall find a place in the management of the great interests of humanity, and all feeble as we are, believe it thy most firm support, will be in our hearts, those hearts which beat with hope and with fear when thou wert proclaimed. Let that Fraternity, so holy, be not for us a word void of sense! Under the intelligent reign of thought and of noble sentiments, sympathy and the recognition of women, by the new order which protects them, would be perhaps one of the surest means for its consolidation." We fully believe that it would be so. Any organization of labour must be imperfect which does not apportion to woman her proper sphere of employment. No Republic can fulfil its name without its laws tend to preserve the honour and virtue of woman.

Thus then we have been enabled to hear something of the voices of four of the most important pamphlets of revolutionary Paris. The pamphlet is a preacher whose divine dictation is not sufficiently acknowledged. The press of Paris is ever sending forth such preachers, some eloquent, some obscure. One class dwells in the past. It tells of the thirty hours of last February, now thirty years old, in this fast living life of France. It gives us the experience of '93, for the consideration of '48, which is well of its kind, although the divine law of variation, which in the series of progress, ever forbids alike, two like revolutions, and two counterpart countenances. It gives us also, the memoirs and the portraits of the members of the Provisional Government; but they say that since the Republic, the raven locks of Ledru-Rollin, have turned grey, that Lamartine spits blood, and that the fresh face of Louis Blanc has become wan and thin. These are but histories then, which ever become untrue, which ever require correction, and which always receive addition. There is, however, another class of Parisian pamphlets. These dwell not in the past, but look onward to the future. They are not reproductions of the old revolution, but the living speech of the day. They are not chronicles, but prophecies; not histories but poems; not records but epistles. A notice of four of these, out of four hundred, may meet the few leisure moments of busy commercial England. We have dared not do more. Be it remembered, however, that the pamphlets of Paris are now the pioneers of progress, throughout the world.

Yours very truly,

Goodwyn Barmby.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

MELANCHOLY SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—THE LAUGHING PARLIAMENT.

Nero fiddled while Rome was burning! for which his name has been handed down to the present hour, and will descend to the latest ages of the world, a term of execration and contempt. It was scarcely to be expected that a parallel to the conduct of a pagan tyrant could be found in the Parliament of a Christian country, in the nineteenth century. But the present British House of Commons bids fair to realize the infamy of the Roman monster. While the spirit of God is moving on the face of the great deep of governmental despotism, and arousing the spirit of man to assert its dignity and its right,—while kings fall, and governments crumble before the mighty inspiration—while at home distress stalks abroad in town and country; while our commerce is panic-stricken, and our manufactures are arrested as by a deadly lethargy; while Ireland, driven to desperation by oppression, assumes a most menacing attitude, the members of the House of Commons answer to the appeals of the wise for conciliation, retrenchment, and timely reform, by bursts of laughter.

There is something most frightful in the circumstance. It is like one of the signs of a fatality which accompanies the rapid decline and fall of empires. It betrays a corruption of principle, a recklessness of mind, a blind hardihood of pampered folly, so repulsive and outrageous, as to inspire the most melancholy forebodings. Woe to the nation whose salvation depends on guides and legislators like these! In ordinary circumstances they would be a nuisance, in circumstances like those of England at the present moment, they are a calamity of the worst kind.

The present parliament is occupying the sixteenth year of the Reform Bill. The very man who is at the head of the Government, is there precisely through the universal demands at that period for Retrenchment and Reform. Lord John Russell had declared for years in the house, that nothing but the most rigid reform and retrenchment, could save this nation from ruin. He denounced for years the Tory government. He denounced the system of bribery by which members of that house acquired their seats. He denounced the system by which the plundered and impoverished people were kept down at the point of the bayonet and the musket. He promised miracles of retrenchment, he painted paradises of freedom and national prosperity under the Whig Ministry. He and his fellow Whigs were believed, were tried, and what is the result? Sixteen years after these patriotic outcries, these saintly promises, these magnanimous denunciations of political extravagance and despotic treatment of the people—what is the result? Why there sit Lord John and his fellow Whigs comfortably in the golden nests of the Tories, and present such an appearance, that no one could tell them from the old Tories, if they were not made aware of their pretences. The reforms are still unexecuted. The whole manufacturing and commercial systems are crippled and threatened with ruin, because the old monopolies are left in all their destructive force in India, which should have been by this time an immense consumer of our manufactured goods, and supplier of raw material at a far cheaper rate than we can get it elsewhere. India has been made a warfield for the promotion of our aristocrats, instead of a field of trade to feed our mechanics. Therefore, our mechanics are starving by tens of thousands, and the aristocracy in the fulness of place and pension, are crying out for more war establishments, and more taxes. The debt remains undiminished—taxation has been increased last year only *ten millions;* and this year Lord John has had the cool audacity to ask for further impositions. Ireland is reduced to a pitiable condition of famine, pestilence, starvation, and anarchy now edged with the menaces of rebellion. The people at home, when they announce their intention to come in large bodies and present their petitions for redress—are bade to stand off—and not to approach the sacred precincts of legislative purity. London is thrown into the most hectic alarm. The Bank, the India House, the Palace, and all the offices of Government are fortified and placed in a condition of imaginary siege. The city is gorged with troops, and the houses planted with cannon to overawe or sweep away the petitioning people. Within, the house presents the most astounding sight of members returned thither, not by the free votes of the people, but by more profligate bribery, than ever was witnessed since the most shameless days of Walpole or Pitt. In every department of government the most wasteful mismanagement abounds, and ministers are at this moment asking like another genuine set of Sidmouths, Liverpools, and Castlereaghs, for fresh power to gag the pens and mouths of Englishmen.

Such is the reckless extravagance, that it has compelled even Lord Ellenborough, himself a sinecurist to the amount of upwards of £9,000, to come out and expose it. March 30th, in the House of Lords, he called the attention of the house to the fact, that in 1847, the Government charges had been increased £110,000! This he justly said too, in a year when the national distress was excessive, when we were obliged to borrow £8,000,000 for the purpose of assisting Ireland, and when the ordinary revenue was deficient. There had been 141 persons only, with the exception of the augmented number in the Post Office, and for these 141 alone, there was charged £70,000! or £500 per head! In one office there had been a *decrease* of six persons, and an increased charge of £6,000! In the Colonial Office, which was under the direction of Earl Grey, there was an increase of £4,323! In the Admiralty department, there was an increased charge of £10,000! In the Customs of £49,000!

Even Lord Stanley's spirit was roused at this. He declared that "it appeared by the explanation of the noble lord at the head of the Admiralty department, that the clerks had been allowed to neglect their duty, and then paid as for extra work for doing it! That in the Customs duties had not been diminished, but altogether repealed on a great number of articles, and yet the increase of charge was £49,000 for the year! That with the decrease of work sixty-two more persons had been employed; an increase of salaries of £1,857; of emoluments, £17,500; of retired allowances £5,747; of expenses £25,000! In the Post-office the increase of expense appeared steadily progressive. It appeared that 3,300 persons had been added to the establishment during the last two years, and an equal number might be added in the two next." The Marquis of Clanricarde.—"I hope so!" *A laugh!*

Are these the fruits of the Reform Bill? Are they the results of the Whig Government? They are, be it confessed by all England with shame and self-reproach, almost the only ones.

But it is not merely the neglect of the promised reforms, the forgetfulness of all their most soundly vowed measures of retrenchment and regeneration, the cool perfidy of the Whigs once in office; it is not merely the audacious assurance, in the face of all their former pledges, with which they advance in the career of expenditure and additional taxation, which constitutes the most alarming features of the case: it is the acknowledged fact of the House of Commons being crammed with naval, military, and other dependants of the Government, who have obtained their seats by bribery, and appear resolved to hold them in the most impudent defiance of all decency and decorum. What is their treatment of the most respected representatives of the people there? Scorn! What are their answers to the most reasonable demands of reform and economy? Laughter!

In the late debate on the Army Estimates this disgraceful conduct of British senators reached a height of reckless insolence perfectly unexampled. The military mob of gentlemen were voting for their bread, and they kept no terms with decency. Mr. Hume moved that the number of men in the army should be restricted to 100,000, instead of 113,000. The answer was laughter—and on its being put to the vote, 45 voted for the resolution, 246 for the augmented number! When Mr. Hume began his speech, there was a tolerably full house; when he concluded there were only *six* on the opposite benches; but plenty rushed in to vote. When Mr. Hume reproved them with their barefaced contempt of all argument—the answer was—Laughter!

Mr. Cobden represented that the increased number of men included an expense of £7,000,000. The answer was again—Laughter! We are glad to have it in our power to present the rest of this scene in the words of Dr. Campbell in the *British Banner*.

When Mr. Cobden told them that he despaired, with respect to the vote of seven millions one hundred thousand pounds, of being able to "bring them back to a sense of duty," he was met by a torrent of "*ironical cheers;*" when he told them there was great discontent rising up in the country, again his voice was drowned by "*ironical cheers;*" when he hinted to them that the perusal of his letters received that day from the country, might change their tone, again the House resounded with "*ironical cheers;*" when he charged them with ignorance of the state of feeling among the middle classes, again he was met by "*cheers* *and laughter.*" When he told them they had few partizans among the working classes, again they replied by "*laughter*;" when he asked them, if it was not a reproach for them to vote money before they had devised the means of raising it, the reply was "*a laugh*;" when he asked them whether they were prepared to meet the discontent that was rising up, not among the working, but the middle class of society in this country, the roof-tree resounded with loud cries of "*Divide! divide*;" when he entered his protest against the recklessness with which they voted money before they considered how it was to be raised, and hinted they might possibly repent of the deed, again he was visited by "*laughter and ironical cheers.*" Never was "*laughter*" so misplaced! But the matter did not end here; Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden's great compeer, and fellow-worker for the good of mankind, followed in a speech worthy of himself and the occasion, in the course of which he met with even more insult and obstruction than the Member for Yorkshire. Had Mr. Bright, instead of being a speaker of the highest order, and a representative for Manchester, been some poor, ignorant, degraded nominee, sitting for a rotten borough, he could scarcely have been treated more contemptuously. At every sentence he was met with cries of "*Oh, oh!*" "*Question, question!*" "*Divide, divide!*" When Mr. Bright solemnly told them, that sixty millions of taxation could not continue to be levied without exciting dangerous discontent, the response was, "*Divide!*"

Nor did the matter end here. Mr. Wakley presented a petition from Mr. Beal, of Grosvenor Cottages, Eaton-square, praying for various needful reforms, and amongst them the abolition of the House of Lords. This was a request so infinitely amusing, that it called forth *shouts of laughter!*

If these things are not a hand-writing on the wall to the people of England, nothing will arouse it to a sense of its real situation. A nation which can permit itself to be thus robbed and insulted by those who are sent up as its representatives, and does not awake to a feeling of generous indignation, must be lost to every feeling of independence, and blind to every sign of coming calamity. But we feel too confident of the spirit of the English nation, too sure that its own honour, and the sufferings of its despised people, will cause every drop of its blood to tingle in its myriad veins at the sound of that aristocratic and idiotic laughter on the benches of its senate, to doubt for a moment the result. The laughter from within will be answered by groans from without, and the too long divided middle and labouring classes will, at length close their ranks and make the "laughing jack-asses,"[*] which congregate in St. Stephen's, take wing to some more congenial region.

GEORGE DAWSON ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

[We make the following extracts from a Letter to the Middle Classes, on the Present Crisis, by George Dawson, M.A.—Eds.]

Fellow Countrymen,

That we are now in the midst of a solemn crisis of the world's history all allow. Revolution has come again to show that men cannot, will not be governed by impostures and lies. In France, a corrupt and corrupting government has met its deserved fate. In Germany, Princes swift to promise, slow to perform, have been spurred to quickened paces. All Europe is convulsed. Sad is the necessity for Revolution. But it comes of Reform delayed. Men revolt not for the sake of it. Revolution is a costly method of change, only to be resorted to in dire extremity. If the tenant will not go, we pull off the roof, with a sad feeling that we are entailing the expense of restoration, and rendering the house untenantable for a time.

In these times, what is England to do? Are we to have a Revolution? In the usual sense of that term, No! Barricades are exotics here, not likely to be naturalized. Englishmen love not *scenes* in the market-place. Physical force we will not have, we need it not, we love it not. How shall we prevent Revolution and violence? By the only sure plan—Reform. Is Europe to be reconstructed and England remain still?

We want changes—great changes. To prove this, we need have no recourse to political rant—that cheapest of fustian. We have but to go to the door of the relieving officer, the rooms of the workhouse, and the pages of the *Gazette*. We are taxed up to endurance point, if not beyond. We ask retrenchment, and the answer is, "Five per cent. on Income." The exit of *that* was as contemptible as its entrance was unjust. Men of the middle classes, think of that! The Government would not tax the upper classes; could not, dared not tax the working classes. We, peaceable, well-conducted men, were the selected victims.

But do not take a selfish view of the matter. Look to the working classes; ask what their movements mean. The working man has wrongs, and feels them deeply. He has not yet received his share of political and social advancement. Hear Lord John Russell's opinion on this point.

"If we look," said he in 1844, "to the labouring classes,—if we look to the men who either till the soil or labour in the factories,—if we look to the quantity of *necessaries* which their wages could buy in the middle of last century, and that which they could buy now,—I think that we must be convinced that they have *not* participated, in an equal degree, in the advantages which civilization and improved knowledge have conferred upon us."

Many of the working men look for their political salvation in the Charter. They hope too much from it—you fear too much. But many of the middle classes never read the Charter. Is it right to oppose that of which we are ignorant?

The Charter, I know, goes too far for some, for some too fast. Many recognise it as an ideal to be worked up to, rather than as a plan for immediate realization. My present purpose is neither to advocate nor oppose it, but to ask the middle classes, what, at this crisis, they mean to do? If you like not the "People's Charter," produce your own. Say what you want, and how far you will go. Will you take the points in detail? Draw out your list of Reforms, give the nation your points. Anything but inaction and timidity. On you it depends whether we advance peacefully but quickly in the path of progress, or whether we must succumb to injustice on the one side, or anarchy on the other. Remember, Reform delayed is Revolution begun. A *true* Reform Bill would soon become to the demagogue, the brawler and the physical-force man, a fool's cap in which he would be hissed off the political stage. Show you are in earnest and men will wait. Organize in every locality—petition (if you will)—"pronounce." If you do not go for the Charter, say so, but say for what you do.

Inspect the following list, mark off in what you agree; let those who want little, band for that little, those who ask much, for much, those who want all, for all.

Economy. Abolition of Sinecures, useless offices.
Widened Suffrage.
Ballot. Electoral Districts.
Shorter Parliaments.
A thorough Revision of Taxation and Expenditure.
Direct Taxation on equitable principles.
Complete Free Trade.
Real Justice to Ireland.
Reform of Diplomatic System. No interference with the Domestic Affairs of other Nations.
Complete Religious Equality.
Law Reform.

Try in what points you can unite with the working men. In every town meet at once to adopt all peaceful and constitutional measures to prevent the present Parliament from going to grouse, until some true Reforms have been carried.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS GRAY, THE RAILWAY PIONEER.

Although the labours of Thomas Gray will undoubtedly be appreciated by posterity, his friends have resolved to effect something more substantial than mere fame, by promoting a Public Subscription in his favour, to enable him to pass the latter part of a most useful life in ease and comfort. To assist this object Mr. Bannehr, of Exeter, has undertaken to conduct the publication of a Lithograph, in the first style of art, of the Portrait of Thomas Gray, the profit resulting from which he applies in aid of the "Gray Testimonial."

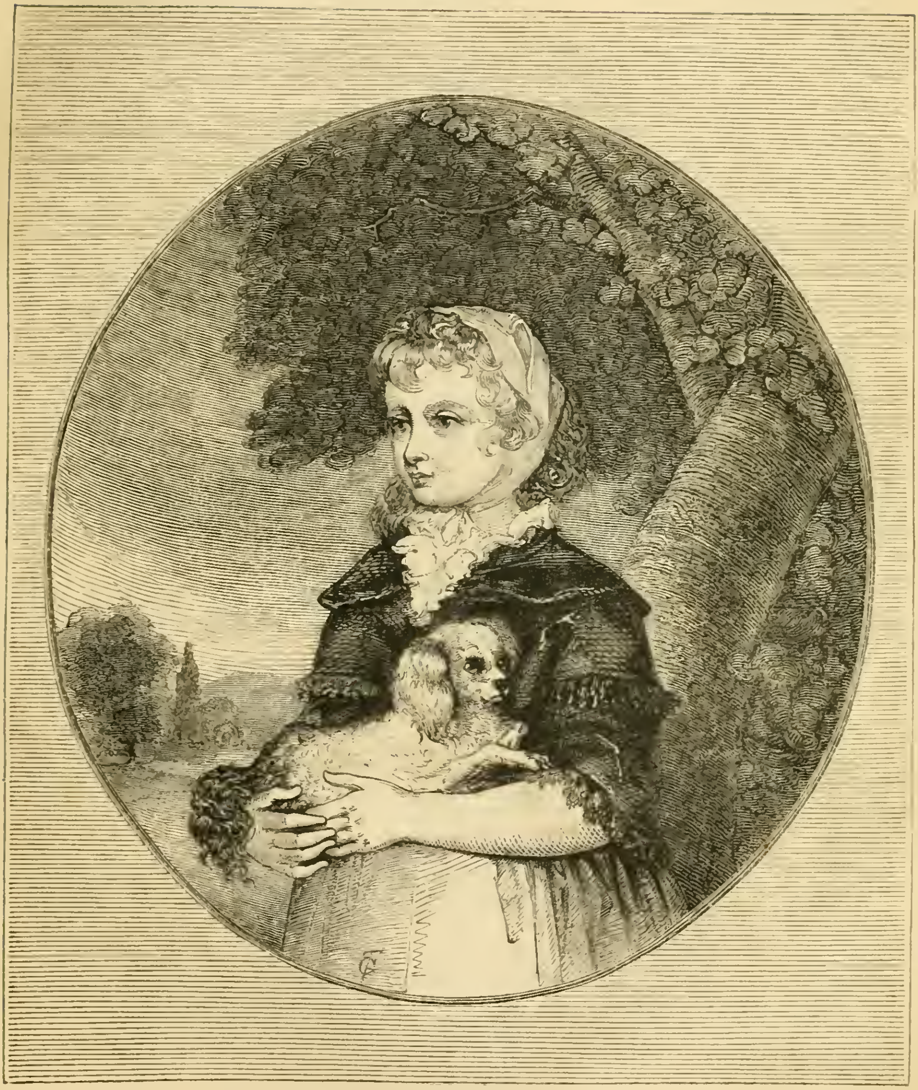
CONTENTS.

Organization of Labour. By Louis Blanc. Abridged and Translated by Lacioquoque—Facts from the Fields. The Meldrum Family. By William Howitt. (Continued.)—German Student Life, and its Influence on Popular Movement. By William Howitt—Chronicle of a Ragged Rascal. By Edward Youl—Letters from Paris. By Goodwyn Barmby. No. V. Organization of Industry. No. VI. The Pamphlets of Paris—Record: The Laughing Parliament—George Dawson on the present Crisis, etc.

Printed for the proprietor by **William Lovett**, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

---

[*] Australian birds, so called from their hideous, asinine, laugh-like cries.



THE FAVOURITES.

FROM A PICTURE BY MARSHALL CLAXTON. ENGRAVED BY THOMAS GILLES.

SEE PAGE 286.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

The Meldrum Family.

(Continued from page 263.)

Within a week from this time these two outcasts from society had inflicted evils upon it of the most terrible kind. They had made a round in Wiltshire and Hampshire, and had not only fired the ricks of five different farms, but consumed extensive covers of game, and young plantations. The owners of these had done no personal evil to them; for the most part their property was insured, and the loss fell on others, but it was all as one to the perpetrators—they did it on principle—the principle of revenge, and of striking what they called a salutary terror into those who oppressed the labouring classes.

We do not hesitate at once to denounce such outrages as these, and their perpetrators as diabolical. So they are, but perhaps those who utter these denunciations the most promptly, are perhaps the last to suspect that they themselves participate in the guilt of them. Every one who contributes to these results, is of course, guilty. And who do contribute to these results? They only who perpetrate them? No! The perpetrators are the immediate instruments; but they are incited to it, by revenge. Who provokes that revenge? The perpetrators are roused by a sense of injustice,—who inflicts that injustice? Every one who causes, or sanctions, or permits by his apathy, the origination, and the continuance of a condition of things in which the tillers of the soil, and the industrious artizan are defrauded of the rightful dues of their labour and driven by desperation to acts of atrocity. Where luxury and wealth live in icy indifference, in the midst of millions crushed to the earth by unrequited labour, by starvation, disease, and death, the principles of all right are confounded; malignant passions take the place of the affections; God and religion vanish from the exasperated and benighted mind, and violence becomes the natural language of the oppressed. Thousands in such a state endure patiently sufferings most incredible. They see plenty flowing like a river to the few, and famine consuming them and theirs. The cries of their children for bread are in their ears; their wives and infants sink into consumption and early graves—and they yet endure—but the more fiery and resentful arise, and become the scourges of that society which presents so unnatural and abhorrent a condition of things.

As has been recently said in this Journal by an official whose duty compels him to see the actual position of the rural classes,—"We sleep on the edge of a volcano." What God or power of God shall arouse us?

And yet the most desperate of those, driven by the false and cruel perversion of the social system to outrage—have been originally amongst the most peaceful, and sometimes virtuous of our humble neighbours. In the hearts of these two incendiaries there yet lived sparks of the divine.

Returning from their expedition of destruction; with a hue and cry after them; with the reward of thousands set upon their heads, and shrinking from the light of day, they concealéd themselves in a wood near an obscure village, not far from the scene of the great agricultural meeting. Pressed by hunger they approached the village in the dusk of evening to obtain some bread. The first houses which they reached were a row of tenements of only one story, in a damp and cheerless lane. Everything about them bespoke the utmost poverty. A thick belt of trees shut out their view from the fields, and heaps of ashes and pestiferous deposits in front of them, proclaimed the absence of all proper conveniences of life. They were the houses of agricultural labourers. As is too often the case, these were not built by the landed proprietor, but were left to the speculation of the village carpenter or bricklayer, who erected them of refuse materials, and at a charge for rental returning more than cent. per cent.

In the first of these miserable hovels in which they saw a light, they observed a woman sitting by the blaze of a few sticks as in a state of deep dejection. They ventured to enter here, hoping to induce the woman by a small fee to proceed to the baker's and purchase them some bread. But the moment they entered the cottage a fœtid odour struck upon their senses, and the next moment they observed a body lying in death. It was that of a boy of about twelve years of age, and the story of the mother filled their bosoms with horror and indignation. The child, she said, had been run over by the cavalry at the meeting—had suffered days of agony, and at length had died. He had now been dead a week. Decay had made dreadful progress, and yet they had no means to bury him. They had applied to the parish, but were refused all help, because the father was in employ! He earned seven shillings a week on a distant farm. They had implored the aid of the farmers for the purchase of a coffin. It had been refused. They had applied to the clergyman, he replied that his business was to bury coffins, not to give them to the disaffected. There lay the corpse of the poor child in their only room, and near it gasped a girl of seven, in fever, the consequence of breathing this pestiferous atmosphere. The poor woman was bowed down with despair, and the husband was at this moment seeking for some benevolent person who would enable them to bury their dead out of their sight. *

"But who shall help us?" said the poor woman, "several of our neighbours have been sold up under executions, and there is nothing here but stark staring poverty."

The two incendiaries stood thunderstruck. They who had destroyed the property of strangers without remorse, were confounded at this human misery.

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed Meldrum, "is there then no longer *any* feeling, *any* pretence to it in mankind? Do they kill, and refuse to bury? Do they let the innocent child rot in the presence of the parent? Horrible barbarians! detestable cruelty! But this must not be!"

The two felons resolved to do what not a pretended Christian could be found to do. The outcasts and the abhorred of all the orderly and orthodox, were the only ones who had any sense of the most solemn mortal duties. They set at defiance their own danger; and guided by the unhappy woman, they proceeded to a little draper's, and purchased a packing case of sufficient length. In this they deposited the putrescent child; and again guided by the weeping mother, they procured a ladder, and scaling the wall of the locked-up churchyard, they dug a grave, and by lantern-light buried the poor unoffending child that had found no pity from the wealthy and the comfortable. What must have been the religion which had been for ages preached in that church, which had produced no better fruits? Certainly it could not be the religion of Christ.

As the coffin lay in the bottom of the grave before they began to shovel in the earth—Bates said to Meldrum,—

"Meldrum, you are a sort of a parson—finish the job well by saying a service over the poor thing!"

"Nay! nay! not so," said Meldrum. "I can not I cannot indeed!"

---

* For a similar fact, see a recent number of *The Times*.

"Nonsense man! Say a short one—dont bury the poor child like a dog."

Meldrum stood for a moment silent. A spasm seemed to pass over his features—and casting a look up into the dark sky he ejaculated in a deep, hollow voice,

"God!—if there be a God—hear us! Let the soul of this poor child—if souls there be—find that in heaven, which no longer exists on earth—mercy, and peace, and love! Earth! that receivest the child to thy bosom, be his second mother—and let him sleep soundly, where no ruthless horseman can crush him; where no proud professor of an humble creed can spurn his agonies and his prayers. Receive us too, O Earth! Earth! for in thy bosom there is rest, though on thy surface there remains no longer anything but hearts of the nether mill-stone, and the cant of sanctity which has no pity. Let the day of thy final doom come—for the villain and the malefactor are the only ones left in whom there is a spark of nature. If the wicked are become the best that thou hast to boast—what can purge their vileness but the last devouring flame. Amen.

The affrighted mother shrunk from the side of the speaker, though he had laid her child in the earth which all others had refused him, and even Bates as he began to shovel in the earth, muttered between his teeth,—"Devil take such a service as that! Why Meldrum, you are mad!"

Meldrum made no reply, but shovelling in the earth with all his might—they clapped on the crowning turf, and the three hastened over the wall, and quitting the poor woman at her door, the two retreated into the darkness without further thought of the loaf which had brought them thither.

The two incendiaries walked through the dark night in silence. At length they approached another village, and into this Bates volunteered to enter and procure some bread. Meldrum remained leaning on a gate. For about half an hour he continued awaiting his return, when he heard him come with hurried steps, and, bidding him "come along," in a strange whisper, he hurried on down the lane in which they were, till they reached an open hill at some distance. Here Bates threw himself down in a hollow, and producing a loaf and some cheese from his handkerchief which he had carried under his arm, and a bottle of beer from his coat pocket, he put the bottle to his mouth, took a deep draught, and handing it to Meldrum, said,—

"Do you know, Meldrum, where you are?"

"No, how the devil should I?"

"Why then I can tell you, we are where we must not be staying long. The village there is Scrimton. I would not let you go into it lest you might be known, and it is well. The land sharks, or the raw lobsters, if you will, are abroad there. Button is off to America. He was obliged to make a quick exit for his taking the chair at the meeting. His widow, wife I mean, curses you as the cause of it, and the troubles; the child killed—that we've just buried—*hallaxed* about, before the justices, and the like, and all the farmers and gentlemen being as sore as baited bears, and turning off every poor devil they can."

Meldrum groaned.

"Well, never groan at that my man—these things must be, before we can rouse them. There, eat some bread and cheese, and let us be going, for it's not safe here, I can tell you."

The two ate up their provision, for it was the only thing they had had for two days—Bates whirled the bottle through the darkness, as far as his strength would let him send it, and starting to their feet, they hastened down between the hills, directing their steps for Twigg's-Houses, and the safe shelter of the roof of Captain Crick.

After walking on for upwards of an hour, they found themselves on the edge of a low, marshy sort of moor, and were in the act of crossing a style, when the cry of a curlew struck on their ear a little in advance of them. Bates started—and remained with one leg on each side of the style, as he returned the cry with a perfectness of imitation which surprised Meldrum. This was followed by the short crow of a pheasant, and Bates advancing with cautious steps, followed by Meldrum in wondering silence, they soon saw a man standing in the middle of the narrow path on which they had to advance—"Bates!" "Arpthorp!" These words of hail were scarcely given and returned, when Meldrum perceived that the person before them was no other than the trusty hostler of Captain Crick.

"What's up?" inquired Bates, "for there's something, or you had not been here."

"There's that up," said Arpthorp, "that you must cut, and keep clear of Twigg's-Houses. The governor has been on the look out for you these three or four nights, and I've had to cool my toes on your account in more places than one. To-day he'd a notion you'd be coming this way. Well, a word with you by yourself."

The two went to some distance up the hill, and Meldrum could hear them in earnest conversation, of which he could catch nothing but sundry oaths. It was plain, however, that they discussed matters of no little moment, at length, Bates came back alone.

"Back's the word Meldrum! We must make for safe quarters if they can be found—for we are smoked. There's a devil of a hue and cry after us for the rick-burnings. Crick wont have us come within a score miles of him if he can help it. I'm off on business for him down to Plymouth—and you'd better get into London for a while, and hide in the thickest place you can find. Change your clothes, my boy, too, mind that, and you can hear of me by a note—you can write to Crick's any time—only have a care what you say—only ask, "where's the wool lodged?" and wherever Crick says, there I am. If I can't rejoin you I shall, may be, be able to tell you where you can join me in some other part of the country. Good-bye!"

The two friends, shall we call them? No, there can be no friendship between the wicked; by what ever means they may have been driven into their wickedness. *Others* may have been the operating causes of their destruction of moral principle, but *they* are the subjects *operated upon*. They are become depraved, and that selfishness which is too strong in all human nature—even in the best—which hides itself cunningly even in the righteous and religious bosom—which assumes a thousand forms, and is fertile in excuses to deny its own existence—which prevails monstrously in hearts that profess much, and feel little, except their own desire of self indulgence—which puts on the garb of holiness as a monk puts on his cowl, and feigns, and half believes its own feigning, of purity, correctness, orthodoxy, maintenance of public order, decorum, and—yes—patriotism, piety, and benevolence—that selfishness, which stretched its victorious reign from Adam to Moses, and from Moses to the present day of wealthy saints and philanthropists, thanking God most meekly for his goodness to them, while their brothers and sisters in millions perish of destitution around them,—that selfishness in the heart of the confirmed villain, throws off its disguises, and is at once more honest and more desperate.

The two scoundrel incendiaries—the men already worked up from plodding and simple countrymen into malefactors—parted. They hoped to meet again—for what? To commit more crimes—to indulge still more their revenge on society—even while they still flattered themselves that they did God service by rousing the poor against their oppressors. Bates disappeared through the dark, and Meldrum with some dodging made his way once more to Reading. Bates had told him to plunge into the great wilderness of London for safety—to hide himself in the densest underwood of its indigent myriads, but Meldrum had never been in the huge metropolis, and he had a sort of dread of it. He considered himself unqualified to make his way there, where he had always heard that rascality received the highest finish of education in the great school of streets and crowds. He had a well-founded notion that at his time of life he was not likely to acquire that adroitness which those put to this famous school by the step-mother Necessity, in their earliest years are possessed of, and that to play out the game of life's chess against city police, was a different thing to skulking in woods, and under hedges, putting a wire necklace round an unlucky hare, or thrusting a lucifer into a rick.

For these weighty reasons Meldrum lingered in a wretched hiding hole in one of the lowest alleys of Reading. He avoided as much as possible day-light, and the eyes of men. He had a few shillings which Bates had given him at parting, but these soon wasted away, and poverty stared him in the face. There is no such despot as the keeper of a lodging-house. The laws of the Medes and Persians were nothing to his laws. Death himself is not more inexorable, it is pay or turn out. Meldrum saw that the latter alternative was approaching, and yet he lingered. He starved himself to eke out his few remaining shillings, and stole out at night when it was thoroughly dark to range into the country, and see whether he could not snickle a hare, rob a potatoe pit, or at least, gather some turnips to boil. But the winter was now set in with merciless fierceness. He had to gather the few turnips that he could secure from those which had been pulled from the frosty ground during the day for the flocks, and which by the time he reached the field, were half eaten. The wind swept through him with frosty rigour—shaking his very bones within him, for his clothes were every day getting more thin, and dilapidated, and his internal clothing—that of his stomach—was equally deficient. With hunger and anxiety upon him, he began to brood over desperate thoughts. Hares, potatoes, and turnips, were not likely to satisfy him long. The prospect of having soon no sheltering roof, even such as he had now, without fire, and with few articles of covering at night—and no home but this bleak, freezing, and nocturnal world in which he ranged to and fro, made him grow desperate. He had written to Captain Crick, hoping to hear something of Bates, and clinging to the hope of going off to him, though in some very distant place—but the answer which came was as short and cutting as any human style could possibly arrive at! "The wool is lodged in Derby warehouse, and will be soon exported. Write no more here, we have no further dealings in your line."

There was no name signed—Meldrum knew that it was not safe—the wool in Derby warehouse, and about to be exported! Bates in Derby gaol and going to be transported! That was a death-blow to his last hope. His last shilling was in his pocket, to-morrow it must hop into that of his landlord. A pressure was on his soul like tons of lead; every nerve and sinew in his body seemed stretched as on a rack, devils seemed tugging at every one of them. There was an agony, black, terrible, and demoniac in his heart and in every limb. He stole forth at night, and took his way mechanically towards his own village. Beecup and the farm where he had worked so many years seemed to draw him even when he was not thinking of them, but of some deadly termination to his misery. Many such presented themselves to his racked and lacerated brain; but he decided on none—such choice is not easily made—it requires the last turn of the rack of mental torture, and then it is snatched, not chosen.

Awaking out of a dream of horrors, as it seemed, the unhappy wretch found himself standing on the old green, and before the very house where he had passed so many happy and innocent, ay, virtuous years. The moon had risen, and shone with a light almost of day on the pure, silent, and glittering expanse of snow which covered everything. There was not a living thing abroad. The sound of a dog's bark, and the crow of a cock, came ever and anon from the distant farms, but all besides was profoundly still, and brilliant. The full stream of moonlight played on the cottage front, and lit up every piece of framed timber, and every brick. The snow lay thick on the thatch, and the long icicles hung sparkling like the lustres of a chandelier from the eaves. Every pane of glass, and every corner and bush of the garden—the great square stone by the door, and the dry stalks of the last year's house-leek, on the ridge of the house, all were distinct as at noon, and fell on Meldrum's soul with much the same sensation, as if a red hot iron was passed through his vitals. The long history of the past went across his mind with the fleetness and the devastating violence of a hurricane through the desert. His wife, his children, his Methodist friends and his leadership; the new system of the new landlord—this depopulating system—and what had since followed. Satan himself when pondering on his fall from heaven, did not experience worse pangs nor feel more utterly damned.

At the first moment Meldrum half started at the open brightness, and feared lest he might be seen, but the next moment a spirit of defiance to men and fate seized him. Any one seeing him stand before that cottage, which stood in the brilliant light, as shut up and silent as if it slept as well as its inhabitants, would have regarded him as some felon of the most malignant stamp, meditating some horrible deed.

And they would not have been far wrong—but against that house or its inmates he planned, meditated nothing. He cast a fierce glance to where the hall stood in the front of its noble woods on the neighbouring uplands, the moonlight blazing on its white proud front, and at the thought that there lay in luxury and earth's fulness of good, the man that had made him what he was, he stalked on, and at every step a more misanthropic gall gathered into his heart. The time he felt was come for some desperate deed. He was returning to his lodgings ravenous with hunger, but without hope of even a crust of bread, and the one shilling in his pocket must be paid, and then—! But why should he return at all? Why not spend that shilling for food, and seek fresh quarters for the next night? As these thoughts went through his mind he came within view of a genteel cottage which he used daily to pass on his way from the town to the farm. It was one which turned its back upon the road, and had attached to it a garden, of which the hedge also ran along the road side.

Sudden ideas flashed into the malefactor's heart. He stood still and gazed on that house as he had gazed on his own. In this cottage lived an old lady, a widow, a woman of genteel station and habits but of small property. In this cottage, five miles from the town, she and her husband, in his life-time, used to spend the summers; since his death, she had lived here altogether. Two nieces, and a maid servant constituted her family. A man came every day to look after her pony and chaise, tend the garden, and clean knives and shoes. But he lived a quarter of a mile off, and generally completed his duties in a morning. This house might have been once considered an exposed residence for ladies only, but in these days of quiet and police, there seemed no cause of fear. The old lady often boasted that she had never had so much as a cat killed, or a cabbage stolen. There was a black terrier, it is true chained in the garden near the house with a small cask laid on one side for a kennel, but this kennel was placed close within the hedge, and nothing could have been easier than for any designing persons to make acquaintance with the dog. Meldrum had already done this, without any design, but having stopped frequently of summer mornings and evenings as he went by, to peep through the thinner places of the hedge at the flowers and the neat lawn, and sometimes at the ladies walking there, often merrily talking and laughing, and sometimes of a summer evening seated out on the grass at their work, he had set himself to soothe the dog when he began to bark as he stopped. By degrees the acquaintance became thoroughly confirmed by the occasional use of soft caressing words from Meldrum and the toss of a dry crust over the hedge.

It is a proverb that hungry dogs will eat dirty pudding, but it is equally true, that pampered dogs will eagerly eat a very wretched and unsavoury morsel amidst all their plenty, when they can get it from the most miserable beggar. Meldrum was long ago on such terms of intimacy with this dog, that instead of barking at his approach, he knew his very step, and coming round to the back of his kennel, would stand silently wagging his tail.

But besides this dog, there was another object which had often attracted Meldrum's attention, and that was the small window which looked out upon the road, and which, with a degree of carelessness which nothing but long security could have induced, had been more than once left at night with the shutter unclosed, after the room within had been lighted up. Meldrum's curiosity had led him when this had occurred as he passed, to peep through the opening at the side of the blind, and view what was passing within. There he saw the lady and her nieces seated in their elegant room, at their tea, or reading and working, and appearing as happy as earth could make them. To Meldrum the contrast with his own wretched condition, and miserable lodgings in the town had not been wanting in bitterness. But one evening he had been much excited by seeing the old lady alone, occupied in what? In counting over a number of sovereigns that appeared to Meldrum's imagination a perfect mine of gold. He saw her pick up the coin, deposit it in a small drawer, and crossing the room, place this drawer in its proper location, a desk, which she closed, and locked, but to his surprise, did not take the key from. The old lady certainly did not seem a very suspicious character, nor quite prudently careful, or she would have had this shutter early closed, and the key of the desk, not standing in the key-hole, but snug in her pocket.

Meldrum's curiosity, and other feelings were excited, and every time that he could get a peep through this window of an evening, he looked eagerly at the desk, and to his wonder saw the key, almost invariably standing in the key-hole.

This fact had generated many queer thoughts in his mind. He had pondered, and turned many things in his thoughts, and speculated on his acquaintance with the dog, and other matters. But all this was long ago. By a singular chance, or rather by his having been withdrawn from this road and occupied with engrossing affairs in distant places, he had entirely forgotten these things and thoughts. They now came upon him all at once, and with a strange force. They could not have come across him under more perilous circumstances, either for his own honesty, if he had any left, or for the property of the lady. He stood and gazed on the house,—he drew near to the place by the hedge where the dog's kennel stood. If the dog was in it, it slept, for nothing moved, and Meldrum turned and walked onward towards the town, with his head declined as if in deep thought, and with quickened speed. As the road wound so as to be about to shut out the view of the house, he turned suddenly round, gave another look at the house, and then went on again. It was long after midnight. The moon, which had risen early in the evening, but under thick clouds and the obscurity of a heavy snow shower, was now setting, after a run of radiance through a most intensely blue and frosty sky—and it grew dark. This suited Meldrum, and under its shade, with the knowledge he had of the town and the rounds of the night-police, he managed to reach his wretched lodgings, for his last sleep there?—no—rest there?—no, for he had neither sleep nor rest; his mind was busy with a black temptation—he waited the passing of the next day—and the evening of the next night, as a tiger waits in its jungle.

The landlord came with his demand, Meldrum paid down his last shilling, and as the shades of night fell, he started forth, a man without a penny—without a home—but not without an object.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRONICLE OF A RAGGED RASCAL.

By Edward Youl.

(Continued from p. 267.)

VI.

No more that day, the Chaplain said; the next,
He pondered much, for he was much perplexed;
And in this vein, his meditation ran,
Which certainly was strange for such a man.
"How is it that the stigma clings
To nations, governments, and kings,
Which is implied by the existence
Of wretches, who have no subsistence?
Can it be possible that God has made,—
O Heaven, is the error His?—
Too many men, and other than it is,
Life against life arrayed,
The world can never be, until the fall
Of every nation, overwhelms us all?"
He could not solve, although he brooded long,
His doubt, nor this grave matter could determine;
"One fact is clear,—the king can do no wrong,"
He said, and undertook next Sunday's sermon.

VII.

Freed from confinement, to his former course,
Despite the Chaplain's sage advice,
Proving his innate love of vice,
Returned the ragged wretch, without remorse;
Plunged into sin,
Dashed further in,
Went headlong, scrawled,—he had been taught to write,
Upon the pavement,—"I shall die to-night,
Unless some friend, whose heart is good,
Will give, that which I lack, some food."
And flung him down, a spectacle terrific,
Beside the scrawl, or rather hieroglyphic.
He got a penny soon, and soon got two;
"O!" said the rascal, chuckling, "this will do."
Tenpence by noon, and when the stars shone forth,
Just one and sevenpence the wretch was worth.
"And why should I, a ragged rascal, work,
When others (this the Muse will not reply to.)
Only they rank as gentlemen, may shirk,
Yet by their wits exist, the same as I do?"
He asked himself this question, and replied,
I think the argument was on his side.

VIII.

Resorting to this practice every day,
But less successful, he achieved his way
To manhood, when a sorry accident
The ragged wretch again to prison sent.
Not in experience, though in stature, grown,
He thought another's pocket was his own.

Again the Chaplain, and it was the same,
To give advice and consolation came.
"I know your features." "Yes, and yours I know;
We met before—'twas many years ago."
"I recollect, but you are not reclaimed,—
And older grown,—O are you not ashamed?
Once you had ignorance and want to plead."
"I wanted now,—at least I stood in need."
"To steal is wicked, and before I taught
What you ought not to do, and what you ought.'
"'Tis true, but this advice you could not give,
How such a ragged wretch as I, might live."
"I said by work." "By work! will any find
Me work to do, who am to work inclin'd?"
"But have you tried?" "I have, I went to one,
'You ragged rascal,' he exclaimed, 'begone.'
I sought another—'Such as you employ!'
He cried, in merriment, 'I wish you joy;
Go to the workhouse!' And I went with speed,
And urged my sorrow, but did not succeed."
"Poor wretch, your fate is hard; I cannot blame;—
So reared, who knows?—I might have been the same;
But still you must not steal." "And must not die,
And cannot live,—O what a wretch am I!"
"All is not right," the Chaplain thought, "but where
The error is——" He hesitated there.

IX.

Again restored,—O, what a restoration!
To freedom, in the country of the free,—
As England, by the blockheads of the nation,
Emphatically is proclaim'd to be:
Our ragged rascal took his destin'd course,
And went—of course he went—from bad to worse.
Congenial spirits in the gaol he met,
Who taught him lessons he could not forget.
But not to dwell
On schemes, which would exhaust a thief's vocabulary,
To illustrate, in technic phrase,
And in a burglar's dialect,
(Ainsworth, you may consult, or Bulwer Lytton,
And Dickens, or in case they have not hit on
The proper terms, apply to the constabulary.)
The Muse, who understands her duty well,—
Though fallen upon disastrous days,
When cash to recompense a Muse,
Is scarce, and every one has fifty ways
For spending, without thinking of a song,—
Will not detain the reader long;
But fitting brevity will use,
And one or two examples will select.
By aid of wax to take impressions
Of locks, this was amongst the lessons;
And, into dwellings, how to break
At night, and not a soul awake:
When every door is barred moreover,
And bells are watchful on the shutters.
He hung upon the lesson, as a lover,
Who hangs upon the words his mistress utters,
Protesting she is all his life,
And beats her, when she is his wedded wife.

X.

Upon the exploits of a robber's hand,
Prejudiced men have fixed a horrid brand.
A man may kill his thousands, and renown
Shall follow him, and laurel be his crown.
A single murder shall consign the wretch
To gaol, the judge, the scaffold, and Jack Ketch.
The destiny of one is strangulation;
The other gains the plaudits of the nation.
So, in a king, 'tis simply confiscation
To steal a territory, but to thieve
A purse is scandalous, as men believe;
But then, it is no error in a king
To rob,—a king can do no moral wrong;
I grant the proposition somewhat strong,
And hard of acceptation, but can bring
The late Archbishop to espouse the cause
Of kings, who cannot break the moral laws.*
But whether the Archbishop reckoned
Without the Gospel, question Charles the Second.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRIES IN NEW ENGLAND. †

By J. G. Whittier.

Fairy-faith is, we may safely say, now dead everywhere—buried, indeed, for the mad painter, Blake, saw the funeral of the last of the little people; and an irreverent English bishop has sung their requiem. It never had much hold upon the Yankee mind—our superstitions being mostly of a grimmer and less poetical kind. The Irish Presbyterians, who settled in New Hampshire about the year 1720, brought, indeed, with them, among other strange matters, potatoes and fairies, but while the former took root and flourished among us, the latter died out, after lingering a few years, in a very melancholy and disconsolate way, doubtlessly looking regretfully back on their green turf dances, moonlight revels, and cheerful nestling around the shealing-fires of Ireland. The last that has been heard of them, was some forty or fifty years ago, in a tavern-house in S——, N. H. The landlord was a spiteful little man, whose sour, pinched look, was a standing libel upon the state of his larder. He made his house so uncomfortable by his moroseness that travellers even at nightfall pushed by the door, and drove to the next town. Teamsters and drovers, who, in those days, were apt to be very thirsty, learned, even before temperance societies were thought of, to practice total abstinence on that road, and cracked their whips, and goaded on their teams, in full view of a most tempting array of bottles and glasses, from behind which the surly little landlord glared out upon them, with a look which seemed expressive of all sorts of evil wishes, broken legs, overturned carriages, spavined horses, sprained oxen, unsavoury poultry, damaged butter, and bad markets. And if, as a matter of necessity, to "keep the cold out of his stomach," occasionally a wayfarer stopped his team, and ventured to call for "somethin' warmin'," the testy publican stirred up the beverage in such a spiteful way, that, on receiving it foaming from his hand, the poor customer was half afraid to open his mouth, lest the red-hot flip-iron should be plunged down his gullet.

As a matter of course, poverty came upon the house and its tenants, like an armed man. Loose clapboards rattled in the wind; rags fluttered from the broken windows; within doors were tattered children and scanty fire. The landlord's wife was a stout, buxom woman, of Irish lineage, and what with scolding her husband, and liberally patronizing his bar in his absence, managed to keep, as she said, her "own heart whole," although the same could scarcely be said of her children's trowsers, and her own frock of homespun. She confidently predicted that "a better day was coming," being, in fact, the only thing hopeful about the premises. And it did come, sure enough. Not only all the regular travellers on the road made a point of stopping at the tavern, but guests from all the adjacent towns filled its long-deserted rooms. The secret of which was, that it had somehow got abroad that a company of fairies had taken up their abode in the hostelry, and daily held conversation with each other in the capacious parlour. I have heard those who at the time visited the tavern, say that it was literally thronged for several weeks. Small, squeaking voices spoke in a sort of Yankee-Irish dialect, in the haunted room, to the astonishment and admiration of hundreds. The inn, of course, was blessed by this fairy visitation; the clap-boards ceased their racket, clear panes took the place of rags in the sashes, and the little till under the bar, grew daily heavy with coin. The magical influence extended even farther; for it was observable that the landlord wore a good-natured face, and that the landlady's visits to the gin bottle were less and less frequent. But the thing could not, in the nature of the case, continue long. It was too late in the day, and on the wrong side of the water. As the novelty wore off, people began to doubt and reason about it. Had the place been traversed by a ghost or disturbed by a witch, they could have acquiesced in it very quietly, but this outlandish belief in fairies was altogether an overtask for Yankee credulity. As might have been expected, the little strangers, unable to breathe in an atmosphere of doubt and suspicion, soon took their leave, shaking off the dust of their elfin feet as a testimony against an unbelieving generation. It was, indeed, said that certain rude fellows from the Bay State, pulled away a board from the ceiling, and disclosed to view the fairies in the shape of the landlady's three slatternly daughters. But the reader who has any degree of that "charity which thinketh no evil," will rather credit the statement of the fairies themselves, as reported by the mistress of the house, "that they were tired of the new country, and had no pace of their lives among the Yankees, and were going back to ould Ireland."

---

* Howley, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, (see *The Times.*) obtained the primacy, as a reward for advocating George the Fourth's integrity in the House of Lords, during the trial of Queen Caroline, on the ground that a king can do no *moral* wrong.

† We extract the above article from *Godey's Lady's Book*, which is published at Philadelphia, and edited by Mrs. Hale, who is well known as a poetess of great beauty and sweetness. We have much pleasure in drawing the attention of our fair countrywomen to this excellent Magazine, especially as we see that Mr. John Chapman, Strand, is now the English publisher of it. It is an excellent specimen of American periodical literature, including as its contributors some of the first names of America, and—a sufficient proof of its merit—commanding a circulation of 120,000 copies.

It is a curious fact that the Indians had some notion of a race of beings corresponding in many respects to the English fairies. Schoolcraft describes them as small creatures in human shape, inhabiting rocks, crags, and romantic dells, and delighting especially in points of land jutting into lakes and rivers, and which were covered with pine trees. They were called Puckweedjinees—little vanishers.

It is to be regretted that our Puritan ancestors did not think it worth their while to hand down to us more of the simple and beautiful traditions and beliefs of the "heathen round about" them. Some hints of them we glean from the writings of the missionary Mayhew, and the curious little book of Roger Williams. Especially would one like to know more of that domestic demon, Wetuomanit, who presided over household affairs, assisted the young squaw in her first essay at wigwam-keeping, gave timely note of danger, and kept evil spirits at a distance—a kind of New-World Brownie, gentle and useful, a belief in whom does not really appear to us, as it did to the painful old Fathers of New England orthodoxy, "nefandous and very devilish."

Very beautiful, too, is the story of Pumoolah—a mighty spirit, whose home is on the great Katahdin mountain, sitting there, with his earthly bride (a beautiful daughter of the Penobscots, transformed into an immortal by her love), in serenest sunshine above the storm which crouches and growls at his feet. None but the perfectly pure and good can reach his abode. Many have from time to time attempted it in vain; some, after almost reaching the summit, have been driven back by thunder-bolts or sleety whirlwinds.

Brainard, who truly deserves the name of an American poet, has left behind him a ballad on the Indian legend of the Black Fox, which haunted Salmon river, a tributary of the Connecticut. Its wild and picturesque beauty causes us to regret that more of the still lingering traditions of the Red Men have not been made the themes of his verse.

THE BLACK FOX.

How cold, how beautiful, how bright
  The cloudless heaven above us shines!
But 'tis a howling winter's night—
  'Twould freeze the very forest pines!

The winds are up while mortals sleep;
  The stars look forth while eyes are shut;
The bolted-snow lies drifted deep
  Around our poor and lonely hut.

With silent step and listening ear,
  With bow and arrow, dog and gun,
We'll mark his track—his prowl we hear—
  Now is our time!—Come on, come on!

O'er many a fence, through many a wood,
  Following the dog's bewildered scent,
In anxious haste and earnest mood,
  The white man and the Indian went.

The gun is cocked, the bow is bent,
  The dog stands with uplifted paw;
And ball and arrow both are sent,
  Aimed at the prowler's very jaw.

The ball to kill that Fox is run,
  Not in a mould by mortals made;
The arrow which that Fox should shun
  Was never shaped from earthly reed.

The Indian Druids of the wood
  Know where the fatal arrows grow;
They spring not by the summer flood,
  They pierce not through the winter's snow!

Why cowers the dog, whose snuffing nose
  Was never once deceived till now?
And why amidst the chilling snows
  Does either hunter wipe his brow?

For once they see his fearful den;
  'Tis a dark cloud that slowly moves
By night around the homes of men,
  By day along the stream it loves.

Again the dog is on the track,
  The hunters chase o'er dale and hill;
They may not, though they would, look back,
  They must go forward, forward still.

Onward they go, and never turn,
  Amidst a night which knows no day;
For never more shall morning sun
  Light them upon their endless way.

The hut is desolate; and there
  The famished dog alone returns;
On the cold steps he makes his lair;
  By the shut door he lays his bones.

Now the tired sportsman leans his gun
  Against the ruins on its site,
And ponders on the hunting done
  By the lost wanderers of the night.

And there the little country girls
  Will stop to whisper, listen and look,
And tell, while dressing their sunny curls,
  Of the Black Fox of Salmon Brook!

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON POPULAR MOVEMENT.

By William Howitt.

(Concluded from page 266.)

These Chores, or Unions of Students, have their regular laws, constitutions, tribunals, customs, and officers, all established on the basis of practical experience, and carried out with an exactness amidst all their appearance of fun and jollity, equal to the administration of the affairs of the most despotic empire. There is their *Senior Convent*, or Assembly of Elders, which is the highest tribunal for the settlement of the claims and fitness of all aspirants to membership, and also for the decision of all affairs arising amongst themselves. The members elect these, who consist of their leaders. The *Senior*, the *Consenior* or Second Officer, and the *Dritte Chargirte* or Third Officer. They have their *Chore-Convent*, or official meeting of the Chore, where all these higher officers meet the *Chore-Burschen*, and their general meetings of the Chore, or *Kneip*, at which besides the Chore-Burschen, assemble the *Renoncen*, or Fags of the Chore, and the *Mit-Kneipanten*, or boon companions, who are students who do not enter a Chore as members, but only as friends to join in their songs and convivialities. Every officer takes rank according to his fame for prowess. Their laws are enrolled in a book called the *Allgemeine Convent*, or general code, and the Convents of Seniors meeting from different chores, put these laws in force, not only against members but against the public. They can order a *Marching Forth* when the heads of the University on any occasion persist in an infraction of the Academic Freedom, and order any student to quit the place, which must and will be obeyed, the whole body of students marching forth in solemn procession, and deserting the university and town till the offence is withdrawn. They also hurl the terrors of the *Bann-strahl*, or power of excommunication against individuals or large bodies. When a citizen, whose trade derives benefit from the students—for example an innkeeper, or shop-keeper—treats a student harshly or unjustly, and is found guilty by the *Senior Convent*, that man is put under *Verruf* or proscription, and every student deserts his house or shop, and ceases all dealings with him till justice is done, or the time prescribed by the *Convent* expires. If an innkeeper under the ban has a ball in his house, the officers of the Chores attend to see if any student be present, and any such offender, be he member of a Chore or not, is also put under the ban, and not a member of any Chore will hold any communication with him. If a member, he will also be called on to answer it in the duel. There remains nothing for him but to quit the University, where all intercourse would be closed against him, and where he would be shunned by all. Whole cities have been laid under the ban, and even the proudest authorities, government themselves, have been compelled to submit to this exercise of the Academic Freedom, or the University and town would be ruined for ever.

Into these singular, despotic, yet highly honourable associations, which conduct their affairs on the strictest principles of law, charter, and right, every young man of spirit is eager to enter. This entrance, as well as most of the practice of the chore life is clothed in a garb of fun and frolic, which to a sober foreigner would appear almost childish. These practices are, no doubt, intended to throw off the ordinary gravity and formality of existence, and to serve as entire relaxations.

Every young man then coming as a Freshman to a University comes as a *Camel*. Into this state he has already migrated from that of a *Mule*, the intermediate state between a Camel and a *Frog*, or student at the gymnasium, or state grammar school. He now aspires to enter a chore, and becomes a Fox, running joyfully into the new Burschen life. During the first *Semester* or half-year, he is a *Gold Fox*, which means that he has *foxes* or rich gold in plenty yet; or he is a *Crass Fuchs*, or *Fat-Fox*, meaning that he swells or puffs himself up with gold. In the second half-year he becomes a *Brand Fuchs*, or *Burnt Fox*, after the foxes of Sampson. The fox year is then over, and they wash the eyes of the new baked *Young Bursche*, since during the fox-year he was held to be blind, the fox not being endued with reason. From Young Bursche he advances with time to *Old Bursche*, and finally to *Old House*, or *Bemossed Head*, or *Mossy Head*, the highest state of honour to which man, in the opinion of students, can attain.

The entrance to this privileged life, and to this course of honours is at a *Commers*, a social meeting of the chores at the *Kneip-room*, or club-room of one of the chores where all the chores meet, and all the foxes, burnt-foxes, and young burschen, who present themselves are initiated. This is done by what is called the Fox-ride. The president of the presiding chore sits at the head of the long *kneip*-table with his drawn sword before him, and all the other members are seated or stand around provided with beer and pipes. The doors of the hall open, and an old Bursche, seated on a chair with its back before him, rides in. He is clad in white leathern breeches and jack boots, and wears also the hat of a postilion. He is commonly clad in a Polonaise, and at his left side hangs the postilion's horn; in his right hand he carries his sword. Sometimes, as a variety, he rides in a high gala dress, in frock and huge shirt collar, carrying also his highly polished and glittering sword in his hand. With solemn assumption of grotesque, well-acted dignity, he thus leads up the procession of assembled foxes, who, also in leathern breeches and jack-boots, ride on chairs in the same style, after the Old House. The moment that the train appears, the whole assembly breaks out singing the old and invariable song of *Der Fuchsritt*, the Fox-ride.

Nothing can give a more thorough idea of the solemn burlesque in which the students indulge than a few of the opening stanzas of this song:—

The Chore sings.

What comes there from the height?
What comes there from the height?
What comes there from the leathern-a height?
Si, sa, leathern-a height;
What comes there from the height?

The Leader.

There comes a postilión;
There comes a postilión;
There comes a leathern-a postilión,
Si, sa, postilión,
There comes a postilión.

The Chore.

What brings the postilión?
(etc. as above.)

The Leader.

He bringeth us a Fox:—(etc.)

The Foxes sing.

Good evening, gentlemen;
Good evening, gentlemen;
Good evening, noble gentlemen;
Good evening, gentlemen.

The Chore.

What doth the Herr Papa?
What doth the Herr Papa?
What doth the leathern-a Herr Papa?
Si, sa Herr Papa—
What doth the Herr Papa?

The Foxes.

He reads in Kikero;
He reads in Kikero;
He reads in leathern-a Kikero:
Si, sa, Kikero—
He reads in Kikero.[*]

This goes on with enquiries after the mother, the sister, and the brother—and the answers are equally ludicrous—that the mother mends the father's stockings, the sister makes his hasty-pudding, and the brother oxes, or labours prodigiously at his studies, in order to get to the University. At the close of the song the pipe of friendship is handed to each of the foxes, and other ceremonies follow, such as making Burnt-foxes by pursuing them with lighted spills, and the like, and the whole concludes by singing in chorus a song—most commonly that of "Free is the Bursche!" touching their glasses at the end of each strophe.

From this day forward the life of the Chore rolls on through all its movements, and its more solemn exercises. It meets every evening at its kneip-house for singing and festivity. It has its *Commerses* or Feasts; its combats; if a student dies it celebrates with all the rest of the chores, his funeral with impressive ceremonies: if a professor or a stranger of distinction is to be honoured, it joins in the torch-train, the great mark of respect. If a student quits before the vacation, he is accompanied a part of the way on horseback, and in carriages, and they part with a feast. This is a *Commität*.

---

[*] Cicero, humourously thus pronounced, because a party amongst the classics insist that it was anciently so pronounced.

RETURNING FROM THE COMMERS BY MOONLIGHT.

We presented a view of a Comität, under the title of "The Student's Departure," at the head of our last article. We may now give a pleasant burlesque of it—two students accompanying a friend who has run through his finances, and is conveying, in a dilapidated wheelbarrow, all his effects from the Student's Heaven, or University life, into Philistria, or the World.

It would demand too much of our space to follow them through all these customs. Their Commerses, however, are too striking to be altogether passed over. These take place at the opening and close of each Semester or term. A General Commers consists of the assembled Chores, and is opened with the singing of certain songs, and is closed with that of the Land'sfather, during the singing of which they run their swords through each other's caps. The hole that is bored in the cap is at once a symbol of the death of the Fatherland, and a memorial of Commers pleasures enjoyed in companionship with those of many names and places. In conclusion all sing—

Rest thee from the Burschen feast rites
  Now, thou dedicated brand,
And be each one's high endeavour
  Freedom for his Fatherland!
Hail to him who still is haunted
  With his father's fame in field;
  And the sword may no one wield
But the noble and undaunted.

The Special Commers is the feast of the particular Chore, and is held at the commencement and close of each college term. These Commerses are generally held out in the country. We see a jocund train issuing forth from one of the city gates. A troop goes before on horseback, who, in earlier times were still more distinguished by their peculiar style, but who still may sometimes be seen in full costume, that is, buckskins and huge jack-boots, Polonaise frocks; on their heads their Cerevis or Chore caps; over their breasts, wearing the broad Chore-band, while they carry in their right hands their naked swords. The rest follow them in carriages drawn by two or four horses; or the Senior precedes in a four or six horse equipage, and the rest follow in two-horse ones. In their customary negligent student dress, they lounge at their ease in their carriages smoking their long pipes. The foxes shew themselves especially consequential, since it is the first time that they have been privileged to present themselves to the eyes of the astonished world in such a procession. The Pawk-doctor, that is, the surgeon who regularly attends them at their duels, is invited to this festivity, and frequently honours the Chore with his presence; and they have generally some devoted and often eccentric follower like the Red Fisherman at Heidelberg, who, arrayed in the oddest style, is posted as servant behind the last carriage.

Be sure that the jocund students are bound to the most delightful spot in the neighbourhood, there to enjoy themselves. From Heidelberg, where we have so often witnessed these extraordinary processions, they ascend the beautiful valley of the Neckar for about six miles to Neckarsteinach, a village situated in a most lovely scene with the ruins of several castles peeping from the hill-tops. If the reader were on such a day already at Neckarsteinach, so might he, from the little pavilion in the garden of the Harp Inn, right commodiously observe the approach of such a train, as it emerges from the windings of the road which follows the serpentine course of the Neckar, and permits him even from afar, to see the flashing of the drawn swords, and the shimmering of the coloured caps and chore-bands. Or he sees the new guests approaching in a large barge which they have mounted at Neckargemünd, the next village where they cross the Neckar by the ferry; and where they have left their horses and carriages. The barge is hung with garlands and festoons, pennons stream from the masts; the sons of the Muses, as the students term themselves, in their many-coloured costume, are picturesquely grouped, and some of them are singing in the overflowing of their spirits to the sound of jocund music!

The inhabitants see gladly these guests arrive in the place, as the Burschen in one day make a greater expenditure, or in common parlance, moult more feathers than as many humble inhabitants of the little place do in a year. On this account their approach is first announced by the firing of small cannon from Dielsberg, a hamlet opposite, situated on a lofty conical hill, and shewing, with its old high enclosing wall and antique towers, like some city of ancient Palestine in old Bible pictures. The barge comes up, and the garden of the inn and banks now swarm with the lively Burschen, who here play off all sorts of pranks and whims.

But within the whole house is in a bustle. Servants and waiters run to and fro. Above, in the great hall is a long table covered. The windows are all adorned with green and flowery garlands and festoons, and at that end of the hall where the seat of honour is placed, there is emblazoned on the wall the great painted coat of arms of the *Verbindung*, or Chore, embellished with ribbons and flowers. The musicians now take their places in the orchestra above; the sons of the Muses appear in the hall, and the feast is opened. After the cloth is drawn, the proceedings at table are such as we have described in the General Commers, except that at this Commers no beer is drunk, but wine, and you soon hear the report of out-flying champagne corks as the toasts of the Chore are given, or the health of the Land-Prince, when the feast is held on his birthday.

As they do not return from such a Commers, at the earliest, till the noon or evening of the next day, all kinds of mad-cap frolics and playfulness are resorted to to make the time pass merrily. They act and sing the Prince of Fools; and the next day they sally forth and engage in all kinds of youthful merriment amongst the hills and valleys round, and their songs resound over the whole country. Their gambols and outbreaks of youthful spirits, full of life, strength, and enjoyment, and ready to overleap all bounds in the excitement of leaving behind for a day or so all study, and giving themselves up to fine weather and beautiful scenery, have always characterized the students, and an old ballad of 1650, shews us that they were the same then, with far less refinement than at the present time.

Queer chaps are these students, say folks everywhere,
Although you should have them but once in the year;
They make in the village such riot and reek
There's nought else left for us but plague for a week.

The frolics being ended, the songs sung, and thus the Commers concluded, they generally, if on the banks of a river, return to the city by a boat. If this is in the evening the barge is illuminated, and when they approach the city fireworks are played off. As they land they proceed to their kneip, and so wind up the feast.

As we have said, the students march in long processions, bearing each a torch to do honour to their professors on some popular occasion, or to distinguished strangers. On New Year's Eve they go round with torches, and guns which they fire off, and shout *vivas*, beneath the windows of the favourite professors. Now and then they are called upon to engage in a great "Marching Forth," but this can be only rare—and the departure of some of their comrades gives opportunity for a farewell procession or Commität; but by far the most poetical and impressive of their ceremonies is the celebration of the funeral of one of their number. We more than once saw this in Heidelberg.

A numerous band of music came at the head of the procession, lighted by torch-bearers, for these funerals always take place in the evening. Then followed the funeral car, covered with black cloth and drawn by black horses. Upon the car lay the Chore-band, the Chore-caps of the deceased, and two crossed swords, all covered with mourning crape, and surrounded with mourning wreaths. We remarked also one smaller garland, it was formed of white roses, and was, we were told, from the sorrowing hand of some unknown fair one.

Immediately before the car went two of the beadles carrying fasces wreathed with crape. On each side and behind the car, walked the companions of the Chore, all in simple black mourning with hats. Immediately behind the Chore walked two clergymen in black costume. This whole group was surrounded by torch-bearers. Then came all the other students who were acquainted with the deceased. Before them marched the leader of the procession with two attendants or marshals. The leader was clad in the buckskins and great jack boots—the large storm or two-cocked hat, bordered with black and white crape, with sweeping feathers—the great leathern gauntlets—the sword trailing in its sheath; and his two attendants were similarly attired, but without the storm-hat. Then followed the students, two and two, in divisions according to their Chores, amounting to some six or seven hundred, each bearing a torch. In two lines they advanced slowly on each side of the street, and from time to time we observed an officer marching between these lines, distinguished by his senior's cap and ribbon, while he carried in his hand his sword, its colours all veiled in crape, and its sheath hanging from his left side.

Thus moved slowly the procession through the streets to the churchyard where the body was interred. There the students assembled round the grave, the clergyman stepped forth, pronounced his address, and closed it with a benediction. Then advanced one of the young friends of the deceased, and pronounced an oration, calling to the remembrance the true friendship of the departed, his manly worth, and genuine German mind. A few stanzas were sung from the beautiful hymn—"From high Olympus," in which he had so often joined them. The coffin was lowered into the grave, and every student pressed forward in turn to fling a handful of earth into the grave. Lastly, the lowered swords were crossed over the grave, and their clash was the signal for returning.

Then no longer solemnly and silently trod back the throng; as in the case of soldiers, they marched briskly away to lively airs. In going they had mourned the friend and fellow mortal cut off in the early hopes of youth—*now*, they rejoiced only in his advent to a second and more glorious life. This rejoicing music was the recognition of the immortality of man.

Arrived in one of the large squares, the train marched round it, and turning towards the centre, at a given signal, let their torches fly up into the air, and fall on a heap in the midst. They whirled up, describing many a fiery circle and convolution ere they reached the flaming pile; and now, while this one huge pyre lit up all around with a dazzling radiance, and the dark and giant clouds of smoke rolling up, mixed with the many-coloured flames, spread themselves to the heavens, the voices of the assembled students burst forth in a startling and most solemn chorus of the music-accompanied song of

Gaudiamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus.

Finally, the torch-pile having nearly consumed itself in its splendid light—the senior stood forth, and wielded his sword as in defiance. The rest rushed together, and with wild cries clashing their swords above their heads, there was a shout—"Quench the fire!" and the whole of the students at once dispersed. The crowd then closed in; water was thrown on the flames; the dense black column of smoke changed into a white one, and all was over.

T. PHILLIPS. SC.

BURNING THE TORCHES AT A STUDENTS' FUNERAL.

Such is the Student's Life. Full of gaiety, frolic, and romance, kindling a vivid sentiment of friendship, and by that strong union, preparing its actors for an exalted devotion to liberty and country, which on all occasions is ready to shew itself. One of its most beautiful features is, that it is a system of "Liberty—Equality—Fraternity!" Every one is held to be equal, be he prince or peasant—and they unite into what they call "*Du bruderschaft!*" Thou-brotherhood, in which they address each other, both then and at any future period of life with *thou*, and many are the instances in which these friendships between those of very dissimilar stations in life have, in years long after, shewn themselves most nobly unshaken.

The most objectionable parts of their system are their drinking and duelling—yet it is but just to say, that these features have been much exaggerated, and the blame laid on the wrong shoulders. The drinking is really that of *small beer*. The duelling, again, is merely fencing under another name. The youths might be better employed, that is certain, but they are so defended with a sort of leathern armour, that they rarely can be hurt, except they get a cut on the cheek as a mark of their folly. Such a thing as a death is rarely known. More Englishmen, and men of mature years, and with families too, shoot one another with pistols in any one year than there are German students killed in their duelling in any one century.

But who, in fact, are really to blame for the continuance of these customs? It is a black fact in the history of the governments of the different German states—that it is their act and work. The students have repeatedly endeavoured to clear their club-life of these practices, and the governments have in every instance prevented it. The students have desired to set up reading-rooms instead, but the governments have forbidden them, and forced them back on their drinking, singing, and duelling, lest they should read themselves into politics.

But amid all the outward show of student life, the spirit of liberty has burned inwardly as its genuine principle. On all occasions and in all ages the German students have stood for liberty. They stood by John Huss; they stood by Luther. They stood by the Protestant cause in the Thirty Years War to the death. When the whole land was an amphitheatre of martyrdom, when the horrible bigot Ferdinand of Austria, crushed out the people's lives by his troops, the people fought, and often conquered, but in vain. Then issued forth that strange apparition—the Unknown Student! What a singular episode is his advent in the history of this war! His real name and origin were unknown, and will remain so for ever. He had all the reckless enthusiasm of the student, the zeal of the hero, or the saint; and the eloquence which tingles in the ears of wronged men, and runs through the quick veins like fire. Solemn and mysterious, he stood forth in the hour of need, like a spirit from heaven. The wondering people gathered round him, listened, and followed with shouts to victory. They stood on the field of Gmunden, in the face of the magnificent Saltzburg Alps. The Unknown Student was in the midst of them; and pointing to the lakes, the forests, the hills, and the glittering Alpine summits above and around them, he asked if they would not fight for so glorious a land, and for the simple and true hearts in those rocky fortresses? In the camp of the Austrian General, Pappenheim, could be heard the fiery words of his harangue. They heard the vows which burst forth, like the voice of the sea, in reply, and the hymn of faith which followed. From rock, ravine, and forest, rushed forth the impetuous peasant thousands, and even the victorious army of Pappenheim could not sustain the shock. The right wing scattered and fled; the peasant army, with the Unknown Student at their head, pursuing and hewing them down. There was a wild flight to the very gates of Gmunden. Then came back the fiery Unknown with his flushed thousands. He threw himself on the left wing of Pappenheim with the fury of a lion. There was a desperate struggle; the troops of Pappenheim wavered; victory hung on the uplifted sword of the Unknown Student, when a ball struck him and his rôle was played out. His head, hoisted on a spear, was the sign of shivering dismay to his followers. They fled, leaving on the field four thousand of their fellows dead; Pappenheim and extermination in their rear.

True to their ancient spirit, the students stood by their country in the expulsion of Napoleon and the French. Were it not for the youthful effervescence of their spirit of freedom, freedom itself would long ago in that country have ceased to exist; to have lost its only living evidence of ever having existed. In the last War of Liberation, in the last grand rising to expel the enemy from their native land, they were amongst the most ardent and beautiful of the deliverers. At the Battle of the Nations before Leipsic, they fought like lions, and in the front. On the great march after the retreating foe, when the whole population seemed to pour itself out after it, there were none so fleet, so alert, so joyous, and so gallant, as the students. They proved then that all their songs and toasts to liberty were not the mere noise and foam of idle and boasting hours. They did deeds worthy of the heroes of the most heroic ages. They fought and fell as freely, and as exultingly, as they had sung the song of the Fatherland. Far a-head of millions, hanging on the closest rear of the hated enemy, was seen one brave and devoted band—it was the gymnastic troop of the dauntless, the patriotic Jahn. Long before, long ere the spirit of Germany was roused, when the proud foot of Napoleon stood on the heart of the empire, and on the very necks of the fallen princes, where he picked out with searching eye, every prominent patriot for disgrace or death,—then had Jahn preached from his school-chair resistance to the tyrant, and freedom or death to the empire. He had gathered into his school every brave beating heart of the youth around him. He had told them that if ever they meant to achieve the freedom of Germany, and retrieve its lost honour, they must arouse themselves from sloth and effeminacy. They must practice temperance, moral purity, and physical exercises, to endow them with vigour and activity. He had erected his gymnastic school; and while he gave to their freaks pliancy and hardihood, he breathed into their spirits the most imperishable love of liberty, of honour, and of native land. By his "Teutsches Volksthum," he sounded abroad, from end to end of Germany, the same great and indomitable spirit. The flame caught and spread—it kindled in every German University; and morals, religion, patriotism, and gymnastics, became everywhere the sacred practice of the youth, founded on their ardent hope of working out the salvation of their country.

The great day of opportunity came. The battle of Leipsic was fought. There was a loud call from the Princes to arms. Gloriously did the students answer to the cry. They were promised by all the Princes, as the price of victory over their foe—a liberty—a constitutional liberty worthy of Germany and Christianity. From every university poured forth the youth in glowing enthusiasm—far a-head of them went Jahn and his band. The armies returned to Germany with shouts and the pealing music of trumpets. The band of Jahn had shrunk into a mere shadow—into a little, very little troop—it had been cut to pieces in its daring onslaughts on the foe. The greater portion of the young heroes, of the *inspired boys* of Jahn, had fallen in the field; and yet happy indeed were they, compared with those who returned. These returned to the bitterest fate. They came back with hearts burning with the victories achieved, and the reward of liberty to come. But it never did come! The traitor Princes who promised, never performed. They had got rid of *one* tyrant, and now resolved to erect themselves into a *legion*. They refused all demands for constitutional rights. They even trampled on the very hearts of their rescuers. They flung cold water on the flames of patriotism, which had consumed their oppressors. Everywhere the noblest spirits were treated as the worst of men. Instead of freedom, they were provided with chains and dungeons as their reward.

Never, in the history of mankind, did a more beautiful and Christian spirit animate the whole student youth of a nation. They maintained everywhere their gymnastic schools; they practised the strictest morality; they formed associations to put down all duelling and drinking; they breathed the most religious spirit. But their grand institution was that of the Burschenschaft, a union of the youths of all the Universities of Germany to restore the unity and freedom of the German empire; and they adopted as their colours those of the old empire—black, red, and gold. This union, which was founded at Jena in 1815, was persecuted with the utmost bitterness by the Princes. It was made a capital offence to wear these colours. The very words printed in their Commers, or Student Song Books, caused them to be seized—blanks were left, and may yet be seen in plenty of these books. Yet these are the colours which the King of Prussia the other day paraded in the bloody streets of Berlin. If he had a conscience how it must have smitten him at the thought of all the persecutions which these colours had brought on the patriotic youth of Germany. Did the memory of the Wartburg, of Tübingen, Frankfort, and the Castle of Hambach never for a moment flit across his soul?

The songs sung by the Burschenschaft are not more distinguished for their great poetical power, and their ardent spirit of patriotism, than for their fine religious faith. In their "Great Song"—Das Grosse Lied—they exclaim—

Yes! liberty in love
Shall yet be glorified;
Faith shall approve itself
In glorious deeds:
As the free cloud from ocean rises
Humanity shall from the people rise;
Where right and liberty prevail,
In human nature the divine unfold.
Free Translation by Mrs. Follen.

When these glad hopes were crushed by the perjured Princes, they dissolved their Burschenschaft with the same Christian spirit. They say, alluding to this union —and singing this song on the occasion—

We builded ourselves a house stately and fair,
And there in God confided, spite tempest, storm, and care.
* * * * * *
What God laid upon us was misunderstood;
Our unity excited mistrust e'en in the good.
Our ribbon is severed of black, red, and gold,
Yet God has it permitted, who can his will unfold?
Then let the house perish! what matters its fall?
The soul yet lives within us, and God's the strength of all!

The spirit which animated the forsworn Princes was as despicable as that of the youth was noble. They put down the schools of gymnastics, seized the very machinery, even that of Jahn himself, who had played so conspicuous a part in the drama of their liberation, and never allowed him a penny for it. They imprisoned and persecuted him. They have done it to this very day, when the old man, ruined by the government, is, if living, maintained by a subscription amongst the better spirits of his country. But they persecuted not him alone, but the whole host of patriots who had aided them to drive out the French. These were pursued from city to city wherever they took refuge, by the orders of Prussia, Austria, and Russia. They fled to Switzerland, to France—nowhere were they safe. Some escaped to America, some to England, and other countries. What a constellation of noble spirits was thus dispersed by the breath of despotism into a scattered remnant of unhappy fugitives; Arndt, the Follens, Börne, Forster, etc., etc. Many were crushed into indigent indifference—many were swallowed up by secret dungeons, such as those of Austria, which Silvio Pellico has described.

When the oaks and flowers wither
In the wasting, parching sun,
When the people are but shadows,
And the land a grave for men;
When tyrannic power presses
Like a nightmare on the land,
Then no little bird can sing
His heartsome freedom-song.
When the streams are changed to marshes,
And when all the hills and fountains
Send forth only poisonous vapours,
And the merry fishes die,
And the toads and vermin fatten,—
THEN, *the lightnings must descend*
And the angry tempests roar,
That mankind may rise from shadows,
That the day may dawn from night!
THE GREAT SONG.

And behold! the day is come. All that the Burschenschaft planned, all that the patriotic students of Germany longed for, prayed for, lived and suffered for—is come! The traitor Princes are fallen—the representatives of the great German people are met in Frankfort,—met on the very spot where the Burschenschaft met in 1831—to carry into effect the sacred object of their most sacred desires—THE UNION AND LIBERTY OF THE FATHERLAND!

So heaven concedes in its own time the long deferred, yet righteous purpose! So it teaches us to trust, and work on in certain faith! Arndt, long an exile for his participation in the Burschenschaft has lived to see the day of the desired freedom. He stood, the octogenarian veteran of liberty, the other day at Cologne, beneath the great Germanic Banner of black, red, and gold—so long proscribed, yet now flaunted abroad by the very princes who proscribed it as the symbol of popular union and power. The author of the celebrated national song, "What is the German Fatherland?" and of many another stirring lyric written in days of despotism to quicken the blood of his nation—there he stood and saw not only his own hopes fulfilled, but those of thousands of his cotemporaries who are passed away.

When the German students, then, in Berlin led the bloody fight, when in every part of the country they were at the head of the people, proclaiming the revolution accomplished—we may comprehend, after what is here written, what was passing in their hearts. Those hearts have been fed and strengthened on the memory of past glories, aspirations, and martyrdoms, and by their perpetual songs, the compositions of the first poets of their nation, Luther, Schiller, Goethe, Bürger, Lessing, Voss, Chamisso, Herder, Körner, Arndt, Uhland, and of younger and not less illustrious names. Never, on any former occasion have they been more entitled, than on this last, to sing their noble lyric.

WO MUTH UND CRAFT—

Are German hearts with strength and courage beating?
There to the clang of beakers gleams the sword,
And true and steadfast in our place of meeting,
We peal aloud in song the fiery word!
Though rocks and oak-trees shiver,
We, we will tremble never!
Strong like the tempest, see the youths go by
For Fatherland to combat and to die!

Red, red as true love be the brother-token,
And pure like gold the soul within imprest,
And that in death our spirits be not broken,
Black be the ribbon bound about the breast.
* * * Though rocks etc.

And now, since fate may tear us from each other,
Let each man grasp of each the brother-hand,
And swear once more,—O, every German brother,
Truth to the bond, truth to the Fatherland!
Though rocks and oak-trees shiver,
We, we will tremble never!
Strong like the tempest, see the youths go by
For Fatherland to combat and to die!

However differing in other respects, the students of nearly the whole continent, and especially France and

Italy are equally animated with the spirit of freedom and true patriotism, and they have accordingly won the highest distinction in the late glorious victories of the people, as in Paris, Berlin, Milan, while they fell bravely the other day, resisting the Danish invader of Holstein, and are equally active at this moment in Poland.

It is with a feeling of melancholy mortification, that, turning home, we ask where are the patriotic laurels of *our* students? On what occasion did Oxford or Cambridge, Westminster or Eton youths stand forth for the common liberties against the oppressor? Alas! they are part and parcel of the old obstructive system. They live only to gather the golden fruits of the great aristocratic tree. They are moulded from the cradle into props of old abuse, conservators of the profitable church and state machinery. From them the nation hopes for no regeneration, no bursts of noble patriotism, no trophies of achieved progress. They are born, merely to eat up the corn, and to be swept away with the rest of the antiquated lumber of feudality in the appointed hour when God shall behold their measure full, and their places—empty. That fullness and that emptiness are of deep significance to this nation. It is of the highest import that the enormous wealth of its academic endowments, shall cease to be expended in the production of moral death and despotism, and be converted into the sources of national life, onward and upward zeal—zeal for the land, for the people, and for liberty—a teeming fountain of all those great Christian and social truths which are becoming the governmental laws, and the constitutional life's blood of the nations around us.

PLANTING THE TREE OF LIBERTY AT JENA.

SONNET.

SAMUEL WILDERSPIN.

By W. C. Bennett.

Who says this good man's life is leased in time,
Narrowed to some poor space of dwindling years?
Oh doubting fancies only home such fears!
Assurance through the future sees him climb,
Time and death 'neath him, to a life sublime;
Look forward doubter—lo the future hears
His voice, and, wise in his blest teaching, clears
The world's far life from all that nurtures crime;
So still his great existence knows no goal,
Living in blessed influences that fill
The earth with gladness—guiding up man's soul
From out the noisome depths of sin and ill,
To loftiest heights of truth and perfect love,
Above the mists of scorn—the mists of hate above.

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

◆

THE FAVOURITES.

Our Illustration this week is from Mr. Marshall Claxton's picture of "The Favourites;" exhibited some time since, and is one of those Sir Joshua Reynolds-like studies of portraits for which this artist is so justly celebrated—at a glance we see that both the beautiful child, whose portrait we have here, and her spaniel, are favourites, favourites of one another, favourites moreover of certain loving hearts, whose relationship we are left to conjecture:—while the rich back-ground of foliage, and the distant sylvan landscape, constitute, with its effect and general arrangement, a picture of interest and merit. We like much stories of the affections told in a picture, they are interesting in themselves, and suggestive of so many happy associations of domestic life.

◆

Literary Notices.

The Black Book of the Aristocracy. London, Strange; Leeds, Mann.

This is a most useful little manual for all those who would know and have by heart, as every Englishman ought, what we suffer at the hands of our aristocracy. It should occupy the waistcoat pocket, and the leisure moments of every lover of his country, and, in fact, of every man of common sense, who revolts at the idea of his hard-earned gains being swept away from his children to feed a most disgraceful horde of idlers, debauchees, lewd women, and cormorants and harpies of a most voracious and multitudinous brood.

The Philosophy of a Future State. By T. Dick, LL.D. A New Edition. Collins, Glasgow, and Paternoster-row, London.

This is one of the excellent series of valuable works which Mr. Collins is bringing out at an amazingly low price. Who would not possess such a work as this for eighteen pence. We have read it again with undiminished pleasure, and know not a book that we would more zealously recommend to readers of all classes. To those of the working classes whose minds have been imbued by half-informed teachers with doubts of Christianity, we would particularly recommend it.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

ALARMING CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY—PROGRESS OF DESPOTISM.

Lamartine, in his "Vision of the Future," prognosticates the social and political progress of every other part of the European continent, except Russia and England, which are enslaved by aristocracy, and retrograde into misery and insignificance. The circumstances of the present moment seem to warrant the probability of the fulfilment of the prophecy. Except these two countries, all Europe is breaking its fetters; we are suffering new ones to be forged. France, Germany, and Italy, have achieved freedom of speech and of the press—we have lost ours. At the time that we behold other governments rising in renewed youth from the ashes of revolution, our government is pursuing the same fatal course of coercion and terrorism which have brought things to a crisis abroad. Distress increases every day amongst the working class; the government attempts to crush their complaints instead of relieving their sufferings. They cry for freedom, and the government presents them with the muzzles of cannon. They complain of their treatment in public meetings, and they are treated with a gagging bill!

We are as much convinced of the fact as Carlyle himself—that "where there is smoke there is fire." Where there is discontent there is distress, and to attempt to stifle the *expression* of misery, instead of removing the *misery itself*, is the old act of the tyrant, which is sure to recoil.

And who is the tyrant of the present moment? The old Tory clique! No, the Whig *soi-disant* Reformers. The odious feature of the thing is, that it is done by pretenders to liberty. Were it done by Tories, no one ought to wonder—but when it is done by pretenders to reform—it stinks. And yet?——what are and ever have been—the Whigs? They were the Whigs who violated the constitution, and destroying the old triennial parliaments extended them by an act of most treasonable usurpation to seven years. O'Connell denounced them as "the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs;" and most industriously do they labour to justify that now stereotyped character. What is so base as political renegadism, what so bloody as to march out against unarmed petitioners with cannon and troops and legions of police armed with bludgeon and pistol; what so brutal as to destroy the last vestige of public freedom, by rendering the expression of opinion felony and transportation for life?

The whole career of the Whigs in our time has been characterised by the spirit of coercion. Lord Grey was driven from office by coercion of the Irish: Lord John Russell and his colleagues had contrived to render themselves so thoroughly detested when in office before, that we hoped and believed that the English public would never tolerate them again. It has been weak enough, and what is the consequence? The destruction of the constitution. The annihilation of the freedom of speech and the press in one single act of parliament. Ireland, after the most unheard of horrors, such as there is no parallel to in any country, ancient or modern; after half a million of her people have perished by famine—after numbers of her people gnawing their own flesh in the fury of hunger, and dying on the highway—now driven to the verge of rebellion by the denial of justice. And England—what a condition is that of England, which these political tinkers are endeavouring to amend by coercion, gagging, and the bloody weapons of destruction!

We see placards on the walls of London, and we hear of deputations, thanking the government for preserving order, and breathing the most volcanic loyalty. Do these placarders and deputations believe that the dispersion of a body of unarmed petitioners, that the opposing of gags to complaint, and the giving of stones instead of bread, is the way to preserve order and promote loyalty? If there be truth in history, or faith in the ordinary principles of human nature, we believe that these very measures will be found to be the aggravation of disorder, and the worst compromise of the spirit of loyalty that could be hit upon. To make people orderly you must listen to their just complaints—to make them loyal you must make them easy. You might just as well endeavour to compress the globe into a nutshell as to extinguish distress by rigour.

But we are surprised to hear people who are well off themselves still asserting that there is no real distress—that every man may have work if he will. Can there really be ignorance so profound and so pitiable? Why, there is not a foreigner who visits London who is not horrified at the mass of squalid destitution and crime which results from it, which here stares upon him. The prostitution which now covers almost every yard of our pavements—the haggard wretches who present themselves on every hand, are such as are not to be found in the world besides. But plunge into the narrow alleys, amid the denser portions of the population, hidden from the ordinary eye. There you find square miles of squalour, filth, destitution, misery, and crime, in such a rankness, intensity, and extent, as no city or nation, in any age, ever presented the most distant approach to.

We heard an intelligent American, the other day, who had been for two years traversing the continent, say, that there was nothing in the world like it. We have letters from Manchester, Nottingham, the Staffordshire Potteries, and other places, all speaking of the unparalleled distresses.

A master manufacturer writing from Nottingham says:—

"The aristocracy are fast reducing this country to the wretched condition of Ireland, but I do hope that the measure of *their iniquity* and that of the *people's patience* are nearly full, for I never witnessed so much misery as now exists in this neighbourhood, and the circuit of the adjacent manufacturing villages and towns. Thousands are endeavouring to emigrate, but many find their means inadequate, and most reluctantly are compelled to remain. The shopkeepers and manufacturers have latterly suffered dreadfully from the general 'pressure' as it is politely called, and many of them now begin to sympathize with the working classes, and to say, 'something *must* be done;' a very different language to that which they held only two or three years ago."

We have seen in the newspapers the representations which have been made by an assembly of 10,000 of the working classes, or rather who should be, and wish to be the *working* classes, but are the *workless* and starving classes, to the Mayor and authorities of Manchester on their fearful condition. In a pamphlet published in that great manufacturing town, called "Happiness,—the Land restored to the People," we find this startling picture of the

STATE OF THE PEOPLE.

"The present condition of the greater mass of the people of Great Britain and Ireland, commands the most serious attention of every reflecting mind, that the causes which have produced such dire calamities, may be remedied.

During the past year thousands of sentient intelligences were hurried out of existence by famine and pestilence, and millions have been rendered susceptible of every disease, through want of nutritious diet; so that pestilence again spreads o'er the land.

Thousands are forced into compulsory idleness, who would gladly produce wealth if allowed; and hundreds of distributors are sunk in irredeemable bankruptcy. Workhouses, prisons, policemen, and soldiers increase, with poverty, wretchedness, and crime. The governors of the land who should have stored a year or two provisions beforehand in case of any failure, treat the people with scornful cruelty amidst their sufferings, as if it was a necessary periodical occurrence. But I feel confident that I can prove that our present awful condition, has its origin in our very social and political structure of society. There are 500,000 thieves, and 250,000 prostitutes waging war on society. The cost of prosecution of criminals, amounts to £2,500,000 yearly, and £8,000,000 of poor rates, absorbed without reproduction. £100,000,000 in nine years will thus be worse than wasted, which, if properly applied, would entirely remove poverty, vice, crime, and heavy taxation, and remove those obstacles which hinder the production of millions of the most valuable wealth; secure permanent profitable employment, for the people, and give education to all that require it."

In the Potteries a meeting has been held, and a deputation sent to the Board of Guardians, praying for more out-door relief, in consequence of the immense extent of destitution.

But volumes would not contain the details of the actual condition of English misery at this moment. We hear manufacturers of the highest standing, and the most moderate political views, declaring that they see nothing but a tendency to revolution. That they employ their hands as much as possible, but do not sell their goods. This we find a very general condition, and it is a condition that palpably cannot last. Numbers of working people apply to us to aid them in getting accepted by the Board of Emigration, but the extent of relief of this kind, is not a twentieth part what it ought to be, and is tied up by absurd restrictions to mere agricultural labourers. A young, active man came to our office this week. His family has been long known to us. They are industrious and every way most meritorious. This young man is a smith—an admirable workman. Without work in the Midland Counties, and having a wife and three children, he set out to seek employment. He got none on the way to London. He has diligently traversed London for *five weeks* in search of work, but in vain. With the strongest recommendations from gentlemen well-known, he applied at the Woolwich Dockyards. It was useless. Everywhere he was told that they were *turning off*, not *taking on* hands. This able, steady, and industrious young man, who would rejoice to emigrate, is now treading his way back poorer than when he set out, to his native place and his family.

And will men yet pretend to say that there is work for those who will do it? Will they tell a country where the working classes are there in tens of thousands reduced to inaction and starvation, and where the middle classes are sinking in consequence, and must sink rapidly, that it must be patient, orderly, and loyal.

Such language is an insult, to the misery that abounds, and the strongest incentive to disorder and treason. The only thing which can save us is, *the timely coming forth of the middle classes* to join the people in a firm resistance to the present encroachments on our liberties, and as firm a demand for reform and ameliorating measures.

In vain will Little Pharaoh Russell harden his heart at every fresh cry of the oppressed; in vain will he drive the meek and patient Moses of constitutional appeal from his presence. The growing distress will be too mighty for him. Every good man must give him up now he has destroyed the last of our remaining liberties, that of speech and the press, and has found no laws despotic enough for him, without resorting to the reign of the infamous Charles II, when blood flowed like water, and lewdness like a sewer; when his own ancestor, Lord William Russell, and the brave Algernon Sidney fell by government treason and the axe, when the butcher-judge Jeffries sate and executed with brutal violence the brutal will of the most detestable monarch that ever polluted the throne of England.

The times demand the wisest counsels of the wise—the firmest measures of the firm—the promptest union of the prompt. If there be any love of God or man, of liberty or of peace; any feeling for human misery, or desire for the honour of our country, and its progress in the midst of the nations—the merchants, manufacturers, and the whole middle class, must no longer twaddle about order and loyalty, but come forth and in union with the people, insure the prevalence of those qualities—and the salvation of the state.

EXCELLENT USE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

To the Editor of Howitt's Journal.

Haddassah Grove, Aigburth, near Liverpool,
15th April, 1848.

Sir,

In the Record of your last publication, No. 68, of this date, you have an article entitled, "Excellent Use for Newspapers when read," which, in my opinion, is worthy of attention from all persons interested in the welfare of this Empire. I myself have very frequently (say from two to five per week) newspapers which I could spare the day after publication, or certainly two days after, and had I a list of persons to whom I could send them, I would willingly post them. Could you not furnish a list soon in your Record, asking your friends to send all that can be spared, and impressing upon them the necessity of changing the persons, lest one party should get many more than others? Thinking this hint worthy of your attention, believe me to be,

Yours truly,
H. G.

Pudsey, April 18th, 1848.

Sir and Madam,

In your *Journal* of April 15th I noticed a proposed scheme which, I think, if carried out, would be of immense utility. I allude to the article headed "Excellent Use for Newspapers when Read." The amount of good which such a system would be likely to produce is incalculable. In the village in which I reside we have lately established a Reading Room, in connexion with the Mechanics' Institute, but as our funds are limited, we are not able to go to the extent we otherwise should do. In accordance with the pressure of the times, we have endeavoured to afford instruction at as cheap a rate as possible. We have classes for instruction in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Elocution, English Grammar, Latin, and Drawing. The Government School of Design, has kindly presented us with some Drawing Copies for the use of the pupils in Drawing. Besides this we have a Library, and Lectures, and the Reading Room, and the charge for those benefits is only 2d. per week. In consequence of this our designs are necessarily contracted, therefore we make an appeal, through the medium of your Journal, to the friends of Literary Institutions, and solicit their help in the way you point out. Anything, no matter how seemingly trivial, will be thankfully received. We hope it will be responded to in a manner worthy of its object. We do not wish it merely for ourselves, but we wish other Institutions in like manner to come forward and state their wants, and we have no doubt there are many—very many—who will gladly lend a helping hand in their necessities.

I am yours obediently,
Joseph Walker,

All communications forwarded to the address—Mechanics' Institute, Pudsey, near Leeds, will be attended to.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S NEWSPAPER, "THE NORTH STAR."

We are glad to see with what spirit our friend Douglass proceeds with his editorial duties. *The North Star* may rank with any American paper, for ability and interest. It is full of buoyancy and variety; and, we trust, is destined to run a long course in the cause of freedom and progress both for black and white.

STAMFORD MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

A Soiree of the above Institute, which has been established a little more than twelve months, took place at the Banqueting Room, Stamford Hotel. Nearly two hundred persons, the greater proportion of whom were ladies, sat down to tea and coffee.

At half-past seven o'clock, Richard Newcomb, Esq., the highly talented and respected proprietor of the *Stamford Mercury*, took the chair, and opened the proceedings in a suitable address. He expressed the gratification he experienced in complying with the request of those friends who had requested him to preside, and assured the company of his anxiety for the moral and intellectual culture of the working classes.

The Rev. E. Larken, of Burton, near Lincoln, who had been expected to be present, was prevented by domestic affairs.

Mr. Passmore Edwards, of London, addressed the company at great length, and with considerable effect. He dwelt upon the importance of education, the effectual diffusion of which would supersede war, blot out the dark stain of intemperance, annihilate crime, and make the human family happy.

Mr. Thomas Islip, the highly respected principal of the Broad Street Academy, spoke admirably. In the course of his remarks he explained that this Mechanics' Institute was an offshoot from an older society called the "Scientific Institution of Stamford," which the humbler classes of the town had found to be overlaid with patronage, and to be little calculated for their edification or amusement.

During the evening several fashionable and attractive pieces of music were performed by Messrs. Wells, Woolman, Pearce, and Read: the efforts of these gentlemen to please the company were eminently successful, and elicited warm applause.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman brought the entertainment to a close at ten o'clock.

CONTENTS.

Facts from the Fields. The Meldrum Family. By William Howitt. (Continued.)—The Chronicle of a Ragged Rascal. By Edward Youl. (Continued.)—The Fairies in New England. By J. G. Whittier—German Student Life, and its Influence on Popular Movement. By William Howitt. (Concluded)—Sonnet; Samuel Wilderspin. By W. C. Bennett—The Favourites—Literary Notices: The Black Book of the Aristocracy—The Philosophy of a Future State. By Thomas Dick, LL.D.—Record: Alarming State of the Country; the Progress of Despotism—Excellent Use for Newspapers—Frederick Douglass's Newspaper, "The North Star"—Stamford Mechanics' Institute.

Printed for the proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d

GAME LAWS ABROAD.

ENGRAVED BY G. W. MASON.

No. 71—Vol. III. May 6, 1848

GAME LAWS ABROAD.

In every country where these laws have prevailed they have been the same fruitful source of crime, injustice, and social mischief. What they are in our own country we know too well: what they are, or rather have been, in some states of Germany, for they will now undoubtedly be abolished, may be seen in our illustration, and read in the following lyric of Freiligrath. The painter has, in some particulars, departed from the text of the poet; but not from the text of other facts—to the game preservers—man, stag, or boar, is all one. But imagine such a state of things. The woods, forests, and fields, are open, all without fences. The woods swarming with deer, roebuck, and wild swine. The peasants' little crops all exposed to these creatures, which, night after night, came out and eat down and rooted up the hope of the people, and the fruit of all their labours; who, if they shot them, might be legally shot themselves! For ages, even to our own day, this monstrous state of things continued. The poet records a fact published in the newspapers of 1843.

FROM THE HARZ.

A True Story. 1843.

By Ferdinand Freiligrath.

Translated by William Howitt.

O grey and silent dawning!
The leaves are gently stirred;
Out to the forest border
The stag has led his herd.
Amid the corn he standeth
Stamping with eye of fire,
I'th' thicket close are lying
The peasants, son and sire.

The rusting gun uplifting—
The old man doth exclaim—
"A stag of fourteen branches!
The deuce, boy, take good aim!
He aims!—the shot resoundeth!
Ay, that I wood-craft call!
The stag of fourteen branches—
To earth they see him fall!

The frightened hinds all scatter—
The old man shouts,—"Well done!"
Darts forth, and his knee planteth
Upon the deer thus won.
"Boy! but thy aim is famous!
Ay, true unto a hair!
God's blessing on our corn-field.
He'll feed no longer there!

For him no grain is needful;
He'll bend its stalk no more.
But, Fritz! why stand'st thou gaping?
The cord,—quick! hand it o'er!
There! foot to foot we've bound him.
Feel—he's already cold!"
Then—with his hounds and people
Forth strode the keeper bold.

Help God! He knows the bye-paths!
Up start both sire and son—
Rush forth, and leave behind them
The double-barrelled gun.
The keeper does not loiter—
He shouts—"Ye scoundrel crew!
To me the gun what boots it,
Without the shooters too?"

In vain!—then quick to shoulder
He lifts his piece in sight—
Aims—coolly, long, and surely—
What men?—and men in flight?
No matter!—straight he fireth—
Hillo!—that call I luck!
He sees the old man falling—
His neck the bullet struck!

There prone in his own barley
The large-boned peasant lies;
As if his heart were bursting,
He groans and groaning dies.
His blood spouts through his waistcoat;
Runs in the ploughshare's mark;
Soaks through the clods all warmly—
What thinks the brooding lark?

Upon her nest she sitteth—
She starts—to heaven she springs!
For blood her nest wells into—
Blood, blood is on her wings!
To God she bids it lighten
Amid the sun's first beams,
Sprinkling the ears of barley
With gore that back she streams.

That is a rain most potent—
That is no sprinkling mean—
That is a lark's soft blessing
To make the corn-crop green!
On the young man it drops too,
Who madly onward fares
And in his arms, lamenting,
His murdered father bears.

Away boy!—why embrace thus
This corpse so stiff and old—
Away! and cease your whining—
"Feel!—he's already cold!"
Back from those lips so livid,
Take thine, yet warm with breath:
See! how the hounds are crouching—
Great God! 'tis "at the death!"

Straight on one dray are resting
The stag and man also;
And to the venison larder
They through the pine-wood go.
They go all fast and furious—
The keeper whistles light—
He laughs—why not?—he only
Exerts the keeper's right.

So gives it him no sorrow
The youth's wild grief to hear;
The clown will be forgotten,
And eaten be the deer.
Himself?—He wins his medal—
That lacked he yet alone—
And Fritz, the scamp, is promptly
Into the dungeon thrown.

There stares he through the grating
And sees an organ-boy
Who sings unto the people
Without—this song of joy—
"Success to all who living
The garb of green do grace—
To the field and to the forest,
The Hunter and the Chase."

◆

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

The Meldrum Family.

(Continued from page 277.)

In the house which attracted Meldrum's attention on his return from his night ramble, on the following morning might be seen assembled at breakfast, the old lady and her two nieces. These young ladies were in a particularly gay humour, and the conversation all turned on the event of the day, their setting out to London on a Christmas visit. It was within a few days of this season, and these ladies were about to pass a fortnight of it with their friends in town. They were in full and delightful anticipation of parties, dances, theatres, and similar pleasures. The old lady was happy in their pleasure, and sent a thousand messages of affectionate remembrance to her old friends in the metropolis.

"But I am so concerned, dear aunt," said one of them, "that you will be so lonely; I wish you were going with us."

"Ay, that is all very fine," replied the aunt, "but while I can not with my weak back even get up stairs without pain and exhaustion, what, indeed, should I do in London. No, no, I am quite happy that you will be enjoying yourselves, and I shall not be lonely either. Don't you remember that Fred, my dear lad, is coming next week, and what can I desire more than to see him, and talk to him while you are away?"

"Ay, but Fred, dear aunt, will always be flying away to Reading. He will have too many engagements there to leave you much talking time."

"No," replied the old lady, "he will be here in the day-time. He will only be away in the evenings—"

"And that is just when you will want company," added both the young ladies in a breath. "Oh, dear! I do not think it safe for you to be here long evenings, and very likely whole nights by yourself. Do be persuaded, and let Jonas, come and sleep in the house."

"No, no, Fred will be here in a few days, and then all will be safe enough, I hope. Why, how many years have I lived here, and not a stick or a straw taken."

"But do you know, aunt," said one of the nieces, turning pale, "do you know I actually dreamed the other night, that I saw a thief in the house, with his face blackened, and I woke with the fright—and thought I would not leave home unless you had Jonas here."

"Nonsense, child, with your dreams and blackened faces; you want to alarm me, that I may have Jonas as guard; and if it will make you any more contented, he shall come."

"That's right! that's right!" exclaimed the young ladies, clapping their hands for very joy over their triumph. "That's right—now we shall be quite happy. But pray, dear aunt, don't let Jane forget to feed the canary."

And with this the lively girl sprang up, and approaching the cage, began talking to the bird which came fluttering to the side of its prison, and speaking again in its musical and expressive notes to its mistress.

The next moment the glad and sprightly girls sprung away upstairs to pack up for the departure, and presently the poney chaise drew up to the front of the house, and the maid ran up stairs crying,—

"Miss Emma! Miss Matilda! the chaise is here!"

In a few more minutes, the strong, blooming country girl was lugging boxes and trunks down stairs, and handing them to the man, and the two ladies, after sundry remindings by the maid, that Jonas said they would be too late for the train, and their aunt calling to them from the bottom of the stairs, made their appearance all freshness, smiles, cloaks, and wrappings, and, embracing their aunt, took their departure.

Such was the scene in the morning—at night the old lady, who slept in the room on the ground floor, adjoining the sitting room, awoke with some unusual noise in this sitting room, and opening the door, beheld the dream of her niece—a man with a blackened face, and a dark lantern, standing by her desk, which was open, and her money drawer in his hand.

At this sight she uttered a piercing shriek, and in the next moment she felt herself seized by the shoulders, and pitched headlong into her bed-room. The door was closed upon her and locked, and the villain emptying the contents of her money drawer into his pocket, decamped through the door which was left open on purpose, and was gone.

In the morning, Jonas who had slept in the house, came down stairs first, and was astonished to find the door open, and then immediately to find the desk open, and one drawer out, and empty. He roused the maid whose terror was excessive, and they soon found other traces of the visit of a robber. One of the windows towards the garden was open, and the means by which it had been opened were obvious enough. In the snow under the window there was much trampling as of a man's feet. A strong iron chisel a foot in length, was lying in the snow, and a pot of treacle and some paper. It was plain that the burglar or burglars had forced off the shutters with the chisel, and applying a piece of treacled paper to a pane, had cut it round with a glazier's diamond, and thus made an entrance for a hand to unfasten the sash.

It was easy to conceive that this operation had been done with tolerable silence as the glass, even if it fell with the treacled paper clinging to it, would make no noise. But then, how had it happened that neither man nor maid were awoke by the shriek of their mistress?

They now hastened to apprise their mistress of the alarming facts. The maid knocked at her door.—She did not wake; she knocked again—all was still—louder yet—there was no reply. Then the maid, still more alarmed, opened the door, and, approaching the bed, stumbled over something on the floor. She screamed! the man rushed in with a candle—and stood horrified at the spectacle which presented itself. It was that of his mistress, lying dead, with her head against the bed-post, and her grey hair and cap all clotted with gore.

It may be imagined what was the horror of the two domestics. They lifted the dead body of their mistress upon her bed. It was cold and stiff, and had evidently been for hours lifeless. The man mounted one of the poneys, and galloped off to the town, to give notice to the magistracy and a surgeon, leaving the maid in a state of grief and terror indescribable.

It was not long before two officers of police and a surgeon arrived in the utmost haste, at the house. The door, the window, the chisel, the treacle-pot, the feet marks, all were examined—the servants strictly questioned—the body of the deceased scrutinized. There was no mark of violence about the corpse, except a large wound in the top of the head, which the surgeon at once attributed to the lady having fallen or being pushed violently against the sharp corner of the bed-post in contact with which it lay.

Had all else been right, it might have been supposed that the deceased had got out of bed in the night, and by some accident fallen against the bed-post; but the open door and window, and the apparatus for effecting an entrance, demonstrated that there had been violence used by some other party.

The coroner and his jury arrived also in a few hours, and the circumstances of the case were again minutely explained. There then began to turn, as it was very likely that it would, a suspicion against the man and maid. They were both sleeping in the house; the young ladies were absent; they professed to have slept so soundly as to have heard no noise or outcry whatever. For many years the old lady had resided here without the slightest molestation—or even petty theft—her nieces quit her; the man-servant comes to sleep in the house; and that very night the lady is murdered. They both protested, not only their innocence, but their deep regard for their mistress, They shewed that the door was open, and spoke of the forced window, and the chisel and the treacle. The police pointed to blood on their clothes. This, the servants said, was owing to their having lifted the body from the floor to the bed.

The inquest returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown," and agreed so far in the force of circumstantial evidence with the police and surgeon, that the two servants were lodged in gaol for further inquiry.

That very day the terrified nieces in London received the dreadful intelligence—that their aunt was murdered and their servants in gaol on suspicion of the foul deed. How rapid are the changes in human life from happiness to misery—how insecure is the brightest and most hallowed hearth where the framework of society is dislocated by false and selfish legislation, and the labourer is converted by callous neglect and oppression into a prowling murderer. Meldrum was the murderer—and instead of one victim, there bade fair to be three. The two innocent servants, spite of their unimpeachable characters, and of the opinion of the lady's nieces given warmly in their favour, lay at the peril of their lives in the prison with the force of circumstances against them. They were examined and re-examined, but without anything being able to be really brought home to them, or anything appearing which might clearly exculpate them. The poor maid was in agonies of fear and passionate grief at the very suspicion of having raised her hand against her mistress. Her family and the family of Jonas were in despair.

On the third day, a certain glazier came to give evidence, that his shop, situated at the back of a yard, had been broken open after it was dark, and a diamond pencil stolen away, and this diamond had been found in the way between the house of the deceased and the cottage of the man Jonas. This was considered decisive, and the two servants were finally committed for trial. No money was found in Jonas's house, it was thought he had hid it too securely. But some days afterwards, a woman who kept a little shop, hearing of the treacle-pot, requested to see it, and declared that it was hers, and had been obtained by a man in drab, whom she had frequently seen about, on pretence that it was for a gentleman well known in the town, who lived near her shop, and that he would buy it; the money she had never seen it, and on sending to the gentleman's house, it was denied that they had ever sent him.

The police were not long in fixing their suspicions on Meldrum, whose appearance was well known to them; they found that he had gone out that night, and had never since been seen: that he was in needy and most suspicious circumstances—that he was suspected of being the incendiary speaker at the agricultural meeting—and that he had been for a long time in the habit of passing this very house of the murdered woman on his way to and from his work.

So far did this operate, that the two innocent accused were liberated on bail, and a strong hue and cry issued against Meldrum.

In the mean time this miserable murderer, for he it was, had flown with the furies of hell in his soul. He had committed robbery, and his neck was in danger. What injury he had done the old lady he did not yet know—but he knew that it could not be trivial, for he heard her fall with violence on the floor and heard her groan. With her booty on his person and a haunting suspicion of murder in his heart—he fled up the road, and at some distance plunged into a copse, where he washed the grime from his face with snow, and then regaining the road, pursued his way as fast as he could towards London. Before it was light he had made such progress, that he had outgone the flying rumour of the crime, and dreading to be seen on the road, he daringly mounted a coach coming from another great highway, and reached London before noon. Here he lost no time in making his way into the densest part of Whitechapel, and purchasing some bread at a baker's, he dived into the most obscure alleys he could find, in search of a private lodging, however mean he cared not, so that it were private. He dared not trust himself in any common lodging-house, for the tramping tenants of such haunts might recognize him, should there be any description of his person. At length he saw what he deemed a fitting spot. There was a paper in the window—"An upper room to let for a single man, half-a-crown a week." But before he ventured to enquire, he went off several streets, and purchased a suit of sailor's clothes, which he saw exposed, and an old great coat, which concealed his ordinary garb. Thus partly disguised, and with his sailor's suit in a bundle, he ventured on the aforesaid lodgings, and there ensconced himself.

This house, in which Meldrum had secured a retreat, was that of the landlord of various wretched tenements in this obscure alley. The man was a bachelor or widower; a tall spider-limbed man of apparently sixty, in a rusty black old dress coat, black knee-breeches, and with a face of foxy sharpness, and eyes small, peering and expressive of avarice and selfishness. He was, in fact, the spider of his nook. His business was to collect his weekly rents, and avoid, by every sordid means possible, every species of outlay. He might be seen with his high shoulders, stooping head, and long thin limbs, going out and in, chiefly to fetch in his daily necessaries, which he purchased at the most miserable little shop in the neighbourhood, because he thus got his rent. Every room in his house, which was tall and narrow, was let, except one in which he lived, and into this he never let any one enter. If any of his lodgers went to speak to him, or to pay their rent, he answered the knock by looking out with the door just enough opened to admit half his face and one eye to be seen—and putting a small chain across while he transacted the business, that is, took the money and entered it in the lodger's book, and gave this book back again.

Of course, nothing could be more wretched than the rooms of this tenement. Meldrum found a mass of filthy rags on an iron bedstead, which was called a bed; and a wooden stool, in his room. That was all the furniture. There was a fire-place, but no fire, and as it was miserably cold weather he got some coals brought in; the landlord taking the money and ordering them, and having them set inside of the house, Meldrum himself carrying them up to his room. Here he as speedily as possible doffed his old drab suit and put on his sailor's dress, carefully rolling up the old suit into a bundle, and tieing them in his handkerchief. No sooner was it dark than he descended the stairs to issue forth with this bundle, his purpose being to carry it and sink it in the Thames. The front door, however, he found locked, and while pottering about to see if he could get it open, the landlord put forth his sharp face, half covered with a white beard of a week old, through the partly opened door of his room, and throwing the light of a candle on him, asked what he wanted.

"To go out," said Meldrum.

"What would you go out for?" demanded the old man-spider, looking keenly at Meldrum's bundle, as if he suspected that his new lodger was in truth making off from his not very enviable quarters, though he had taken his usual precaution to have the week's rent of the room in advance.

"I want my working suit mending," said Meldrum. "Have you a tailor near?"

"To be sure," said the man, "I'll go and shew you;" and with this he put his chain over his door for a moment, and in the next came out with his hat on. This by no means suited Meldrum's purpose, who stoutly opposed it.

"Oh! if you don't like me to go into the tailor's with you, I'll stay in the street while you go in—I only want to help you."

"Thank you," said Meldrum drily, "but I can do very well myself. I never will have anybody with me when I go about business.

"Well, well," said the man, "every one to his ways, well—well"—and with a malicious look he opened the door, and glancing the light after Meldrum as he issued into the alley, as if he expected he was going clear off, he then closed the door. Meldrum, greatly relieved at this riddance, now set out to reach the Thames. Whether he had studied a map of London at any time, or whether he inquired his way, is unknown, but he was soon stalking down Ayliff-street, past Goodman's-fields, into Rosemary-lane, and so out on Tower-hill. Here hastening across Little Tower-hill to escape, as quickly as possible, from the light of the gas in the open space, he plunged down the lane betwixt the Tower and St. Katherine's-docks. To effect his purpose, however, of procuring some heavy stones and sinking his bundle into the river was no easy attempt. Everywhere there seemed to his uneasy eye gas-lights, sauntering police, watermen, and idlers. It was not till he had made many essays, and found as many obstructions, that after retracing his steps, traversing East Smithfield and Ratcliff-highway for a great distance he turned down New Gravel-lane, and between Wapping-docks and Wall contrived to drop his bundle into the murky water, and saw it swallowed up, as he hoped, for ever.

Hurrying back at his best speed, he found by the church clocks as he went along that it was late, and on arriving at the door of his lodgings he had to knock long and loud before he could get an entrance. Though he knew that the landlord lay in his room which was the very next to the door, he had raised all the lodgers, who put their heads out of the upper windows one after another, before he could rouse him.

"It's the new lodger," said a woman's voice in the chamber window just over the door to some one in the room, "if old Brassington is'nt in the humour, I'm blessed if he'll let him in, perishing as the night is."

The next minute he heard the same voice at old Brassington's door, accompanied by a good lusty knocking, telling him the top lodger was raising the street in trying to make him hear. Presently he heard the key turn and chains fall, and old Brassington shewed his fox's face and ferret eyes through a narrow opening of the door, and said—

"So it's you, eh? You keep pretty hours, don't you? Have you been all this time a finding the tailor?"

"Let me in," said Meldrum gruffly, "I've stood starving long enough, man, I should think."

The door opened, and Meldrum seeing the door locked again, asked the old man for a light to find his way up to his room.

"If you'll pay for it you can have it," said Brassington; and Meldrum assenting to the miserly demand, made his way up to his desolate attic. There, wearied with the exertion of the day and the excitement of the last night, he threw himself upon the vile bed, and slept a heavy sleep till morning. He arose, made a fire, and then went out to buy necessaries for his breakfast. At the shop where he did this, he had to change one of his sovereigns, and his suspicious state of mind was alarmed as the man seemed to give a glance at him as he took the money, and again as he counted out the change. His guilty spirit was in a constant condition of dread. Not a light shone on him but it seemed as if on purpose to expose him; not an eye fell on him but he expected a detection.

As he sate at his breakfast, with his great coat in which he had gone out still on his back, his landlord came in without ceremony to claim a halfpenny for the last night's candle. Meldrum paid it, and expected him to take himself off. But Brassington had no such intention. Meldrum's fire had attractions, for he indulged in none of his own; and besides, he was devoured with curiosity as to his new lodger's who and what.

"So you are a sailor, eh?"

Meldrum nodded.

"Ay, so, and in what service are you, then?—the merchant, I reckon."

Meldrum nodded again, but by this time a cold terror had seized on him. In assuming the guise of a sailor, he had forgotten that he would have to act the part of a sailor too; and there was not a man on the earth less qualified by any knowledge of the life, language, or habits of sailors. He had no preconcerted plan on the subject—no story. What was he to do?

"In the merchant service, are you?" continued the landlord. "What vessel do you belong to, eh?"

"It's only a collier," said Meldrum.

"A collier—oh! You're a collier boy, eh? Coast it to Newcastle or there, eh?"

Meldrum nodded.

"You're deuced mum for a sailor—but then a collier is but half a sailor—he is not much better than a canal boatman."

"No," said Meldrum.

"What's the vessel? Who's the master? Where does she lie, eh?"

Meldrum, who was just as well prepared to answer one question as the other—broke out with a—

"What the devil does it signify to you where she lies, I should like to know? If I pay you for your room, you can afford, I fancy, to let me have it to myself, and keep off from boring me with your catechisms. If that is not it, why I am off again."

"Oh! I did not mean to offend you—I was only asking in a friendly way," added Brassington, drawing nearer to the fire and rubbing his hands.

"Are you fond of news? I've just got the paper," pulling it out of his pocket, "and I'll read it to you if you like," and without waiting for an answer, he hurried out, and returned with an old chair, which he placed by the fire, and seated himself. A terrible sensation went through Meldrum at the very mention of a newspaper. He was deprived of all power of utterance or motion. He sate on his chair as if glued to it, and the rustle of the page as Brassington spread it out, and prepared to read, seemed to say,—"Ay, there's all about it!" He felt a certain desperate assurance, that his crime was all detailed there—and it was not only robbery, but murder. The old man turned over one side then another, then folded it into half, then into a quarter. Foreign news—I don't take much interest in that. The markets, how are things? Consols? oh! that's well. Shares?—very bad indeed. Hang all these advertisements, one would wonder how they answer. Domestic news?—ay, let's hear a little of that. Police—ay—that's what I like. What's here?—robbery? murder?—nothing but murder now-a-days. Gad! what! a lady of property? There it is again! who'd have money? But—here the old man's eyes seemed to fix on something with a keenness that made them glitter like a basilisk's and he appeared to devour the very paper.—"The deuce! the lady found dead—

head against bed-post—diamond and treacle pot, and —a fellow in drab suspected—a hundred pounds reward. Lord bless us!—a hundred pounds! The man about sixty—middle size—old drab suit—melancholy aspect—deep ruddy complexion. The old rascal—a hundred pounds! if one could but drop on such a prize now. Thought to be in London—in London! well!" Here he looked at Meldrum, who certainly did not answer to the description either by a ruddy complexion, or old drab suit, but, thunderstruck at the confirmation of his fears, that the old lady was dead, that murder was on his soul, and that he was suspected, and his retreat so truly surmised he imagined that Brassington saw as clearly as daylight, that he had the criminal before him, and the hundred pounds in his grasp. Hell could have no worse torture than he endured. His head seemed to have a legion of devils in it, his heart was clutched as if by the hand of the arch-fiend himself, with a deadly, heavy, unimaginable agony; his limbs were petrified, and yet on fire. If the earth would but swallow him up! and yet at the thought of it, he sprang up in a terror which unlocked his enchained powers, and rushing past Brassington, darted down the stairs. At that action, the whole truth, which, spite of Meldrum's fancy, had never yet dawned on Brassington's greedy mind, flashed across it, and shrieking, "Stop him! stop him!—the murderer, the—" he sprang after him. The women in the different rooms rushed to the doors, some with half-clad infants in their arms, (all the men were gone out,) and as they saw the two men going almost headlong down the stairs, they screamed amazed, and the children screamed in still higher terror. But the whole was gone past in a moment—in the next —they heard a scuffle, the banging of the front door, and by the time they reached the ground floor, they found the front door locked from the outside, and Brassington locked in his own room, and discovered him when they opened it, prostrate on the floor, and bleeding copiously from the nose.

The murderer had escaped by an exercise of presence of mind in the midst of his desperation, that appeared wonderful, and this raised the opinion of the villain for strength, courage, and audacity in the whole house, to an extraordinary pitch, though nobody suspected who it was except Brassington himself. But there he was, in London, in the immediate neighbourhood. Brassington knew it, and the moment he recovered from the effects of his fall, he set out in pursuit. A hundred pounds! and the fellow just now in his hands, and gone! It was distraction. He was bent on having him again. He raised no hue and cry, however; he gave no one any idea of this being the advertised murderer. He said only that he had robbed him; and he determined to hunt him from end to end of London. Nobody but he knew that he had assumed the dress of a sailor. The police were on the look-out for a man in drab. He chuckled to himself over their delusion. The game was his, if anybody's, and cupidity and revenge urged him vehemently to the pursuit.

But while this pursuit is going on, we must take up a thread that we have let fall, and wind up the story of Joe Bates. Joe had found his way, or rather had been shewn it, into Derby gaol. His offence was issuing a coin, which though it bore the queen's profile, had never really issued from her mint. In spending this money he was obliging his friend and employer, Captain Crick; for the dealings of Captain Crick, were manifold. Joe having been safely lodged in Derby gaol to await his trial at the next county sessions, one day found another prisoner suddenly introduced into the cell. The turnkey said something about the crowded state of the prison, and that two men whose offence was pretty much alike, could not very greatly corrupt each other's innocence, and added jocularly, that, as they had every prospect of making the same foreign tour together, it might be no harm for them to make a degree of acquaintance.

The new prisoner appeared overwhelmed with his fate. He lay and wept and wrung his hands in great distress. Bates endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, and to elicit the nature and amount of his offence, but this for some time was totally unavailing. The prisoner was too much occupied with his trouble to notice the advances of Bates. At length, however, the storm of his grief somewhat abated, and then Bates drew from him that he was incarcerated for an offence exactly similar to his own. On this Bates expressed wonder at his extreme sorrow—told him that it was not yet sure that he would be convicted, and if he were, why, a voyage to the southern hemisphere, the then punishment, was rather a thing to be desired than afflicted at.

The two prisoners, whom a similarity of offence drew towards each other, soon advanced to a degree of familiarity, compared their experience, and spoke of the qualities of the coin they had been industriously circulating. Bates soon convinced himself that his new associate had gone to a very inferior manufactory, and gave him the address of the one where he had been supplied. He promised him that if he escaped conviction, and went out into society again, he would find the coin of this house so admirably executed as to add immensely to the safety of the circulators.

The next day, the turnkey, to Bates's great mortification, said they had now made room for the other prisoner in another part of the gaol and had him removed. The object of the turnkey, and the prisoner too, had, in fact, been served. The prisoner was no other than the head of the town police, whom we may call for convenience, Harper. The magistrates, struck with the singularly fine execution of the coin that Bates had been distributing through the country, and aware that this was certain to give it an extraordinary diffusion, were anxious to detect the makers, and had hit on this stratagem. Harper, elated with his success with Bates, lost no time in entering the train and steaming away to Birmingham. Arrived not only in that town, but in the obscure street, and before the tall and narrow house indicated, he rang the bell, and announced that he had called on private business and by the recommendation of Bates. He was soon in the presence of the man of the house, and gave his order for a considerable quantity of coinage of various values. Successful to the utmost extent of any reasonable and prudent policeman's ambition, he was now, however, prompted to a dangerous experiment. He expressed himself in the most enraptured terms at the beauty and perfection of the coinage, so much so that he declared if it were not too great a favour to ask, he should extremely like to see the machinery by which they executed it. The coiner gave an immediate and most polite assent, as he said, to one who came recommended from such a quarter that he was sure he might put confidence in him. Harper was, therefore, conducted up stairs to the very top of the house, three or four stories. Here he was shewn the ingenious machinery, the dies and other apparatus for the work, and while he was intently engaged in examining these, the floor suddenly gave way beneath his feet—clap—clap went one trap door after another over his head, and he fell bruised and senseless upon a floor below.

How long the victim of an imprudent curiosity remained unconscious, neither he nor we are aware of, but this he was most acutely sensible of, that he was bruised and wounded most dreadfully. He was sore and stiff all over. He could feel that his head and face were clotted with congealed blood, and though no bones appeared to be broken, yet his whole frame was shaken till he felt only one great sore. The place in which he found himself was pitch dark, cold, and damp. The floor was of earth, and after groping round and round for a considerable time he came to the conclusion that there was neither door nor window in it except the trap door by which he had descended into it.

Cursing his folly which, when he had acquired every necessary information to have enabled him to secure the coiner and all his machinery, had thus led him into this humiliating and serious scrape, he began to speculate on what was now his best policy. If he remained here he must perish, if he cried out for aid it was only to his enemies, who might come and insult and perhaps kill him. What was to prevent their murdering him and burying him in what appeared to be this underground dungeon. Was he, in fact, in the same house where he had fallen? Might they not in his state of insensibility have conveyed him into some place where he could only escape through death.

This view of the matter excessively alarmed him. He arose and shouted with all his might. There was no answer—no one came to his rescue. He repeated his outcries till he grew hoarse and exhausted. His terror became excessive. To perish in all the horror of starvation; to lie here in this damp, dark dungeon, and die of hunger, and cold—the prospect was terrific. In a state of the most frightful anguish, he again raised his voice and actually howled for help. None came. He then groped around the place once more, and over every part of the floor to find anything by which he might knock on the floor or roof above. He found only some bundles of straw, which had probably been laid so that any one whom it was found necessary to despatch through the trap door, might not be dashed to pieces. From this discovery he drew for a moment a degree of consolation. They did not, it would seem, want entirely to kill their victim—or why lay the straw? It was also pretty certain from this that he was still in the cellar of the very house of the coiner.

But this source of comfort did not serve him long. It might only be meant to punish a prying enemy with a more cruel and excruciating death—that of the slow misery of starvation. Stung by this thought to a new sense of agony he once more felt round and round his dungeon, and in this search he found a brick-bat partly loose in the wall, which, with the aid of his knife he managed completely to loosen and dig out. Armed with this he re-commenced his cries, and accompanied them with almost incessant knockings on the walls of his prison. He continued this, but without any apparent effect till he became utterly exhausted, and sinking down on the straw, he slept. How long he slept he could form no idea—nor of the time that he had now been immured in this horrible place: but he felt his strength sensibly decreasing—and his hunger and thirst became torturing almost beyond endurance. The persuasion that his enemies were resolved to suffer him to perish here, filled him with a deadly despair. He flung himself one moment down on the floor with a frantic desire to die at once. Then he grew somewhat calm and prayed to God for deliverance—and then he thought of his wife and children at home, and wept and tore his hair. Then he sprang up again, and groped after his brick-bat, and could not find it. A strange terror and confusion rushed on his brain. He clung to the idea of the brick-bat as to the hope of his salvation, and then a terrible idea seized him. His enemies had descended while he slept and taken it away! They *did* mean him to perish by inches—and were afraid he should make the people of one of the adjoining houses hear him. Horrible wretches! but he would still defeat them. He rushed to the wall, and groping round and round, at length found the old hole whence he had dug the former brick-bat. Here he cut away the mortar with the eagerness of a man labouring for life; but he did not succeed—the brick remained fast as if secured by the whole super-incumbent house. Once more he turned, half despairing, and searched the floor with his hand. He found it! The brick-bat lay close to the straw where he had lain down.

With this he once more commenced his knockings. He knew that two of the walls *must* adjoin the next houses—if he could but know which. To make sure however, he laboured at all in turn, and bitter tears and groans accompanied his knockings, as he felt his vigour decline, and doubted whether it were possible even for any one in the next houses to hear his now enfeebled cries and blows.

(To be continued.)

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Translated for "Howitt's Journal,"

FROM LAMARTINE'S "HISTOIRE DES GIRONDINS."

(Continued from p. 232.)

MADAME ROLAND.

WHILST the king, isolated at the head of the constitution, sought to preserve his equilibrium, now through dangerous negotiations with foreign powers, now through imprudent attempts of corruption at home, certain men, some Girondists, others Jacobins, but as yet bearing the common name of patriots, were forming the nucleus of a grand republican movement. These were Pethion, Robespierre, Brissot, Bugot, Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Carra, Louvet, Ducos, Sillery Genlis, and many others whose names have scarcely emerged from obscurity.

The home of a young woman, the daughter of an engraver on the *Quai des Orfèvres*, was the centre of this movement. It was there that the two grand factions of the Revolution, the Gironde and the Mountain met, united, separated, and after together overthrowing the monarchy, lacerated the bosom of their country by their dissensions, and destroyed liberty whilst murdering each other. It was neither her wealth nor her celebrity which successively attracted these men to this woman, for at that time she possessed neither fortune nor name: it was the invisible attraction of a common faith. The ardent and pure soul of a woman was worthy to become the centre towards which converged the rays of the new truth, whence kindled into life by her warm heart they should burst forth to fire the funeral pile of ancient institutions. Woman is concerned in the origin of all mighty events. A woman was destined to be an actor in the origin of the Republic.

The historian must pause before this severe and lovely figure, as did the passers-by when her sublime features and white dress distinguished her upon the tumbrel from thousands of other unhappy victims. To comprehend her we must follow her from her father's studio to the foot of the scaffold. It is always in private life that the secret of public life reposes.

Young, beautiful, and radiant with genius, but lately married to an austere man much older than herself, and the young mother of a first child, Madame Roland had sprung from that intermediate class which may be called *amphibious*, between the mechanic and the citizen, a class retaining the manners, virtues, and simplicity of the people yet enjoying the tastes of a higher class. It is when aristocracies fall that nations regenerate themselves. It is then that the vigour of the people shews itself. At such a time was Rousseau born, the male type of Madame Roland. A portrait of her in childhood represents the little girl in her father's *atelier* a book in one hand, a graver in the other. This portrait is the symbol of the social condition in which

Madame Roland was born, the link between mental and manual labour.

Her father, Gratien Phipon, was an engraver and painter in enamel. To these two professions he united a trade in diamonds and trinkets. He was a man always aspiring after things above his grasp: unceasingly destroying his modest fortune by desiring to increase it in proportion to his ambition. He adored his daughter, and was not contented with the prospect of a calm laborious future for her. He gave her an education suited to the most brilliant fortune. Nature had given her a heart fitted for a great destiny. We know that characters such as Gratien Phipon carry into their domestic circle delusion, genius, and misery.

Marguerite Bimont the mother was possessed of a serene beauty and a soul superior to her fate; an angelic piety and resignation preserved her from ambition and despair. The mother of seven dead children, she had concentrated all her affection upon her only living daughter. But this very affection preserved her from all weakness in the education she gave her child. She kept in just equilibrium her head and heart, her imagination, and her reason. The mould in which this young soul was cast, was graceful but of steel. You would have said that she foresaw the destiny of her child, for with every accomplishment was mingled that something which makes the hero and martyr.

Nature had assisted admirably. She had given her pupil an intellect superior even to her ravishing beauty She had a tall and flexible figure, a broad chest heaved by a free and strong respiration; a modest attitude combined with that carriage of the neck which belongs to intrepidity; black, shining hair; blue eyes darkened by the shadow of thought; a glance like her soul, tenderness combined with energy; the nose of a Greek statue; lips which in smiling as well as in speaking, disclosed beautiful teeth; a prominent and rounded chin which gave to the oval of her countenance that soft and feminine grace without which beauty even fails to produce love; a skin, tinted with the hues of youth and by a blood which mounted to her cheeks at the least emotion; a deep, grave voice, modulated by every movement of her heart; such, at eighteen, was the portrait of this young girl.

Her intellect illumined this frame with a precocious and sudden splendour resembling inspiration. The usual requirements of her sex did not suffice for her. The masculine education of men was a necessity and a recreation to her. Religion, history, philosophy, music, painting, the sciences, and modern and dead languages she studied, and still longed for more. She formed her mind by all the rays of thought which penetrated the obscurity of her condition. She furtively read the books brought by her father's apprentices, and which they left behind in the *atelier* for her. Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, and the English philosophers thus fell into her hands. But her truest nourishment was Plutarch. "I shall never forget," she says, "the Lent of 1763, during which I every day carried these books to church as books of devotion; from that time I date the impressions and ideas which have rendered me a Republican, although I never then dreamed of becoming one." After Plutarch it was Fenelon who most touched her heart. Next came the influence of Tasso and the poets. Heroism, Virtue, and Love, thus took up their abode in the soul of this woman destined to experience their triple influence — yet amidst this inflaming of her heart her reason remained cold, her purity spotless.

Although her mother was so pious a woman she prohibited the reading of none of these books. She desired to inspire her with religion, not to command it. A servile and forced religion appeared in her eyes a degradation and slavery which God could never accept as a tribute worthy of Him. The reflective mind of her daughter must naturally turn towards the great questions of happiness and eternal misery; she was likely to plunge more deeply and at an earlier age than others into the waves of the infinite. The reign of feeling in her opened with the profoundest love of God. The sublime delirium of her pious contemplations beautified and protected the first years of her youth and seemed ever to have preserved her from the storms of passion. Her devotion was ardent, it assumed the colouring of her soul, she aspired after the cloister and dreamed of martyrdom. Having entered a convent she found herself happy for a season, abandoning her reason to mysticism, her heart to friendship. The monotonous regularity of this life sweetly lulled asleep the activity of her meditations. In the hours of recreation she did not join in the games of her companions; she retired beneath the shade of some tree to read and dream. Sensible, like Rousseau, to the beauty of foliage, to the rustling of the grass and the perfume of flowers, she admired in all the hand of God and kissed it in His works. Filled with gratitude and joy she hastened to adore Him in the church. There the majestic sounds of the organ accompanied by the youthful voices of the nuns and novices completed her religious extacy. A novice assumed the veil during her abode in the convent. Her presentation at the grate, her white veil, her crown of roses, the calm and holy chauntings accompanying her from this world to heaven, the funeral pall covering her youthful beauty and palpitating heart, thrilled through every nerve of the young artist and bathed her in tears. She felt within herself the courage for a mighty sacrifice.

The charm of these religious sensations was never effaced in her. Philosophy which soon became her sole worship, dissipated her faith, but these impressions still survived. The spectacle of feeble men, united to adore and implore the Father of men, always spoke to her heart. She always left a Christian temple happier and better, although her reason had repudiated the ceremonies and mysticism of worship. The enthusiastic love of the infinite, and pious sympathy with nature continued their influence even upon her return home.

There she was happy with her mother and her aunt Angélique, in what she called "this beautiful quarter of the Isle Saint Louis." On summer evenings she enjoyed the air upon the quays and watched the graceful windings of the river, delighting in the little glimpses here and there of distant country. She also traversed these quays in the morning with holy zeal on her way to church. Her father, who permitted her to enjoy her profound study, and delighted in his daughter's success, nevertheless desired to initiate her in his art, and she commenced engraving. He taught her how to hold the graver, and in this, as in every thing, she succeeded. She did not as yet earn anything by her labour, but on the celebration of her grand-parents' birthdays or fête-days, she would take as her offering, either some head drawn on purpose, or a little plate of copper, upon which she had engraved flowers on some emblematical design, and in return would receive trinkets or some little article of dress which she confessed always gave her great pleasure.

Yet this love of dress, natural to her sex and age, did not draw her away from the fulfilment of the most humble domestic duties. She did not blush after appearing at church on sunday, or on the promenade, in a toilet, the envy of all her acquaintance, to walk in a common cotton dress with her mother to the market on week-days. Nay, she often went alone to purchase parsley and salad. Although secretly she might feel somewhat debased by these menial offices which obliged her to descend from the heights of Plutarch or from the heaven of her dreams, she shewed such grace and natural dignity in all she did, that the very fruiterer felt pleasure in serving her before the other customers and even such customers as had come before her were not offended by this favour shewn her. This young girl, the Heloise of the eighteenth century, who read profound works, explained the circles of the celestial spheres, could use with skill the pencil and the graver, and in whose soul bold thoughts and enthusiastic sentiments already stirred, was often sent into the kitchen to pick vegetables. This mingling of grave studies, elegant accomplishments, and domestic cares, appointed and arranged by the wisdom of her mother seems a preparation for the strange vicissitudes of her fate—she again resembles Rousseau,—Rousseau at Charmettes arranging the faggots of Madame Warens with the hand destined to write the "Social Contract,"—or Philopœmen cutting wood.

From the depths of this retired life she caught occasional glimpses of the great world which rolled on in splendour around her: the pride of this aristocratic world which saw her without deigning her a single thought, oppressed her soul. A state of society in which she held no rank seemed ill-arranged to her. This was less envy than a sense of offended justice. The little girl, once taken by her grandmother to an aristocratic house of which her humble relatives were old retainers, was bitterly wounded by the air of amiable condescension with which she and her grandmother were treated. "My pride was astounded" she says, "my blood boiled, I felt myself blush. I did not as yet ask why one woman should sit upon the sofa whilst my grandmother sat upon a chair; but I felt that sentiment which leads to such reflections, and I saw the visit terminate with a sense of unspeakable relief.

Another time she was taken to spend a week at Versailles in the palace of that King and Queen whose throne she was one day destined to overthrow. Lodged in an attic with a woman domesticated in the palace, she witnessed in its abode that royal luxury which she considered purchased by the people's misery. The grand banquets, the promenades, the play of the King and the ceremonious presentations passed in all their pomp and vanity before her eyes. These displays of power were most repugnant to her soul, nourished by philosophy, truth, liberty, and antique virtue. The obscure names and citizen dress of her relatives who introduced her as a spectator to all this luxury, excited only careless observations and a few words, less of favour than protection. Her philosophy, her innate pride, her imagination and uprightness of soul were all equally wounded in this visit. "I love the statues in the garden" she said, "more than the people in the palace."

Meanwhile the young girl had already attracted many suitors for her hand. Her father wished her to marry a man belonging to his own class. He loved and respected trade, regarding it as the source of wealth. His daughter on the contrary despised it, because in her eyes it was the source of avarice and cupidity. Men belonging to this class were repugnant to her. She desired to find in her husband ideas and sentiments similar to her own. Her ideal was a soul, and not a fortune. "From childhood enjoying intercourse with the great minds of all ages, familiarized with elevated thoughts and grand examples, shall I have lived with Plato and all the Philosophers, Poets, and Politicians of antiquity to unite myself with a tradesman who will neither feel nor think upon any subject like myself?"

The writer of these lines was at this very time solicited in marriage by a butcher in the neighbourhood. She refused all her suitors. "I shall never descend from my noble dreams" was her reply to the repeated solicitations of her father. "What I desire is not a comfortable social condition, but a noble-minded husband. I would sooner die in solitude than debase my soul by an union with a being who would never comprehend me."

Deprived of her mother by a premature death, and left alone in her father's house, into which disorder had intruded with a second connexion, melancholy seized upon, but did not overwhelm her. She was now entirely thrown upon her own intellectual resources as a safeguard against solitude and unhappiness. The reading of Rousseau's "Heloise," which was lent to her about this time, made as powerful an impression upon her heart, as Plutarch had made upon her intellect. Plutarch had revealed liberty to her, Rousseau made her dream of happiness. One had steeled her soul, the other called forth her affections. She felt a mighty desire to unfold her wings. Grief was now her austere nurse. She began to write as consolation to herself. Without any intention of becoming an author, she acquired in these solitary exercises that eloquence with which at a future period she animated her friends.

At length this husband of antique virtue, whom she had so long pictured in imagination according to her belief, presented himself. This man was Roland de la Platière. He presented himself under the auspices of one of her youthful friends married at Amiens, where Roland exercised the functions of Inspector of Manufactures. "Thou wilt receive this letter," wrote her friend, "by the Philosopher whom I have sometimes mentioned to thee, M. Roland, an enlightened man of antique manners, whom we can alone reproach for his worship of the ancients, his contempt of the present age and too high an admiration of his own virtue." "This portrait," she observes, "was just and happily sketched. I saw before me a man of about fifty, of a tall stature, negligent in his carriage, and with a certain air of stiffness acquired in solitude; yet his manners were unaffected and easy, and without possessing the elegance of the fashionable world, united the politeness of the well-bred man with the gravity of the philosopher. His extreme thinness, an accidental yellowness of complexion, and a brow adorned with but few locks, did not greatly enhance the beauty of features, regular, but not particularly seductive. Yet a clever smile and lively expression at times lit up his countenance, and it almost appeared another, especially when he became animated in speaking or listening. His voice was masculine and his words brief like those of a man suffering from shortness of breath. His conversation was full of interest, for his head was full of ideas, yet it gratified the mind more than the ear."

(To be continued.)

◆

THE FIRST OF MAY.

By Edward M. Collins.

Glad are the freaks of young May's primal day:
The laughing leaves forget their April wetting,—
And flutter joyous, merrily coquetting
With every zephyr. On this First of May
Forget your domesticity! Away
From business-cares the weary heart besetting,—
Anxiety, formality, and fretting,
And into woody wildernesses stray!
Pshaw! leave your ledgers to their office-dust!
Forget your prudence staid and melancholic!
Drink rustic breezes with a glorious gust!
Pant with the sense of visions hyperbolic!
Bright eyes, rare jests, sweet songs, wit's genial thrust,
Should mingle in a matchless pic-nic frolic!

THE FAMISHED HAND.

In the summer of 1834—5 I left Norfolk Va. in a large schooner, bound for New York. One of the cabin passengers had a sick child and no attendant. The second day after we left Norfolk, the child asked for food, and I offered to prepare for it some toast. For this purpose I went to the cook's room which was below the deck, and in going to which it was necessary to pass a quantity of freight which had been put on board at Norfolk. The steward kindly assisted me in making the toast, and added a cracker and a cup of tea. With these, on a small waiter, I was returning to the cabin when, in passing the freight, which consisted of boxes, bags, etc., a little tawny famished looking hand was held out from between the packages. The skeleton fingers, agitated by a convulsive movement, were evidently reached forth with a view to the food in my possession. Shocked, but not alarmed by the apparition, I laid the cracker on the hand, which was immediately withdrawn. No one observed the transaction, and I went swiftly into the cabin.

The sick child was gratified with its meal, and when in the afternoon it wanted more, I again offered my services. I apologized to the steward for the liberty I was taking in visiting his premises so often, but pleaded the necessity of attending to the little invalid. I found he was a father, and enquired the names of his children. I brought him presents for them, and so ingratiated myself into his favour that I soon had free access to the larder, and often found nice things prepared for myself as well as for the little one in the cabin. But whatever I could procure was divided with the *famished hand*, which, to me, had become a precious charge. There must have been an eye to watch my motions. I fancied I could see that eye gleaming at my approach, but at other times closed in dim despair.

As all was tranquil on board, it was evident that I alone was aware of the presence of the unseen fugitive, and I humbly returned thanks to God for allowing me the privilege of ministering to the necessities of his outcast, despised and persecuted image. That the unfortunate being was a slave I doubted not, but how could I serve him or her, or whoever it might be, effectually? I knew the laws and usages in such cases—I knew that the poor being had nothing to expect from the Captain and crew of the vessel, and repeatedly asked myself the agonizing question, Will there be any way of escape? I had hope that we might land in the night, and so under favour of darkness, the fugitive might be enabled to go on shore unseen by those on board. I determined to watch for and assist the creature who had been thus providentially consigned to my care.

On the sixth day (we having a long passage) I found that the goods below were being moved in order to come at something which was wanted, and so filled up was the passage that I could not go below. My heart seemed to die within me, for the safety of my charge had become dear to me. We sat down to dinner, but the dishes swam before my eyes. I felt that a discovery must take place. The tumbling of the goods below had not ceased. Each moment I expected an alarm. At length I heard a sudden "Hallo"—and all was silent. Presently the steward came into the cabin, looked significantly at the company, and whispered to the Captain who was carving, but who immediately laid down his knife and fork and went on deck. One of the passengers followed him, but soon returned, and in a laughing manner informed us that a strange passenger had been found among the freight. "It is" added he, "a small mulatto boy, who says that he belongs to Mr.——, of Norfolk. That he had been concealed among the lumber, on the wharves, for two weeks, and secreted himself in the schooner the night before we sailed. He is going to New York to find his father, who escaped two years ago. And," continued he, "he is starved to a skeleton, hardly worth taking back." Many jokes were passed as to the manner of his being renovated, when he should again fall into the hands of his master. Some thought the vessel must put immediately back. Others were of opinion, that as we were within eight or ten hours sail of New York, the trip would be made, and the boy carried back on her return.

The unfortunate child had been brought on deck, and we all left the cabin to look at him. I followed behind, almost unwilling to see him, and stood some time by the companion way, in order to gain strength for the interview. I then proceeded forward, and as soon as he discovered me a bright gleam passed over his countenance, and he instinctively held out to me the same famished hand! My feelings were no longer to be controlled. There stood a child before me not more than eleven or twelve years of age, of yellow complexion and sad countenance, nearly naked, his back seared with scars, and his flesh wasted to the bone. I burst into tears—into lamentations, and the jeers of others were, for a moment, turned into sympathy.

It, however, began to be suspected that I had brought the boy on board, and in that case the vessel must put back in order to give me up also. But I related the circumstances as they occurred, and all appeared satisfied with the truth of my statement.

I requested that I might be allowed to feed the boy, which request was granted, and I carried him some dinner on a plate He took it with an eye of sadness, and looked into my face every time he raised a bit to his lips. There was something confiding in the look. When he had finished his meal, as I took the plate, he rubbed his fingers softly on my hand, and leaned his head towards me with an air of weariness. Oh! that I could have offered him a place of rest—that I could have comforted and protected him,—a hapless child, a feeble, emaciated, innocent lad, reserved for bondage and the torture.

Before night he was taken below, and I was no more allowed to see him. But I learned that he was put in the steerage *strongly bound*, and that the 'Proper Authorities' of New York would be consulted as to the disposal of him. We came to anchor during the night at some distance below the city. The Captain informed us in the morning that the vessel had been forbidden to enter the port with a fugitive slave on board. That she must discharge her cargo where she lay, and return with all possible despatch to Norfolk. A boat was provided to carry us up, and I remarked to the captain that there was "*great ado about a helpless child.*" He replied, "that the laws must be obeyed."

As I approached the city I could not help exclaiming, "'Is this the region, this the soil,' of boasted freedom? Here, where a child is treated like a felon, manacled and withheld from the shore, to be sent back to slavery and the lash, deprived of the fostering care which even the brute is allowed to exercise towards its young? Here the slender boy seeks the protection of a father—name dear to helplessness. Does humanity aid him in the search? No, for humanity is limited in her operations by laws which consign one portion of freedom's sons and daughters to the service, the control, and the brutality of others. Humanity looks on and weeps. Further she may not do. 'The laws must be obeyed.'"

And now since years have passed, where is that boy? Does he still live in hopeless bondage? Are other scars added to those imprinted on his infant skin? When I saw him he appeared innocent as a child of freedom would appear. He felt and suffered as a child of free parents would feel and suffer. His sorrows were touching as those of a white child would have been. Alas! poor youth, from me thy fate is hidden. If living, thou art still young, but were thy days turned into pages, what a volume to meet the human eye.

THE CHRONICLE OF A RAGGED RASCAL.

By Edward Youl.

Part the Second.

I.

The Muse will now commence the second canto.
O, evil morning, if it was the morning,
If not, O, evil night, or afternoon,—
Whether the sun beheld it, or the moon,
(Did not an earthquake or eclipse give warning?)
That saw our rascal born, when he began to
Inhale the circumambient air,
And exercise his infant lungs
With a surpassing gift of tongues;—
O, evil day, when such a wretch had birth,
The pest of man, a nuisance on the earth,
Detested, spurned, avoided everywhere!

II.

To do him justice, there was that within
His breast, whose impulse urged recoil from sin;
And there were moments, when his own disgrace
Brought something like a blush into his face.
He had affection, but for what? for whom?
Some men who are not opulent in friends,
Make pets of animals, and reap amends
In the attachment of a dog or cat;
Sorry companionship—he had not that,
A desert was his world, his heart a tomb.
"Men, my relations," thoughts like these escaped
His soul, and into language thus were shaped,
"I do not wish to wrong you, but I must;
Ye trust each other;—me ye will not trust:
Yet I was made,—I was not born, your foe;
Your kindness might have won me long ago;
Have ye been kind? Have ye been gentle? No.
To you, I am a nuisance, and a scourge;
To me you are—what wrongs have *I* to urge?
You call me thief,—I do not wish to steal,
But when I famish, I must get a meal.
I linger in your streets in dismal plight,
And none will help, so I must rob to-night.
There is a house unguarded by a dog;
'Tis ten o'clock, and fortune sends a fog."

III.

The lamps are useless, every one;
Along the streets, the link-boys run;
He does not pause,—as if by day,
As readily as if the sun
Lighted his steps, he finds his way;
While men, who know not where they are,
Think London Bridge is Temple Bar:
The foul fog wraps them like a cloak,
But for its stench, they seem to choke
In an atmosphere of furnace smoke.
The thieves are out, they come by scores;
There's not a thief confined by doors,
Unless the gaoler keeps the key:
A prisoner gets no release.
To-night, who cares for the police?
'Tis only thieves have eyes to see.
Alert to dart upon their prey,
They seize and fly,—there's no pursuit;
Your hat is gone, a daring fellow
Wrests from your grasp, your silk umbrella;
'Stop thief,'—you might as well be mute;
He went, but please to tell which way.
Alas, you cannot tell;
He snatched, and disappeared;
It cost a guinea not a month ago.
Unutterable woe!
The worst has happened that you feared,
For when you come, and you make haste, to look,
You find that you have lost your pocket-book.
And you remember well
That it contained
A roll of notes, the number and the dates
Unknown, so hard the vengeance of the Fates,
Nor consolation does the thought bestow,
That all which you have lost, the thief has gained.
Then, first, you swear,
And, secondly, you pull your hair
As if you meant to tear it from your head:—
Reflection interposes, you desist,
And, with wild staring of your eyes, instead,
You grope your way along, and clench your fist.

IV.

Although the fog was dense as any cloud
That rests on Skiddaw, the bewildered crowd
The ragged rascal threaded;—like a kid
He bounded, and his zig-zag way amid
The vehicles that moved with progress slow,
Or those that knew not where to go,
And so stood still,
He dashed;—was danger in the way?
He cared not—did not dream of ill;
It might have been the noon of day,
Instead of that foggy night, and chill,
So rapidly he ran, nor altered
Once his pace, nor checked, nor faltered.
But his steps are arrested, the cloak of the fog
Is around him,—the house, unprotected by dog,
Like a rude shape, chaotic, looms out of the dark,
'Tis his trust, 'tis his temple, his refuge, his ark.
O man, be not wakeful. O woman, recline,
And close to thy pillow, that warm cheek of thine
Nestle down, that the chink of the plate that is taken,
Thy dream may not banish, thy slumber awaken:
Let his grasp once contain it, he knows where the pot
Is provided,—they watch there,—the furnace is hot.
But, hush! what's that?
Was it a voice? It might have been a cat.
His auditory sense
Is wide awake,—it came—it came from thence.
Hark, O, be still!—
It speaks. He listens pantingly. "Now, Bill,
If any cove within should wake up reg'lar,
Out with your knife, and draw it through his jug'lar."
"Leave that to me, and hold your prate;
Your duty 'tis to seize the plate."
The rascal hears,
And scarcely can believe his ears;
He came to rob, but he arrived too late.

V.

He stands,—he knows not what to do;
The other rascals,—who are they?
He is but one, and they are two,
Older than himself and bigger,—
He will cut a pretty figure,
If they find him in the way.
Strong in themselves, they do not want his aid,
And all men hate a rival in their trade.
(Of morals that are very much in vogue,
The Muse will warrant this a fair example,
"*Be honest, when you cannot be a rogue*,"
And men, who do not hesitate to trample
On moral laws, and moral lessons spurn,
Obey this counsel, when it serves their turn.)
He cannot steal, but he can save,
Yes, he can raise alarm;
He will not longer be a knave,
For Virtue hath a charm.
Now, burglars, rascals that ye are,
There's one that ready stands to mar

The plans that ye prepared afar,
And hither came afoot,
Guided by unpropitious star,
Resolved to execute.
He greedily listens,—each sentence is heard,
That you speak in a whisper,—Yes, every word;
You are springed.—What will follow? A prison and gyves,
And black bread abroad for the rest of your lives.

VI.

They wrench a shutter, all within
Is quiet, so is all without;
The silence that betrays a pin
When dropt, or mouse that creeps about,
Reigns through the house, and they produce
A lantern made for burglar's use.
Our rascal darts along the street;
A constable he hopes to meet,
And soon encounters one—two—three;
He sees them, but they cannot see.
"It was his lot—an honest man,
To overhear the burglars' plan,
Who talked, intent upon their prey."—
He tells his tale and leads the way.
But not to lengthen out a tedious tale,
The Muse consigns the burglars to a gaol;
And none will say, the sentence was severe,
That sent them to the Southern Hemisphere.
Did this good action of our rascal go
Unpraised? Was he left unrewarded? No.
It was,—O reader, for surprise prepare,—
The Chaplain's house, and he resided there.
The rascal knew it, but he feigned surprise,
And he has merit in the Chaplain's eyes.
"I bade you alter your career."—"You bade,
And here I am, what your advice has made."
"It does you credit, I will not forget;
Altered you are, and rich you may be yet.
Me you shall serve, and I will give you proof
How I esteem you, lodged beneath my roof."

VII.

A week has passed, the rascal does not roam;
Within the Chaplain's house, he finds a home.
O, if he knew his happiness! but bred
As he had been——what more is to be said?
One morn, the Chaplain rose, and found him fled.
Stript was the house of valuables and plate;
He found a friend, but found that friend TOO LATE.
Fruit of its kind, the seed in childhood sown,
In manhood yields;
The grain that we have planted, is alone
Ripe in our fields.
Who looks for wheat, that left the ground to tares?
No golden harvest springs up unawares.

VIII.

Now, of the rascal's story what remains?
A convict's destiny, a felon's chains,
His first crime was committed at his birth.
What right have ragged rascals upon earth?
How dared he come, that had no place therein?
Moreover, in a ragged rascal's case,
The little stranger is a child of sin,
While opulence is blest with babes of grace.
How dared he wander barefoot through the street?
How dared he beg that had no bread to eat?
Pity for HIM! No, overwhelming scorn,
And the world's anger for his being born;—
These were his due,—a debt to such a pest,
Paid to the full, and paid with interest.
He soon was captured, and the Chaplain stood
Witness against him;—in his hardihood
He looked around the court, and seemed to say,
"Hark, how this man will swear my life away!"
The trial ended, and the sentence passed,
The Chaplain seeks an interview,—the last.
Some books he brings the prisoner. "Peruse
These tokens of forgiveness. You refuse?"—
"I want no tokens, what are books to me,
Banish'd for life, and only twenty-three?"
"At least, acknowledge you deserve your fate."
"A thief you knew me, why expose your plate?
My habits form'd, you were my friend TOO LATE.
I was not four years old, when I was made
To thieve, and robbery has been my trade."
"You said the counsel that I gave, of old,
Had changed your heart."—"It was a lie I told,
But had you met me in my childhood, then,
I had been honest among honest men,
Now see the ruin which the world has wrought,
That punishes the wretch it should have taught."

IX.

The convict-ship is on the sea;
Unto another clime,
It bears its freight, a terrible weight
Of outcast human crime.
Chains are clanking on the deck,
Manhood there is manhood's wreck,
And, O, for the wreck of woman!
Eyes of blue, and eyes of jet,
Sparkling, dazzling, soft, and yet
There are those, that would have us quite forget
That the heart beneath is human.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

(For Howitt's Journal.)

No. VII.

THE CLUBS OF PARIS.

Dear Friends,

There is a considerable difference between an English club-stick, and an Irish shillelagh: so also between the clubs of London, and the clubs of Paris. Much more so indeed. Our clubs of the West End, and these clubs of the *Pays Latine*, have in one sense a wide sea between them. The Carlton would not acknowledge the Sorbonne, nor the Montagne, the Reform. A deal of enmity would, alas! still be found between the United Service, and the Central Club of the Garde Nationale. We English, are still wearied with Waterloo in France. Clubs are trumps now, however, at Paris. He that has a club does not want a musket. He works on by intellectual force, laying about him with a spiritual shillelagh, often the best sort of weapon, and doing battle with brain, instead of gun cartridges. The club, these election times, is the best card in your pack. A club missed, and you lose your deal. In shuffling the pack at Paris, therefore, we must not leave out the clubs.

All Paris is sectioned out in clubs. Every edifice, the Bourse, the Sorbonne, the colleges, every dancing room from the Salle Valentino to the Grand Chaumiére, is now a place of political re-union for the Parisians. Some of these halls of rendezvous are *meublè*, simply furnished. Others are *garnis*, handsomely adorned. Most of them are decorated more or less, with the three republican colours. In some the entry hall is tapestried with blue, red, and white, drapery. From the walls of others ribands of the three colours, hang in graceful festoons from immense rosettes. Over the tribune of most of the clubs, but always in some prominent position in the assembly, the glorious flag of the Republic, displays its three hues—

> "One, the red morning from the skies;
> One, the blue depth of seraphs' eyes;
> One, the pure spirits robe of white;
> All blended in a heavenly light!"

Then even the commissaries, or ushers of the meeting, wear as a distinction, tricolor favours upon their arms. Besides which, many of the members still retain in their button holes, the three-coloured cockades of the eventful February, many of which undoubtedly were in the smoke of the Barricades. The general effect of this tricolored display is gay and handsome. The three colours blend harmoniously enough together. They are gay without being garish; striking without approaching the bizarre. The tricolor is a glorious standard — a rainbow of a flag! The American ensign may have its stars for its states, but it has also its stripes for its slaves. The banners of the nations which typify brute force, with their three headed eagles and vultures, their panthers, their lions and unicorns, and other animal insignia, and barbarous escutcheons, we can afford to lose amid the musty lore of heraldry; but not so the tricolor of freedom, the heavenly iris that blooms as a sign of hope, that the storms will pass over, and the skies become clear and sunny for the suffering nations—

> "For O, thou Rainbow of the Free,
> Our tears and blood must follow thee,
> If thy bright promise fades away,
> Our life is but a load of clay."

Truly, O people! of whatever nation, the tricolor is thy flag. It is the Banner of Progress, the Standard of Revolution, harmonious with the stars. Wrap thyself in its glorious folds, peacefully if it may be. The soldiery are of the people. Say unto them, like the young student of February fame,—

"Soldiers! it is your flag—fire, if you dare!"

On entering a club at Paris, one generally pays a sous or two for admission. The members mostly have periodical cards, at a less charge than is paid by the casual visitor, which frank them for a given time. You enter a club, any club, every club, and your eye first sees its president and bureau, elevated on a platform, or if the place of meeting is an amphitheatre, separated by railings, or otherwise, from the general assembly. Beneath the seat of the president is the tribune of the orators. At least this is the most frequent arrangement, but sometimes it is by his side. The president first announces, that the session (séance) of the club is opened. Then the secretary reads the minutes of the last meeting, which are generally a summary of the proceedings and speeches of the last assembly, even to noting the time when the previous session began and closed. After this, the correspondence of the club is read. This mostly causes some member to rush to the tribune, and demand *la parole*, or desire leave to speak, although the demand sounds rather imperatively according to the English acceptation of the word. Then follows speech upon speech, motion upon motion, *pour* and *contra.* Candidates for the elections make their profession *de foi;* then they are questioned, and answer; while at every slip of the tongue, anti-revolutionary sentiment, or even unpopular form of expression, the speaker's voice is drowned in the cogent clamour of the club. Surging on the sea of stormy sound, which swells around him, a pilot voice if it is ship-shape to the popular element, may sometimes cause a calm of the tempestuous club; but the timid, the ungainly, even the small in sound, albeit they be large in thought, may never still that surfy sea of multitudinous murmurs, either for slumber or for sunshine.

The clamour of the clubs is not an idle term. The late revolution in France has as yet manifested no great orators, with the exception of Lamartine, Lacordaire, and Louis Blanc. Lamartine's talk is talent. It gleams with glory and grandeur. It is invested with imagery, like a Pantheon. Your thought tells you that he is a Poet Peer, and you admire. Lacordaire unfolds the religious roll before a realm of saints. He strikes you with the sublime. He astonishes you with the awful. His light beams from the sacred gloom of the seventh heaven, and you venerate. Louis Blanc's is a sound of serious softness. He preaches the pity for the poor. He counsels the rectitude of the rich. Ever justifying justice, ever reaching for the right, there is yet in his eloquence a sober softening, and a bewailing beseeching. You see his heart and you love. These three, however, are the principal orators of revolutionized France—the triad of her tongue, her tri-color floating in speech. The chiefs of the clubs generally, although many of these are great men, have not yet expressed themselves in eloquence. Still the French, as a nation, appear adapted for orators. Their language has a strong dramatic form. They have infinite action. The hand ever accompanies the tongue, and the tongue the thought. With all this, however, in their favour, the clubs are as yet but councils of clamour; not organs of oratory, but nuclei of noise. Much of this no doubt is owing to the late absence of assembly under the monarchy. They are by no means adepts in the art of assembly, The elections, moreover, are the chief subjects of discourse, and as being more epitomizing than elevating, are opposed to eloquence. We have no fear therefore but that the new Republic has yet to open upon the world its oratory. Lamartine, Lacordaire, and Louis Blanc, are old orators. When, however, young France leaves election, and essays legislation, its new Demosthenes, its new Cicero, will arise. Democracies are ever specially auspicious for eloquence, and the clamour of the clubs will soon cease before the voice of vigour and the sterling sound of sense.

The chiefs of the clubs at Paris are, however, not to be despised. Quinet is at the head of one. Auguste Barbiere, the Poet, Author of "Il Pianto," is the President of another—the Club of the New Republic. Raspail, the celebrated physiologist also presides over a club, as well as editing a paper, which takes the title of Marat's old organ—"L'Ami du Peuple." Sobrier, a man of talent and influence, is likewise the President of the Central Republican Society—the most powerful and extended democratic confederation. Cabet also, is busily engaged with his Central Fraternal Association. The Jacobins, with an ex-colonel as their chief, adopted some of the absurdities of '93 in costume, and have been partially laughed down. The Club of the Mountain, however, still continues, and augments. Its President is the Abbé Constant, author of "The Bible of Liberty," "The Book of Love," and other works, partaking of the style of Lamennais' "Words of a Believer." The Phalansterians have a powerful club meeting at the office of their daily paper—*La Democratie Pacifique.* Other clubs bear the names of Club of Popular Salvation, Club of Social Regeneration, Club of Prevoyants, Club of the Republican University, Central Club of Work, Society of the Rights of Man, Revolutionary Committee, and the Club of the Street of Armed Men—all titles which more or less carry their meaning with them. Women also have formed their clubs, and established under the title of the *Voice of Woman*, a daily paper. The clubs generally are noticed by all the papers, but are specially reported by two journals, the *Voice of the Clubs*, and the *Commune of Paris, or the Monitor of the Clubs.*

I have attended most of the clubs in Paris—an arduous undertaking. A great sameness prevails through them all. The chief difference is that some dwell more upon political, others more upon social and industrial topics. The other evening I was at the Club of the Sorbonne, where the students and working men unite. A young student filled the chair, supported by a bureau of working men and students of equal numbers. I have seen this assemblage praised in some of the English papers. For myself, I like the idea on which it is formed, but must confess that it is the noisiest club in Paris. In fact, the French generally have not advanced so far in the art of assembly as we have in England. People, however, must go into the water before they can learn to swim.

In conclusion, I may be perhaps permitted to state, without obtrusive egotism, that I have had the pleasure of addressing one French club since my stay at Paris. It was the Phalansterian Club. I spoke in English, and my speech was translated, sentence by sentence, into French by a gentleman present. I may also add, that an English club has been formed here, by Lord Wallscourt, an Irish peer; Percy St. John, the author of the English history of the late Revolution; Hugh Doherty, one of the Editors of the *Democratie Pacifique*, myself, and others. It has taken the name of the Paris Progress Club; and will, I hope, work usefully. A republican club of English residents is very requisite in Paris. The so-called deputation of English, who bore the address to the Provisional Government, worked in the dark. Unlike the residents of other nations, they never announced their intention by a placard; and it was therefore utterly unknown to the majority of English in Paris. An English Paris Progress Club will, however, prevent anything of this kind for the future. And now long life to the Clubs of Paris. May their clamour cease, but may they survive. May never again the sacred right of meeting and association be impeached in France. If by the battle of the barricades Paris has won nothing more than the clamour of the clubs, yet in time from that healthy hubbub will arise the angel forms of Reflection, Reason, and Right.

Yours truly,
GOODWYN BARMBY.

Literary Notice.

The Female Poets of Great Britain Chronologically Arranged: with copious Selections and Critical Remarks. By FREDERIC ROWTON, Author of "The Debater;" "Capital Punishment Reviewed," etc. London: Longmans. 1848.

MR. ROWTON has filled a vacuum in our literature. We have numerous collections of our poets, but none of our poetesses. We have now a beautiful compendium of them, and the specimens of their productions and short biographical notices will enable readers who may wish to make a further acquaintance with any of them to do so. Mr. Rowton has a true and therefore a high estimate of the powers, influences, and mission of woman, and he argues her cause well in his introductory chapter, which he concludes thus:—

"It is our policy, therefore, no less than our duty, to admit and develope, in their fullest extent, the noble intellectual gifts which nature has bestowed upon woman. Urged by a blinding pride, or a ridiculous envy, we have for ages denied her right to share with us the throne of intellect; and, as has before been urged, we have paid a heavy penalty for our folly. Let us amend our fault for the future. Let us give woman's intellect that free scope for its exertions which we have so long refused it. And let us gratefully recognize in woman a partner, not a rival, in the mental race; a fellow worker, and that a pure and courageous one, in the great task of enlightening and elevating the whole family of man."

Mr. Rowton has brought forward some names and specimens that will be little, if at all, known to the general reader. We have the quaintness of the thinly scattered older poetesses from Juliana Berners to Queen Elizabeth—and as many and as much as is necessary of those belonging to an intermediate period when verse was abundant and poetry rare—when both men and women had abandoned the exhaustless and life-giving acquaintance of nature for vapid imitations of one another. We are proud and, more than that, delighted with a cheering pleasure to see that nearly the half of this handsome volume is occupied with the poetesses of our own age, and that the amount of genius and nature is fifty times that of all the rest together.

This is an evidence that the shackles and prejudices which formerly subdued the female mind are in a great measure abandoned, and that woman now has her capacity enlarged in proportion to her freedom and just estimation. What an illustrious constellation of female genius presents itself as we con over the mere names of Mrs. Opie, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Southey, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., Eliza Cook, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Barrett Browning, etc. Tempted as we are to extract from many of them, we must confine ourselves to one of the exquisitely pathetic lyrics of Mrs. Southey. "The Dying Mother to her Infant" brings Tennyson's May Queen strongly to mind. It was written long before that beautiful poem, and will bear the fullest comparison with it. In fact, no poet or poetess of any country can surpass Caroline Southey in the qualities of deep religious feeling and natural pathos. What a fine Radical, or, in other words, Christian poem is the following, written as it is by one of the most Conservative women of England. How the divine philosophy of Christ, operating on a noble womanly nature, breaks through all teachings and narrowings of human creeds and interests.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH BED.

Tread softly!—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow!—
No passing-bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow:
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo, Death doth keep his state;
Enter!—no crowds attend—
Enter!—no guards defend
This palace gate!

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh, change! oh wondrous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh, change!—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

A MODEL EMPLOYER.

John Clark jun., Esq., is an extensive thread manufacturer, in Mile-end, Glasgow. He employs about 400 persons in all; and is held in much esteem by them for his kindness, affability, and attention to their best interests. In illustration of these qualities, and with a view to stimulate other employers to pursue similar courses, we notice some facts which have come recently to our knowledge.

In the year 1832, when the Cholera devastated this country, Mr. Clark built a house or hospital for the special accommodation of his work-people, in which was fitted up a number of steam-heated beds, and other necessary conveniences. On any one falling sick, he was to be at once removed to this place, and attended by a medical man. Mr. C. provided every person belonging to the works with a lunch of bread and meat, daily, at his own expense, for a considerable length of time, and enjoined upon each the necessity of personal and domestic cleanliness, the importance of a good nourishing diet, regularity in sleeping, eating, etc.; and the consequence was, that out of 300 individuals in his employment *not one* was attacked by that disease, so that the building referred to, was never used in the way originally intended. About this time also, Mr. C. at the risk of his own life, opened a common sewer in the neighbourhood of his premises, which had got choked up with offensive matter. Symptoms of the prevailing epidemic, of course, became immediately visible; but, on taking prompt and energetic measures, through the kind Providence of God, he recovered entirely in a day or two.

Mr. Clark takes a great interest in the young. He sets apart three nights weekly for instructing and mentally training the boys connected with his own establishment, and the remaining three for similarly treating those in the Duke-street House of Refuge, of which he is a director and honorary superintendent. These boys are from twelve to eighteen years of age. We do not know what particular method he pursues with them; but understand that moral principles and duties are chiefly inculcated. He causes them frequently to commit a passage of the Scriptures to memory, and explains to them in an easy, familiar way its meaning, and adaptation to their individual case as servants, young, responsible, and immortal beings.——

We pause here to parenthetically express our high admiration of the rare benevolence which thus prompts a man, moving in the upper walks of life, to daily unbend his energies to the humble, yet exalted employment of awakening the tender mind of poor, erewhile, unbefriended humanity, to its capacities and powers, and guiding it to the fields of wisdom and knowledge. Verily, the schoolmaster is abroad!

If any one commits an offence, it soon reaches Mr. C.'s ear, who, being no friend to "the reign of terror," or to the rod and birch mode of administering correction, reasons calmly with the culprit, points out the folly and the guilt of his conduct clearly yet kindly, and after a suitable impression has been produced, dismisses him in the spirit of our Saviour's admonition, "go, and sin no more." Should any boy give evidence of talent and ability, or discover an aptitude for learning, he is singled out for special favour; he gets occasionally a suit of clothes to encourage him, and urge him on to greater diligence; and by and bye Mr. C. charges himself with the expense of his education at some one of our popular schools, henceforth till it is finished, allowing the boy's parents the full wages earned weekly by him while at his ordinary employment. There are, we believe, ten or a dozen youths at present attending a seminary in the city, patronized in this way by Mr. Clark. When their education is completed, he advances them to some post in his own establishment, or seeks out congenial employment elsewhere. The bond of intimacy is kept up generally between both parties in after life. If any perplexing matter occurs, they repair to their benefactor for advice, who willingly gives it. In some instances where the young men have committed some error or mistake which threatened to interrupt their prosperity, Mr. C. has, by a liberal use of his money and influence, succeeded in keeping the matter private, and preserving their integrity; thus furnishing inducements for continuing in the path of rectitude, instead of forsaking at a critical moment his protegees, crushing their hopes, and blasting their reputations. Mr. C. is sometimes mistaken in the objects he selects for his benevolence—as indeed it would argue something about him superhuman if he were not—but, generally speaking, he has abundant reason to congratulate himself on his discrimination, and motives for persevering in his "labours of love."

Mr. Clark and his brother partners are remarkably easy of approach to all their workers. No aristocratic airs, no reserve, no haughty bearing, or aught that would make one feel he was in the presence of superiors. The fact is, they themselves have risen from the ranks, and experimentally know what it is to be servants as well as masters. This accounts for much of their disinterestedness, and of the regard they evince for the welfare of those under them. Yet strange to say, in this they are singular. For, we believe, it will hold true of the greater number of persons once in the condition of servants, but who have afterwards attained to positions of authority and wealth, that they prove the most overbearing, harsh, and tyrannical employers. Their pride gets inflated with their elevation; an undue sense of importance pervades their conduct; they forget their former condition with its hardships and sufferings, and, instead of trying by the use of their means and influence to better and ameliorate the existence of their late fellow-workmen, they oppress, annoy, and irritate. In opposition to all this, Messrs. Clark and Co. take a large and common-sense view of the relationship of master and servant. They practically look upon the interests of employer and employed as one. They regard it as their interest, in fact in the long run so much clear gain, to have healthy, active, skilful, sober, obliging workmen; and, knowing that they are brother human beings, made of like flesh and blood, and governed by principles, feelings, motives, and desires, equally with themselves, they act upon these in the way best calculated to beget and nourish said qualities—in the way, in short, their consciences tell them is right: "doing to others as they would be done by." The results are seen in the facts that there is more and better work performed here than at any similar establishment in the city; that the workpeople are healthy, intelligent, respectful, and strongly attached to their employers; and that there are few or no dismissals for bad conduct—many having been in the service ten, twenty, and thirty years. A closer tie binds the two than money. This, to be sure, cannot be done without, but there is something altogether beyond its power to effect—the knitting of heart to heart. This has to do with man's inner, hidden life, and no mere earthly power or influence can penetrate here. Kindness, condescension, sympathy, are all but omnipotent to cement man to his fellow. Money has relation only to his temporal and animal existence—*these* appeal at once to his soul, and recognize its immortality. Thus Mr. C.'s workers, though undoubtedly labouring for a livelihood, have nobler ends to accomplish. Their inmost soul has been moved and stirred by a continued expression of kindness, condescension, and sympathy, on the part of one far above them in station and circumstances, and they feel an impulse within them, strong and settled as an unalterable law of their being, to promote by every practicable means his well-being and happiness. Necessity, however, stern inexorable necessity, in many cases, is all that connects superior with inferior. The employer finds that in order to live, he must hire persons to labour for him, and pay their wages; and the workman, finding that he too must have bread for himself and family, enters his service. This is what prompts to the mutual compact, guides to the discharge of the duties, and sustains the intercourse. Nothing more, nothing less. The one feels his helplessness without the other. They adhere, simply because separation would be the certain ruin of both. The employer in paying out his money, thinks he has a right to an adequate equivalent in labour—and unquestionably so he has; and the workman perceiving the profit-and-loss light in which he is viewed, and feeling keenly the cold neglect of his position, puts forth just so much physical strength and skill *on* that labour as will realize the stipulated sum. Self-interest clearly governs each. But the employer is by far the most culpable. Nature, revelation, and civil society, alike point him out as the guardian, preceptor, and friend, of those over whom he exercises authority. But he fulfils the functions of neither. They appear in his eyes only so many machines of flesh and blood, bone and muscle, born to minister to his aggrandizement. Yet he forgets that those very machines might be considerably quickened in motion, made to act more harmoniously, and to execute a greater amount of labour, and withal render a much more *willing, cheerful* service, were he only to apply the all-potent power of—not gold, but something altogether unpurchaseable by the current coin of earth, we mean—the milk of human kindness. Would employers generally but try this, throw aside the false, and assume the true dignity of their office, and treat those who toil for them with considerateness, humanity, and benevolence, the better part of their workmen's nature would quickly respond, like the frozen soil to the showers and genial warmth of spring: an attachment based on love and good-will would thus spring up, firm and lasting as the principles which gave it birth. Meantime, it is nothing less than the fatuity and blindness of selfishness which prevent them from realizing larger gains even from the labour of their workmen. This is exemplified in the case of the Messrs. Clark, who, though they have not amassed wealth so speedily perhaps as some of their grinding and haughty neighbours, have yet steadily secured an ample competency; while they sit at the perpetual feast of a good conscience, which is worth ten thousand times the wealth of a Crœsus. They have seen commercial dynasties rise and fall, which sent mourning into the bosom of many a family; while hundreds of their own dependents, and fellow men generally, revere and esteem their persons and characters.

As further illustrating the influence a good employer exerts on his servants, the works in Mile End, externally and internally, are models of order, cleanliness, and even beauty. Everything is in its right place. Every person at his post, and looking after his own proper business. No hurry, no bustle, no confusion: all is harmony and regularity, like the movements of a clock. The personal comfort, moreover, and convenience of the workers, are attended to, and every facility given for furthering labour. The workers themselves — especially the female portion of them—may even be distinguished in the streets from those of other firms, by their tasteful and cleanly attire, their elastic step, and healthy, joyous appearance.

Triumphant example this of the moral power of love!

A soiree was lately held in connection with the works—Mr. Clark in the chair. It was really a most delightful and heart-cheering sight to witness several hundreds of persons, of all ages and sexes, assembled at a great tea-table brotherhood, headed and led on by their employer, who entered into the thoughts and feelings of the youngest, and acted the part of a generous, good-natured host to all;—an employer, not austere, repulsive, and touchy on points of etiquette or honour, who would annihilate an inferior on a moment's notice, for anything approaching familiarity, or freeze his vitals by a withering look—but easy, laughter-loving, and benignant. The addresses on this occasion, delivered for the most part by the persons in Messrs. C. and Co.'s employment, were highly creditable to the hearts and heads of the speakers. We could wish that working men, in general, paid as much attention to the culture of their minds as had evidently been done here; soon a happy day would dawn on Britain.

We commend Mr. Clark's example to all employers. Imitate it, and yours ultimately will be the reward. As surely as day and night shall regularly succeed each other as long as this earth exists, so surely shall kindness beget kindness, benevolence create gratitude—and what so strong to move the soul as gratitude—and this not only shall conduce to temporal prosperity, but cause a stream of happiness to flow through the world, beautifying and adorning with fragrant blossoms its deserts and unfruitful fields. J. B. J.

PEOPLE'S LEAGUE.

We need not say, after the earnest appeals that we have lately made to the middle classes to come forward and save this nation from the perils and distresses into which a blind and selfish aristocracy is plunging it, with what pleasure we witness symptoms of an awakening interest in these classes. The thoroughly reform members of the House of Commons, have pledged themselves to unite, and come forward for the extension of the suffrage. Out of doors too we see a proposal for a new League of the Radical Reformers of the United Kingdom. The avidity with which the proposal has been seized on and welcomed by the press, shews that it has only to be heartily entered into by the leaders of the reform movement, to be hailed and acted upon throughout the kingdom. Already in Nottingham and other large towns, public meetings have been held for forming local associations of the same kind. We have seen an admirable address prepared by the movers in London, which we trust, soon will be before the public at large, and we would add, in addition to all that we have said on this subject, that now is the time for every honest reformer to step forward, and abandoning all minor notions, combine for an efficient extension of the suffrage. The salvation of the country requires it. Till this is done, we are standing every day on the brink of inconceivable national calamities, from the reckless rapacity of the aristocracy on the one hand, and the violence of popular misery on the other.

THE LABOURERS.

I have this morning been in the country, and seen some sights which would be thought striking and terrible if they were not so common.

Many agricultural labourers working in the fields badly clothed, and seemingly brutalized. On enquiring if they could read? the same reply from all. "Noa! Can ye stand a drop, master."

I had occasion to visit three or four of their cottages, hovels they might be well called; little or no furniture; the most squalid want and misery apparent. In one house a hard-handed man just come in from work was seated at dinner—and such a dinner! No table-cloth, a brown dish full of small bluish half-rotten potatoes, and *nothing else, save a little salt*; he was devouring these on a wooden platter. At another house there was no fire, no furniture; the eldest son just enlisted for a soldier. At another, a poor wretch had just come out of the union, and was taken in by another as miserable as himself; four children, and his wife just confined a week, but trying to wash.

Cottages hard to be got, with little or no gardens; the poor fellows often have to go miles to and from their work.

Now, look on this! I had passed through two parks belonging to the aristocrats, three or four thousand acres stocked with deer and game preserves.

Need we wonder at the crime and pauperism.

Let us all work to improve the poor, and obtain them justice.

A Man of Kent.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND ON THE EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE, BY A WORKING MAN.

Our friend John Alfred Langford, the studious chairmaker of Birmingham, to whom we introduced our readers in an account of a visit to him some time ago, has issued an address on the above subject to the public, which deserves every attention. It is a good sign when the working class take the pen instead of the pike to arouse attention to their condition. His opening remarks embody the general feeling at this moment.

"It is now universally acknowledged that a great political crisis is impending over this country. In this all parties agree. They also agree that it is necessary and imperative that measures should be taken to prevent this crisis leading to anarchy, confusion, and bloodshed. That revolution should be prevented by reform. That judicious and timely concessions should be made. That all classes should lay aside a portion of their demands, in order that they may unite, for the purpose of gaining a common object; of the utility, wisdom, and practicability of which, all entertain the same idea. This union is the great desideratum. This amalgamation of classes and parties is now the felt want of the country. How this object is to be effected, is the great difficulty."

After stating these difficulties, he calls on the *Middle Classes* to be sincere, frank, free, and liberal in their adhesion to an active and prompt political union; and he concludes with the soundest advice to the *Working Classes*. "You cannot," he says, "conscientiously join any agitation which goes for less than complete enfranchisement. On this you have taken your stand. On this you must still continue firm. But do not, fellow workmen, oppose the motions and movements of any class not disposed to go so far as yourselves. Demand freedom to advocate your cause, allow the same to all. For remember, no one is so unworthy of the great and glorious treasure of liberty, as he who, while he claims a right for himself, refuses the same right to his fellow man."

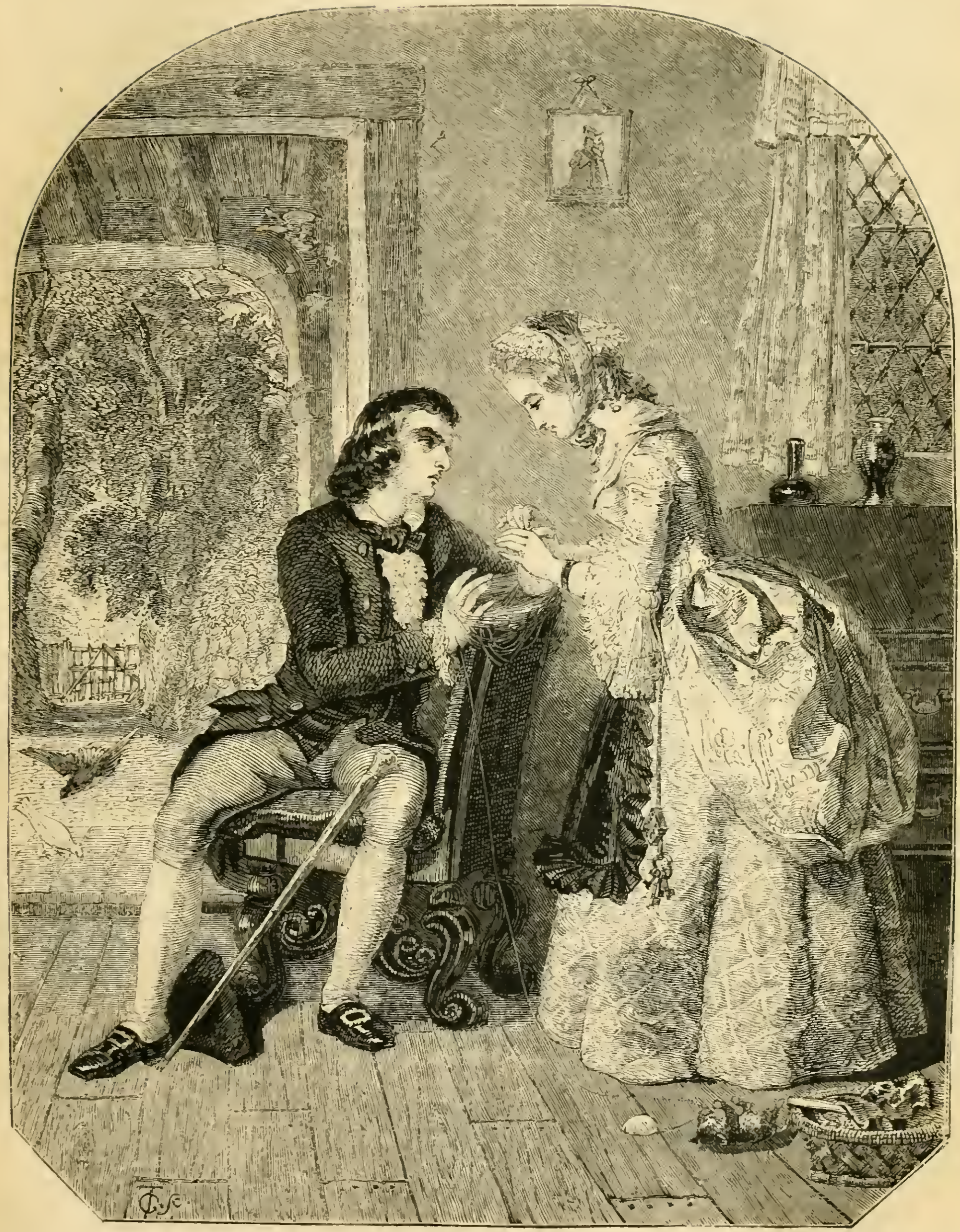
CONTENTS.

Game Laws Abroad. From the Harz. A True Story. 1843. By Ferdinand Freiligrath—Facts from the Fields. The Meldrum Family. By William Howitt. (Continued.)—Scenes and Characters from the First French Revolution. By Lamartine. Madame Roland—The First of May. By Edward M. Collins—The Famished Hand. By Mrs. Faymore—The Chronicle of a Ragged Rascal. By Edward Youl. (Concluded.)—Letter from Paris. By Goodwyn Barmby—Literary Notice: The Female Poets of Great Britain Chronologically Arranged. By Frederic Rowton—Record: The Model Employer—The People's League—The Labourers, etc., etc.

Printed for the proprietor by **William Lovett**, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d

HOWITT'S JOURNAL



THE TANGLED SKEIN.—A KNOTTY QUESTION.

FREE EXHIBITION.

PAINTED BY MARSHALL CLAXTON. ENGRAVED BY THOMAS GILKS.

No. 72—Vol. III May 13, 1848.

THE TANGLED SKEIN.—A KNOTTY QUESTION.

We are happy in being able this week to present our readers with another of those stories of the affections—told in a picture—to which we alluded in our description of "The Favourites," a week or two back. p. 286. Our present illustration is by the same artist, Mr. Marshall Claxton, and is chosen from the "Institution for the Free Exhibition of Modern Art," the objects of which are, as far as possible, "*Freedom for the Artist, Certainty of Exhibition* for his works, and the *Improvement of the public taste.*" We think all these objects good if they can be obtained, certainly worth trying for; and as far as the second is concerned—viz., *Certainty* for the exhibition of an artist's works, we feel assured from what has come under our own eye and the frequent complaints of the hanging of pictures at the Academy, etc., that an exhibition of this kind was wanting; for we know of artists—aye, and some of eminence too, who, after spending perhaps a twelvemonth upon a picture of importance, and after being congratulated on all hands upon their success, have had their pictures refused admittance on account of personal jealousy on the part of officials. Now, this just cause of complaint is likely to be obviated by the principle of the present institution, each artist having to pay for his space; and the public are benefited by having a Free Exhibition of Modern Pictures. We feel also certain that artists may with confidence appeal from clique influence to the growing taste of that larger audience the public. Our subject under notice, from which we have been diverted for a moment or two, is entitled "The Tangled Skein—A Knotty Question," and well does it tell its tale.

A young man, and we doubt not, ardent lover is holding The Tangled Skein across his hands for his mistress, who is just such a mistress as to make an ardent lover—she is unravelling the skein, an unfortunate knot has occurred, she is trying to untie it; our lover is looking up at her *very* expressively, and evidently alluding to, or thinking of, another sort of knot which he should like to have tied, while the lady looks very pensive and thoughtful on the matter—quite intent (of course) upon what she is engaged. The accessories of the pictures are very good, a little kitten is playing with a ball of cotton on the floor, which our female friend has just been winding from the skein, and is quite unobserved by the two lovers. On the left is a beautiful out door peep of English landscape, with a rustic gate, evidently a study; we think we could name several little bits of Surrey, or Kent, which it might be taken for; and two doves have just flown in, one of which has just rested on the door step. It is altogether one of those interesting pictures which tell their own tale at a glance, much better in fact than any explanation can do. We hope again to have an opportunity of calling attention to, and of giving another picture from, this exhibition.

◆

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

The Meldrum Family.

(Continued from page 295.)

At length—did he deceive himself? or did he really hear faint voices? It seemed clear to him that he did, faint but eager voices, as if beyond the wall, deadened by its thickness, yet not so much so as to distinguish that character of intensity, which was excited by wonder, and human sympathy. He listened—knocked again — he raised his strongest cry — there again!—they were certainly voices, and they seemed in answer to his knockings. Hark! there was a sound as of a crowd above!—yes; there were footsteps over his head—there were people in active talk—there was a call—he shouted back!—there was a burst of voices in simultaneous recognition. Again a call—again he replied—the same burst of conversation—and now he heard them immediately over his head—

"Where are you?" some one cried.

"Here!" he answered,—"here in the dark below."

"Great God!" exclaimed a manly voice, and presently the light flashed in on his head, so as to dazzle him and compel him to close his eyes. He was silent a moment under the effect of this, and then some one called down—

"Is some one there?"

"Yes.'

"Who are you?"

"Ah! that you know!" replied Harper—"the unfortunate man that you let fall through your trapdoor. For God's sake help me out! I have surely suffered enough."

There was an active conversation above, then a ladder was put down, and Harper with some difficulty managed to mount up it, and by the help of several eager hands put down to lay hold of him, he emerged into the day-light.

There was a general exclamation of surprise, and horror as the figure of a man covered with dirt—with bruises black and extensive, and with head and hair all clotted and matted with dried blood, rose from the trapdoor-way of the cellar. All were zealously inquisitive to know how he had come into that place and condition—but Harper was not all at once able to satisfy their curiosity, for a sickening sensation seized him, and he fainted away. On recovering his consciousness, he ascertained that the persons who rescued him, were the inhabitants of the two adjoining houses, who, seeing this house suddenly shut up, had fancied that they still heard cries, and hollow knockings from some one within. The members of one family had at length called those of the other to listen, and, satisfied of the true evidence of their senses, they had resolved to inform the landlord, who came, and forced a way into the house. The result was as we have related it; and when these deliverers heard what the character of the former tenants of this house had been, and who and what Harper and his errand were, they were no little struck with the circumstances; and only wondered to find the policeman alive. The coiners had, they informed him, decamped three days ago—for so long had the house been closed.

It is almost needless to say, that Harper received every kindness and hospitality so requisite in his condition, and a few days afterwards he re-appeared on duty with his head well plaistered and bandaged, and no little mortified that his over-doing the well-done, had so entirely reversed the success of his enterprise, and occasioned him so severe, and yet ludicrous a disaster.

But this was not the final result of Bates's imprisonment, and Harper's pretended incarceration in Bates's cell. At the same moment that Harper left for Birmingham, two active officers set out to visit Captain Crick whose concern in this coinage speculation had transpired at the same time. It turned out, in fact, that the captain was the great head and mainspring of the business, and that he had his emissaries and distributors all over the kingdom.

The captain was, therefore, one night just on the eve of retiring to bed; the house was closed, and every guest of the evening had gone away, when a knock came to the door, and on the captain opening it, four tall, and strong-built men entered. No sooner was the entrance effected, than, ascertaining that the person who admitted them was the captain himself, they at once assured him that he was their prisoner—they being officers of the police sent to seize him.

They who ever saw for the first time, Captain Crick, must have felt instantly, that he was not a man to yield tamely. They, therefore, who appeared the two principal officers, at the moment that they announced their message, drew and pointed each a brace of pistols, and the two others raised their heavy truncheons conspicuously. There was no time for delay, for the captain who sate as was his custom at such an hour, without his boots, and with his waistcoat unbuttoned, seizing a strong wooden-bottomed chair, incontinently protruded it into the faces of the two officers in front, and dashing forward with all his weight and force, drove them back in astonishment on their two followers, who were pushed rudely against the wall. All was in a moment clamour and confusion. Mrs. Crick, who, at the entrance of these unwelcome guests, was in the act of filling the warming-pan with hot embers, on seeing the commencement of the fray, rushed gallantly to the rescue, and elevating her copper weapon, discharged at once a violent blow on the head of the officer to the right, and, the whole contents of burning cinders into his face and bosom. Still more astonished at this novel assault than at that of the captain, the officer burst forth into a perfect howl of pain and amazement, and firing one of his pistols in his fury, it dashed through the warming-pan which was now raised high in the air, and preparing for a second descent—with a loud clangour, and smashed the glass and face of the clock against the wall, which added to the extraordinary din which now resounded through the house. The captain was still smiting forward with his chair, which served him at once for sword, bayonet, and shield, and by his amazing strength and dexterity, astounded his assailants as much as Ulysses on one memorable night did the host of unwelcome guests in his palace. They who should have supported their superiors, were rendered almost useless by being cooped up between the wall and the end of the settle, which stretched on towards the door from the very mantelpiece so as to defend the flank of Captain Crick and his valiant wife. They made sundry desperate attempts to break through on the right side where Mrs. Crick fought, but that stout Amazonian woman dealt her blows with such amazing vigour and effect, that she not only gave these fellows some very awkward knocks but brought the servant maid from her bed, who appeared at the head of the stairs in her night-gown, and then fled back with a loud shriek.

This may not seem a very satisfactory succour, but we shall find that it proved so. The battle now was raging with the utmost fury. Two or three shots had been fired, but the officers, baffled by the chair and warming-pan, which were constantly dashed about before their faces, and sometimes the foot of the chair sent with almost annihilating fury into the tender regions of their vitals, did not take any effective aim. The two inferiors, however, who had not yet been able to testify their valour, were now allowed to come forward, while the principal officers re-loaded their pistols, and seizing the foot of the captain's chair, one of them was about to wrest it, if possible, from him, while the other aimed a blow with his truncheon at his head. At this moment one of the other officers rushed forward, and aimed a pistol at the captain, but at the very same instant, Arpthorp, the sturdy hostler, roused by the maid, and his access facilitated by the bridge, descended the stairs almost at one leap, and with a poker which he carried, struck the officer such a blow on the arm, that the pistol flew from his grasp, and discharged itself in the fall, while the arm that held it dropped senseless at the officer's side.

Now then the melee was renewed with obvious advantage to the Crick troop. Mrs. Crick who had effectually battered the warming pan to pieces on the heads of the officers, with occasionally resounding blows on walls and staircase, rushing to the fire, hauled thence a large kettle, called a tea-kitchen, which always stood with boiling water, not only for tea, but for supplying gin and brandy glasses, now discharged the contents of this, as freely as she had done those of the warming-pan. It was more than mortal men could endure. The enemy recoiled. The captain and Arpthorp, each armed with a poker, now followed up their advantage, and another moment saw the foe evacuate the house. The captain and his man following close on their heels, the instant that they reached the open air, raised a loud war-whoop, which brought from their houses, numbers of the vagabond tribe who conveniently sleep in their clothes, and are ready to take the field without unnecessary delay. Numbers, in fact, were already in the street, roused by the sound of fire-arms, and the clangour of the battle, and another minute would have brought them into the rear of the official Philistines. These, now seeing their precarious position, mounted their horses with all speed, and galloped off, pursued by the yells and imprecations of the elite of Twigg's-Houses.

Thus ended the attempt to seize Captain Crick. The manner in which he and his man Arpthorp had defended themselves, sufficiently convinced the police, that they both had seen service of no ordinary kind, and knew how to handle their weapons to the utmost advantage. The next day brought a much stronger body of police from London, but the birds were flown. The captain, his couragious wife, man, and maid, had disappeared. The house was closed, and all search after the fugitives was vain. It was imagined that the captain had made a heavy sacrifice of property by thus being compelled to flee, but when the government attempted to levy fines on the estate of Twigg's-Houses for the captain's offence against the excise and other laws, it was found that Twigg's-Houses were mortgaged to the uttermost farthing, and that the captain was too much a man of the world to leave any eggs in a nest which he might be called on at a minute's warning to desert.

We have heard from good authority, that the captain, his lady, his man Arpthorp, and all Arpthorp's family, betook themselves to Australia, where Joe Bates, who was shipped thither by government, was applied for by the captain on Joe's arrival, and was awarded to him as a convict servant. The whole of this notorious company it is said, is now located on the broad plains of Australia Felix, where they range for scores of miles with their flocks and herds, and are noted for their dexterity in putting the captain's brand on their neighbours' stray cattle. This adroitness might possibly occasion the captain and his clan some day, to have to retreat some hundred miles into the interior, with as much speed as he evacuated Twigg's-Houses, but the terror of his name, and that of his band, is, on the other hand, a strong bulwark against the inroads of the natives, and the loss of a few bullocks which mysteriously change their ownership, is winked at, to avoid the greater loss of property and even life from the hands of the marauding aborigines.

Meldrum, on escaping from the house of Brassington, made his way through various streets, alleys, and obscure turnings, to a considerable distance. After perceiving no immediate pursuit, he relaxed his pace so as to avoid all appearance of hurry or suspicious agitation, and the further he went, the greater was his confidence in eluding his pursuers for the moment. That he could long escape he scarcely hoped. The fulness of his crime had been now revealed to him by the newspaper which Brassington had read. He was not only a thief but a murderer. True, he was ready, in some degree, to excuse himself on the latter score, by saying that he had no intention of killing the old lady. It was rather an accident, than a purpose—but then, conscience cried, "What business had he there!" The crime of house-breaking had produced this second and more deadly sin. With the revelation of the guilt of blood, all the former faith of the wretched man, revived in his soul, spite of every reason and sophistic argument, with the force of an eternal conviction. God and nature triumphed over him, and flung him down into the abyss of remorse and torturing terror. Heaven, hell, and a terrible immortality were shouted into his soul as by a thousand crowding demons. Death, he would gladly have plunged into to avoid death linked to public shame, to quench the fury of his own racking consciousness, but death frightened him back with the vision of a flaming gulph, into which he would only leap if he leapt from earth. Between these terrors of the present and the future, he seemed crushed as between two millstones, and his knees knocked against each other, and the cold sweat streamed down his face as he went along. He paused in one place, and grasped a post to keep him from falling. A fellow going past said,—

"Well, old boy, that's pretty early in the day for a priming," and went on with a grin.

Meldrum roused himself to proceed. Like the devils, he believed and trembled, and of all the forms of misery that the wide and miserable earth can furnish, there was not that day, one which could surpass, in the agony and bloody sweat of mental torture, the murderer Meldrum.

But about noon the miserable man found himself in the midst of a dense mass of houses, lying between the Ratcliff Highway, and the Commercial-road. He was in a little street that seemed involved in such a labyrinth of other close streets, that he could hope to find no place in London more obscure. Here, in a row of houses of much older aspect than many of the rest, he spied a paper in a window of a room to let. The house in which this was, was one of three stories, or more properly two, with an attic in the roof. Each story had one widish horizontal window, that in the roof a dormer one. In the lowest window, which was filled full of geraniums, trained on a sort of ladder, and of such a size, that they seemed to fill every inch of the window space, was hung in the centre, this card of announcement to let.

Meldrum surveyed the house for some minutes, looked round at the character of the street, ventured at length to knock at the door, and ask the price of the room. The house had an air of superior neatness to any of the rest. They were all conspicuous for their dingy old brick-work, their long unpainted and dilapidated wood-work, and their broken windows supplied by paper panes. This house was neatly painted, and its panes not only of glass, but sound and bright. There was nothing which it had in common with the rest, but its style of build, its age, and its having two or three birds hung in cages out of the chamber window; for nothing is so extraordinary as the number of birds kept by the lowest and most miserable population of London. Bird-cages, filth, and swarms of unemployed and squalid people, men, women, and children, are the great features of the worst districts of this human wilderness.

The door was opened by a young woman as bright and cheery-looking as the house. Meldrum half shrunk back at such a vision of innocence and happiness; but the young woman, after giving him an enquiring look, asked him what he wanted, and without hesitation led him up to the attic, told him the price, two shillings a week, and on his saying he would have it, took him down again, and calling out "Mrs. Brentnal!" an elderly and grave woman came to the door of the sitting-room. Meldrum's wish being stated to the elderly dame, she scrutinized him somewhat severely, and questioned him as to who and whence he was. Meldrum represented himself as a countryman without work, trying to get it about the docks. The old lady made obstacles; said she was very particular in the lodgers she took in, and never liked one that could not give a near reference. It was evident to Meldrum, that she took an unfavourable view of him. He was evidently much cast down by it, and saying that he could give no reference that would be in time to serve him, had his foot on the door step to go out, when the young woman whispered something to the old one, and was evidently pleading for him. He heard the old dame say,—

"Better not, Nancy, better not!" But the young woman did not give way, and the old one said,—"Well, well, as you will—only mind what I say—some day you will have to repent of being so easy," and turning to Meldrum, she added,—"Well, man, you can have the room for this week, and we shall see."

Installed in his attic, if Meldrum had had an easy conscience, he would have thought himself in paradise. All was so neat and clean. He had soon a fire burning, and had arranged to have his meals with the inmates at a certain price. He had kept his old great-coat closely buttoned over his sailor's dress, and towards evening he went out, and purchased a suit of strong clothes, jacket and trowsers, and a short white slop, fit for a porter or workman about the docks. His sailor's suit he carefully conveyed away and disposed of at a pawnbroker's in a distant locality; and it was well, for he soon found that he was in a sailor's house.

The bright and handsome little woman who had first let him in, was the wife of a sailor, honest John Tulloch, now on his regular voyage to the coast of Africa, for gum. His wife, this happy-looking creature, was the soul of this little house. It was she who had brightened up its outside, and its inside; had cultivated the plants, and purchased the birds, and made everything as clean as if the abode stood out in the fields of the country, instead of in this dense and smoky part of the huge Babylon. She had two children, one a fine sturdy lad of some three or four years old, and a little child that crawled about over the carpet, and was every now and then snatched up by its mother, and half smothered with kisses and tossed and shaken about till it laughed as merrily as the blithe mother herself. Mrs. Tulloch or Nancy Tulloch as the old woman called her, was the very soul of sunshiny happiness. She was always working and singing, or singing and talking to her children and the old woman. She was planning this and that against Uncle John came home—which Uncle John was no other than her own husband. What was odd enough was, that the old woman called him Uncle John too; and it was some time before Meldrum discovered the reason, which was no other than that John Tulloch had a brother living across the water, in Rotherhithe, a plumber and glazier, where John Tulloch had first been called by this name amongst the numerous children with whom he was an immense favourite, always bringing them something in his capacious jacket pockets, and telling them stories of the wonders he saw in his voyages, and on the barbarous shores where his ship's business took him. John Tulloch had been brought up to the trade of a plumber and glazier himself, and during the time that his ship lay in port, he used to go and work for his brother, who was in a considerable way of business.

Nancy Tulloch, who seemed to adore her Uncle John, that is, her husband, was always keeping things in order, and setting them in order, all the time he was away, in the prospect of his return. He usually made a voyage to Senegal and back, in five or six months, and then lay in port a month, or more, and off again, and it seemed the desire of his wife to crowd into the month's home stay as much pleasure and affection as should make up for the five or six months' absence. The little sitting-room was snug as carpets, chests of drawers, looking-glasses, and little pictures could make it. She called it her cottage, her retreat, and the old woman sate in a corner, between the fireplace and the window full of its geraniums in a tall-backed Windsor chair, with a cushion of scarlet stuff, and knit.

Meldrum soon found that he had got into a little heaven upon earth, that only the more pointed and aggravated his own foul misery. Nancy Tulloch, you would have thought, had never known anything of the cares or blights of this world. She seemed all happiness, cheerfulness, kindness, and sympathy. She was bent on helping Meldrum to some employment. She asked him about his past life, and soon saw that there was something on his mind that he did not want to come to the daylight. But this only seemed to increase her desire to help him. She told him if a man like him was in earnest, he would, before long, get something to do, and hoped he was religious. At this Meldrum shook his head, and was silent. Mrs. Tulloch looked at him with more seriousness than she had ever yet assumed, and the old dame, Mrs. Brentnal, gave him a searching glance that went to the bottom of his dark heart, for it told him that she still had her thoughts of him.

But Nancy Tulloch's interest only rose in his behalf. She told him, that if he was not religious, she hoped he would become so, and invited him to accompany them on Sunday to hear a preacher in their own court—Mr. Zealous Scattergood, whom she represented as one of the excellent of the earth, a poor man's preacher—and none of your fine men that were too grand to follow their divine master, and preach to the needy and the very outcast.

Meldrum, who went by the name of Jabez Baxter, was silent, and did not give much encouragement to these invitations, for he had only too many reasons for wishing to avoid the crowd of a chapel and the searching queries of a minister. Every hour that he witnessed the goodness and the happiness of the two women of this house, and listened to their conversation, only the more drove the daggers of remorse deeper into his soul. He was like one of the damned who had intruded amongst the children of God, and expected every moment to be struck down by a thunder-bolt and cast out with shame. He avoided therefore, as much as possible, spending any time, except at his meals, with the two women. He went out cautiously, on pretence of seeking work, and traversed the vast human desert that stretched around. On one of these occasions he discovered his son Job, at a butcher's shop in Whitechapel. He was a rosy and jolly-looking fellow, as gaily serving his master's customers in his blue coat and white sleeves, as if he had known nothing in life but plain sailing and sunny weather. Meldrum felt a strong desire to go up to him and make himself known, and enquire after Sampson and Dinah—but it was not till he had gone there again and again that he could muster up courage. His crimes lay heavily on him, and though he knew that Job, as well as the rest of his children, had imbibed the worst infidel notions, he was struck with horror from the very possibility of their knowing his real deeds, and of their upbraiding him with them.

One evening, however, watching his opportunity, when no customers were about, and Job with his knife in his hand had gone out across the broad pavement, and stood on the curb-stone, as if contemplating the omnibuses and other vehicles driving along the middle of the street, the wretched father approached, and standing near the son, said—"Job! don't you know me?"

The young butcher turned, and looking at the strange man for a moment, said—"Know you? how the devil should I know you? But the—he—ll! what!"—he added, staring in a horrified astonishment—"is it you?—What!"—and for a moment the power of utterance seemed taken from him—"the devil!—do *you* venture to show yourself in the light? By all the powers alive, man; for father I won't call you—begone! Never show yourself again here; or I'll stick this knife into you as soon as look at you."

Meldrum would have spoken—but the son motioned him with a quick movement of the hand holding the knife—to be off—"Begone!" he repeated, "this moment! There are foul suspicions about you—and"—coming close to his ear—"I believe them; and I will be the first to give you up, if ever you come near *me* again!"

"But, for the mercy of God!" implored Meldrum—"tell me something, just a word about Dinah and Sampson."

"Begone! I say, quick! I can tell you nothing that you'll like to hear. They curse you, and wish you at the d——l, and there you'll be pretty soon if you come and ruin us with your Satan's presence."

The young man went hastily away into the shop whistling, but it was angrily, as he went; and Meldrum strode away with the torment of the damned in his bosom. He was hated and cursed by his own children; and yet he dared to pollute with his daily presence the abode of the virtuous and the happy. The very next time that he passed the butcher's shop in Whitechapel, he missed his son—he went again—and again, he was never there. It was clear that he had suddenly quitted his place to avoid any further recognition of this abhorred parent. Meldrum ventured to approach the shop and enquire. The boy in the shop knew no such person as Job Meldrum—there had never been any such man there—but a young fellow of the name of Flint had gone off at a moment's notice, and they could not tell where. The very name of Meldrum was shunned—it was a vile badge that his children renounced, as they did him.

The whole sum of money which Meldrum had got by his robbery of the old lady was but fifteen sovereigns. He had purchased two suits of clothes and a great coat out of it: it was fast diminishing, and he began to tremble at the idea of being compelled to work in company where any moment he might be detected and seized. To add to his horror, his old drab suit, which he had sunk in the Thames, had been rolled up with the tide and left on the strand not far from King Edward's stairs, a considerable height above the place where he had flung them in. Whether they had been caught by the anchor of some vessel, or how they had been dragged up the stream was a mystery—but there they were found, unrolled, and soon conveyed to the nearest police station, where they were hung on a line in the court, and a notice of the fact inserted in the newspapers. The notice attracted the eye of old Brassington, who hastened to see them, and putting one thing to another was convinced that they were the very old drab suit of Meldrum the Berkshire murderer. This belief became also strong amongst the police, and the situation of Meldrum was growing desperate. His funds were ebbing, his identity coming ever nearer to the light: he began to think seriously of going off into the country, and leaving London as far as possible behind.

In the mean time Nancy Tulloch did not abate in her desire to serve him, in her endeavours to get him to the chapel of Zealous Scattergood, or to dive somewhat more deeply into his real history. She did a deal of needlework for a house in the city, and she told him that she had been enquiring, and with some hope of success, for some employment in the warehouse—for it was that of a great manufacturer. Meldrum shrunk into himself at the very idea, and as carefully avoided the chapel of Zealous Scattergood. In the conversation with Mrs. Tulloch, he did not conceal that he had a heavy weight on his mind—that he did not believe he should be saved—that he had, in fact, a degree of blood-guiltiness on his conscience, though he led them to believe that it was incurred in some affray with poachers.

All this, though it seemed to close the heart of the old dame, Mrs. Brentnal, against him—though her countenance grew more severe, and her manner more cold and distant, only served the more to excite the sympathy of kind Nancy Tulloch, and her zeal to bring him into the way of what she termed saving grace. For this purpose she would often of an evening, when Mrs. Brentnal was gone to see a neighbour, and the children were in bed, set to and attack Meldrum with all the force of her gentle and kindly zeal. She would tell him that there was no sinner so great nor so foul that he might not be saved. That she was sure if he could see Mr. Scattergood and open his heart to him, he would soon have hope and become a happy man. Her own good little soul seemed to expand and embrace on the behalf of the Deity all that was fallen and miserable. Meldrum would put his hands to his face, and resting his elbows on his knees, weep like a child. but for all that he never seemed nearer consenting to enter the chapel or to seeing Zealous Scattergood. His prospects seemed closing in London—he was contemplating a sudden start and a long run—yet he did not seem as if he could cut himself loose from this spot, and carry his project into execution.

One day when he came down to tea, he was somewhat startled to find a stranger there. This was startling to him, because he had begged Mrs. Tulloch when they had any one to let him know and keep away. The stranger was an old man of at least seventy. He was remarkably thin, and his face was long, pale, and emaciated; his eyes large and grey, beneath grey shaggy eyebrows, and his hair as white as snow. As Meldrum entered, he fixed his large grey eyes on him, and coming forward with a faint smile offered Meldrum his hand, saying—"Well, friend Baxter, as Mrs. Tulloch tells me she cannot prevail on you to come and see me, I have come to see you. I hope we shall become friends when we know each other."

It was Zealous Scattergood; Meldrum felt it in an instant, even before Mrs. Tulloch pronounced his name. A strange sensation went through him. The worn black suit of the old minister, his manner, his deep bass voice, and peculiar intonation, all brought back people, things, and days long gone past, and cut off by subsequent events as by an impassable gulf from the present. Meldrum seated himself without a word, and listened to the religious conversation that went on between the others, as a doomed spirit may be supposed to listen. Every word was a pang to him. He believed now, but he believed without hope. He seemed to lift his eyes like Dives, from a region of flame, and see afar off, the shining promontory of heaven, and his wife and former friends walking there and shedding celestial tears over his fall. He ventured only once or twice to raise his eyes to the countenance of the minister, and when his eyes met those of the old man, his evidently turned away as in fear of him. It was a hopeless and a miserable scene, and Meldrum got away as soon as he could.

The guilty man resolved to hasten his departure from this torturing place, yet he still lingered. He once stole quietly on the Sunday evening down to the bottom of the court, and sent a glance into the chapel where Zealous Scattergood was preaching, and where Mrs. Brentnal and Nancy Tulloch were listeners.

The chapel was merely the last house in the row, converted into a chapel. It was of the humblest description. The preacher's pulpit consisted of a large packing-case laid lengthwise on the floor in the far corner of the apartment, with a small table in front for a reading-desk, and a chair set in the corner for the preacher occasionally to rest upon. The floor was occupied by plain benches crowded with people, and the bare walls were furnished with the simplest tin candlesticks for lighting up the place. By the door stood a broad board as a sort of screen, and looking from behind this, and protected by this part of the chapel being in deep shadow, Meldrum could survey the whole scene unobserved.

The old, thin, and melancholy preacher had just risen to commence his sermon. He stood with his Bible in his hand, and casting a solemn glance over his humble audience, he said—"In the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah, in the twelfth chapter and twenty-fifth verse, you will find these words:—"And I will give thee into the hand of them who seek thy life, and into the hand of them whose face thou fearest." The words fell like an ice-bolt on the heart of Meldrum. His knees trembled, but he stood rooted to the spot; and the preacher, solemn and slow at first, went on in his deep voice to describe the state and progress of a sinner, which did not seem to bear much resemblance or application to the case of Meldrum. But anon the spirit of the old man kindled within him. He grew warm and eager in his expressions, his features, and his gestures. He seemed to rise in height, and expand, and his voice rolled like low thunder over the awe-struck and profoundly silent group, from which a sigh or a groan only now and then escaped. He went on and described the fall of an apostate, his last state growing seven times worse than the first from which he had once been redeemed. The demons of disbelief taking possession of his soul, and foul spirits of robbery and murder following after. The old man's eyes seemed to turn their gaze inwards for awhile. There was a glazed and a ghostly look about them: he stretched forth his hands over the audience, and seemed to describe some one whom he had once seen and known; but it was Meldrum to the life. He described the height of peace and virtue from which he had fallen. He followed him through dark and errant ways, and he shuddered as he described scenes of violence in which he had been engaged, and passed over others that were too horrible. The perspiration stood in large drops on his flushed and broad forehead, and suddenly recalling himself as it were from his inward trance—he paused—and wiped his heated brow—and gazing round on his audience, he asked in a voice suddenly dropped into a different key—"My brethren, why is it that I have been thus led, as it were, into the life and the spirit of some other man? Why have this darkness and this horror been shed over me? Can there be any one within my hearing to whom this has been sent as a warning? Can any one here be or have been tempted in this manner—and to ——" He again paused—and as he again said—"Let us change this subject: let us contemplate the goodness and the mercies of God,"—the excited audience, as if suddenly relieved from the horrible oppression of a nightmare, drew a deep simultaneous breath, and as there was a general movement, as of relief from the tension of their feelings—they heard some one suddenly start from the door, and the broad figure of a man in the shadow was caught by the eyes of several, as it hurried away. It was Meldrum, who, struck as with a judgment from heaven, was rushing away to flee if possible from himself.

From that hour no mortal power could have prevailed on the conscience-stricken criminal to approach the chapel of Zealous Scattergood. Never would he, if he could have helped it, see him or be near him: but not the less did Zealous seek him, and endeavour to enter into his mind, and breathe consolation into it. Sitting by his side in his little room, or below with Nancy Tulloch busy with her needle, and yet ever and anon casting glances of the most genuine interest at him and at the unhappy man that he would fain melt, and soften, and save, did the good old preacher in the gentlest and most affectionate manner reason with him, and lay before him all the infinite mercies and goodness of the Creator. In this intercourse he was as different as possible to what Meldrum had seen him in the pulpit.

Here he was all humility and loving-kindness, and seemed to place himself as low in his own estimation as the sinner, and exalt only the heavenly grace and charity. But to Meldrum this only brought agonies and despair. He believed himself lost beyond all redemption, and vowed a thousand times to fly from this place and people—yet still lingered on.

One day Nancy Tulloch came with a nimble step and a glowing face up to his door as she returned from the city, and informed him that she had procured him work. He was to be porter at the warehouse of the great manufacturer. for whose lady she did so much needlework. She had spoken of him both to the lady and her husband, and had interested them about him. She had told them that she was sure some heavy sin lay on his heart. She believed it to be the death of a keeper—but she gave such a character of him, for the time she had seen him, that these good people, whose religion taught reformation and salvation, rather than vengeance and hopeless rejection, were quite willing to try him, and now was the vacancy.

Meldrum thanked his kind benefactor warmly, but shrunk from accepting the offered employment. He dreaded such a public employment as that of porter—who might not recognize him? and then there was nothing for it but the gallows! He thought a thousand times.—"O if he could but be condemned to some private cell and the most heavy labour, with what alacrity would he give himself up, and with what zeal would he spend his strength in the fulfilment of his doom; but to be dragged before all the world to the accursed gallows! —no, he would rather suffer ten deaths, run the risk of committing ten other crimes first. Yet, if he fled into the country what casual circumstance might not some day betray him? What was to enable him to endure the torture that every day consumed his vitals?" Again, he thought on the various means of self-destruction—and again he shrunk—and finally dared the risk—and took the place offered him by Nancy Tulloch.

(To be continued.)

IDA AND ZARAH.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

Author of Rose Allen.

Josias was a young man, who had fallen into bad habits; and who had for some time seemed utterly careless about his many derelictions from the path of duty. He was suddenly awakened to a sense of remorse for his past misconduct by the unexpected death of his father, whom he dearly loved. This event made him resolve to lead in future a better and holier life. But he felt bitterly his own instability and weakness of character; and this caused him to wish for some outward help to remind him of his duty, like a magic ring or fairy wand, such as he had read of in the days of his childhood.

No sooner had this wish passed his lips, than he heard a voice. which informed him that his desire should be granted. Unseen hands fastened an amulet round his neck, and he was informed that henceforth he would be attended by two little fairies, who would help him to fulfil his good intentions, so long as he retained the amulet; which also possessed the power of rendering his guides invisible to all eyes save his own. Delighted with the aid so graciously bestowed, Josias raised his head and beheld his new attendants. They were both very lovely, and of the same height; but the one called Ida had wings to her shoulders, and her eyes were habitually cast upward to the blue sky: while the looks of the other, whose name was Zarah, were always fixed upon Josias; and her colour changed in accordance with his varying thoughts.

At this moment, Josias heard his mother calling to him, and he told her that he would come to her immediately; yet the swift moments fled past, and his glance was still riveted on the pages of a new poem; and he felt Zarah's light touch on his arm, as she said in a low clear voice—"Thy mother is waiting, delay not an instant longer." Josias was ashamed, and impatiently shook off the little hand; but then Zarah sighed so deeply, he could not bear to teaze her; and closing his book he went down to his mother. Soon afterwards some of his lounging companions called to invite him to go with them to one of their usual haunts of idleness. "Thou wilt not go with them?" asked Zarah softly.—"No," thought Josias, "I know that I ought to stay with my mother, who in my absence would be left to weep alone; but I cannot withstand these pressing importunities."—Zarah replied, "Then ask Ida, she will bring thee strength in a moment to resist the temptation." Ida approached; received the earnest petition of Josias, and returned like a flash of lightning, bearing aid from above in answer to his prayer. He dismissed his visitors: Zarah's eyes sparkled with pleasure; a sweet smile played on her lips, and he could not resist pressing her to his heart with transport.

When the evening meal was concluded, his mother asked him to read to her; he had just been on the point of proposing to do so, and vexed at being thus anticipated, he took the book unwillingly, and read in a sullen discordant tone, which greatly disturbed Zarah's sensitive ear. She often pulled him by the sleeve, but he would not attend to either her gestures or remonstrances. His mother asked him if he was quite well: he returned a cross answer; and then was so offended at Zarah's importunity, that he gave her a violent blow, which caused her to weep sadly, and entirely spoiled his pleasure for the remainder of the evening.

The next day he arose, resolved to do better, and Zarah waited upon him with ready alacrity; often warbling such sweet songs as made his spirits dance with exquisite pleasure. But the following morning a new temptation presented itself in a fine Sunday, which disposed him to take a walk instead of going to church. Zarah pleaded earnestly, and he did not at once refuse her, although annoyed at her remaining so close to his side; now and then he gave her a gentle push, but she always returned; and he took out his Bible, determined to postpone his decision while he read a chapter, which he had resolved to do daily. Then he tried to pray, and Ida with outstretched wings waited for his petitions; but they were not framed in a spirit of humility, and she said she could not proceed without. "I believe thou can'st not fly at all," said Josias angrily, and forgetting how she had done his bidding several times the day before. At these words she covered her face with her wings, and her head drooped sorrowfully; while Josias perceived that the bright star on her forehead grew dim. Struck with remorse. he exclaimed more gently, "Yes, yes, I remember now: I know that thou can'st really use thy wings, and to-morrow I will employ thee again." Then the star of faith became brighter, but Ida still wept in silence, and Zarah renewed her pleading that he would join in public worship, for the bells were now ringing. Deeply annoyed at himself and his attendants, Josias roughly ordered them to quit his presence; and then retired a few steps, while their forms grew shadowy and indistinct. It hardly need be said that Josias did *not* attend public worship that morning. Having once given this decided repulse, he found it easy to dismiss Zarah in future, or rather to keep her quiet, for she never entirely deserted him. Gradually her happy spirits left her: her cheek grew pale, and she became visibly thinner. She grieved deeply at the neglect shown to Ida, who also drooped, and who could now with difficulty unfold her wings. Ida never remonstrated with Josias, her office was to obey; even though, as in this case, obedience should endanger her existence. She ran great risk of being starved, for Josias generally forgot her; and she would not perhaps have survived much longer, had he not sometimes on first waking in the morning remembered her, and given her a scanty meal of bread and water. Zarah withered like a fading flower under a sense of his unkindness. She became still more uneasy when on some occasion Josias made a false excuse; for that step once taken he plunged still deeper into sin.

One day, his mother was too ill to receive a morning visitor, and sent to desire Josias would entertain her. So sullenly did he obey, that his mother's old friend went away grieved and hurt by his conduct. Zarah whispered—"Thou might have bestowed pleasure, and thou hast given pain. Take heed to my words before it is too late, for remorse will as certainly follow neglected opportunities of doing good, as death will inevitably succeed this mortal state of existence." Josias whistled loudly, that he might silence her voice, which, melodious as it was, he had learned to dislike and to fear. But in vain did he strive to close his hearing to this still small utterance: it followed him wherever he went: reproaching him for his indulgence in selfish pleasures, for his idle expenditure, his waste of time; his unkind judgments of others, his narrow prejudices; and especially remonstrating with him on the paltry subterfuges to which he had recourse in business, and in his daily disregard of his moral and social duties. Harshly did he treat poor Zarah; and her eyesight was injured by the dust of self-deception, with which he often blinded her. But nothing exercised upon her so deplorable an effect, as his insatiable desire of applause, and his wish to keep up a fair appearance in the eyes of the world: it struck a chill to her delicate frame, and her soft voice became so broken and hoarse, he could hardly distinguish the warnings she continued to whisper. For she never forgot him, or left untried a single opportunity of rousing him to a sense of his danger. In sickness, in bereavement, in sorrow; in the moments when his heart was softened by the innumerable blessings showered upon him in rich abundance: in the dewey freshness of morning, and in the silence of evening, she affectionately pleaded her sacred cause, though daily her strength diminished, and her movements became more feeble.

At length Josias was alarmed at the change in her appearance: he paid her little attentions again; and tried to soothe the irritability arising from her painful wounds; too often, alas! inflicted by his own hands. He was surprised and pleased to find she was not past recovery; and the increasing distinctness of her speech encouraged him to proceed. But he felt that she needed divine help to restore her to health; and looking round for Ida, who was stretched out almost lifeless on a low couch, he urged her to set out to bring the necessary aid. She seemed unable to move, and also unwilling: he knelt by her, and vehemently entreated her good offices, but she only revived by many bitter tears of repentance, which at last seemed to animate her feeble frame; and then unfolding her wings, she performed her errand with all her usual swiftness. After some time Josias experienced the great happiness of seeing Zarah slowly regain life, energy, and beauty. Delicate and sensitive she always remained, but it was now of that purifying ennobling nature, which was gradually fitting her to enter upon a purer mode of existence; although she assured Josias, that as long as he lived, she would never forsake him. Ida became as dear and valuable a companion as Zarah. Both attended him whithersoever he went, and Zarah's sweet songs again afforded him inexpressible enjoyment.

Accompanied constantly by these white-handed attendants, Josias never felt afraid. In the darkness of midnight, in the hour of temptation, in affliction, trial, and loneliness, Ida and Zarah were ever by his side; while every enjoyment was heightened, every blessing increased a hundred-fold by the influence of their gentle presence. And when at last the final summons arrived, they accompanied Josias through the valley of the shadow of death; lighted through the thick darkness by the bright rays which streamed from the star of faith; and conducted his trembling spirit into the presence of its Almighty Judge.

Reader, do you wish to be thus aided? Then cherish these companions who are commanded to attend us all on our pilgrimage; these pure gentle maidens whose true names are conscience and prayer.

◆

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

By Henry W. Longfellow.

We sat within the farm-house old,
  Whose windows looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze damp and cold,
  An easy entrance, night and day,

Not far away we saw the port,—
  The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The light-house—the dismantled fort,—
  The wooden houses quaint, and brown.

We sat and talked until the night
  Descending filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
  Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spoke of many a vanished scene,
  Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
  And who were changed, and who were dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
  When first they feel with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
  And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,
  That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
  Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
  Had something strange, I could but mark:
The leaves of memory seemed to make
  A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
  As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
  The flames would leap and then expire.

And as their splendour flashed and failed,
  We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,
  And sent no answer back again.

The windows rattling in their frames,
  The ocean roaring up the beach—
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—
  All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
  Of fancies floating through the brain—
The long lost ventures of the heart,
  That send no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed! Oh hearts that yearned,
  They were, alas! too much akin—
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
  The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

Graham's Magazine for April.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Translated for "Howitt's Journal,"

FROM LAMARTINE'S "HISTOIRE DES GIRONDINS."

(Continued from p. 297.)

MADAME ROLAND.

ROLAND, born in an honest citizen family which enjoyed magisterial offices and asserted pretensions to nobility, was the youngest of five brothers. He was destined for the church. To fly this destination, which was most repugnant to him, at nineteen he left the paternal roof and took refuge at Nantes. Having entered the house of a ship-owner, he was preparing to embark for India, there to connect himself with commerce, when he was detained by illness at the moment of departure. One of his relatives, an inspector of manufactures, received him in Rouen and made him enter his bureau. The administration of that epoch, animated by the spirit of Turgot, was peopled with philosophers. Roland distinguished himself, and the Government sent him to Italy to study there the progress of commerce.

He quitted his young friend with regret, and regularly wrote to her scientific letters destined to serve as notes for a work he proposed writing upon Italy, letters in which sentiment revealed itself beneath science; rather the studies of a philosopher than the epistles of a lover.

Upon his return she recognised in him a dear friend; his age, his gravity, his manners, his laborious habits, made her look upon him as a sage whose sole life was that of the intellect. In the union they contemplated, and which resembled love less than one of those antique associations of the time of Socrates and Plato, one sought a disciple rather than a wife, the other espoused a master rather than a husband. M. Roland returned to Amiens. From thence he wrote to the father demanding the hand of his daughter. The father drily refused him. He feared in M. Roland, whose austerity was distasteful to him, a censor for himself, a tyrant for his daughter. Informed of this refusal by her father, the daughter, filled with indignation, entered a convent. There she lived upon the coarsest food prepared by her own hand. She plunged once more into study, and strengthened her heart against adversity. In order to merit happiness she avenged herself upon Fate who seemed determined to deny it her. Still a sentiment of inward bitterness poisoned her very sacrifice. She said to herself that this sentiment was not deserved by its object: she had flattered herself that M. Roland, upon learning her resolution and retreat, would have hastened to tear her from the convent and unite their destinies. Time passed on; Roland came not, nay, hardly wrote. However, at the end of six months he did appear. His imagination was again inflamed upon beholding his friend behind the grate of a convent; he determined upon offering his hand to her himself, and it was accepted. But so much calculation, hesitation, and coldness, had destroyed all the illusion which the young captive might still retain, and reduced her sentiment to severe esteem. She devoted, rather than gave herself to him. It seemed a beautiful thing to her to sacrifice herself to a high-minded man; but she accomplished this sacrifice with all the gravity of reason and no enthusiasm of heart. Her marriage was an act of virtue which she enjoyed, not because it was sweet, but because it was sublime.

The enthusiastic disciple of Rousseau may again be traced in this decisive action of her life. The marriage of Madame Roland is an evident imitation of Heloïse marrying M. de Volmar. But the bitterness of reality is not long in revealing itself beneath the heroism of her devotion.

"Occupying myself with the happiness of the man whose fate I had associated with my own, I perceived that there was still something wanting to complete my own happiness. Never for a single instant have I ceased to recognise in my husband, one of the most estimable men living, and one to whom I felt it an honour to belong; still I have often felt that there was a certain equality wanting between us, that the ascendancy of a domineering spirit united to the twenty years which made him my senior, rendered the disparity too great. If we lived in retirement, I had sometimes painful hours to endure. If we went into the world, I found myself beloved by persons whose affection I perceived might cost me too dear. I absorbed myself in my husband's literary labours; I became the transcriber of his M.SS.; the corrector of his proofs; I fulfilled my task with an unmurmuring humility, which strangely enough contrasted with a spirit as bold and practised as my own. But this humility sprung from the heart; I respected my husband so much, that I loved always to believe him my superior; I was so fearful of a shadow on his brow, and he so firmly maintained his own opinions, that it was long before I acquired the strength to contradict him. To all these occupations I united the cares of my household, and perceiving that his delicate health could not support every kind of diet, I undertook to prepare all his food myself. I remained four years at Amiens, and there became a mother. We worked together at the new *Encyclopædia*, the articles of which relative to commerce had been entrusted to him. We only left our studies to take quiet country walks."

Roland, absolute and selfish, had insisted from the commencement of their marriage, that his wife should cease all intercourse with the young friends she had so tenderly loved in the convent, and who then lived at Amiens. He appeared jealous of the least share of her affections being bestowed upon another. After several years passed at Amiens, Roland was employed in his former capacity of Inspector of Manufactures at Lyons. The winter was spent in the city, the rest of the year in his paternal home where his mother still lived, venerable from age, but irritating and weary in domestic intercourse. Madame Roland, in all the bloom of her youth, beauty, and genius, thus found herself condemned patiently to endure the domestic miseries of an implacable mother-in-law, a violent brother-in-law, and a domineering husband. The most enthusiastic love would scarcely have sufficed to render such a position endurable. Alleviations, however, she had in the sense of her duty, in her work, her philosophy and her child. These sufficed, and she ended by transforming this austere retreat into an abode of harmony and peace.

At the foot of the mountains of Beaujolais, in the wide basin of the Saône in face of the Alps, extends a series of low hills like waves of sand, upon which the patient vine-grower of these districts has planted vines. Oblique valleys and narrow and winding chasms, along which extend little green meadows intersect these hills. Each meadow has its little streamlet, flowing from the mountains. Willows, birch, and poplars trace its course and veil its bed. The only trees growing on the sides and summits of the hills themselves, are wild peach-trees, which rise above the low vines without affording them shade, and great walnut trees in the orchards near the houses. It is upon the side of one of these sandy hills that *La Platière* stands, the paternal heritage of M. Roland; a low house, not very extensive, with long rows of regular windows, and an almost flat roof of red tiles. This roof somewhat overhangs the walls of the house forming a protection to the windows in summer from the sun, in winter from the rain. The walls unornamented with architectural decoration, are covered by a white cement, cracked and stained by time. You ascend to the vestibule by a flight of five stone steps, surmounted by a rustic balustrade of rusty iron. A court-yard surrounded by barns, and containing wine-presses, cellars, and a dovecote lies in front of the house; behind extends a small kitchen-garden, the square beds of which are bordered with box, pinks, and fruit-trees cut low. At the end of each walk stands an arbour. Farther on is an orchard, whose trees, bending in a thousand forms, throw a scanty shade upon an acre or so of short herbage; beyond the orchard lies an extensive vineyard, divided into right lines, by numbers of narrow green paths. Such was the *Platière.* Your eye wanders by turns from the severe horizon line of the Beaujeu mountains, their sides dotted over with black oaks, or covered by immense sloping meadows, on which fatten the oxen of Charolais, to the valley of the Saône, an ocean of verdure, a spire and tower rising here and there. The chain of the high Alps covered with snow, and the dome of Mont-Blanc, which rises majestically over all, form the frame-work to the landscape in which lies something of the infinity of the sea.

Such, during five years, was the horizon of this remarkable woman. Her time was spent in the cares of her household, the culture of her mind, and in active charity, that culture of the heart. Adored by the peasants, to whom she was a very Providence, she applied to the relief of their poverty that superfluity she enjoyed through the strictest economy, and to the cure of their various ailments, the knowledge she had acquired of medicine. She was frequently sent for from a distance of three or four leagues to visit a sick person. On Sundays the steps of her house might be seen covered with invalids who sought relief, or of convalescents who came to express their gratitude, bringing often baskets of chesnuts, cheese from their goats, or apples from their orchards. It rejoiced her to find these country people just, intelligent, and grateful. But the burning of the chateaux during the September massacres, taught her at a later time, that the human ocean, then so calm, may be agitated by the most fearful storms, and that social institutions are as necessary to the world, as a bed to the ocean, that power is as indispensable as justice in the governments of the people.

Meanwhile the Revolution of '89 had sounded, and surprised Madame Roland in the depths of this retreat. Intoxicated with philosophy, enthusiastic for the ideal of humanity, a worshipper of antique liberty, she believed that this Revolution would bring about the regeneration of the whole world, and terminate the misery of the labouring classes, which so painfully excited her compassion. There is imagination in the very compassion of great souls. The generous illusion of France was at this epoch equal to the work France had to accomplish. Had she not hoped much, she would have dared little. Her faith was her strength.

From this day forth Madame Roland felt within her, a fire which was alone extinguished in her blood. All the latent love which slumbered in her soul was converted into enthusiasm for the good of humanity. She loved the Revolution as a lover. She communicated this flame to her husband and her friends. Happy and beloved, she would have remained the mere noble woman, unhappy and isolated, she became the head of a political party.

The opinions of M. and Madame Roland, had, in the first moment excited against them all the commercial aristocracy of Lyons. Yet through the irresistable current of ideas these very people were borne along the stream of opinion; M. Roland was raised to the Municipality at the first elections, and was despatched to Paris as deputy, by the Municipal Council to defend the commercial interests of Lyons in the committees of the Constituant Assembly.

It was thus on the 20th of February, 1791, that Madame Roland returned to Paris which five years before she had quitted the unobserved, unknown young girl, now re-appearing as a flame to animate a party, found a republic, reign a moment and die!

Madame Roland and her husband allied themselves intimately with several of the most fervent apostles of the popular ideas, with men who appeared to love the Revolution for its own sake, and to devote themselves with a sublime disinterestedness to the progress of humanity. Brissot was one of the first; with him Madame Roland had been some time in correspondence. Brissot brought with him his disciple and friend Péthion, already member of the Constituant Assembly. Buzot and Robespierre, two other members of the same assembly, also were introduced. Brissot, Péthion, Buzot and Robespierre, arranged to meet four evenings a week in Madame Roland's drawing-room. The object of these re-unions was secretly to confer upon the weakness of the Constituant Assembly, upon the snares laid by the aristocrats for the fettered Revolution, and to concert what measures should be taken to consolidate a republican triumph.

Thus Madame Roland found herself, from the very commencement of her political life, thrown into the centre of the revolutionary movement. Her invisible hand touched the first threads of the woof which should bring about such tremendous consequences. This privilege, the only one permitted by her sex, at once flattered her woman's pride, and her passion for politics. She managed all with that modesty which had it not been the gift of nature, would have been a *chef d'œuvre* of tact in her. Seated at a little distance from the circle, near a work-table, she employed her fingers, or wrote letters, listening all the time to the discussions of her friends, with an apparent indifference. Often tempted to take part she would bite her lips to repress her thoughts. Of an active and energetic mind, the length and wordiness of these discussions, inspired her with a secret contempt. Action evaporated in words, and the hour passed, carrying with it opportunities which would no more return.

The victories of the Constituant Assembly soon enervated the conquerors. The chiefs of this very Assembly recoiled from their own work, and agreed with the aristocracy that the constitution should be revised in a more monarchical form. The Deputies, who met at Madame Roland's, were filled with discouragement. There remained alone this little knot of steadfast men who were attached to their principles independent of success, and all the more attached to the cause of liberty since fortune seemed ready to betray her.

There is a melancholy curiosity and interest in observing the first impression made upon Madame Roland by the man, who in the beginning warmed in her bosom and conspiring with her, should one day overturn the power of her friends, sacrifice them *en masse*, and send herself to the scaffold. No repulsive sentiment appears to have at this time forewarned her, that in conspiring the fortune of Robespierre she was conspiring her own death. If ever a vague fear presents itself it is instantly changed into pity, which almost resembles contempt. Robespierre appears to her an honest man. Still she had remarked that he was ever concise and guarded in these committees, that he listened to every one's opinion before giving his own, and never gave himself the trouble of explaining his motives. Like every imperious man his own conviction appeared to himself reason sufficient. Yet the next day he would mount the tribune, and profiting by the private discussions he had heard the night before, would get the start of his friends, and thus disconcert their plan of conduct. He would excuse himself at Roland's on the plea of youthful indiscretion. After the massacre of the Champ-de-Mars, Robespierre, accused of having been concerned in the proceedings of the day, and menaced with the vengeance of the National Guard, was forced to conceal himself. Madame

Roland, accompanied by her husband, hastened, at eleven at night, to his retreat in the Marais, to offer him a safer asylum in their own house. He had already fled. Madame Roland then hastened to Buzot, their mutual friend, and conjured him to exert his influence with the Feuillants, and get Robespierre exculpated before the decree of accusation was issued against him. Buzot hesitated a moment, then said, "I will do all in my power to save this unhappy young man, although I am far from concurring in the opinion of many people concerning him. He thinks too much about himself truly to love Liberty. But he is useful to Liberty, and that is enough. I will be there to defend him. Thus did three future victims of Robespierre's, in one night, conspire to preserve that man who should one day destroy them. Destiny no less extends its snare to men through their virtues than through their crimes. Death is every where, but it is virtue alone which repents not. In the dungeons of the Conciergérie, Madame Roland recalled this night with satisfaction. If in his power Robespierre recalled it, it must have fallen colder upon his heart than the axe of the executioner.

After the dissolution of the Constituant Assembly, M. and Madame Roland, their mission ended, returned to *La Platière*. The most trifling pretext, however, sufficed to recall them. In the month of December we again find them in Paris. It was the hour of their friends' advancement, Péthion had been just nominated Mayor of Paris; Robespierre, excluded from the Legislative Assembly by that law which precluded the election of former Deputies had raised a tribune for himself among the Jacobins. Brissot had taken the place of Buzot, and his renown as a publicist and statesman had rallied round his doctrines the young Girondists. The Girondists arriving from their department with all the ardour of their youth and the impulse of a revolutionary wave, threw themselves immediately into the plans prepared by Robespierre, Buzot, Leclos, Danton, and Brissot.

Roland, the friend of all these men, but occupying a second grade, and hidden by their shadow, enjoyed one of those unobtrusive reputations, all the more powerful through its very want of *éclat;* he was spoken of as possessing antique virtue concealed beneath a rustic simplicity. It was the genius of his wife alone which drew observation upon him. As he was feared by no one, he was brought forward by every one; by Péthion as a shield; by Robespierre as a prey; Brissot sought to conceal the disgrace of his own bad reputation behind a proverbial honesty; Buzot, Vergniaud, Louvet, Gensonne, and the Girondists exalted him through respect for his scientific acquirements, and admiration and friendship for his wife; the very Court, through confidence in his honesty and contempt of his influence. Thus this man acquired power without striving after it, through the favour and self-interest of one party, the contempt of his enemies, and the genius of his wife.

(To be continued.)

◆

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF LA MAYEUX.

A DEFORMED NEEDLEWOMAN.

Translated for Howitt's Journal, from Le Juif Errant.

I HAVE just returned from the interment of this poor little Victoire Herbin, our neighbour. Her father, a working upholsterer, has gone away from Paris, to work by the month. She died at the age of nineteen, without a relation near her. Her death was without agony. The good woman who watched over her till the last moment, told us she only pronounced these words,—"*At last! At last!*"

"And this as if with pleasure," added the woman. "The dear child, she was grown very frail; and yet at fifteen she was a very rose-bud—so pretty—so fresh—Her light hair was soft as silk; but she perished slowly, her trade of wool-comber, killed her. She has, so to say, been poisoned by the dust of the wool[*]—her business being all the more unhealthy and dangerous as she worked for the poor, whose bedding is always made of refuse material.

She had the courage of a lion and the resignation of an angel. She used to say to me in her sweet, low voice, interrupted by a frequent dry cough:—

"I shall not have long to breathe vitriol all day and lime dust; I spit blood and have sometimes cramp at the chest which makes me faint."

"But change your business!" I have said to her.

"And where shall I find the time for a fresh apprenticeship?" she would reply. "And even then it would be now too late, I am already attacked.—It was not my fault"—added the good, little creature—"for I did not choose my trade; it was my father; happily he does not need me. And then when one is dead—one has nothing to trouble oneself about, one does not fear to be idle."

Victoire spoke this melancholy common-place with the greatest sincerity, and with a kind of satisfaction. She died also saying—

"At last! at last!"

How sad it is to think that labour, by which the poor must gain their bread, is frequently a long suicide!

I said this to Agricol the other day, and his reply was that there are many other trades, which are mortal; the workers in aqua-fortis and white and red-lead, among others, are attacked by incurable maladies which they have foreseen, and of which they die.

"Dost thou know," added Agricol, "dost thou know what they say when they leave home for these murderous work-shops? *We are going to the abattoir.*"

This word of fearful truth made me shudder.

"And such things happen in the present day?" exclaimed I, touched to the heart. "And people know of them! And among so many powerful men, no one remembers this mortality among his brethren who are forced to earn a homicidal bread!"

"What dost thou mean, my poor Mayeux?" replied Agricol, "whilst people are formed into ranks to be slaughtered in battle, there will be thought enough expended upon that kind of organization.—But an organization for life;—no one thinks of that! They say,—'Bah! the hunger, misery, and sufferings of the artisan, what are they?—they are not politics.'—*But they de-*

---

[*] The following details may be read in the *Ruche Populaire*, an excellent publication edited by artizans, and of which we have already spoken.

MATTRESS WOOL-COMBERS.—The dust which escapes from the wool renders the carding of it a most injurious business, the dangers of which are augmented by the falsities of trade. When a sheep is killed, the wool upon its neck is stained with blood; and to sell this wool it is necessary to remove the stains. To do this the fleece is steeped in quick-lime, particles of which remain behind in the wool after bleaching. It is the workwoman who suffers from the lime, which, detaching itself in form of dust, attacks her lungs, generally producing violent cramp at the chest and vomitings which reduce her to the most deplorable condition. The greater number abandon their trade; whilst those who continue in it are seized—even those who suffer least—with a catarrh or asthma, which only leaves them at death. And if in horse-hair, the superior kinds called "samples," are impure, you may judge what the inferior must be. They are called by the workwomen "Vitriol-hair," and are the refuse of goat's hair and hog's bristles, and are first passed through vitriol, and then dyed to burn and conceal the refuse matter, such as straws, thorns, and pieces of flesh even which they have not taken the trouble to remove, and which are frequently recognised in working the hair. From this hair rises a dust which causes ravages as fearful as those caused by the wool dust."

ceive themselves," added Agricol, "THEY ARE MORE MIGHTY THAN POLITICS."

As Victoire left nothing with which to pay for the funeral service, there was merely the presentation of the body in the church-porch; for there is not for the poor even a simple death-mass—and then, as there were no eighteen francs with which to fee the Curé, no priest accompanied the bier of poverty to the common grave.

If such simple brief funeral ceremonies, suffice in a religious point of view, wherefore imagine other ceremonies? Is it from cupidity? If, on the contrary, they are insufficient, why render the poor the victims of this insufficiency?

But wherefore trouble yourselves about this pomp; this incense, these chauntings, of which the priests are more or less prodigal or avaricious? What matter they?—what matter they? They are only vain and terrestrial things, and of such, the soul will have no longer need, when radiant, it ascends towards the Creator."

◆

CHILDREN IN EXILE.

Two Indian boys were carried to London not long ago for exhibition, and both died soon after their arrival. It is related, that one of them, during his last moments, talked incessantly of the scenes and sports of his distant home, and that both wished earnestly to be taken back to their native woods.

Some say that here a murder hath been done.—WORDSWORTH.

Their wigwam opened on the vine
That o'er its rafters hung,
And busy robins, building near,
Above the threshold sung—
Far in the dark old forest glades,
Where violets bloom around,
They had their place of youthful sport,
Their childhood's hunting ground.

Each morn their little dusky feet
Sprang down the sparkling lea,
To plunge beneath the glowing stream
Beside the chesnut tree;
And when the hiding squirrel's nest
They sought for up the hills,
They bathed their reeking foreheads cool
Among the mountain rills.

They saw the early golden moon
Peep through her wavy bower,
And in her beams, they chased the bat
Around his leafy tower,—
And when the stars, all silently,
Went out o'er hill and plain,
They loved to hear the merry chime
Of summer evening rain.

These haunts they missed,—the city air
No healthful music brings,—
They longed to roam green woodland dells,
Where Nature ever sings,—
And drooping mid the noise and glare,
They pined for brook and glen,
And dying, still looked fondly back,
And asked for Home again.

Boston, U. S. JAMES T. FIELDS.

Literary Notices.

Judas Iscariot, a Miracle Play. By R. H. HORNE.
London: C. Mitchell, Red Lion Court. 1848.

The present revolutions of the world are not confined to political institutions; wonderful changes are also taking place in opinions. Various estimates of men and things which were supposed to be settled in the world's judgment, are now undergoing important modifications; and in like manner, various new views on all matters are rising round us, and if not insisting upon being well-founded, at least claiming to be heard. Of this class is the character of Judas Iscariot—dark and repulsive under any view, but fairly open to argument on the score of its mysteriousness and incongruity as commonly understood. A new view (but avowedly not originated by himself) is taken of this character in the work before us, by Mr. Horne. On this new view he has built this "Miracle Play," which, independent of its genius as a dramatic production of that originality and power which characterize all the productions of the author of "Orion," is at the same time one of the most extraordinary works that ever issued from the press. We shall be much mistaken if all the press do not agree with us in this opinion.

"It had frequently occurred to me," says the author in his preface, "that the story of Judas Iscariot contained elements of a tragedy of a more terrible kind than could be developed from any other event in history; but for the first idea of attempting it, I am indebted to an ordination sermon delivered by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin."

The following quotation from the Archbishop's sermon is subjoined in explanation,—

"In contemplating the case of Judas Iscariot, you should first remark, that there is no reason for concluding, as unreflecting readers often do, that he was influenced solely by the paltry bribe of thirty pieces of silver (probably equal in silver to about sixty shillings; and in value to perhaps twice that sum in the present day) to betray his master, and to betray him designedly to *death.* That Jesus possessed miraculous powers, Judas must have well known; and it is likely that, if he believed Him to be the promised Messiah, who was about to establish a splendid and powerful kingdom (an expectation which it is plain was entertained by all the apostles) he must have expected that his master, on being arrested and brought before the Jewish rulers, would be driven to assert his claim, by delivering himself miraculously from the power of his enemies; and would at once accept the temporal kingdom which the people were already eager (and would then have been doubly eager) to offer him. That if our Lord had done this, he would have been received with enthusiastic welcome, as the nation's deliverer from Roman bondage, there can be no doubt; since He would thus have fulfilled the fondly cherished hopes of the multitudes who had just before brought him in triumph to Jerusalem. And it was most natural for Judas to *expect* that Jesus *would* so conduct himself if delivered up to his enemies. As for his *voluntarily* submitting to stripes and indignities and to a disgraceful death, no such thought seems ever to have occurred to Judas any more than it did to the other apostles. But the difference between Iscariot and his fellows-apostles was, that, though all had the same expectations and conjectures, *he* dared to *act* on his conjectures, and departing from the plain course of his known duty, to follow the calculations of his worldly wisdom, and the schemes of his worldly ambition; while *they* piously submitted to their master's guidance, "even when they understood not the things that He said unto them." Preface p.p. III.—IV.

This is a great subject. Within the range of tragedy there is none so great—so terrible. We find ourselves concerned in the motives of that man who became the instrument through whom our GREAT MASTER was brought to the consummation of his mission, in that stage of his being which he accomplished on earth; a man too, who was one of the twelve chosen friends of Christ, dignified in especial, by the name of Apostles. The very greatness of the theme indeed renders it startling at first view. "Is not this dangerous ground?" we say. "Is it not daring to venture upon this as a subject for dramatic poetry?"

We search the work itself for a reply, and we find in the mode of its construction a satisfactory solution of our doubts. We find that while the great interest clings around the person of our Lord, while his spirit pervades every scene, while every incident hangs upon his words, his acts, his sufferings, yet He himself never appears in any one scene. He is the subject of the dialogue, but he does not mix in it. He is the centre of the action, yet He does not revolve before our eyes. We hear him through other mouths, we see Him through other eyes. We feel that on two or three occasions He moves behind the divine veil that separates the scene from the background—but He is never visible. Thus it is that He passes crowned with his bloody thorns; and He hangs pale on His cross to our mental eye, seen through the agonized vision of the wretched traitor. This mode of construction, arising out of the deep-felt reverence of the poet, inspires us, as we read, with a like emotion, and excites the frame of mind suited to the study of the work.

In like manner, the treatment of the character of Judas is true to the correct instinct of a great dramatist. Though raised out of the mire of depravity, which in the common version of his crime clings around him (as one who could betray his Master for thirty pieces of silver) he is not elevated into a hero. He is represented as of character too gross to comprehend the teaching of Christ, or enter into its real meanings; as a man of fierce passions, revengeful, ambitious; a seeker of his own glory through the glorification of his Lord; presumptuous, and careless as to his means to accomplish his end; and that end—the elevation of his Master to a triumphant kingdom, His fiery vengeance on His enemies, and his own high place in the new dynasty. At the same time he is represented as of ardent faith, of devoted adherence to Christ, and of unbounded belief in his power; this very faith and devotion galling him with a sense of intolerable impatience, and making him rush upon the means which he conceived would hurry on the consummation he desired,—viz., that of the Messiah's kingdom *upon earth*. The "kingdom of heaven," whether to be spiritually accomplished on earth or in another state, formed no part of the thoughts of Judas. The following short portion of a discourse among the Apostles will illustrate our meaning:—

Peter.

If his word move all hearts, where'er he goeth,
As doth the sun who looketh on the waves,
Call'st thou the light too slow? The divine word
He preacheth, and the spirit of his life,
Are they not quick to reach the multitude,
Daily?

Judas.

But since our days are but a span,
Or we may suffer death by martyrdom,
For us it seemeth slow.

John.

No time is slow,
When love goes with it; wherefore our Lord's good time
Let us abide in full faith.

James.

What are we,
That we should question him?

Judas.

But while his power
Could silence their revilings and their taunts,
Set aside all their doctrines and harsh laws
Wither their soldiers' hands—cast down their walls
And in the place a mighty Temple erect
To the True Spirit even to his Father, God—
Behold instead he wandereth by the way
Even as an outcast, and the wicked sit
In the high places, as of old.

Peter.

Nay, Judas;
Not as of old, with all the future theirs—
For so it seemed—but as things doomed to die,
Since the bright star of Bethlehem arose.

John.

Their nights are numbered. Jesus can breathe one breath—
And all who now sit crowned shall fade in air,
While from the misty silence to the sweetness
Of psaltery, dulcimer, and angel quire
His own great Kingdom burneth into view.

Judas.

I say this to myself most constantly!
I know this—this I strongly feel.

Act I., sc. III.

Even in this short extract, the admirable working of the other characters of the drama will be perceived. They include, besides the Apostles whom we have enumerated in the extract, Mary the mother of Christ, Mary the sister of Lazarus, and Mary Magdalene, Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas and Annas, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and Lazarus of Bethany, also Claudia the wife of Pilate.

Among these, the Apostle John is a lovely personification; presenting in poetry an image such as in painting is given us by Raffaelle. The Mother of Christ, though appearing in two scenes, speaks only once, but her silence is more expressive than all words, and when she speaks she thrills us with an emotion never to be forgotten, uttering words that comprehend all the height and the depth of the emotions awakened by that solemn moment of anguish and of faith in the accomplished work, and all this in one line. Mary Magdalene is given truly with the fervent love that washed the feet with her tears and wiped them with the long tresses of her hair, and that was to lead her to the sepulchre "early in the morning of the first day of the week."

But the two characters which are worked out in the most masterly manner—always excepting the principal one—are Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate. Caiaphas is the very embodiment of Priestcraft; an epitome of the vices into which that institution has plunged its functionaries. There is a scene in which, it is artfully managed, that he should profess and enunciate as the truth every error in certain sciences, which modern knowledge has exploded. How finely done too is the following, and, alas! how strangely like the way in which those who in this our 19th century sit in high places, and are called Masters and Teachers among us, yet speak. Caiaphas is arguing with Pilate, who would save Jesus:—

Caiaphas.

He hath taught the people that all men are brothers, and should be equal; that no man should be master and rabbi; and that he is greatest who serveth most. What is this but evil speaking, and false doctrine, and lying and slandering? For do we not very well know, O Pilate, that the people are not the brothers of those who sit in high places, nor have they any equality except among their fellows who dwell with them. Are there not kings upon the earth, and high priests, and governors of great dignity and many slaves? Why answerest thou not a word!"

Act I., sc. III.

Pontius Pilate equally with Judas Iscariot, is raised out of his "monster" character, and represented as he truly was—a Roman magistrate of average, or rather more than average moderation and sense of justice, who would willingly have prevented the act of malignant cruelty and hypocrisy which was performed by the rulers of the Jews, but who by no means conceived the saving of a "just person," belonging to the lower orders, of sufficient importance to endanger a popular tumult, or his own position.

To those of our readers who have seen and comprehended the wonderful figure of Lazarus painted by Michael Angelo, in Sebastian del Piombo's great picture in the National Gallery, we may say, here, in this drama, *that* Lazarus moves and speaks. To those who do not know it, we can convey no idea of the impression which they will receive in reading this profound scriptural tragedy.

It is not our purpose to give extracts. We have not space, nor, without giving the whole, could we convey the slightest adequate idea of any part. Every scene has its purpose, weighs its weight, and presents pictures and gives ideas to be stored up. From the first scene, wherein Judas communes with himself in his impatience of spirit, yet doubts and starts back in affright at the pur pose he has conceived, while, to his terrified imagination, "pale forms slowly rise and gaze around," every succeeding scene would require to be enumerated. No one will ever forget, after once reading it, the dreadful picture of Judas, when he staggers into the Temple to fling down "the price of blood"—and who shall venture to select a passage from the awful grandeur and intense agony of the last scene? The whole must be read. No one who realizes the scene in reading it, can help feeling appalled.

As to the miscellaneous Poems at the end of the volume, the collection is peculiarly rich. We regret that we cannot now do more than mention the deeply pathetic monody entitled "The Urn;" and the grand "Thought for Michael Angelo." The poem entitled "An Irish Funeral," some of our readers may recollect, as it first appeared in *Howitt's Journal*, as also did that entitled "Genius." We must refer our readers to the volume for the rest, only mentioning as one of our great favourites "The Plough;" they will find them as full of originality and power as of singular variety.

The Whole Art of Making British Wines, Cordials, and Liqueurs in the greatest perfection: as also Strong and Cordial Waters, with valuable Recipes for Brewing Fine and Strong Welsh Ales, etc. By James Robinson, Author of "The Art of Curing, Pickling, and Preserving." London: Longmans and Co.

What a treasure would this book have been to our great-grandmothers. It quite transports one back into old country houses, and into times when substantial ladies, knowing nothing of the London season, thought only of the seasons for pickling, preserving, distilling rose and lavender water, and storing the cellar with all sorts of wines and cordials. For those who are lucky enough to be living now-a-days, and not in the days of our great-grandmothers, we do not know a more tempting table of contents than Mr. Robinson's book furnishes. What a treasure must a wife be who should delight in its mysteries. What charming home-made wines, cordials, and other luxuries, might all about her calculate on. What a cup of glowing elder wine her husband may safely calculate on as he drives homeward on a winter's evening. What visions he must have of her rich cinnamon and clove cordial, her rich mulberry and incomparable cowslip liqueurs.

Her hock and champagne and sherry would not be made of sour gooseberries or malt, but of real grapes; and then her beautiful summer beverages and iced punches and burnt claret, and sherbets; her famous blackberry syrup, and a thousand similar and dissimilar delicacies—why she would be a perfect Syren and Dalilah to all Teetotallers, and her house must be laid under the ban. But amongst those headstrong mortals who, spite all warnings, will go on making and taking all sorts of creature comforts, Mr. Robinson's book is sure to have a great run. His very preface is able to make a man dangerously knowing in all the arcana of fermentation, tunning, and filling up, racking-off, bottling, and corking. The worst thing about his recipes is, in our opinion, their eternal ingredient of ginger, which may be a very safe thing for the stomach, but is not so agreeable in everything to the palate. We do not believe that there is a race of it in genuine hock or champagne, nor in three-fourths of other wines. It seems to be our author's grand specific against crudeness—but those who don't like it can readily leave it out.

On Large and Small Farms and their Influence on the Social Economy, etc. By H. Passey, Peer of France, Member of the Institute, etc., etc. London: Arthur Hall and Co.; Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd; Glasgow: F. Orm and Sons; Cupar-Fife: G. S. Tullis. 1848.

The Aristocracy of Britain and the Laws of Primogeniture. London: Dyer, 24, Paternoster-row; Edinburgh: Tait; Glasgow: Rutherglen; Cupar-Fife: Tullis.

These two works the production of our French neighbours, may be read with much profit at the present moment. It appears to us that M. Passey produces much sound argument, and as much sound fact, in advocacy of the Small Farm system. He shows the real results of small farms in France, Germany, Belgium, and other countries, and in our opinion, completely destroys the bug-bear of sub-division. It is a work which should be read carefully by every one interested in the great tendencies and necessities of the age. Nothing can be plainer, that the progress of population and of civilization assuredly will force out of their way, all conventional obstacles; the people at large will claim to have a more equal possession of the land, and it will be for us to make ourselves practically acquainted with what is likely to be the result. The volume on the "Aristocracy of Britain" will form a very fitting companion for "Hampden's History of the English Aristocracy." In that work we have the actual story of the deeds and misdeeds of the aristocracy, and the portraiture of their present ominous position in this country; in this volume we have the opinion of some of the most enlightened and celebrated men of France, amongst them, those now figuring in its Provisional Government, on the influence of this aristocracy on the fortunes of this country, and their assertions of its necessary downfall. The names of H. Passey, De Beaumont, Sismondi, Buret, Guizot, B. Constant, Dupin, Say, Blanqui, Mignet, etc., sufficiently testify the universality of this opinion of the disastrous influence of our aristocracy on the interests of our country in men of the highest genius, and of all political schools amongst our quick-sighted neighbours.

We have read both volumes with much satisfaction, and cordially recommend them to general perusal at this moment.

◆

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY. AWAKING OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES. REMARKABLE LETTER FROM A NOTTINGHAM HOSIER.

As Galileo said when condemned by the Inquisition for saying—that the world moved—"It does move though!" People have thought of late that the political world in this country was at a stand still, or if it moved at all, it moved backwards. While the people of the Continent have been making rapid strides in political and social regeneration, a wretched faction at home having climbed into the seat of power on pretence of reform, has been destroying the constitution by wholesale, and suppressing those liberties for which Englishmen have toiled, fought, and died for ages. But this treachery, this base attempt on a generous but deeply wronged nation, has had its usual effect. It has roused its resentment, and quickened the pulse of reform. The world does move. In our large towns meetings are everywhere holding to determine on a brisker and bolder course of action, on a closer union of and with the people. The newspapers throughout the country breathe once more the true British tone. Even *The Times*, commenting on the unparalleled distress of the manufacturing districts, confesses that something must be done. Yes, something must be done. Luckily the pressure of accumulated debt has reached a point from which there is no likelihood of further intervals of ease, till the weight itself is thrown off. Such wretched navvies as Lord John Russell may attempt to dam up the waters of taxation, but the river is coming in at the other end with a perpetual momentum that will bear down all barriers. The crisis must and will come, whether our infatuated aristocracy see it or not.

A gentleman, a master manufacturer, writing from one of the manufacturing districts, says—"To my great surprise, I find we have no Tories now to thwart us; for those who last year were Tories are now become hearty Reformers, 'zealous of good works,' and filled with a most lively faith that something must be done, and that quickly, or the State vessel will founder! I am not speaking of poor Tories, but of men in really affluent circumstances, who now speak in a new tongue, and like men inspired with a new spirit, and if these are not signs of actual political regeneration, where must we look for such signs?"

But we refer our readers most earnestly to the striking letter from a Nottingham hosier which we give below. On Saturday, April 30th, *The Times* gave a most startling article on the condition of that town. It described one parish as having upwards of 3,000 poor on its books: the poor-rates amounting to 10s. and 15s. in the pound; and the country people still flocking in to aggravate the distress. Can anything so forcibly prove the melancholy truths that we have been for weeks preaching in the "Meldrum Family?" Will this nation wait patiently till the aristocracy has utterly depopulated and desolated the country?

What a crying fact is that which the Nottingham hosier mentions of the Americans now sending their cotton fabrics into our own East Indies! India, the mother country of cotton we have suffered to be crushed by the monopolies of the traders of Leadenhall-street, and have gone to America for that cotton which we might have raised there in any quantity, and at a fifth of the price, and have supplied America with our money to such an extent, that she not only now manufactures for herself, but invades our very colonies, and drives us from our territories with her manufactures! How long are the greed and the imbecility of aristocrats to go on ruining and destroying? When will this stupid nation choose a ministry that has been brought up to and understands real business? But we cease our queries, and leave the facts of our correspondent to speak some most home truths.

Nottingham, May 1st, 1848.

Mr. W. Howitt.

Dear Sir,—Knowing, as I do, how valuable every moment of time is to you, who so well know how to make a valuable use of those moments, I should indeed feel ashamed to test your kind patience by troubling you with a mere desultory correspondence on subjects either not interesting to you, or respecting which you need no information from any one. Believing, however, that it may be in my power to give what you may consider both useful and interesting information respecting the hosiery trade, I venture to address you, from a conviction that you have both the ability and the disposition to make a good use of any really useful information.

I have read with unabated interest your admirable papers entitled "Facts from the Fields," and have been particularly struck with the graphic skill and perfect truthfulness of poor Bates's narrative, whose case, as regards his sufferings, is that of thousands of this most unfortunate class of workmen. There is, unfortunately, something in the entire organization of this branch of trade which seems *necessarily* to convert the hosiers and bag-men into *petty tyrants* (a worse class, I take it, than *great* ones, paradoxical as it may appear,) while it converts the workmen into slaves, scarcely, if at all, *less* to be pitied, and *oft-times more to be pitied*, than the slaves in the United States. This, I think you will allow, is a pretty broad admission, to come from the pen of a hosier, who has been connected with the trade for more than thirty years, during which time, with one or two rather brief exceptions, the condition of the frame-work knitters has been gradually becoming worse and worse, until, at last, many of them appear more like walking skeletons than any other class of men that could be found on the habitable globe. As far as we can at present judge, we see not the least prospect of any amelioration of their wretched condition, but rather the contrary; because our free trade measures do necessarily tend to bring the manufactures of our continental rivals into closer competition with our own, of which, only on Saturday, an American gentleman, who is now here on a trading visit, gave me a striking example, so striking, indeed, that if I did not know him to be a person of the strictest veracity, I should have been staggered by such a statement, and have questioned its truth. He assured me that in Manchester, one wholesale house (Messrs. Wood and Westheads) are now regular importers of Saxony gloves, and that they sell Saxon-made cotton gloves, of very fair quality, for *thirteen pence a dozen*, while the very lowest rubbish, in the shape of a cotton glove, that *we* can produce, costs us *nearly double that money*! Yet, strange as it may appear, there is, I believe, yet a small *duty* on all such goods when imported from Saxony.

Now it is well known there are no "hosiers" (strictly so called) nor any "bagmen" in Saxony! Consequently, in *that* happy land, there are no tyrannical hosiers, nor tyrannical "bag-men," to "grind men's bones to make them bread." *There*, I am assured, every frame-work knitter *finds his own frame*, (consequently, has no *frame-rent* to pay,) buys his yarn, bundle by bundle, of factors, and, when he has manufactured this yarn into stockings, gloves, or other articles, he sallies forth to sell them to other factors, who may be dealers in hosiery, for the best price he can get. You probably know all these facts already, having yourself lived in Germany, and I mention them merely to point your attention to the vast *economy* of *this* system, which at once annihilates *two* classes of "tyrants" and *one* class of "slaves," thereby saving an incalculable amount of ill-blood, so necessarily created by our more crooked, complex, and beggarly system of conducting this unfortunate business. The Americans tell us that, as regards *stockings* and *gloves*, we do not stand the least chance in competition with the factors of Saxony, who buy such goods so amazingly cheap; on remarking to one of the former, that the frame-work knitters of Saxony can live at a much cheaper rate than our operatives can, "yes!" said he, "and I honestly tell you their habits are such, that I would rather maintain *twelve Saxony frame-work knitters, than one English one!*"

Of the sincerity of this declaration I can not pretend to be a judge, unless he alluded to *extreme* cases in both countries. One thing is plain, that, by sticking to our infamous Corn Laws so long, we have really *compelled* our former customers to manufacture for themselves, *and for each other*, leaving us to digest the bitter fruits of our selfishness and pride, and, unless our load of taxation be quickly reduced to a LOWER scale than that of any of our foreign competitors, I maintain there can be no help for us, either *abroad* or *at home*, and we must rapidly sink in the scale of nations, both as regards our physical and moral condition, and he who, with even *half* an eye cannot see this, must be—*what politeness will restrain me from calling him!* And now, my dear Sir, allow me to advert a little to what brother Jonathan is doing, because those who take *Jonathan* to be a stupid dolt, do most egregiously mistake their man, who will walk nine times round us while we are stupidly guessing what he is about.

The Americans have for several years past made it their boast that they can not only manufacture as good shirting-calicoes as any produced in this country, but also that they can send them to the East Indies and to China, *at lower prices than ours*, thereby insuring them a decided preference in those markets. Now I have been informed by a gentleman who, I have reasons to believe, is pretty conversant with these matters, that the Americans *do not* produce cheaper cotton fabrics than we do, but that, nevertheless, they can afford, and do actually sell their fabrics at a lower price than we can ours, in consequence of the very liberal profits they realise on the various sorts of produce they import from the East, in exchange for their New England manufactures, because such produce, imported in American vessels, is admitted into the United States *duty free*, which it is obvious must give their merchants an immense advantage over ours, whose imports from the same regions are severely taxed on entering our ports. Meantime "Jonathan," who knows well that, even when not visited with potato blights, we cannot get an adequate supply of grain and flour for our manufacturing population, unless we import pretty largely from his great granary of the West,—knowing this, Jonathan sticks fast to his tariff, and, if we pout the lip, and remind him that, having now repealed our Corn Laws, we think ourselves entitled to a reciprocity of liberal measures. "Was it *reciprocity* you were talking of?" he will say, "why then, John Bull, *reciprocity thou shalt have*, to thy heart's content, if that will satisfy thee, and as you kept your Corn Laws in operation for more than thirty years,—to the almost total exclusion of our grain and flour,—in about thirty years from this time, John, we will talk to you about abolishing our tariff, which, should the wind be favourable we will *then* reduce as gradually and as prudently as you are now preparing to abolish your darling Corn Laws; will *that* do for you, John?"

Very similar to this will be the reply of our neighbours on the European continent. Is it not plain, then, that our only hope of salvation from as complete prostration and ruin as ever yet were inflicted on any nation, depends on a sweeping reduction of our national expenditure, and of our taxes, both national and local! The great bug-bear is the Debt,—the "blessed Debt," as Cobbett used to call it, which, in my view, ought to be no bug-bear at all, because, *as it was contracted solely to uphold the* Church and the Aristocracy, it is very obvious the Church and the Aristocracy *ought to pay it*, and *must be made to pay it*, even if it should require the full half, or more, of their ill-gotten wealth to liquidate it; this, in my opinion, will be the only *honest* way of dealing with the Debt, which has proved to be the very "ugliest" customer John Bull has had to deal with! Indeed, as both Church and Aristocracy pretend to be so very "loyal," in their feelings, I think the sooner her Majesty calls upon them to do this act of justice, the better; in which case, looking at the amiable lineage whence they sprang, —who, Sir, can doubt their "honourable" feelings? "Repudiate!"—No, Sir,—impossible! Such "honourable" and "right honourable" beings as our parsons and aristocrats, could never repudiate,—believe me:—"repudiation" being now considered a low, vulgar, republican vice, and quite unworthy of the pure blood of the men whose ancestors "came in with the Conqueror!" Judge you, then, Sir, whether such "high-blooded" beings would disgrace themselves by "repudiating" a Debt which they have always spoken of as being of the most sacred character, scarcely less so, in their estimation, I will warrant, than the *tithes* they are so tenacious in exacting! Ah, my dear Sir, there are hopes for us yet, if we only continue loyal to our Queen, and *faithful to each other!* That we shall be loyal to the last degree, I cannot doubt; whether we shall become a united people and discharge faithfully the duties we owe to ourselves and our children remains to be proved.

I remain, dear Sir,
Your's very faithfully,
A Nottingham Hosier.

THE PEOPLE'S LEAGUE.

At a friendly conference of Radical Reformers, called at Herbert's Hotel, Palace Yard, May 3rd., for the purpose of ascertaining whether the middle and working classes can unite on a common principle in relation to an amended representation of the people in Parliament, the following resolution was unanimously agreed to and adopted, as the declared basis of a new organization, to be henceforth denominated "The People's League."

"Believing that the House of Commons must truly and justly represent *the whole people* before it can become effective for lessening our burthens, removing restrictions and monopolies, or for helping onward the intellectual, moral, and truly religious progress of our people, it is resolved that the foundation of the League about to be formed, shall be based on the principle of Universal Suffrage, or the right of voting for Members of Parliament to every man of twenty-one years of age unconvicted of crime, together with such details as are essential to its exercise. And that in any future conference that may be convened upon this subject, the parties present hereby express their willingness to enter into the discussion and consideration of the points involved in the People's Charter, and other documents intended to secure the free exercise of the franchise."

A great number of influential and known Reformers from various parts of the country attended. A deputation was appointed to confer with the Liberal members of Parliament, so as to obtain, if possible, their co-operation. A plan of organization has been since agreed to, and a portion of a General Council elected. A Provisional Committee has also been appointed to attend to the printing of the rules, and objects, and the issuing an address to the country.

HUDDERSFIELD COMMONWEALTH BROTHERHOOD SOCIETY.

In May, 1847, this Society was formed in consequence of two articles by Silverpen which appeared in this Journal. It was resolved to rent land, and employ their members who were out of work in cultivating it, at half-a-crown a day for ten hours' labour. Such was the low state of their funds when this bold resolve was come to, owing to the wretched state of trade, that they could only, in the first place, raise a couple of barrels of flour, which they sold to any of the poor, whether members or not. This succeeded so well, that they were soon enabled to take a front shop and employ a man constantly. They sold as good an article as any shop in the town at a lower price.

They now return £50 per week, and the profits go towards breaking up and cultivating sixteen acres of wood and land, which they have taken two-and-a-half miles from the town. This undertaking is divided into £5 shares, and the Society employing men who are without other work, pay them half their earnings in money, and the other half goes to pay for their share. Such efforts as these are most meritorious, and show what the Working Classes are capable of, if those who have the means would but assist and encourage them.

THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM.

The times demand every honest man to speak out; and we are glad to see that there are sundry preparations, by the right sort of men, making for this purpose. Amongst others, John Cassell announces *The Standard of Freedom*, a weekly newspaper of thorough advocacy of *Political*, *Commercial*, and *Religious Liberty*. From what we know of the projector and have learned of the arrangements and proposed staff for this journal, we confidently anticipate in it a most vigorous and valuable instrument of public reform.

PLAIN ADVICE FOR THE POOR WHEN SUMMONED IN THE COUNTY COURT.

Friends, try and keep out of debt, by industry, care, and, above all, temperance. If you cannot and are summoned, try and pay the debt before the trial day, and you will save much expense. Should you be unable, go to the Court on the day of trial, and you will find a friend in the judge if you deserve it; he will give you indulgence by fixing a very small instalment (a workman need not lose his day as his wife or daughter may answer for him). If you do not appear you will be ordered to pay it all immediately, and your goods seized at once for it, with great expense. Keep your instalments paid and you cannot be hurt; if you neglect once they may send an execution in your house. Join the Temperance Society, go to the tea parties, and keep the pledge, and you will then save money and be free from debt, which is misery.

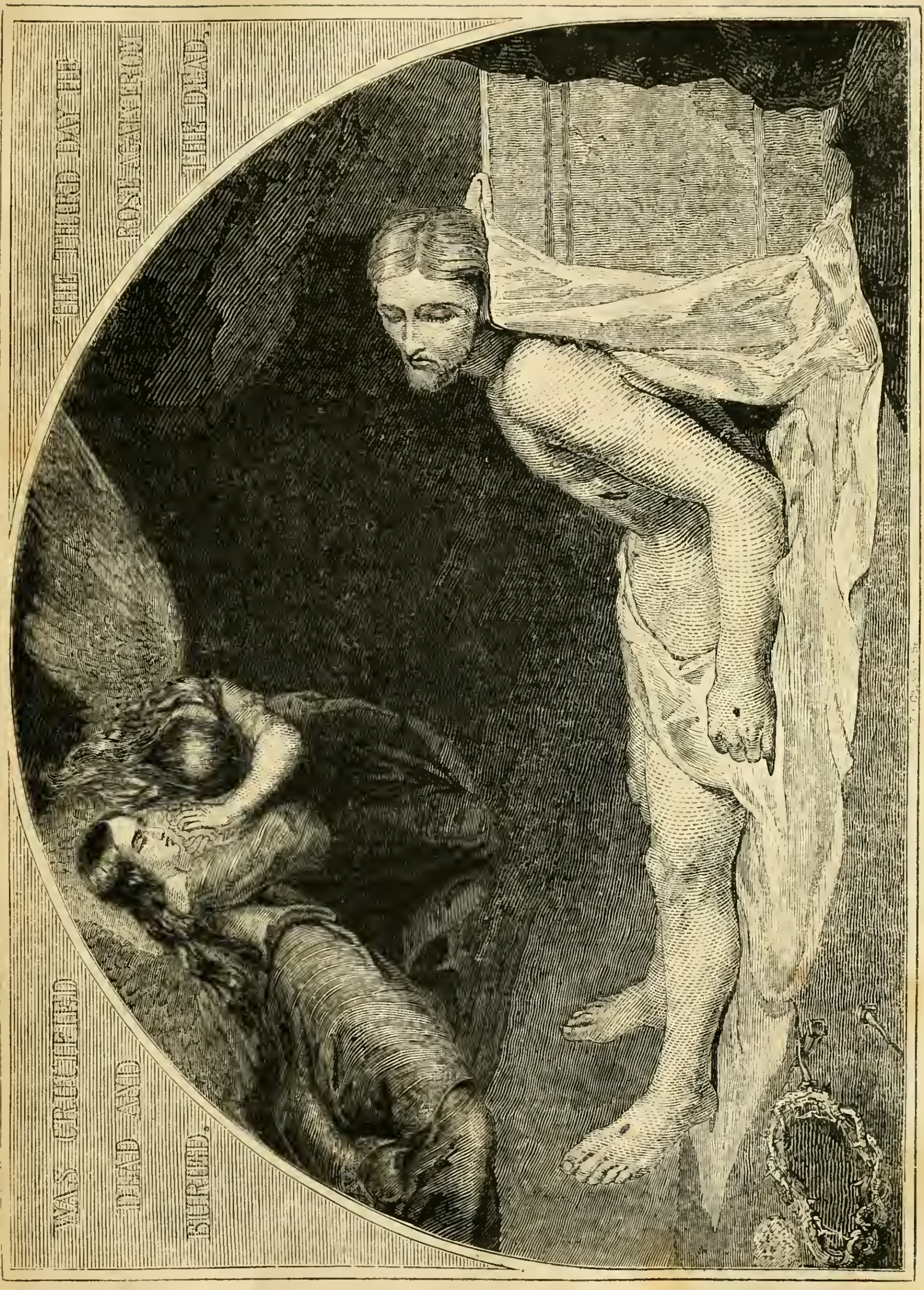
A Friend.

CONTENTS.

The Tangled Skein.—A Knotty Question—Facts from the Fields. The Meldrum Family. By William Howitt. (Continued.)—Ida and Zarah. By Miss H. M. Rathbone—The Fire of Driftwood. By Professor Longfellow—Scenes and Characters from the First French Revolution. By Lamartine. Madame Roland—Extract from the Diary of La Mayeux. The Deformed Needlewoman. By Eugene Sue—Children in Exile. By James T. Fields—Literary Notices: Judas Iscariot. By R. H. Horne, Author of "Orion"—The Whole Art of Making British Wines, etc. By James Robinson—On Large and Small Farms. By M. Passy—The Aristocracy of Great Britain and the Laws of Primogeniture—Record: Awakening of the Middle Classes. Remarkable Letter from a Nottingham Hosier—People's League, etc., etc.

Printed for the proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d


WAS CRUCIFIED DEAD AND BURIED. THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.

THE SEPULCHRE.

FREE EXHIBITION.

PAINTED BY MARSHALL CLAXTON. ENGRAVED BY THOMAS GILKS.

THE SEPULCHRE.—FREE EXHIBITION.

As we promised in a former number in our notice of this exhibition, we again advert to it, our former opinion being rather strengthened than otherwise, on a second visit to this collection. We feel assured such an outlet was wanted for the rising talent of this country—and although from the nature of this institution, many inferior pictures are likely to find their way to the walls, we think on the whole, it bids fair to be the best exponent of native talent in the country. Mr. R. S. Lauder has a large space well filled with good pictures; among the most prominent may be mentioned 400 "The Tomb of Shakspeare," and 401, "The Evening Star." So has Mr. George Harvey, and Messrs. Mc.Culloch, Mc.Ian, Niemann, Kidd, and a host of other names, equally celebrated. We think exhibitions of this kind, calculated to operate as a very powerful lever in elevating the masses in their onward progress; whose taste must become refined by such works of high art, as our engraving of this week presents to our readers from Mr. Claxton's picture of "The Sepulchre;" one of several very fine pictures by the same artist.

Mr. Claxton has represented the figure of Christ in the Sepulchre that was "roughly hewn out of the rock." The body is slightly draped and so disposed, that the head is resting on a rather high stone, which supports the upper part of the body, with the face turned towards the spectator. The face has a beautifully benignant expression over it—and the figure is admirably drawn. In the left corner of the picture, two angels are represented floating in the air, the one whose face we see, is looking down upon the scene with a sorrowful expression of countenance, the other whose head is foreshortened, and the face hidden, denoting acute anguish. The hands of both are tightly compressed together: while in the bottom left hand corner of the picture are introduced the Crown of Thorns, The Nails, Sponge, etc. The composition as a whole, is very chaste and refined, while the general effect is a bold *chiar oscuro*, the light catching portions of the principal figure, and the face and arm of one of the angels; all the rest of the subject being in deep shadow. It is one of that class of subjects which engender deep thought, carrying that mind back into centuries gone by—and recalling events which have had such an important influence on the world's history. We are glad to observe that a beautiful lithographic print by Mr. Bell Smith, has just been published by Gambard, from this fine picture of Mr. Claxton's.

THE LITTLE VILLAGE AND GREAT AMERICA.

In the year 1786, Benjamin Franklin was in Paris, he lived at Passy, not far from Auteuil, and at Auteuil lived the widow of Helvetius who was such an excellent, amiable, and delightful woman, that her friends, and among these might be reckoned the profoundest thinkers of the time, were accustomed to speak of her in no other manner than as "our good lady of Auteuil." She was no longer young, although in the highest degree fascinating and amiable, and besides this, the gentleness, intellectuality and decision of character which had been peculiar to her through the whole of her much-tried, but always blameless life, made a union with her, a very desirable thing to the American philosopher, although at first it might appear somewhat startling.

The dear lady herself had not the most remote idea of such a scheme; she received Franklin as a friend who entertained no other feelings than what he expressed, and whose acquaintance she would have esteemed herself happy in possessing to the end of her days. Philadelphia in the meantime desired the return of her celebrated citizen, and Franklin himself longed for his native land. He could never free himself from the fear of being kept in France by ill health, and probably dying there, whilst the earnest wish of his soul was that it might be permitted to him to end his days in the midst of his fellow citizens, surrounded by his grand-children.

A deal of intercourse was always taking place between Passy and Auteuil; Madame Helvetius dined once a-week in company with the Abbe de Laroche and the physician Cabanis, who resided with her, together with Morellet, a dear friend but not a frequent guest, at the house of Franklin; and Franklin on the other hand, very often dined with Madame Helvetius, by which means he spent whole evenings with her, without even paying her a morning visit. This intercourse with Franklin was of the most charming kind, and Morellet, who has so excellently told us of the great philosopher's remarkable good humour, simplicity of manners; sense of propriety and duty which exhibited itself in the merest trifles; affability, purity of soul, cheerfulness, and various other gifts, cannot say enough in its praise. Such was, at that time, the society frequented by the man who had raised his native-land to freedom, and to whom the world is indebted for some of its most important discoveries.

One morning Franklin left his room much earlier than was his custom, and calling to Richard, his American servant, ordered him to atttend him to Auteuil.

This Richard, or Dick, as his master called him, had fought in the war of Independence under Washington, and had thereby distinguished himself, and when he was compelled to lay down his arms and leave his general, he attached himself to Benjamin Franklin, from whom he never afterwards would separate himself. Richard was no servant of the ordinary kind; he was faithful, devoted, and as good an American as Christian, and read industriously in the Bible, or made the necessary preparations for Franklin's experiments in natural philosophy.

Full of enthusiasm as youth is accustomed to be, or rather as a man who is sincerely convinced of the rectitude of his intentions, he allowed no opportunity to escape of praising to the very skies, either Franklin or his native country. In his leisure hours he occupied himself in making known to the other domestics, the operations of electricity, or in explaining to the peasants of Auteuil, the advantages of Franklin's newly discovered lightning-conductor.

None but a person like Franklin, who was in the highest degree unapprehensive in matters of sentiment, would have failed to observe what delight the idea of a visit to Madame Helvetius occasioned to Dick. He was always ready immediately when they had to go from Passy fo Auteuil, and was often extremely fertile in discovering reasons why they should go.

As soon therefore as Franklin gave his orders on this particular morning, Dick was ready as if by magic; the stick, hat, and gloves of the philosopher were instantly at hand, and without one moment's delay, they set out.

The June sun almost scorched up the fields, and the two therefore took a narrow footpath shaded by trees. Franklin walked on with a slow step, and nothing in his appearance betrayed any desire to reach the end of his journey, more rapidly than usual, whilst his servant behind was quite in an agitation of impatience. Madame Helvetius was sitting in the room where she usually received visitors when they arrived; the window of this room looked out into a shady garden, where grew a linden tree, the thick leafy branches of which extended to the very window-sill.

"I hope my dear Mr. Franklin," said she, as he entered, "that some unpleasant news which you wish to communicate to me, has not caused you to take this walk at so early an hour."

"By no means," replied Franklin, "I am merely come to tell you what happened to me last night."

"Then you have a story to tell me, dear friend," remarked she.

"You shall judge," returned he. "You remember our conversation last evening, and how I brought forward the strongest reasons to induce you no longer to lead a solitary life, but to marry again?"

"Good heavens! my friend," said the lady, "what can put that in your head! Do let us talk about something else!"

"It is impossible," continued he, "that I can express the grief which I felt at your strange determination, to remain constant to your deceased husband; there is no object in it; and it appears to me to be without any rational grounds."

"The future, the future it is to which I am looking," interrupted Madame Helvetius, and made, at the same time a movement with her hand in the direction of Franklin's white head, as if she would have stroked it.

"After our conversation of last night," continued Franklin, "I went to bed on my return home, and dreamed that I was dead. Before long I found myself in paradise, where the souls of the departed enjoy eternal happiness. The porter at the gate of this Eden, asked me whether I wished to see any particular persons among the happy ones, and by way of reply, I told him that he might conduct me to the philosophers.

"There are two of them just beside you," replied the porter, "they are very good neighbours to one another and much attached."

"Who may they be?" I enquired.

"Socrates and Helvetius," was the reply.

"I have a very high esteem for them both," said I, "but introduce me first to Helvetius, because I can speak French, while I don't understand one word of Greek."

Helvetius received me in the most friendly manner, and made a thousand enquiries about peace and war; about the present state of religion; about freedom and the government of France.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I at length, "don't you make one single enquiry about your old, faithful friend, and life's companion, Madame Helvetius? and yet she loves you just as tenderly as ever. It is scarcely an hour since I was with her, and I am convinced that the love and devotion which she felt for you during your life, is still unabated."

"Ah!" returned he, "you are speaking of my former happiness, but that one must learn to forget, if one would be happy here. For many years I could think about nothing but her, but at length I have found consolation. I have married another wife, and it would not have been possible for me to have found another which more resembled my first wife than the one I have chosen. She is, it is true, not quite so beautiful as my former one, but she is possessed of as much feeling, and she loves me inexpressibly. She only thinks of how she can give me pleasure, and make me happy. If you will stop a minute or two with me, you can see her."

"I can see, very well, sir," remarked I, "that your first wife is very much more constant than you are; the best and most advantageous offers have been made to her, but she has refused them all. I confess to you that even I have made a fool of myself so much have I loved her, but she remains as hard as a stone and has refused me out of love to you."

"I really am truly sorry for you," replied he, "but she was indeed, an excellent and most amiable lady." As he spoke these words, up came the new Madame Helvetius, and I recognised in her——guess who? No other than Mrs. Franklin, my old, faithful American wife! I demanded her back, as belonging to me, upon which she replied in rather a cold manner, that she had been for forty years and four months, nearly half a century, my wife, and with that I must content myself, for that she had here knit a new bond which would endure for ever." Very much annoyed to be so cavalierly rejected by my deceased wife, I determined to leave the ungrateful shade on the spot. I wished to return to our planetand look once more at the sun, and you ——. Let us take revenge!"

But this revenge was not according to the notions of Madame Helvetius, who had long since taken her resolution, otherwise it would have been very difficult to reject so honourable an offer, from a man whose name was renowned in two hemispheres. Sitting at the open window opposite to Franklin, she could not hear him thus speaking joyfully and openly to her, without emotion, and she knew how fully to value the esteem and the true friendship of which, by his offer, he had given the most intelligible proof. It was not for one moment to be thought of, that Franklin had made himself ridiculous; he was no old enamoured fool, but one of the wisest men of the age, who was only guided by his sincere belief, that under all circumstances of life, a wife was an indispensable and much to be desired companion, peculiarly fitted to beautify our life, to increase our happiness, and to sweeten and soften those difficulties and sufferings which we cannot avoid.

On the previous evening Franklin had urged Madame Helvetius in the most pressing manner to marry again, but still keeping himself to generals, and either out of calculation or from fear, not allowing her to have the most distant idea that he himself was personally concerned in the advice which he gave.

The eyes of the amiable widow filled with tears, and supporting her arm on the window frame she concealed her face with her hand.

"Well, now!" said Franklin, after a short silence, "beautiful lady of Auteuil! hasten to help both yourself and me! Let us both of us be revenged!"

"Hush! dear friend, listen!" cried Madame Helvetius, at length, "don't make any noise, I hear somebody talking near to us."

Both rose softly, and turned aside the twigs of the linden-tree that they might the better see and hear what went forward. Upon a stone bench which stood under the window sate Franklin's servant Richard talking to Annette, the daughter of Madame Helvetius's gardener, a young peasant-girl of seventeen with black hair and rosy cheeks, short, well-formed, and slender, with a remarkably pretty foot. Franklin and Madame Helvetius could see through the foliage of the linden tree that the heads of the two young people were laid together, and that the light locks of the American mingled with the black hair of the young French girl.

"Let me go, Mr. Richard! If Madame knew how you come after me she would send me off! Let me alone, else I'll go! Don't you hear somebody? I fancy my father calls me to water his sugar-peas. Ah, and the cheese for Madame is not yet made, and the milk has to be creamed."

And yet for all this Annette did not leave the bench upon which she sate, which might be owing to Richard having his arm round her slender waist to prevent her from leaving him. At the sight of this Franklin became excited; virtuous anger crimsoned his cheek, and he was just about to pour forth his indignation against the offender, when Madame Helvetius put her little white hand to his mouth and compelled him to silence and to listen still more.

"You will not understand me, Annette," continued Richard, "what I would say to you, Madame Helvetius and Mr. Franklin might unhesitatingly hear. You can go and call your father, if you will, I would not object to speak in his presence. I want nothing improper Annette, I only wish to marry you."

The girl dropped her head, and made a movement by which Richard came only the nearer to her; there was no need for her answer.

"Well, then!" continued the young man, "we will be married. I will mention it to Mr. Franklin, he will speak about it to Madame Helvetius, and both of them will arrange it all with your father."

"Is it really your serious meaning, Richard, that you will marry me?"

"Most certainly! We will set off to America, and then you will see that it is the most beautiful country in the whole world, dear Annette! Mr. Franklin will give us some land, which we will cultivate, and thus will we live free and happy. Oh, dear Annette, if you were only acquainted with my glorious native land, if you only could see how magnificently the sun rises over our forests, you would then say as yearningly as I do, the sooner we go to that "enchanting" country the better. In comparison with our rivers your Seine and Rhone are only miserable little brooks, and you might sink your whole city of Paris in our lakes, without perceiving in the least what had become of it. Only say one word Annette, and then before Mr. Franklin leaves the house we can have everything settled!"

"Are there really such gloriously beautiful things in your native country?" asked the girl, full of an astonished curiosity, in hearing him speak of lakes in which Paris might vanish without leaving a trace behind.

"Most certainly, Annette; God knows that I have spoken the truth!"

"But is there then a duck-pond there like ours at Anteuil?" enquired she.

"How, the duck-pond at Anteuil!" said Richard disparagingly, "what that little muddy hole, that one passes in coming into the place! that sort of ditch planted round with sickly trees, and where frogs and toads live!"

"Yes, yes, a duck-pond like this at Auteuil," repeated the girl, and gently withdrew herself from Richard's embrace.

"But, Annette," remonstrated he, "how can you think about nothing but this duck-pond? Certainly you have no love for me, and there is some young fellow in the village that you like better!"

"No," returned the girl, "there is not! But still the duck-pond of Auteuil pleases me better than your great lakes in which you would so willingly sink the whole of Paris, or than your rivers against which the Seine, my beloved Seine, the river of my native land, is only an insignificant brook! Richard, we will be married, but then you must stop at Auteuil!"

"How! you encourage me to leave Mr. Franklin, and never again to see my native land? That would be just the same as deserting my own flag! anything as impossible as this you cannot ask from me, Annette! Only consider, that my native land needs all her subjects, that England, which has not been able to subdue us, threatens us without intermission! Good Heavens! what would Mr. Franklin say if I should tell him that I was not returning to America! I love you, I would very gladly give up my life for you if my country did not require it. Annette, beloved Annette; there is, after all, something higher even than love, and that is duty. You on the contrary,—what is there to keep you here? France does not need you; you may leave your country without its remarking the loss of one girl whose name it perhaps does not know, and who never can be useful to her country."

"You are under a mistake, Richard," replied she, "I too love my country, and I should wish that my children, if I ever had any, should love it as I do. Duty calls you back to America; my happiness and my peace attach me to France. You love your lakes, your rivers, your forests; I love the little duck-pond at Auteuil, on whose banks I was born. As a child I played by its waters, and every sickly tree, of which you speak so contemptuously, was a witness of the happiness of my youth. Fare-you-well, Mr. Richard! I must go and water my father's sugar-peas, and go and make the cheese and cream the milk for Madame Helvetius."

Annette rose up from the stone-bench, arranged her dress a little, and then, evidently disconcerted, went with streaming tears into the kitchen-garden, where her father had been walking about all the morning with the watering-can.

"My dear friend," said Madame Helvetius to Franklin, "you are a better citizen than Richard, at least you are much more useful and necessary to your country than he is; could you decide wholly to give up your America? Would you be willing to end your days in France, near the duck-pond of Auteuil, far from your great rivers, your immense lakes; your sun which rises over the undisturbed forests? I, for my part, think as Annette does, I prefer to that new world which you are making free the little insignificant duck-pond of Auteuil. The story which you told me," added she, "is a most charming one, but what do you say to that which we have just now heard?"

Franklin made no reply; he kissed the hand of the lady whom he loved, and then went immediately to Cabanis to consult him on the best means of regulating his health during his long voyage.

A few days afterwards both Richard and himself set sail from Havre to America, where, as is well known, shortly after his arrival in Philadelphia he was chosen Minister of State, and shortly afterwards President.

Annette neither left France nor the duck-pond of Auteuil. The next year she married one of her neighbours, who took up arms in the year 1798. During the power of Napoleon Annette greatly distinguished herself, and in 1812 her husband fell "on the bed of honour," highly renowned for his military achievements.

As regarded Madame Helvetius, she also remained steadfast and true in her attachment to Auteuil. She always attracted to her the most distinguished men of the age, and Turgot, Garat, Destüt-Tracy, and Bernardin St. Pierre, succeeded to Benjamin Franklin. One day when Buonaparte, at that time First Consul, was walking with her in the garden, she said to him, "General, you can have no idea how happy one can be on a little plot of ground not above three acres in extent!"

That was very true as coming from the lips of a woman who had refused to marry Franklin, and who out of love to her native land chose to end her days in the quiet retirement in which she had passed thirty happy years.

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

The Meldrum Family.

(Continued from page 311.)

THE HISTORY OF ZEALOUS SCATTERGOOD.

Having got Meldrum into such respectable employment, let us now take a somewhat closer view of the friends who thus interested themselves on his behalf.

In the first place, the old preacher, Zealous Scattergood, was, perhaps, unlike any other man of his profession throughout Great Britain. He stood alone, both in character and position. Though he was a Baptist, yet he belonged not to that sect, held no communication with any of its ministers. He pursued his way alone, and voluntarily sought out the poor and the neglected, and became their minister. There was scarcely a part of England in which he had not pursued his labours. He had been at work amongst the miners of Cornwall, and the colliers of Durham; amongst the clod hoppers of Wiltshire, and the stockingers of Nottingham. He might be truly called a wanderer and a sojourner, having no abiding city here. There were some parts of his history that no mortal could penetrate into, but there was enough came to the light to shew that he had at one time, many years ago, been the happy head of a happy family. That family was now all dispersed or dead; he was a solitary pilgrim on the earth. There was a flitting, shadow-like character about him. He shrunk from the 'broad way and the green,' into the narrow paths, the obscurities of life. He avoided the wealthy and the proud, and seemed at home only amongst the poor, for whom he laboured incessantly, subsisting on the meagre pittance of their subscription. With tastes of a high and refined order, and having read and thought much, yet he never seemed at ease amongst the wealthier classes who could better understand his higher tastes, and estimate his uncommon acquirements. If he unexpectedly found himself amongst them, he became silent, shut up, and as soon as possible, stole quietly away. It was only when you could get him out into a country walk, or when in his pulpit, or labouring to enlighten the dark minds that only too thickly abound everywhere, that he seemed to forget a kind of timidity, a suspicion, an embarrassment, and became the man and the valiant Christian.

More than one of our men of literary fame have come across this singular man, in one part or other of the country. They have met him with his "Quarles' Emblems," his "Milton," or "Herrick" in his hands, and have been equally astonished and delighted at the beauty of his conversation, and his enthusiastic love of nature. One poet has recorded such a meeting in verses, which have fallen into our hands.

TO ZEALOUS SCATTERGOOD.

My friend!—there have been men
To whom we turn again
After contemplating the present age,
And long, with vain regret,
That they were living yet,
Virtue's high war triumphantly to wage.

Men, whose renown was built
Not through resplendent guilt;
Not through life's waste, or the abuse of power;
But by the dauntless zeal,
With which, at Truth's appeal,
They stood, even to the death, in some eventful hour.

But he who now shall dream,
Because among us seem,
No dubious symptoms of a realm's decline,
Wealth, mad with its excess,
Mid far-diffused distress,
And Luxury sapping, where it should refine.

He who deems hence shall flow
The utter overthrow
Of this most famous, and long happy land,
Little knows he what lies
Even beneath his eyes
Slumbering in forms that round about him stand.

Little knows he the zeal
Myriads of spirits feel
In love, pure principle, and knowledge strong,
Little knows he what men
Tread this dear land again
Whose unambitious hearts invigorate the throng.

My friend?—I lay with thee
Beneath the forest tree,
When spring was shedding her first sweets around;
And the bright sky above
Woke feelings of deep love,
And thoughts which soared into the blue profound.

I lay, and as I heard
The joyful faith thus stirred,
Poured in warm words from thy experienced breast,
Such was the buoyant thought
That in my bosom wrought,
And rising in its strength, my native land I blest.

It is easy to perceive from these stanzas what topics had occupied the rural musers, but it is not so easy for any one who did not know him, to imagine the zeal and eloquent ardour of the old man on such occasions. Once out in the fields and woods he was a boy again. He actually ran and leapt, and some beautiful scene, some flower, as that of the blushing wilding in the early spring, would fill him with rapture, till the old Puritanic leaven of his sectarian education, would make him fear lest it were sinful to be so happy. On one occasion, wandering in the Peak of Derbyshire, he met with a young evangelical clergyman in Dove Dale, and the young man struck, as was no wonder, at the venerable aspect of the old pilgrim father, and seeing him gazing with evident enthusiasm on the different objects in that beautiful valley, entered into conversation with him, and was soon as much struck by his literary knowledge, his deep religious experience, and his profound love of the great and beautiful. The old man and the young traversed the whole Dale together, and spent nearly the whole day in its caverns, sitting on the green sward beside its clear swift waters, engaged in absorbing talk on many topics of the life and the prospects of man; and, ever and anon, again starting forward, and noting the ever-changing and singular features of the place. To such a pitch of enthusiasm did they work themselves by these means, that they sung a hymn together in one cavern, knelt down and prayed together in another, and then by mutual agreement returned each to his own home, from the conviction that they had filled themselves as full of spiritual and intellectual enjoyment as man was capable of, or was good for him.

Such was old Zealous Scattergood where he had only God and nature to stand face to face with, for he knew that they are both *charitable*, and never misinterpret, and never indulge malice under the show of godly zeal. With them, and some noble-hearted being in their presence, and where the voice of slander could not come, there was Zealous Scattergood bold, open, poetical, and wise. But meet him in the city—had this young clergyman met him there afterwards, he would have seen with astonishment—the same old man timidly recognise his greeting, and as soon as possible steal away and begone.

And how was this? What occasioned this extraordinary phenomenon? It may be explained, and we have it in our power to explain it. Zealous Scattergood in the course of a long life had made one lapse in the path of strict rectitude—and its consequences pursued him, and he knew that they would pursue him to the grave. Bitterly had he repented of that one weak act, fervently and for years had he prayed the God of mercy and love to forgive this one error—and believed that it was forgiven. God and Christ in his own heart had said to him long ago—"Go thy way and sin no more—thy sin is forgiven thee." But his fellow men, each of whom had been bade—if without sin to cast the first stone—had not, like the sinners of old, retired ashamed from the presence of the divine judge. Full of sins themselves, they had not hesitated a moment, each to fling his stone of accusation and injury, but they had continued to fling their stones to the last hour, whenever they could meet with him. Zealous Scattergood knew that the love and faith-professing world would never cease to pursue him with its calumny shaped as a righteous scorn, and he slunk away from before it, and sought to work amid the shadows of the earth where he could at once hide himself, and render them less black.

Zealous Scattergood was educated for a Baptist minister. For many years he was located as the minister of a populous country village, and the hamlets around, to which he made his periodical visits. He was married, and had a numerous family. The income was meagre and did not grow with his family. For some years he laboured and struggled on, but the long-continued sickness of his wife, and the necessity of getting his great boys out into trades, pressed on him to a degree that became insupportable. He had been compelled to borrow money of one of the members of his congregation—who, when he was least able to pay, came to have pressing need of it himself. Zealous was driven to despair. He looked round and pondered all means and prospects of help. He saw none.

At this moment he resolved to look out for a better location. He conned the advertisements on the fly leaves of their religious magazines, and saw that a pulpit was vacant in a populous town, and that a call was made for ministers to officiate on trial. There was, however, one serious obstacle. The vacancy was in an Independent congregation—and Zealous was a Baptist. It was a terrible temptation. In all points of religious faith the two sects were exactly alike, except in some particulars regarding the right of baptism. Zealous said to himself. "On every great moral and religious point, I could preach to them from my heart—and this baptismal difference—what is it? He hung upon the advantages of the higher salary, the more extended field of labour—and the pressure of his necessities, more eloquent than a host of arguments—made him persuade himself that he could accept and conscientiously fulfil the office. He wavered, and he fell. He wrote to offer his services, went on trial, and succeeded. His services were declared most satisfactory, and he was formally elected by the congregation.

How it happened that he had obtained credentials of recommendation from his own old congregation—how they had come to imagine it a Baptist church to which Zealous had this call, and how the Independent congregation in the town had been so uncircumspect as not to ascertain that it was a Baptist people from whom Zealous came, are points unknown to us, but the fact is certain, that by some means these particulars were not nicely scrutinized—and that Zealous was installed the minister of a large congregation, with a salary triple in amount to that on which he had been starving.

But it was not long before the fatal discovery was made. There came a rumour—then came a man, who to make sure placed himself just in front of Zealous's pulpit during one Sunday morning service—there was a closetting with the elders afterwards in the vestry, and never was there such a sudden stir, buzz, and alarm. It was like the swarming of a bee-hive. The whole congregation was in a tremour and agitation of astonishment and indignation. There were terms flying from mouth to mouth of—"Oh! the vile monster—the Judas! the impostor! Oh! the abominable hypocrite! the Ananias and Sapphira both in one! the wretch! the demon! the brazen serpent of damnation—lying thus before God himself. Oh! what perjury and perfidy, and perdition. It was the awful, unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. Many wondered that the pulpit had not been struck by a thunder-bolt as the vile reprobate was in it, and the whole chapel and congregation been consumed with him. They rushed away out of it at the very idea.

In the mean time poor Zealous had fled before the tempest. He had gone, heaping as many maledictions on his own head as all the exasperated congregation had done together. He now seemed to see all the foulness of his crime himself. He believed himself lost for ever. He loathed and despised himself. Where he hid and whither he went, no one knows; but he did not venture home. There came the news like a blast of death, and it was one. In a very few days Zealous's wife was stretched in her coffin; and his family was left utterly destitute.

Zealous could not be very distant from his home, for at this news he entered the village at midnight, and flung himself in a paroxysm of grief on his wife's grave. A poor woman who was nursing a sick child, and whose window overlooked the churchyard, was standing at the open casement giving the feverish little creature air, when she saw a dark figure come up the churchyard path, and looking here and there, at length spring rapidly forward to the new-made grave of Mrs. Scattergood, and dashing himself down upon it, begin to tear his hair, and groan and cry terribly. The woman at once comprehended who it was. The night was moonlight, though wild and cloudy in the late autumn, and the grave was not many yards from her window. She described the scene as the most terrible imaginable. That the poor man tore up the very earth in his agony, and called, as she said, on both God and Devil to annihilate him. The woman was rivetted by horror to the spot, but she gave a wild cry at what she saw and heard, and the unhappy man suddenly started to his feet, and fled away without once looking back.

Poor Scattergood was found wandering in the fields some miles distant in a state of utter derangement. He was a wild maniac, and was fled from with horror by those who first saw him, but was afterwards captured, and conveyed to the parish workhouse. In this place he continued for many months, and passed from a condition of furious madness to one of childish imbecility. It was only after he had in some degree recovered his mind, and an outward degree of serenity, that he contrived to escape, and disappeared for some years. How and where he lived during this period is not known. When he was again recognised it was in a sea-port town in a distant part of the kingdom, where he was labouring amongst the lowest poor, as he had ever since continued to labour.

His children had been assisted by some relatives, and both sons and daughters were now in good though humble situations earning their livelihood. For Zealous himself he had repented in dust and ashes. He had truly passed through the fiery furnace of affliction and self-condemnation, and he felt now that he was forgiven in heaven, but that he never should be on earth. He knew that the one evil hour of his life would embitter the whole of his existence—that the fame of that deed would follow him to the ends of the earth; and he resolved to bear as a just punishment all the evils that it could bring him, and go on labouring for those who had none else to help them, so long as he should continue on earth. His cheeks were become thin and colourless, his eyes dim and deep set, and his hair as white as snow.

And he had not been deceived in the amount of persecution he was doomed to suffer. He had fixed himself down in various neglected spots, and was beginning to draw the moral chaos into some degree of light and order, to disentangle the elements of truth and virtue, from those of crime and gross sensualism, when some accident was sure to arrest him in his labour, and drive him forth with ignominy. Some stranger recognised him, and gave *his* account of him; some letter, arrived to put the people on their guard. The doers and writers of these things thought they did God service. They took no time or pains to ascertain whether the frail brother had not suffered, and been baptized in affliction to genuine repentance, and newness of life. With them he was a hypocrite and an impostor, and it was a work of virtue to unmask and chase him forth. God saw and approved of all his humble contriteness, and his work of love, but man saw only, and would see only, a minister of hypocrisy and deceit, doing the works of God for a bit of bread. It was in vain that he appealed to those works which he did, and the life which he led. They never stood a moment against the breath of calumny—those who had seen him and known him for years progress—shrunk from him, and gave him up.

Once did the old man imagine that he had found a firm hold of true hearts, and a harbour for life. An aged and worthy pair in a stern wild region of Yorkshire, had built a chapel, and given a salary for a minister. This office Zealous had succeeded in obtaining. Here all was to his taste, a simple people, a wild country, whose bold features seized on his imagination, and soothed his mind; and the old worthy couple growing daily more attached to him, and putting the deepest trust in him. For twelve months had he continued here: the old people congratulated themselves on the acquisition of such a friend, and Zealous not only taught well from the pulpit, but taught the children in the chapel, which he made a school of in the week. The neighbourhood was rapidly improving—but here even penetrated the eye of the slanderous enemy. Some one, on a journey of business, hearing in a neighbouring manufacturing town, of the labours and success of the minister, thought he recognised who it was,—came over—and found it even so.

Even here all that Zealous had done, availed nothing. Many a time had he thought of opening his past life, and shewing his own fatal error to his aged patrons—but the misery of the subject had prevented him. Now the enemy did it for him, and effectually. There was a cloud on the faces of his friends the next time that he saw them; they upbraided him with deceiving them—and demanded the keys of his cottage and the chapel.

Zealous resigned them on the instant, but it was with a pang. He explained with tears, and words instinct with repentance, his whole history, but it was too late. He had again lost a home, a people, and friends, such as he did not hope to meet with again.

Some time afterwards he was found by one of the few of those who had known him before, and who gave him credit for being all that he was, in a rude hamlet amongst the hills of Durham. It was in the midst of a collier population. He had again drawn round him a poor but zealous congregation, and was living like an old prophet in a sort of chamber on the wall.

At the end of a close court of houses, you ascended by a ladder to his abode, and proceeding round to the other side of the dwelling, where the entrance was, it was found that the ground there was the height of the second story, and that the old man's cottage faced into a garden, which was bounded by high, wild uplands. Here in one little room the old man lived. There were his "Quarles," his "Milton," his "Herrick," and his bed. On a line in the garden hung his old thread-bare suit of black, which had been rubbed with some liquid which the poor know, as a refresher to the dye, and it was now sweetening in the hill breezes.

Here the old man spoke as feelingly as ever, of the beauties of the surrounding country which he had traversed in all directions, and offered to traverse again with his friend, of their favourite authors, and his labours for the people. But soon after this, he was ejected by the old causes from this obscure retreat, and, wearied of the country, he had made a long flight southward, and had been some time labouring where we have found him in London.

But even here, he could not have maintained his ground, except for one stout little heart, that of Nancy Tulloch. The old story had reached her in this court, and he would have had to march forth, had not this courageous little woman, bade the people look at what Zealous Scattergood had done, and not listen to his enemies of what he had done somewhere, some forty years before. She asked who amongst them there was, who, at some moment of their life, had not done what they repented of, and who amongst them could point to a constant life of labour and care for others? Where could they look for a man who would instruct and comfort them, and educate their children like Zealous Scattergood? Were there not times and seasons of difficulty in which they had to look back for their deliverance to his disinterested and indefatigable kindness?

The tide of feeling was turned into the channels of charity and gratitude. Their memories were awoke to acts of sympathy and zeal, which cast out and made innocuous the venom of slander. The crisis was passed, a triumph was achieved, and Zealous Scattergood had at length found real friends and a resting-place.

(To be continued.)

A PEACE OFFERING.

A VOICE went forth from the Treasury-bench,
In St. Stephen's thrice trumpeted hall,
And it cried "Give me armies, our rights to entrench,
"Give me cannon, and powder and ball.

"Foul war I'll uphold as my sovereign's might,—
"As the 'permanent' weal of the state;
"And the throne shall be bristled with bayonets bright,
"To be militant is to be great.

"Then call forth the legions from mountain and glen,
"From the shires of the midland and shore;—
"A hundred thousand of fighting men,
"And thirteen thousand more."

That voice was the voice of my lord the Premier,
As he stood in the halo of power,
Sustained by the presence and many a cheer
Of his partizan-friends of the hour.

Then an old man, grey with years and care,
Uplifted his hands to implore;
And he cried to the minister "Spare, O spare!
"The thirteen thousand more.

"O covet not horrors in man's chequered life
"Which appal both the tongue and the pen;
"Be content to submit to the deadly strife
"One hundred thousand men."

Then the voice of the minister clamoured again,
E'en more loud than it clamoured before—
"I demand a hundred thousand men,
"And thirteen thousand more."

St. Stephen—a martyr to blood-thirsty foes,
Looked down from his haven of rest;
And he pointed the member who sat for Montrose,
To the peace-makers' home with the blest.

Heaven teach us the hearts of mankind to endear,
And to lessen the sum of our woes!
May Heaven be judge 'twixt the noble Premier,
And the member who sits for Montrose!

May 3rd, 1848. Cusco.

POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

No. IV.

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

By Dr. Smiles.

Samuel Bamford, the handloom weaver of Lancashire, is a true specimen of the poet of the working class. Into his heart the sacred fire of poetry has descended, and the music of his lyre is not the less sweet an utterance that his mind has been tempered, and his affections tried by severe persecution and suffering. Nor has stern poverty, which, for many of the best years of his life, condemned him to work hard and fare meanly, in any wise served to close his eyes or ears to the beauties and melodies of nature, whose spirit-whispers have spoken eloquently to his soul on the mountain side, and in his home-valley; and which have often found for themselves beautiful and cheerful echoes in his songs and lyrics.

Bamford is a Lancashire man, born and bred—an inheritor of that sturdy spirit of independence, which the indomitable old Saxons carried with them into the forests and morasses of South Lancashire, when driven thither before the superior discipline and prowess of the mailed Norman men-at-arms — a spirit which they have retained among them down to the present day, to do many a stout battle yet for liberty and right. The inhabitants of the South-western districts of Lancashire are a robust, manly, industrious, shrewd, and hard-headed race of people. They have peculiar physical characteristics, and their moral features correspond. They inhabit a rugged and naturally barren district; deemed unworthy of being taken possession of by the followers of the Norman William, who, having possessed themselves of the rich pasture lands of the low country, drove their former occupiers into the morasses of the interior, and the forests of Pendle and Rossendale. The conquerors then built fortresses at the entrances of all the valleys commanding the "wild" district, at the mouths of the Ribble, the Lune, and the Mersey,—the ruins of which are still to be seen; and thus they hemmed in the Saxon foresters who would not consent to give up their independence. It was long indeed before their resistance to the Norman authority entirely ceased; and in all great popular movements, even down to our own day, the men of these districts have always been among the foremost. In the civil wars of the Stuarts—more especially during the 'Great Rebellion' against tyrannic wrong in Charles the First's time,—the inhabitants of the Lancashire forests were almost to a man on the side of the Parliament; and the first open encounter, in which blood was shed, took place at Manchester—then, as now, the great metropolis of the district. Bradshaw, President of the Council of the Commonwealth, one of the purest of the great public men of that period, was born in the forest of Rossendale, in the midst of a bold and freedom-loving population, and in a district calculated to develope all the republican tendencies of his nature. Indeed, the resistance which the people of that district have always offered to the ascendant aristocratic power, may be regarded as part of the same inveterate struggle between Norman and Saxon which formerly ravaged the country. And to this day, it still is, in some measure, a struggle of races as well as of classes. The institutions of the Conqueror have never been heartily recognised; the Church which it offered has always been rejected: almost the whole population being even now, extreme Dissenters, vehemently opposed to "Church and State." The recent Anti Corn-Law agitation, which originated with and was virtually carried by the men of Lancashire, was a striking instance of the hereditary resistance offered even to this day, by the men of Saxon descent, to the institutions of the conquerors.

In such a district, and amid such a people, was Samuel Bamford born. Though sprung from poor and hard-working parents, we find in one of his books, presently to be mentioned, that he claims gentle blood; the elder branch of the lords of Bamford, from whom our hero is descended, having lost his lands by rebellion against the king during the civil wars, while the loyal younger brother, at the Restoration, obtained possession of the estate. The birth-place of the subject of our sketch, was the town or village of Middleton, near Manchester, where he first saw the light, in February, 1788. His parents were poor, but respectable, and were deeply imbued with religious feelings, belonging to the then new sect which followed John Wesley. His mother, like the mothers of most men of strength of character and intellect, was a remarkable woman—and to a strong mind, in her were united a great tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which caused her not less to sympathize with others in distress, than to be sensitive of wrongs received by herself and her family from proud and unfeeling relations. The father, having succeeded in obtaining a situation in the Manchester workhouse, the family removed thither; but small-pox and fever suddenly fell upon them, and in a very short time, two of the children were carried off by the one, and Bamford's mother and uncle by the other.

His father, having contracted a second marriage, which turned out most unhappily for the children, they were shortly after sent out into the world to make their way as they could, "shorn to the very quick." Samuel had, however, by this time,—about his tenth year,—acquired the art of reading, and already become a devourer of such books as he could lay his hands on. The school education which he had obtained was very scanty, but it was sufficient for his purpose then. He read all sorts of romantic legends and ballads, varied by Wesley's Hymns, and Hopkins and Sternhold's Psalms on Sundays. An old cobbler, whose acquaintance he made, taught him tunes to such ballads, as "Robin Hood," and "Chevy Chace;" and also excited his wonder, by remarkable ghost stories, and accounts of fairies, witches, and wonderful apparitions, in all of which—like most of the Lancashire peasantry of that day—he was a pious believer.

Bamford, after leaving his father's home at this early age, was taken to reside with an uncle and aunt at Middleton, where the monotony of the bobbin-wheel and the loom soon cast a shade over his buoyant spirits. A merely mechanical, gin-horse employment, as was that now before him, was intolerable to his mind; and he seized the opportunity of every piece of out-of-doors drudgery which presented itself, to escape from his hated employment.

Amongst other things of this sort, it was his place to fetch the family's milk from a distance, and, had not his thoughts been with scenes and companions he had left, it might have seemed an omen of good, when a little fair girl,—an orphan, like himself (for such in reality he was) appeared at his uncle's house, charged with the task of shewing him the way. She was just a peeping bud of a child, and he a hale, swipper boy of her own age; and somehow it happened that whenever after, he went to fetch the milk, though he did not require to be shewn the way, the little girl would be sure to be found on the road, when she would take up her pitcher and with looks of undisguised pleasure would accompany him. On these occasions she would endeavour to entertain him with her innocent notions about school tasks, and play-things, and fine new clothes; her parents she never knew; whilst he would narrate what to her were marvellous accounts of the great house he had left, and of his play-mates, and the books he had read, and of his father, to whom his saddened thoughts often reverted, and of his dead mother, and his good uncle, until her eyes, like his, would be moistened with tears; and thus, they spent many sadly happy hours of their sweet morning time, she becoming to him an always welcome companion, but for the present, nothing more, and he becoming to her, the only object of pleasurable association she had in the world.

The relations with whom he lived, were, like his parents, of the Methodist persuasion. They regularly attended chapel and class; and were frequently visited by the ministers on the circuit. Jonathan Barker, a first-rate preacher, was one of the favourites. Jabez Bunting, then a very young preacher, excited great expectations, but when in the pulpit, he had a most unseemly way of winking both eye-lids at once, like two shutters, which caused some mirth and much observation amongst the youngsters as to the cause of it. John Gaulter was always heard with pleasure, both in the pulpit, and out of it. He imparted an interest to whatever he said, by introducing anecdotes, short narratives, and other apt illustrations of his subjects; and if it became of an affecting turn, as it was almost sure to do, the good man and his congregation generally came to a pause amid tears. He and Mr. Barker, had no slight influence on the feelings, convictions, and opinions, of Bamford, in his after years.

The Sunday school connected with this place of worship, Bamford, of course, had to attend with the other members of the family. He now at first made one of the Bible class, and was probably a better reader than any person about the place except the preacher. The only things they could teach him were writing and arithmetic, and as he felt his want, particularly of writing, and was anxious to get on, he was soon placed at a desk, and after a copy or two of "hooks and O's," he began to write "joynt hand," as it was termed in the homely phrase of his instructor; and from that time he made his own way.

Meanwhile time passed, and Bamford was promoted from the bobbin-wheel to the loom, where he turned out a good and ready weaver. He became more reconciled to his condition, and, as if to vary its sameness, love, which is seldom absent where the spirit of poetry is present (and he was imbued with that) now made approaches in an unmistakeable form, and to him proved an angel both of light and of darkness. More than one tender acquaintance was formed in succession, and the romantic susceptibility of his temperament seldom permitted him to remain uninfluenced by some

"Cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

But this sort of life could not be continued without leading to temptations which require the guardianship of better angels than Bamford had the grace to invoke. The usual consequences followed, and regret and deep humiliation were the dregs at the bottom of his cup of sweetness.

The evil example also, and conversation of reckless acquaintances, corrupted his better nature, and a wild and perilous course of life ensued. Feeling but little satisfaction at home, he resolved to seek it in far other scenes abroad. In the nineteenth year of his age, he entered into an engagement with a large ship-owner at Shields, and went on board his brig the Eneas, engaged in the coasting trade betwixt Shields and London. A storm of three days was the first particular circumstance that welcomed him to the ocean. Many vessels were lost in that storm, and though the old sailors on board said nothing to him, and but little to each other, he could not but remark the expressive looks they interchanged. He remained some time with this vessel, and made a number of voyages coastwise, but the almost irresponsible power of the captain, and his capricious use of it, disgusted Bamford, as it was sure to do, with his situation and with the sea service in general; and he embraced an opportunity of leaving the ship at London, and set out on foot to walk the journey homewards into Lancashire. At St. Alban's he was stopped and questioned by a press-gang, and escaped only by an exercise of his presence of mind, and the fortunate circumstance that the commander of the party could not read writing.

Bamford reached home a more thoughtful man than he went. He now obtained a situation in a warehouse at Manchester, and having, at times, considerable leisure, he resumed his habits of reading. "Cobbett's Register" was now amongst the prose works which he read with avidity, and those of Shakespere and Burns were the chief poetical ones,—the latter being his especial favourite. He was now, if possible, more embued with romance than ever, and when not at his place in the warehouse he lost no opportunity of seeking out

"Fresh woods and pastures new."

Manchester and its suburbs were not then what they are now. The heights of Cheetwood were rural knolls, with quiet dells, out in the country. Cromsal, with its undulating pastures and gentle slopes, was interlaced with meadow and field walks, where one might have "wandered many a day," without being disturbed by unwelcome observation. Broughton, with its old Roman Causey, its Giant-stone, and its woodlands, offered a complete labyrinth of bye-paths, shady lanes, and quaint cottages, with vines, and rose-bushes, and creepers trailing down from the thatch,—to say nothing of those delightful domestic attractions which are always found in cottages which are happy, and in gardens that are like Paradise. Love and poetry were thus again Bamford's Elysium, and peril and self-upbraiding were the cost of his unreflecting enjoyments; until he at last resolved to sever himself entirely from his adored "vanities of vanity." He accordingly wisely, though far too late, bestowed his hand on that orphan above noticed, who had long had his best affections and his entire esteem, and with her he completed that union which neither party has ever since had cause to regret.

We now come to the middle life of Bamford, during which he took a prominent part in the stirring political movements of his time, some thirty years ago. This portion of his life is to be found detailed in a remarkably graphic and deeply interesting book which he has published, and by which he is chiefly known beyond the range of his own district, entitled "Passages in the Life of a Radical." This is truly a remarkable book—written with great force and brilliancy—teeming with exquisitely poetic descriptions of rural scenery and the beautiful in nature—wonderful in its delineations of character, and its descriptions of persons, hit off, like Retsch's outlines, almost at a stroke,—in other parts, shrewd, homely, and humourous,—and again, earnest, emphatic, and truly eloquent, in the advocacy of the best means of elevating the condition of the great body of workmen to whom the author naturally belongs. But the chief value of the book, in our estimation, is in that it is a true and faithful *history* of a deeply eventful period in the political life of England—not as regards the heads of parties and the leaders of factions—but as regards the masses of the industrious people, and pourtrayed by a leading actor in the stirring events which he describes. We have had many lives of Pitt, and lives of Canning, and lives of this, that, and the other party leader, but the humble political life of Samuel Bamford, modestly entitled "Passages in the Life of a Radical," gives a truer insight into the life and political condition of the English people in recent times, than all the lives of political leaders that we know of put together.

Bamford begins his political life with the introduction of the Corn Bill in 1815,—one of the first fruits of that long series of victories and havoc, which covered Britain with "glory," the aristocracy with stars and ribbons, and the people with taxes. Waterloo had just been fought; the banded kings of Europe had hunted Napoleon from his throne; and the "legitimate" proprietors of the human species in England proposed at once to celebrate their triumph by the enactment of a Corn Law. Riots took place in most of the large towns—in London and Westminster, Bridport, Bury, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, Dundee, Nottingham, Birmingham, Walsall, Preston, and numerous other places. The public mind was deeply excited, and organized political agitation commenced. Cobbett's writings were extensively read among the working classes, and he directed their attention to the main cause of the then misgovernment, in the corruption of Parliament and the insufficient representation of the people. Hampden clubs were formed in the towns, villages, and districts of the country, which gathered around them the leading active spirits of the time. One of these clubs was established at Middleton, in 1816, of which Samuel Bamford, by reason of his knowledge of reading and writing, was chosen Secretary. Religious services were connected with the political discussions of the members; and the influence of the clubs extended over almost the entire working population. Meetings of delegates from various parts of Lancashire took place, and the organization of the movement rapidly spread. Some members of the clubs went out as missionaries, Bamford frequently being thus sent to rouse the inactive in remote parts. When these Hampden Clubs had been sufficiently extended over the country, a general meeting of delegates was summoned to be held in London, under the presidency of Sir Francis Burdett, about the beginning of the year 1817. Bamford attended as a representative of the Middleton Club, and while in London had interviews with most of the leading "Reformers," graphic descriptions of many of which are given in his "Passages." Those of Hunt and Burdett are capitally hit off. Bamford again returned to Middleton, with a report of his mission; but by this time the alarm of the Government was excited, and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Then followed the infatuated "Blanket expedition," to which Bamford was always opposed: still worse, destructive physical force projects were recommended; the usual consequences followed—public meetings were put down, and secret ones commenced; spies went among the people, blowing the embers of rebellion; apprehensions of the suspected followed, and Bamford, among others, was arrested on suspicion of high treason, carried across the Manchester "bridge of tears," and imprisoned in the New Bailey. Nothing can be more interesting than Bamford's description of his wanderings in company with his odd friend "Doctor Healey," among the moors and morasses of the wild districts of South Lancashire, in their attempts to evade apprehension, and of their after confinement and adventures in the New Bailey. There is a wonderful mixture of pathos and broad humour, poetry and fun, sense and nonsense, in these descriptions, from which, we regret, our limited space does not afford us room to extract. We cannot, however, resist the temptation to give the author's portrait of himself, his wife, and family, at this period. Of himself—

> "Behold him then. A young man, twenty-nine years of age; five feet ten inches in height; with long well-formed limbs, short body, very upright carriage, free motion, and active and lithe, rather than strong. His hair is of a deep dun colour; coarse, straight, and flakey; his complexion a swarthy pale; his eyes grey, lively, and observant; his features strongly defined and irregular, like a mass of rough and smooth matters, which, having been thrown into a heap, had found their own subsidence, and presented as it were by accident, a profile of rude good nature, with some intelligence. His mouth is small; his lips a little prominent; his teeth white and well set; his nose rather snubby; his cheeks somewhat high; and his forehead deep and rather heavy about the eyes."

The last time we saw Bamford, the "deep dun" hair had become a sober grey, and wrinkles had begun to shew themselves about the corners of the eyes and the mouth. But there was the same manly upright gait, the same open countenance and generous frankness of demeanour, which at once won our heart.

(To be continued.)

THE SONGS OF ZION.

By William Kennedy.

"Wouldst thou hear the wondrous strain—
(Spirits to my spirit said)
Glory once of Salem's fane,
By the hero-minstrel led?
Heavenly strain, the pride of days
Joyous with Jehovah's praise!
Would'st thou hear it, softly waking
On the breast of silence sweet;
Or, like mellow thunder, breaking
Over Horeb's honoured seat?"—
Ere my spirit could reply,
Evening winds, with solemn swell,—
Mourning voices—floated by,
Sad, as breaking heart's farewell.

"Fain would I that music hear—
Wonder of a wondrous time—
To the faithful Hebrew dear,
Pining in an alien clime!
Bid the silver trumpets sound,
Prelude to a theme profound—
Raise the song of Zion's host—
Choral army—Salem's boast!"
As my spirit made reply,
Wildly rose and faintly fell
Of the winds the melody—
Like a death-doomed city's knell.

"Look on widowed Zion—shorn
Of her beauty—Jacob's race
Finger-marks for Gentile scorn—
Reft of an abiding-place!—
'Midst her monumental heaps,
Palestina prostrate weeps;
Darkly o'er the pleasant land,
Desolation spreads its pall—
Would'st thou *now* the strain command
Dear to Salem's festival?"
Thus the spirits spake—to paining
Thrilled their accents—such the cry
Heard in Rama—Rachel plaining
Where her slaughtered children lie.

Altered was my spirit's mood,
By this sorrowful rebuke—
Pilgrim wan, in solitude,
Forth it flew o'er Kedron's brook—
Soared to Olivet, and scanned
Zion's hill and Israel's land;
Ruin crowned the mountain bare,
Ruin triumphed everywhere!
Grief oppressed, and lonely, lonely—
"Wake your funeral wail!" I said
"Winds of night!—such music only
Suits this empire of the dead!"

SERVANTS AND SERVITUDE.

By James Beal.

The condition and position of servants, and the influence exercised by them on society at large, have seldom been considered inviting themes, except to the caricaturist, the novelist, or the comedian. A passing remark on their vices and their follies, an ironical account of their peeping, prying, and listening peculiarities, of how high life was enacted below stairs, with a flourish of language, to shew how all are under the influence of the same evil genius, is all that can be gathered from the literature of the day, respecting them—which remark will apply equally to that of the days that are past, of the truth of which, the writings of Swift and Mandeville, bear imperishable records. From all this, we might imagine, that there are certain striking peculiarities annexed to their character, and inherently connected with their condition, which form altogether so large an ingredient of their compound nature, that, they are placed out of the pale of the community, and form of themselves, a class so distinct, that to society, they are totally irreclaimable. Differing considerably from our aristocratic writers, in my estimate of their character, and considering that the influence exercised by them on society is great, arising as much from their numbers as from their position; it will not, I trust, be deemed too presumptuous in me to attempt, in this short essay, to clear away the film that blinds the mass of society, to this particular portion of it.

Like all institutions in vogue, and in connection with the aristocratic classes of this country, we must seek for its origin in the rude and semi-barbarian ages, and in connection with the feudal system. To that period when the *villain* of the *feudal baron*, bore on his collar of iron an inscription that proved him to be *the born thrall of* ———, and when he was considered part and parcel of the estate, when in fact, the most degrading system of domestic slavery formed part of our national institutions, to that must we refer, and from that trace the origin, and delineate the progress of the present system. It is sufficient, however, for my present purpose to observe, (without detailing the ameliorations in the condition, which the spirit of the times has rendered necessary from that period to now) that, what the *serf* of the *feudal baron* of the twelfth century *was*, the servant of modern days *is, in the eyes and estimation of our aristocratic lords and ladies*, in which latter term falls to be included), all who from their aristocratic connections or wealth, whether derivable from the loom and spinning jenny, from merchandize, or distillation, or any of those speculations, in which immense capitals are embarked and to whom our term of merchant princes is applicable, are enabled to add to their dignity by a retinue of retainers. Between them and their retainers there exists no fellow feeling, the ties of our common brotherhood are snapped asunder, and between them, a wide and startling gap intervenes—implicit obedience to commands, and a submissive, respectful demeanour on the one hand, is repaid by commands (given in the most imperative tone) to perform the most degrading offices, and by a contemptuous haughty demeanour on the other hand. In the servant the native dignity of our nature is for the time broken or crushed; in the master, the worst passion of our nature is exhibited in all its hideous deformity. The spirit that dictated the expression,—"I am the porcelain, you are only the common clay," is not confined to the original speaker, but with few exceptions, is very generally participated in. It is not, however, solely by the aristocratic class, that the servant is treated with such contumely, the fault is largely participated in, by the middle and working classes. The feelings of the English people are essentially aristocratic, it pervades every rank and condition in society. What can be said in extenuation of the order that till recently stared us in the face, on entering Kensington Gardens—the most damning evidence of the debasement of the lower orders in this country; and that expressed as much as anything else to which we can allude, that the people were the slaves of an aristocracy—"*No Dogs or Livery Servants admitted.*" Was it not a positive insult to every Englishman, an outrage on our national feelings. A fellow man of *good character*, a necessary conclusion from his being in a situation, placed on a par with the canine race, putting out of the question the prohibition to his entrance. Talk not of the debasement of the Northern States of North America, in allotting to the *black* his portion of the sacred edifice, whilst we ourselves commit an offence, as immoral, as opposed to every dictate of humanity and religion.

It is not above four years since, a chapel of ease, attached to the Established Church, had a notice printed outside the doors, that "No Livery Servants were admitted." God forbid that I should defend it, in America, but let us equally expose the errors of ourselves. Could we wonder if we found a servant the most degraded of men, when every exertion is used, every appliance introduced, to degrade him in the eyes of his fellow men. Look again, at the livery, as much the "Badge of Slavery" of the nineteenth century, as the collar of iron was in the palmiest days of the feudal system. The day may come, however, when it will be the only distinction, between the aristocracy and the masses. They, themselves, may wear the party-coloured cloth, with the arms of their ancestors emblazoned on their breast, a befitting memorial of the change, that civilization and enlightenment will introduce. Can we point to anything more likely to debase the character of a class, than placing a bar to their reception, in any genteel society. What inducement is there for a servant to spend his earnings or spare time apart from the public house, whilst the grade of which he is a member, is under the ban, a virtual interdict existing against his reception into society at large, even by those who occupy a position, but one remove from his. And can we hide from ourselves the glaring fact, that much, very much of the ignorance that prevails amongst this class, is to be placed to the debtor account of the aristocracy. If in public they are afraid to avow it, in private, they tremble at the idea of education and enlightenment, throwing its holy and purifying influence among them—it is the ignorance alone that exists among the majority of this class, that makes them the slaves of the dominant class. It will be found on enquiry, that the majority of servants, who are in any way instructed, have received that little, at an eleemosynary school, of course under the patronage of the aristocracy. The so-called national schools, form an easy exemplification of my ideas. In these, instances frequently occur of children of both sexes continuing three and four years, and leaving without even a common knowledge of the rudiments of instruction—should such a glaring injustice be brought under the notice of its patrons, a lord, or esquire, may be even some right rev. member of the prelacy, or a rev. sir, the answer is one that stamps the system as a paltry, despicable attempt to retard the progress of knowledge, holding out false hopes to a needy parent, blasting in the bud all the hopes and happy future they had pictured to themselves, of the future excellence and prosperity of their child, who, under the influence of knowledge they had hoped to see emancipated from the trammels that surround themselves. Name to one of these lordly patrons, the defective condition of a child, and you will have for answer,—

"Oh! what does he want with all that nonsense, teach him to work, to get his living—you dont want to make a fine gentleman of him, do you?"

Is it to be wondered at then, that the servants as a class, are ignorant, and consequently more open to attacks from without, and yet, how few of their body ever figure in the criminal calender, compared (more especially) with the class whose inferiors they are more immediately considered.

The present organization of society requires a class of this description, then why should they be spurned. Their faults have been paraded about and exposed, and on the defection of one the whole are slurred. What would our aristocratic class think if we judged them (as a whole) by a Newcastle, a Winchelsea, or a Wellington, or by shoplifting lords and ladies. They have their faults, I pronounce them not infallible, but many intimately connected with their condition. Their character may be considered as moulded from the circumstances that surround them, although I by no means agree to that principle as a rule—their social degradation arises from their position, whilst every other class forms "Unions" of defence, they are debarred therefrom—compelled to put up with the greatest injustice, insulted, wronged, and trampled upon—they are compelled to swallow all. Should one dare resent the insult, his character is gone, the public papers record his offence, and re-iterate in our ears—his MASTER ordered him to do this and the other. The very word smacks of intolerance and degradation. The state of our laws, imposes this silence on them, for should they think proper to defend themselves against a false accusation, they are discharged forthwith—another situation offers—and the employer *alias* master, refuses to give a character, and the poor servant, deprived of the means of obtaining a livelihood, cannot compel him, nor is he at liberty to recover damages in a court of *justice* for the injury and IN*justice*, he suffers. No care and attention is paid to their comfort and well-being. Visit the "Servant's Hall," in what is considered the best families—a table, two forms, fender, fire-irons, furnish it complete; no curtains, no chairs, destitute even of those little appliances, and trifling requirements, that are to be found in the lowleist cottage and contribute to render a home all that is sacred, all that is dear. It too often happens in conjunction with the hall, that a sleeping apartment for men servants is made, without *fire place or windows*—a low, dark, miserable hovel, causing frequent illness and *even death*.

The servant has no time that he can call his own, his nights and days are a continued round of toil, and worn out and exhausted, he is ordered here and there without feeling or regard. Nothing whatever is done to promote the health and morality of servants, no books allotted them, wherewith to pass away the hour of occasional inaction and which consequently brings evil in its train—cards and other games of chance are introduced, the effects of which in too many cases, it is easier to imagine than describe. This description will not apply to the higher class of servants, housekeepers, and butlers, lady's maids, etc., who *are* generally provided with all the comforts of a home, though towards them the same haughty demeanour is visible.

The condition of the more menial female servants, is also a subject of complaint, as, except in the largest families, no other rooms are allotted to them, than the servants'-hall, shared with them by the male servants. This intermingling of the sexes cannot be too strongly reprobated, knowing, as we do, the results that too often arise therefrom; they are also exposed to those allurements that are too often the only study of the young hot-headed scions of the families, and gulled and bewildered by their promises, the brightest ornament of a family, upon the cheek of whom the mother's tear has dropped at parting, at the same time offering a prayer to God to preserve her daughter from the temptations that may beset her path, is lost, and perhaps, for ever, from the path of virtue and of peace. Such then is their condition; a class degraded as regards position, but famed for their honesty and worth, and in every way worthy of our attention, esteem, and support. It is gratifying, however, to be able to record a few tokens of their worth, and turn from the picture I have depicted to one more pleasing. Much of the happiness of families depends on their servants; from the earliest infancy, till the eye closes in rest for ever, what a series of kind and good offices have been performed, what a combination of attention and care on their part. Sir W. Scott considered "that an individual's happiness was more intimately connected with the personal character of the valet than with that of the monarch himself," and yet how seldom has the business of the employer been connected with the employed, how seldom does he seek counsel and advice of, or even tolerate any intimacy with him. One or two records I will allude to, tokens of esteem, honourable to all parties. In the grave-yard at Twickenham, is to be seen a stone bearing the following inscription:—

To the Memory of
Mary Beach,
who died 5th Nov., 1725, aged 78.
Alexr. Pope,
whom she nursed in his infancy and constantly
attended for 38 years,
erected this stone in gratitude to a faithful servt.

On Madame de Genlis being made acquainted with this, she said, "This announcement of gratitude is the more remarkable for its singularity, as I know of no other instance." Side by side with the above are to be placed the names of Gifford and Young, all literary characters of eminence, and who in simple words record their respect for and the worth of their faithful servants. A visit to our metropolitan cemeteries or country churchyards will repay the enquirer in finding numerous instances of devotion recorded similar to the above—an occasional glance at the obituary of our daily papers will be repaid by finding such mementos as the following:—

"Died on Saturday, 19th of February, 1848, at the residence of J. C. Wood, Esq., Hannah Patterson, aged 53. She lived thirty-five years servant in the same family; her loss is lamented by master, mistress, children, and household, as that of a faithful and attached friend."

It is a pleasing task to record such thoughts as the above: may the example of Mr. Wood find many followers. Other instances may be recorded, exemplifying that true devotion, which commonly arises in the servant from kindness on the part of the employer. A gentleman was travelling with his valet through a forest in Poland, when they were suddenly set upon by wolves, who rushed furiously at the carriage. The faithful servant seeing instantly, that either he or the gentleman must fall a victim, exclaimed—"Protect my wife and children," threw himself into the midst of them, and by this noble act of devotion saved his employer. Who has not heard of the devotion and attachment of *Le Tellier*, the servant of Monsieur Bartlemy, who determined on following his employer to Cayenne, the place of his exile, got an order from the Directory, permitting him to accompany him. On being informed of the horrors that awaited his determination, he answered—"My mind is made up. I shall be but too happy to share the misfortunes of my master."

Such true nobility is rare; let us then cherish it in the annals of humanity. Let us now turn from our own to compare it with the "domestic system" abroad. In the Northern States of North America, the accursed, aye, doubly accursed, feudal system could not flourish, a democratic soil was uncongenial to its growth, thence we find the word servant abolished, the term "helps" substituted, and the greatest freedom exists between the employers and the employed. Would to God our white brethren would treat with the same freedom our black brethren. The domestic arrangements of France, Italy, Spain, and Germany, offer a striking contrast to our own; it frequently happens that the servants of these, and the families may be traced through generations, as all living under the same roof; in fact, the nearest relationship has been cemented between them; and in Spain, it often happens that the resources of an estate are considerably reduced, from the number of aged servants who are pensioned on it. What a noble contrast to our system. How many who have contributed for years to the comfort, and attended to the wants of our wealthy classes are left to linger out a miserable existence in the poor-house, uncared for, forgotten; and the funeral *cortège* is composed of perhaps the workhouse officials.—

> Rattle the bones, all over the stones;
> It's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

What sad and melancholy reflections rush on the mind at the bare contemplation of such facts. Another point of grand importance, is the fact, that from this class arise a large proportion of the tradespeople of the west end of London, and can we possibly exaggerate the effects of their previous condition on them in their new sphere—the spirit broken in service is easily moulded on any great occasion to meet the exigencies of the times, as moved by the upper classes. Would men of sound sense and intelligence tacitly submit to the unheard of and intolerant burdens heaped on us, unless they were enslaved. We are enslaved, the peasant to the farmer, the workingman to the manufacturer, the farmer, shopkeeper, and manufacturer, to the landed aristocracy and nobility. The influence exercised by this class, is a subject worthy of our most undivided attention. What influence is exercised by them over the minds of the children of the aristocracy as nurses and nurse-maids, and as they grow in years by butlers, footmen, and valets; we may rest assured that the influence is an important one, and that its effects are felt throughout the social fabric. The thoughts here recorded might indeed be amplified to an unlimited extent, did space permit of tracing its effects through the various ramifications of society—enough has been said to render a conclusion easy. We must emancipate ourselves—we must throw off *the whole* of our feudal trammels, and in order to call forth the virtues of the servant, we must not only inculcate self-respect, but remove every barrier that now degrades him. And should these observations come under the eye of servants, let me request them, aye, beseech them, to pay earnest attention to their condition. Let them influence the public mind in their favour, prove themselves worthy of the esteem and respect of all, and their future will be a bright one. The opposition of a dominant, self-interested class, will be silenced by an imperious voice, the popular will, and commingling in the ranks of the people, and pressing forward with them, they will aid in obtaining the emancipation, social and political, of the whole human race. Let "LIBERTY AND FRATERNITY" be their watchwords.

THE NIGHT-WALK.

Through the grounds of W. Baker, Esq., near Hertford.

TO MY SISTERS.

I.

WHERE wealth with lavish hands had made the spot
All that pure taste could wish it:—Where the light
Shrouded it in the mantle of the night;
While Echo watched o'er Silence in the grot
Where she lay pulseless;—We whose happy lot
It was to prove how love and joy unite
With the sublime, the beautiful, the bright,
Long, long shall hold that ramble unforgot.
Luxuriant groups of Autumn flowers had gone
To sleep, with unbreathed fragrance on their lips;
And all the laurel-leaves about the lawn
Suspended held a jewel at their tips
That glittered into light, where the Moon's dawn
Met from the cedar-trees with no eclipse.

II.

We talked of home and all who loved us there;
How Time had fleeted by; how ties like ours
Were gentle influences, yea, holy powers
To gladden life, to sooth or banish care:
How God's beneficence is every-where!
Gives fragrance and soft beauty to the flowers,
To stars their splendour, and the spirit dowers
With sense of rapture at a scene so fair!
Grateful are we, that we had power to glean
From Nature aught to purify within:
And that the loveliness of such a scene
Unto our better feelings was akin:
That hour with you dear girls shall often wean
My thoughts from out this city's ceaseless din.

HENRY FRANK LOTT.

A SWEDISH MAID SERVANT.*

By FREDRIKA BREMER.

We will take this opportunity of giving a more detailed account of Maja. The reader must by no means imagine that she has been formed by the graces. We must confirm this opinion. She had a strong figure, broad back, high shoulders and something so ungraceful in her carriage that Hedvig, the first time she saw her, hesitated whether she should engage her as a domestic servant. But Maja looked at her with a pair of pleasant light brown eyes, which had an especially grave, kind, and heartfelt expression, and said,—

"Oh, kind miss—do take me!"

And Hedvig engaged her immediately. On this Maja laughed a short, spasmodic, queer kind of laugh, drawing in her head and shooting forth her chest, but looking all the while most cordially pleased. Hedvig laughed too, thought it very odd, but took no notice. It was now nearly thirteen years since this time, and Maja had ever since been a pillar in the family, and seemed now altogether inseparable from it. Her figure was still as ungraceful as at first, but she managed the business of the house so excellently, and her strong frame, sustained by strong health, seemed made to bustle about among house-gear, pails of water, fuel which had to be carried in, and such like, shunning no work however hard, and being able to stand anything. The laugh which was heard on every possible occasion, was always alike odd and *mal à propos*, but—never did any one see a cloud or an ill-natured expression on Maja's countenance—never; and people grew accustomed to the laugh. Maja planted her heels heavily on the floor when she went about her work in the rooms, yes, so heavily, that all the furniture trembled. But see her in a sick chamber where she had any one to nurse, and then no one heard her footfall; then Maja was so gentle in her movements, so affectionate, so clever, so unwearied in her attentions, that—I very much doubt whether any of the graces could have performed those duties so well, and in particular, whether the sick person would have been so comfortable under their care. The cause of all this was, that spite of her broad back, and spite of her ungraceful figure, she had a heart as kind, as pure, as warm, as full of noble impulses as ever beat in a human breast; and this heart was the mainspring in the clockwork of her being. This heart also gave an actual grace to her soul, and communicated the same to her thoughts and actions. This soul shone brightly from her eyes, the only beautiful feature in her otherwise ordinary face, and their faithful, heartfelt glance, which seemed to read within the very soul the wishes of those whom she loved,—that glance—became a light in the family in more than one respect.

---

* From Miss Bremer's forthcoming work.

When Hedvig's mother died, and Hedvig, then so young, was obliged to take upon herself those responsible family cares, her courage in the first place wavered, and she felt her powers inadequate to the task. She said then to Maja, who had been two years in the family, and with whose worth she had become acquainted,—

"Maja, you must now become my stay and my helper if I am to accomplish all that which is laid upon me. Assist me to take into consideration how everything is to be done in the best manner, so that every one may be comfortable, and so that it will answer. And help my poor memory with your excellent one, and remind me of what ought to be done. Without you, Maja, I could not manage!"

If any one had offered Maja "gold and green woods" they could not so firmly have attached her to them as by these words. She was one of those sterling souls in whom we may place confidence—even as regards our wants and our weaknesses—without danger. The encouragement which Hedvig gave was also a means of awakening in Maja many a slumbering power, both in understanding and judgment. From this moment the interests of the family were her own. She became Hedvig's right hand, without allowing any one else to know that she was more than the left; and thus the relationship between mistress and servant became—without its being in any way deranged—one of an altogether deep and heart-felt character.

From this time it was entirely forgotten in the family, as far as concerned Maja, that there was such a thing in the world as "time for quitting."

Servants!—What an important part they act in the life and history of families. And who can enumerate the deeds of energy and patience, and all the Christian virtues which are day and night performed by good servants? Volumes might be written about them; yet—to what purpose? There is *One* who enumerates them, and writes them down in his book—that great book!—and we shall one day know more about them when it is opened; when the quiet life and the unobtrusive deeds which now lie concealed in the shades of household existence, shall be revealed to the day, and when the great master shall call forth to a joyful reward the good and the faithful servant—who was faithful in the little thing.

◆

Literary Notices.

The Singer's First and Second Books for Common Schools. The Sacred Lyrist. By J. and H. Bird: Boston, U. S.

We rejoice to see from these little books, which have been kindly forwarded to us from America, that vocal music has become a part of education on the other side of the Atlantic; and it appears to us that their authors have been particularly successful in reducing their instruction to the most elementary form in which it could be presented to young children. In no works of the kind have we found so many of the usual technicalities of musical notation dismissed, and at the same time no new signs introduced, which would have to be unlearnt on proceeding to the study of a higher class of music. The author's idea of treating musical notation as the mere signs of a new language, and not a science in itself, appears to us the right principle on which to ground the musical instruction of young children, with whom the object is to develope a faculty of the mind, rather than to teach the decyphering of musical compositions, and in these little books signs are only given as they are required for the expression of musical ideas. The words of the songs seem also to have been selected with much good taste and judgment, and are suited not so much to inculcate moral and religious precepts, which is scarcely within the province of music, as to inspire cheerful piety and kindly feelings.

"The Sacred Lyrist" is a collection of Hymns, Anthems, and Chaunts, arranged on the same simple plan, for social and private worship. Among them we recognise many old English favourites, and new adaptations of well-known melodies, whilst the greater number are evidently of American origin, and offer many specimens of simple and graceful harmony.

France and England. A Vision of the Future. By M. de Lamartine. Fifth edition. London: H. G. Clark and Co.

This remarkable little work, by the most remarkable man of the age, in which the progress of European movement has been delineated with that sagacity which is all but prophecy, is made accessible in this translation, in a neat little volume, to every man who has a shilling to spare. There are great truths enunciated regarding England, that every one who loves his country should read and ponder upon.

Repeal or Revolution. A Glimpse of the Irish Future in a Letter to Lord John Russell. By Dr. Dunmore Lang. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is one of the most clear-sighted and plain-spoken pamphlets that we have read for a long time. It does Dr. Lang infinite credit. He surveys the present relative positions of England and Ireland, not only from the point of history, but of his own experience. He has travelled in America, and lived and laboured in our own colonies. Of our great Australian one he is a member of the Legislative Council, and he bears the same unhesitating testimony as every other rational traveller to the excellent working of the government of the individual states of America, and of the most preposterous and ruinous government of our colonies by the powers at home. He gives some most striking instances of the fatal folly of the measures now in operation in Australia, the chief of these the work of Lord John Russell. He unites his voice with that of thousands of others demanding a more extensive system of emigration, labourers and population generally being the great want of Australia, while at home the redundancy of population is producing the most extraordinary misery: and he shews how all this time the measures of the English government are embarrassing the Australian colony and obstructing its progress. The manner in which the home government is bestowing the bulk of the lands on wandering squatters who never cultivate, and putting a total bar in the way of that sale of those lands by which labour is to be plentifully imported from home is most striking. In fact, no one can read this remarkable pamphlet without feeling how criminal is the apathy of the English public in allowing that little tom-tit on a round of beef, Lord John Russell, to sit on the seat of this great country's government, which he is no more qualified to wield than that little bird is to eat up the whole round. It is a culpable burlesque, for which millions are suffering, and by which the ruin of the nation is accelerated.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

Old Head, Barony of Mush, April 27th, 1848.
Westport, County Mayo.

Dear Sir,

For the last two months I have been passing silently over the most destitute parts of the west of Ireland, to see, as unnoticed as I could, what desolations are made in the country by the famine, and ascertain if possible, what effect it has had on the minds of the surviving sufferers; and what hope, if any there be, remains, for this down-trodden people.

The last poor-law as you must know, has paralyzed the energies of the better class, and hardened the hearts of many, who were before indefatigable in their labours, and, in total despair of ever meeting the evil they bar the heart, and say, effort is unavailing, we must all go together into the fearful gulf. The aggravated, the cruel sufferings of this people, *never*, *never* had a parallel, this taking away the land, and compelling the poor labourer to pull down with his own hand, the smoky cabin which was his last despairing hope, is the ultimatum not only of misery, but of inhumanity; and when I go about in the mountains of the west, and find the poor outcasts sheltered in groups under some wall, or possibly some slender sticks put up, and sods put over to give a temporary covering, till the father, the mother, or the child might have time to die, I have said *it is enough*. And all this are the poor people enduring for a pound of meal (yes a pound of meal) which only keeps the famished creatures hold on life for a few weeks longer, to die by the disease which is now, as the spring has opened increasing at a fearful rate. I go from school to school, and see the famished children huddled into a wet, floorless, dark cabin, with now and then a book, waiting in hungry hope for the frightful black bread which the ungodly master of the slave in the United States would not dare throw his negro; and I blush that I must call a fellow creature capable of inflicting such injuries, a man, and my brother.

I never once thought that the accursed slavery of my own country had *one* redeeming quality. I never could lift my hand and boldly say,—"Come and look at the blessed results of a republican government," while that plague spot is there, nor never did I think that there was one injustice done to man, but what this blood-stained institution would inflict. But the last eight months have taught me, that poor Ireland has racks and tortures invented, which the slave-holder in his ingenuity, has not as yet found out. He cannot, after his slave has toiled to enrich his stores, turn him out without food and shelter—he cannot tell him, if he do not tear down the house that shelters him, he shall perish with hunger; he cannot turn him off in old age and infirmity, without a support; he cannot by any taxation, compel his neighbour to support his slave when any misfortune may happen to him; while here the poor middleman who must struggle to pay his landlord to the last extremity, must now be compelled by accumulated taxation, not only to support the poor-house, but feed the beggar; till he in a few months, finds himself wanting the same charity, which he has been giving. The evils which are following in the train of all this strange management, can only be understood by eye witnesses, and those who are drinking this bitter cup. Come here, if you please and see the famished arm of the labourer, who is sitting by the road-side, lifting the hammer to break the stones which lie in mountains by the high road, and when he has toiled all day, he gets a pound of meal, and sleeps by a ditch, for he had to pull down his hut, or he could not get this boon. You say, "What can be done? Everything has been tried, and everything has failed."

Allow me to ask, has this been fairly tried? Has seed been given to crop the ground, and the land been tilled, instead of covering the country with unfinished roads, and broken stones. Well do you know, that the effort you made last spring, was one of great, and effectual good; had this effort been extended throughout the country, Ireland would to day, have been in a state of comparative comfort. Now the spring has opened with flattering prospects, and the waste lands all over Ireland, are inviting the seed, and promising a coming harvest, if her ground can be broken up, and the seed put in:

Another most promising and affecting fact is, that through Mayo, as far as I can hear, it is said, *that men are now putting potatoes into the ground, who have well nigh starved themselves through the winter, eating sparingly but once a-day, that they might save a little seed, and where there is the least reason to hope, the poor have laid hold of this hope, and are doing what they can.*

I am now at a place called Old Head, eight miles from Westport, with a Mrs. Garvy, who has long resided here, and has a holding of four hundred acres, and says, that her tenantry are ever willing to pay rent, and did, till the famine; that they are industrious and honest, but the famine has deprived them of all means to labour or to live. Her lands which were once well cultivated, now lie waste, while she has the taxes pressing her down, without the least income from the land; and now the starving tenants, are looking for help from her, which it is impossible for her to give. Two months ago, she sent me word, that if the Friends would sow any portion of her land, she would give it rent free, and pay the taxes, if they would only employ the poor. I did not write, because I am determined to take no responsibility of character, or conduct, upon me, till I have seen and heard myself, by being upon the spot. I have been in her house for the last ten days; have seen her farm, which is an old one; her husband was the third life upon it—and the growing and cultivation look well. She says, if seed can be procured to sow fifty or a hundred acres, she will give the land that has been untilled, give the manure, and all the crops to those who sow them, and pay the taxes, and give ten pounds beside for buying seed. What can she do more. Hearing this offer, I should not do justice to the poor about her, nor to my own feelings, without laying this in some shape before the public. She adds still, that this offer is made to those who are in the greatest need in the vicinity, without confining it to her own tenantry.

Now, my kind friend, if your philanthropy can devise any method through any society, how this seed can be obtained, (if you were on the spot, I am sure you would do so,) your own good sense must respond, that seeding the land is the only remedy for this great calamity. You are tired of Ireland, and who is not; and the sooner she is off of your hands the better. She never *will* be, she never *can* be, while she is breaking stones, for a pound of yellow meal, or black bread, and eating this, without a shelter. She must be tried by more rational means than hitherto have been taken, before she is cast off as a thing of naught, and left to patiently dwindle from the earth as she now is doing.

Had I known in time, what I know to-day, of the spot where I now am, I should have sent to the U. S. for seed, but it is now too late, what is done, must be done quickly.

I look from the window of the lodge where Mrs. Garvy resides, and see her fine land lying in waste, and the poor men and women silently approaching to ask a little work, or bread, and hear them say,—

"Take me for God's sake, or I die," and I cannot forbear speaking once more for this wretched people.

Do you say they are rebelling, and making pikes to kill their benefactors? Give them something better to do; I fully believe had such been sent to Ireland, before the last poor-rate was laid on, that not an anvil would have been employed but for ploughs, and spades, and the poor, would in twelve months be eating bread of their own cultivation, and the country been loyal to the Queen; and be assured, that should those pikes be called into action, not one will ever be seen with a Quaker bleeding upon its point. Well do I know their feelings on this subject, yes, even in their last dying breath, do they bless the kind God for what you have done, and if necessary, many would die for your sakes. I truly believe, that if an army of thousands furnished with guns and pikes, should, with the Irish fire, be at the point of an engagement, and a body of Friends should appear, and give but the word "Quaker," it would, like a shock of electricity, be felt, and not one with a broad-brimmed hat, would be injured. So much for peace, so much for Christian kindness.

Now my patient friend, do not turn a deaf ear to my petition, at least, do not be angry at my importunity. Before I shall send this letter, it will be read to Dr. Calanen, the curate of Louisburgh, who has been eight months in that village, two miles from Old Head, and whose labours well testify, that he is no slothful servant. He has, as his neighbours testify, done more upon the land in employing the poor, paying, feeding, and clothing them, than any other man or men in the same time; he is starved himself "instant in season, and out of season" and the little children of the parish are a living testimony of the labours of himself and his companion, in feeding and clothing the poor famished creatures of want. But he cannot do all—a curate, you well know, does all the labour, and reaps little reward. The parish priest does what he can, and unites well with the Dr. in the movements for the poor, but is apparently fast declining and going down to the dust.

If I have mis-stated anything it will be corrected, and you will not be deceived, I hope, in anything I have written.

Your friend,

A. Nicholson.

ETHERIZATION.

Our readers are perhaps not aware that the question to whom belongs the merit of the discovery of the property of the vapour of ether to produce insensibility to pain has been, and still continues to be, contested in the United States with the utmost earnestness. Pamphlet after pamphlet, and statements of the most laboured description, have been put forth by the advocates of rival claimants. Various of these have been sent to us, one entitled—"Some account of the Letheon; or, Who is the Discoverer?" By Edward Warren. A third edition of 90 pages. Again "Littell's Living Age," a Boston periodical, No. 201, for March, consists almost wholly of a statement on the same subject, 42 pages. Both these works take the field on behalf of Dr. William T. G. Morton, against Dr. Charles T. Jackson, both of Boston. This latter tract states, that the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, gentlemen of the highest consideration, and none of them physicians, or engaged on similar pursuits with either of the claimants, have made a thorough investigation of the subject, and have decided in favour of Dr. Morton. The evidence on which they rest their decision is contained in this number of "Littell's Living Age." On the other hand, in "The Christian World," we find a statement by Mr. W. F. Channing, the only son of the late Dr. Channing, as stoutly maintaining the claim of Dr. Jackson, who, it may be mentioned, is the brother-in-law of Mr. Emerson, the poet and philosopher, now in England.

Into so hotly disputed a question it is not necessary for us to enter amid so much conflicting statement, and on this side of the water, where the means of testing the truth of various points are so much the more difficult of attainment. Happily the question is of the less importance, since the superior powers of chloroform have superseded the use of ether. The question cannot be regarded as one of vital practical importance, but merely one regarding the ascertainment of an historic fact in the progress of science, and the award of the honour to its proper claimant.

Towards the accomplishment of this end, as the evidence on the side of Dr. Morton is so elaborate and almost voluminous, it is worth while to hear what a man of such high moral standing as Mr. Channing has to advance, and he gives the facts in favour of Dr. Jackson, in a very clear and succinct manner.

"In the beginning of 1842 Dr. Jackson, on the occasion of inhaling ether, observed the two principal facts on which the discovery rests,—the fact of a peculiar insensibility to pain, and that of the safety of inhalation. He connected these facts at once with their practical application, the production of insensibility during surgical operations, and communicated this result to Dr. S. A. Bemis in the summer of the same year, as well as to others, then and subsequently. In February, 1846, Dr. Jackson again urged upon Mr. Joseph Peabody the inhalation of ether for the purpose of having teeth extracted under its influence, and preparations were actually made for the redistillation of the agent; but the caution of Mr. Peabody's friends prevented the desired consummation. In September, 1846, Dr. Morton called upon Dr. Jackson for the purpose of getting a gas bag to impose upon a refractory patient, when Dr. Jackson explained to him the action of ether and earnestly persuaded him to employ it. By Dr. Morton's account, on the same evening he produced insensibility on himself by breathing the ether, and the next morning the tooth was extracted which constitutes his claim to the discovery. When he announced the success of the operation, Dr. Jackson received it without surprise, and again with difficulty persuaded him to bring it to the notice of the surgeons of the hospital. It was only after the discovery had passed through all its stages that it was thus brought before the trustees of that institution as a fit subject for their adjudication.

"In answer to this narrative of undeniable facts, evidence is brought forward that Dr. Morton had previously experimented with ether and knew its effects to a greater or less extent, before applying to Dr. Jackson,—evidence, it is sufficient to say here, discredited, as far as it has any bearing upon the question at issue, by other evidence equally positive. It is sufficient to ask, why should the first operation have been the immediate consequence of the unsolicited communication of Dr. Jackson, if Dr. Morton had previously possessed, in good faith, a knowledge of the properties of ether which render it efficient and safe for inhalation, and had entertained the idea of its application, steps constituting the discovery, without which there was no discovery, and which left nothing more to be done? But to pass from this disagreeable part of the subject—it is stated in the report of the trustees of the Hospital, that Dr. Jackson had discovered nothing that was not already known, and in this position consists the fallacy of their whole reasoning. As a physician and scientific man, Dr. Jackson had recognized the peculiar state of insensibility to pain, and satisfied himself of the safety of the inhalation when pure ether was used; and he had further made the application of these facts to surgical operations. These facts and this application as regards ether were wholly unknown. Ether had been observed to relieve pain in certain circumstances, but not to extinguish sensibility, and its inhalation was universally considered dangerous. Sir Humphrey Davy had indeed early suggested the use of nitrous oxide in certain surgical operations, but with express limitations, growing out of the unfitness of that agent for the purpose,—an unfitness which has since been demonstrated by the experiments of Dr. Wells. The observations of Dr. Jackson, and his deductions from them were complete and final, sufficient for the end. They did not remain as simple ideas, but were communicated freely and urged upon others.

"Dr. Jackson was the recipient of the idea, the essential principle of the discovery; and after the thought and the impulse which he furnished, the hand was needed. This was the office which at length devolved upon Dr. Morton,—a necessary, and an honourable one in the beginning, but never to be confounded with the industry which made the accomplished man of science, and the powers of intuition which fitted him to receive a truth, in this instance, comprising a dispensation of mercy."

We have deemed it our duty to give this summary view of the case, and leave the decision of the question to those who have more time to devote to the enquiry, and to that most patient, penetrating, and impartial of judges—posterity.

OPENING OF NEATH MECHANIC'S INSTITUTION.

This event took place on the 16th of April, on which occasion an admirable address was read by Mr. W. Jevons, a gentleman of 90 years of age, of the Liverpool Society, who has been the great promoter of the institution, but who, we regret to learn, is compelled to quit the scene of his useful labours, by one of the visitations of misfortune which abound at the present crisis. He had neglected to see the dissolution of a partnership in which he had been, duly gazetted. The firm has gone, and insured his ruin.

AMERICAN FREEDOM.

"No Niggers.—A Sabbath school teacher in Louisville, Ky., was exhorting a poor, pious, old, feeble slave to be very humble—reminding her that she should be like the Lord Jesus, who had neither house nor home. 'Yes,' she added with emphasis; 'blessed be God—he had no house—no home—and *no niggers!*'" *North Star (American)*

CONTENTS.

Free Exhibition. The Sepulchre—A Little Village and Great America—Facts from the Fields. The Meldrum Family. By William Howitt. (Continued.)—A Peace Offering—Poets of the People. Samuel Bamford. By Dr. Smiles—The Songs of Zion. By William Kennedy—Servants and Servitude. By James Beal—Two Sonnets. By H. F. Lott—A Swedish Maid Servant. By Fredrika Bremer—Literary Notices: The Singer's First and Second Books for Common Schools. The Sacred Lyrist. France and England. A Vision of the Future. By M. de Lamartine. Repeal or Revolution. A Glimpse of the Irish Future in a Letter to Lord John Russell. By Dr. Dunmore Lang—Record: Letter from Ireland. By Asenath Nicholson. Etherization, etc., etc.

Printed for the proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

MEMOIR OF FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

By William Howitt.

Many of our readers may not be aware that this distinguished German lyrical poet has been residing for nearly two years in this country. The tyranny of the King of Prussia, who seemed determined to crush every breath of free opinion, compelled him to fly his country with little hope of ever returning to it; but the late magnificent revolutionary demonstration on the continent has paralyzed the despots' arms, re-opened his Fatherland to the exile, and at the call of great numbers of his compatriots, Freiligrath has gone back to aid in the establishment of a free constitution for his enfranchised nation. At such a moment it will be interesting to the lovers of genius and patriotism to know something of the past life of such a man. We draw our material from unquestionable sources, partly printed and partly yet unpublished.

In the year 1835, there appeared in the Musenalmanach, published by the poets Chamisso and Schwabe, the compositions of a youth hitherto unheard of, but whose writings immediately excited universal attention. His name was Ferdinand Freiligrath. The welcome which was given to him on this very first appearance, induced him to proceed. He communicated poems to Duller's "Phœnix," and the Stuttgard "Morgenblatt," and was soon acknowledged one of the favourites of the public. There was a peculiar and very marked character about him. He struck the attention by the novelty of his matter, and held it by the singular harmony of his verse. The flowers which he scattered from his cornucopia, were not gathered on the German soil, nor yet from the so-often sung fields of the Hesperides, or the enchanting valleys of the Alps. Their glowing magnificence of colour, and their ravishing fragrance, spoke of another and far-off climate, where the palm rustles, and the date ripens, where a burning sky vaults the luxuriantly green landscape, and the martial Bedouin flies on his steed, fleet as the wind through the whirling sand of the desert.

It was the wonder-world of the East, which Freiligrath opened by the magic wand of his imagination, that legendary Orient, whose treasures he spread before the astonished eyes of his countrymen, and whose very existence he presented before them in splendid pictures. Those things which are accustomed to inspire other poets, excited no influence on Freiligrath.—Spring, Friendship, Love, Wine, etc. The energetic, the wild, the fantastic, alone attracted him, and these he did not meet with, amid the tameness of Europe. Therefore, his muse flew to the feet of Lebanon and Sinai, to the shores of the Niger and the Senegal. There he rejoiced in the contest with the tiger or the giant serpent, watched the lion, whilst awaiting his prey, crouched in the sedges of the tropical river's bank, mingled in the battles of the wild Negro races, galloped with bearded Sheiks "through Jethro's flaming tract;" and reposed in the tent of the Nomade, which was pitched in an oasis. Sometimes he traversed the ocean and in transatlantic regions, ranged the boundless Savannahs of the Far West; entered the wigwams of the Indians, and pursued with the red man the traces of the elk and the bison. Or, he accompanied the bold seaman on perilous voyages, and dreamed with him of the wonders of unknown lands, untrodden of human foot. In all these regions, Freiligrath was at home, so as no man before him had been, and he displayed the true genius of the conqueror in the manner in which he placed himself in these foreign circumstances, with which his bodily eye was totally unacquainted.

And this poet, whose imagination enclosed the world in its grasp, was, by the usual irony of fortune, condemned to the most unpoetical occupation in the world; in a word, he was in a merchant's office.

He was born at Detmold, the little capital of the little princedom of Lippe-Detmold, on the 17th of June, 1810, and received his first education at the gymnasium of that city. His constant desire was to devote himself to a literary life, but insurmountable difficulties opposed themselves to this, and he was placed in a house of business at Soest, a little town of Westphalia. To a youth of his active fancy, trade presented no charms, but he fulfilled his duties punctually, and refreshed his mind during his leisure hours by study. Travels especially had been his delight at school, and they still furnished the main nourishment of his spirit. Often till deep in the night he sate in his little chamber, and followed with entranced interest the adventures of Marco Polo, Vasco de Gama, Albuquerque and other discoverers; advanced with them amongst unknown men, and penetrated at their side into the regions of legend and wonder, participating in their dangers and their glory. At the same time he occupied himself zealously with the studies of geology and natural history, and the acquirement of the English and the French languages. But it was the knowledge of the people of the East; of their modes of life, thought, and feeling, their circumstances and habits, that he most zealously exerted himself to familiarize to his mind. The creative power was already stirring actively in his bosom; and before his sixteenth year, he had furnished poems to the Minden Sunday paper.

After the expiration of his apprenticeship, he continued some years as a merchant's clerk in Soest, and then went to Amsterdam, where he entered a distinguished banking-house. It need scarcely be said, that the life and stir of a great city of trade, made a powerful impression upon him. The sight of the sea, the flying flags, the swelling sails, awoke all his boyish dreams, and the thought that he was now on the brink of that element which the keels of his heroes had ploughed on their voyages of discovery, gave new wings to his fancy. The worst of it was, that he was totally destitute of congenial society. The young men of his station, did not comprehend him at all, and the absorbing chase after money and empty pleasures, inspired him with an unconquerable disgust to their society, which more than once broke out in words:—

> Know ye the emptiness, disgust most strong?
> Lazily through the streets we strolled along.
> I let the others gossip through the walk,
>   By heaven—a most important conversation!
>   They entertained themselves without cessation—
> Of girls and of state-papers was their talk.

But these very circumstances threw him only the more necessarily on intellectual pursuits.

From Amsterdam issued many of his noblest poems. It was hence that he sent some of them to Chamisso, with the success we have noticed, for Chamisso at once perceived his extraordinary talents, and not only published his compositions, but exhorted him to proceed boldly.

In 1836, Freiligrath quitted Amsterdam, and took a situation as a business assistant at Barmen. From this place he commenced a lively connection with the poets of the Rhine; in the following year published in conjunction with Hub and Schnezler, the "Rheinische Odeon," and in 1838, a collection of his Lyrical Poems appeared at Stuttgard, (Cotta was the publisher) and the success was so great, that several editions were rapidly demanded.

The public was now enabled to judge of the powers and characteristics of Freiligrath's genius, and its judgment was decisive. It perceived and acknowledged the originality and vigour of his representations, the wonderful capacity of his mind to embody itself in foreign circumstances and persons, and the rhythmical perfection of which his poetry bore the stamp. He displayed a power of language in this department, which placed him at the side of Voss and Gries, and a critic justly observed, that beneath the stroke of his metrical mallet, the roughest granite was changed into the noblest marble forms.

The success of his poems gave him confidence in himself; and in 1839, he ventured to throw up his mercantile profession, and to devote himself wholly to literature. He went to Cologne and there, in union with Matzerath and Simrock, issued, in 1840, "The Rhenish Yearbook of Art and Poetry." Besides this, he laboured diligently at translating from the English and French poets, Robert Burns, Felicia Hemans, Victor Hugo, etc.; and composed many beautiful lyrics of his own.

In the following year he quitted Cologne for Darmstadt, where two dear friends of his, Edward Duller and Karl Buchner lived; and in 1842 he again quitted Darmstadt, and took up his abode at St. Goar on the Rhine. The King of Prussia, unsolicited, and to his great surprise, conferred a pension of three hundred dollars upon him, and with this and the proceeds of his writings, he found himself rich enough for his few and simple wants. Thus he lived for two years in St. Goar, a delightful poetical life, and enjoyed, apparently, a happiness that the gods themselves might envy. Secured against the necessities of life; surrounded by glorious scenery, valued by his nation, distinguished by his powerful monarch, covered with fresh laurel-wreaths, tenderly beloved by a cherished wife, what more was wanting to his happiness? Satisfaction; inward peace.

It is strange, but true, that this fresh, vigorous talent sickened with the evil of the world; this poet, who had won back the heart of the public to long abandoned poetry, lived in disunity with his own muse. Far from gazing on his triumph with the pride of the conqueror, he sighed rather from his oppressed heart—"God, why hast thou given me songs?" He complained of Nature, which had endowed him with this precious talent; he pronounced poetry a curse, and the chaste kiss of the Muse's consecration, as the stamp and brand-mark of Cain.

"Who," says Prutz in his lectures on the German literature of the day, "does not in this, perceive the general ailment of the age? It was not the favour of the muse which became the brand-mark to Freiligrath; it was not poetry which was the curse which tortured him; that which so pained him, which converted a blessing into a curse,—this, his ailment, his curse, was the curse of the age, which felt itself unhappy, since it had not the courage, and did not possess the strength, to become happy."

But Freiligrath was not the man to sink into hypochondria where a bold, healthy, and vigorous nature could force itself out into the free air of heaven; and these circumstances bring us now to the point of time when a *political* as well as a *poetical* interest awoke in Freiligrath, and he found himself constrained to fling himself into the arms of the working and combatting spirit of the age.

His friends had already made an attempt to win over his genius to the cause of progress. They had represented that he had lingered long enough in the deserts; had wandered long enough with Arabs, Moors, and Redskins, and that it was at length time for him to think of his own people, and native land. Freiligrath, however, for a time turned a deaf ear to these suggestions, only replying :—

O could I follow but your beck!
But the scorched desert's gloomy charm
I choose, though barren is the track—
Grows in the desert not the palm?

Like many other poets, he regarded politics as a rock which he must carefully avoid. He did not see that he had a necessary connection with the stirrings of the world; he did not perceive that the highest talents are given for the good of the race, and that their most sacred duty is to assist in breaking those bonds of despotism, which destroy all human happiness, and with it human virtue, and nobility of character. But the direction of his mind once given, it could not, in a frank and noble nature like his, long rest. He began, with the year 1840, to infuse some political element into his poems, though it was yet uncertain, and unsettled in its aim. His verses on the commencement of completing the Cathedral of Cologne, and on the execution of the Spanish General Diego Leon, bear testimony to this. In this later poem "Aus Spanien," he still expresses this view of the poet's mission in the lines,—

The poet stands upon a higher fortress,
Than on the pinnacle of party zeal.

To this pinnacle he was, however, destined to descend. Herwegh addressed one of his most fervent lyrics—"Party" to him, which, however, seemed for the moment to excite rather than to convince him. Freiligrath replied to him in a poem entitled "A Letter," in a cutting strain. Herwegh replied in a "Duet of Pensioners" aimed at him and Emanuel Geibel, who also had received a pension from the Prussian monarch. Heinzen renounced him in the "Rheinishe Zeitung," and Robert Prutz wrote a witty parody on one of his own poems, to ridicule his political faith. The liberal writers did not spare him—but Freiligrath let the storm blow over him. It was not persecution, but conviction that must move him.

But such were the circumstances of his native country, that they could not long fail to operate on an honourable mind of fine sympathies, when once it had begun to ponder on them. He looked, and beheld his Fatherland oppressed. He saw in its princes, men who had pledged themselves to the freedom of the people, and had not kept their pledge. They had owed their crowns to the valour of the people, and they had deceived and crushed the people in return. He saw the power of despotism every day advancing. He saw the liberty of the press and of speech annihilated. He had soon practical proofs of it in his own case. He was a pensioner, and the Censor did not hesitate to suppress or to mutilate his most innocent verses when sent to a newspaper. He looked further, and saw fair and open trial refused to the accused. Any man might be snatched from his family and the light of day by the capricious tyranny of the authorities, and cast into secret dungeons, tried in secret by secret judges, accused by secret accusers; every demand for a fair examination of his case before God and his fellow citizens denied. He saw the land oppressed by immense standing armies, and by as immense a police. There was a system of most subtle and complete espionage established, which destroyed personal confidence, and tended to lower the standard of both public and private honour and independence, and seeing this once fully and clearly, there was but one course for him. It was vain to talk of poetry having nothing to do with politics. That would only be to say that a poet was the most ignoble of men. He felt that, on the contrary, poetry was one of the highest gifts of God, and that his gifts must be employed in his service, which is that of liberty and humanity. Freiligrath was not a timid time-server, a selfish, finicking *petit-maitre*, a hollow outside of a man—he was a man and must act as one. He resolved at once to make a stand against the despotism which crushed his country, and he did it at the cost of all his prospects in life. He was living at ease in one of the most beautiful regions of his great and beautiful country; honoured by his countrymen for his genius, pensioned by his king, reaping a harvest of literary profit from his popularity—he put all aside with the determination of a heroic spirit, and declared for the people and their enfranchisement.

Perhaps never was there a greater astonishment than that of the German public, when suddenly, in the year 1844, a book by Freiligrath appeared bearing the title of "Ein Glaubensbekenntnisse," or "Confession of Faith." The astonishment was not lessened by reading its motto from a letter of Chamisso—"Matters are as they are. I am not gone over from the Tories to the Whigs; but I was when I opened my eyes, a Whig." Then came a stanza saying—"Open trial to the prisoner—fling all obstruction into the flood—let the bold shot of this book dash into the choke-damp of the present day!" The preface said—"The latest turn of affairs in my narrow fatherland, Prussia, has bitterly undeceived me, who belonged to the hoping and trusting, and it is to this that the greater part of the poems in the second part of this volume are owing. None of these, I can calmly assert, have been *made,* they have sprung livingly from the events, as necessary and unavoidable a result of this shock to my sense of right and my own convictions, as the simultaneously conceived and executed resolve to return to the hand of the king my much-talked-of little pension. At the commencement of the year 1842, I was surprised at its being conferred on me: since the commencement of the year 1844, I have declined to receive it."

With a candour worthy of his character. Freiligrath confessed the error of his former notions. He tells the people that he has only passed through that process which they have to pass through in their endeavours after political consciousness and political education into a national whole. That the worst that they can have to twit him with was, that he had stepped down from the "higher fortress" to the "pinnacle of party," and there he confesses that they are quite right. "Firmly and immovably," he then adds, "advance I to the side of those who with brow and breast are opposed to re-action. *No more life for me, without Freedom!* Whatever be the fate of this book and of myself—so long as the pressure on my country continues, will my heart bleed and rebel; so long shall my mouth and my arm continue unweariedly to labour with my countrymen, according to my ability, for the achievement of better days. In that resolve may, next to God, the confidence of my people help me! *My face is turned towards the Future!*"

The readers of this Journal are pretty well acquainted with the style of Freiligrath's compositions, from various translations that we have, from time to time, given, or we would give some specimens of this volume, which is full of bold and spirit-stirring lyrics. He exclaims—"The poet must go along with the people." His breach with the old system was total and incurable. He declared that he had broken the bridge behind him, and left himself no path of return. "Forwards! forwards, till beyond the grave." He invites his friend, Hoffman von Fallersleben, to visit him on the Rhine before the sword of his own verse had driven him thence. In a poem called "High Water," he bids his wife be of good cheer: to leave all to God; that the world was all before them, and that so long as he had a hand and a head she should not have to beg.

And, in fact, there was not much time to lose, if he cared for his safety. Extreme as was the joy of the people over such a new ally, as great was the wrath of the powerful against him. The servile portion of the press denounced him; the government ordered his arrest. The book was ordered to be seized, but spread like wild-fire all over the country. He escaped into Belgium, but only escaped arrest in Brussels by six hours. He then sought refuge in Switzerland, and lived in the neighbourhood of Zürich about a year.

Every day only proved more clearly the extent of the sacrifice that the upright poet had made for his principles. His enemies triumphed; his friends were silent; those calling themselves friends reproached him: others wrote formally and renounced his friendship as that of a base, bad man of revolutionary notions. But he had made up his mind to suffer. He bore the pulings of affected well-wishers over his rashness, his folly in sacrificing a certainty of honour and support: over his presumption in daring to imagine that his solitary act and voice could influence the fate of his country. He went forth calmly, though not unwounded: but even these evils were not all. His writings, which were his support, were interdicted, publishers dared not sell them; newspapers dared not even give place to his compositions. The government had succeeded in annihilating the means of his support, and hoped to drive him to despair or death.

But it failed: Freiligrath had yet another resource. In his youth he had been brought up to commerce, and commerce and England were yet open to him.

During our sojourn in Germany the fame and manly genius of Freiligrath had particularly attracted our attention. We had made his acquaintance, and nearly the last days we spent in that country were with him and his accomplished wife in their beautiful retreat of St. Goar, on the Rhine. Under his present circumstances, it appeared clear to us that England or America were the only countries in which he could live with safety. We pressed him to come hither. We had urged this upon him before his leaving Brussels; but the idea of the expense of a residence here had deterred him. But we continued to urge the necessity of his securing himself by taking up his abode in England—and at length he consented, and agreed to renew his connection, for a time at least, with commerce. About two years ago he arrived; and we had the satisfaction of introducing him to the great German house of Huth and Co., and seeing him safely established in the employ of that house, in which he has continued till the moment of his departure.

For nearly two years has Freiligrath, by far the most popular of the living poets of Germany, resided in England—and we should have felt that the literary men of England had done themselves much greater honour had they shown that they were aware of the presence of so distinguished a guest. It is true that Bulwer and Monckton Milnes have visited him in his modest abode at Clapton, and Barry Cornwall and a few others have invited him to their houses, but Freiligrath is the last man alive to be lionized, and this has led to something very like neglect. He scorned to make himself a burthen to any one. He determined to subsist by the labour of his own right hand. So far as this country was concerned, he asked nothing, but a means of maintaining himself by allying himself again, for the time, to commerce: so far as Germany was concerned, he bided his time. He knew that he had left his fiery lyrics circulating like the life-blood of freedom in its veins; and from time to time he still sent over fresh electric flashes of his genius to arouse his Fatherland to the assertion of its liberties.

And that time came! The hour arrived. Roused from her trance by the glorious act of France, Germany sprung up, overwhelmed her tyrants, humiliated them; brought them upon their knees before her. She declared for and conquered her own liberty; and one of her first acts was to recall her exiled patriots and her patriot poet.

Ferdinand Freiligrath has returned to that country from which he almost believed himself excluded for ever. He has returned to justify his writings and his deeds. His last poem written in Switzerland, "Ça ira," seems to have fulfilled its prophecy. Where are now the croakers, and the bewailers, and the sympathizers? They will hide their diminished heads: but the poet returns to his enfranchised country, accompanied by the blessings of all the better spirits of his nation; and ready to assist in founding her future constitution. Such circumstances as these do not occur to a poet once in a thousand years.

But there is one notice that must not be omitted here. We must pay to Ferdinand Freiligrath a just tribute to the manner in which he conducted himself during his exile. Had he done as only too many have done on coming here; had he resolved to seek the favour of the aristocratic instead of the commercial section of the community; had he located himself West instead of East of London; had he made a loud outcry about his sufferings and his persecutions, why there would, no doubt, have been a loud outcry made about him. There would have been a vast parade of sympathy and patronage. He would have been invited to the tables, the soirées, and the crushes of the great. He would, in short, as Ugo Foscolo has well expressed it, for he had tried it—"have been made the lion of two seasons, and then voted a bore."

But Freiligrath has shown himself a true poet. He has shown that he knew and honoured his high vocation. He disdained to make himself a political or a literary pauper. He put a constraint on himself for his own honour and that of his country, and for awhile devoting himself to that which is most honourable—that which builds nations and makes princes—Commerce—he has lived free and returned free!

It is a circumstance for himself and his countrymen to glory in, that there never was a man of distinction—there scarcely ever was any man who came to this country, who lived so long in it, and who returned hence in a manner so erect, so manly, so honourable, and so independent, as Ferdinand Freiligrath!

And this has been felt and evidenced by the numerous, intelligent, and wealthy class of his countrymen who are residing in London. Amongst them, as well as by a very large class of the people of intelligence and refinement of our own nation, he has been received and regarded with the warmest friendship, esteem, and admiration, as much for his modest manliness as for his brilliant genius.

His countrymen in London testified their sentiments towards him by giving him a splendid farewell dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, where about one hundred and twenty of them were present, and where they presented him, as a parting token, with a fine collection of the works of the best English writers. I have to regret, that indisposition prevented me from staying out this banquet, to which these gentlemen did me the honour to invite me, or I should there have expressed those sentiments of admiration for the poet of liberty; of respect for the man, and warm regard for the friend, which I have endeavoured to stamp upon this paper.

Die deutsche Freiheit, lebe hoch! Der Freiheit's Dichter, Ferdinand Freiligrath, lebe auch jubelnd hoch!

WE KNOW BETTER.

By Henry Sutton.

Author of "The Evangel of Love."

You say, because we have to work
Our bread still to be earning,
Therefore we must not dare to think,
And have no right to learning:
We must grub on, you say, content
All our mind's growth to fetter;
O, to be sure! it's right—quite right!
But, thank God, WE KNOW BETTER!

You tell us that the rich alone
With wisdom are provided,
And that the poor have naught to do
But stand still, and be guided!
You stint our rights, then would persuade
The poor man he's your debtor:—
O, to be sure! it's right—quite right!
But, thank God, WE KNOW BETTER!

You say, if but the rich can have
Amusement with the gun,
It matters nothing that the poor
By hundreds are undone:
Yes, though your sport *is*, and *must be*
The *certain* crime-begetter!
O, to be sure! it's right—quite right!
But, thank God, WE KNOW BETTER!

Moses once said, "Who sheds man's blood,
By man shall his be shed;
You say, this Jewish law must now
By Christians be obeyed;
That it's not right more to regard
Christ's spirit than book-letter:—
O, to be sure! you're right—quite right!
—But, thank God, WE KNOW BETTER!

You say, from this law, the command
Murderers to kill you fetch:—
Well then;—when Jack Ketch hangs a man,
Why don't you hang Jack Ketch?—
—"Kill not!" says God:—is then the state,
To this, God's law, no debtor?—
O, to be sure! it's right—quite right!
—But, thank God, WE KNOW BETTER!

You teach, God will avenge the blood
The murderer's hand doth spill;
And then you hire troops for war,
And pay them, men to kill:—
So then; *you* can forgive sin, and
Crime's retribution fetter—?
O, to be sure! it's right—quite right!
— But, thank God, WE KNOW BETTER!

The time will come, when poor men's need,
Rich men's self-will shall stop;
And killing shall be murder then,
Whether on field or drop!
'Tis true, you call him, who so dreams,
A wild, insane upsetter;
And, to be sure, you're right—quite right!
— But, thank God, WE KNOW BETTER.

THE ELEPHANT KRAAL.

We have seen one or two notices of the late Kraal at Kornegalle, chiefly filled with strictures, on the doings of the visitors, but we have as yet seen none that gives a tolerable idea of the doings of the elephants; or the doings of this most remarkable spectacle that Ceylon can exhibit. Many of our readers who have never been in that beautiful part of the country which was the scene of operations, and cannot boast of leisure sufficient to enable them to enjoy the sport, may be glad to know what an Elephant Kraal really is—we subjoin the sketch of the last.

"We left Kandy at two o'clock for Kornegalle, a distance of twenty-three miles; the road was most beautiful and some of the views were more splendid than anything I had ever seen before in Ceylon, particularly one from Mr. Villier's estate at the head of the Galle-geddra Pass. When you first come in sight of the low country, the road winds along the brow of a mountain, and comes suddenly on an opening, where you look down a lovely valley, surrounded with the most magnificent mountains, covered with verdure to their very summits. The only thing wanting to make it perfect was water, but this is the case in all our Ceylon views. As we approached nearer Kornegalle, the road put me so much in mind of home, the meadows at each side of us with the cattle grazing on them were quite home scenes, and raised up all our sad thoughts and wishes to be once more in dear old England.

It was dark before we reached our destination, but the road was quite illuminated with the fire flies, which are most beautiful in this part of the country. We were most anxious to know what o'clock it was, but it was so dark that it was quite impossible to see even each other. At last one of the lovely little creatures flew within reach, it was soon secured and placed on a watch, and its light was so strong that we were able to satisfy our curiosity.

We arrived at Kornegalle at half-past 8 o'clock, where we were most hospitably received by our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Morris, and found their house literally crowded with visitors congregated for the morning's expedition.

We started next morning at half-past 5 o'clock, on horseback, for the Kraal, which was about twenty miles from Kornegalle.

For the first hour or so it rained so much that we were not able to remark the country we were passing through, but about seven o'clock the sun appeared, and it became very pleasant indeed. The road, or rather bridle path, lay through paddy fields: for the first six miles it was most admirable ground for a good roadster. The next four were through a thick jungle, and the sun being strong it shaded us very pleasantly. The flowers were most lovely, the magnificent *Exoria* grew in abundance, also one of the "bottle brush" tribe of the most beautiful blue. I remarked a very handsome yellow flower very like a laburnum only much larger, which hung most gracefully in bunches across our path. We crossed a lovely river, called the Dedra-oya about four hundred feet wide. Everything looked so tranquil and quiet, several beautiful trees drooped over it and bathed their graceful branches in it. I quite envied our horses drinking its placid clear waters.

We reached the Kraal about nine o'clock, the latter part of the road lay along the bed of the Kimboolwanya, which at this time of the year was quite dry. Our English friends would have been highly amused had they caught a sight of our suddenly created village of Kraal Bungalows, which were made entirely of the leaves of the Talipot Palm, our rooms were hung with red and white cloth, and our furniture very much in Robinson Crusoe style. All this added very much to our amusement.

In front of the Governor's Bungalow a kind of triumphal arch was erected, most tastefully ornamented in the native fashion, with plaintain leaves, cocoa-nuts, pine apples, etc., etc. There were eight Bungalows altogether, also a bazaar and several huts, so that we had quite a village of our own. All this was erected by the natives in a few weeks, and did great credit to those employed in raising it.

We were very much tired after our ride and did nothing all day, but lie on the sofas and talk over the anticipated pleasure of the next morning on which the Kraal was to take place. Next morning as we were going into breakfast, we were startled by the trumpetings of an elephant which appeared to be just at our elbow. Our alarm was soon over, as one of our party came and told us it was only one of the tame elephants brought for our inspection. She stood just outside our door with the Mahout or rider on her shoulders and appeared perfectly tame; she ate oranges and plaintains from our hand, and seemed to enjoy them very much. It was wonderful to see her place a great cocoa-nut, husks and all, in her mouth; and crush and crack it as a nut cracker would a filbert. A very delicate slice of bread and butter was also given, but she would not even taste it. She performed several tricks such as picking up a sixpence with her trunk, lying down, trumpeting, etc. etc. It is a very old elephant, and has been in the possession of government more than forty years. It is valued at 2,000 rupees. She has been christened Syrebbery and is a great favourite with every one.

Before I proceed further it is necessary that I should give a brief description of the Kraal itself and the manner of capturing the elephants.

About an acre of jungle is formed into a square enclosure, leaving only a small opening to let the elephants enter; the palisades round this enclosure are about eleven feet high, and at one end, two wings extend into the jungle for some hundred yards on each side of the opening, so as to form a long wall screened by the forest, the use of which is to prevent the elephants, should they hesitate in entering the Kraal, from escaping at either side. An elevated stand is erected on one side of the enclosure for the spectators; it is about twice as high as the palisades, so that we look down into the Kraal—I believe that Kraal is a Dutch word which signifies an enclosure. The men who drive the elephants into the Kraal are called the beaters. These men are out for several days before the Kraal takes place, in search of the elephants, who come down at this time of the year, (July,) for a plant called kooranna which is then ripe—the kooranna is a kind of flax. The beaters, when they discover the elephants, light their fires and torches behind the poor animals to drive them on towards the entrance of the Kraal; always keeping in a circle to prevent them from returning. They are then forced on close up to the entrance of the Kraal, where they are detained, to wait for the final "drive," when they are compelled to advance within the enclosure. The moment they are in the Kraal, the entrance is closed up and they are safe inside, where they keep charging all round the enclosure, but are repulsed by the beaters who are stationed round. These people, when they see the elephants approaching the fences of the Kraal, scream with all their might; this frightens them so much, that they turn to some other point, where they meet with the same reception. Two thousand people were employed in this Kraal, and the principal part of these came without any remuneration, as to a National Sport; indeed, if they were even offered such a degradation, they would leave the Kraal and return to their homes.

We were told that the drive was to take place after Tiffin, so at two o'clock, we all marched down to the Kraal, expecting to be almost too late for the sport. However, when we arrived there, it was stated that it would not happen for an hour, perhaps two; we resigned ourselves as well as we could to our disappointment, and sat down most patiently to await the coming of the Elephants. At length, as we were talking and laughing together, we were startled by a scream rather than a shout, from the crowd round the stand, and on looking round, we saw the people evidently very much alarmed, running here and there, and throwing each other down in their fright. In a few minutes all was quiet again, and we were told that it was only one of the wild elephants that had separated from its companions, and was trying to break the line and escape: however, the screams of the people had frightened it back again. Hour after hour passed slowly away, and still no sign of the elephants; it became quite dark about half-past six o'clock, and we were obliged to sit in darkness, as we were allowed no lights for fear the elephants might be frightened by them, and turn back.

I must here remark that the elephant's eye is constructed like that of the cat; it sees therefore much better at night than in the day time. We were not only obliged to sit in darkness but also in silence, as their hearing is also very acute; whether this is occasioned by the immense size of their ears or not, I am not able to say. In this state we sate till half-past eight o'clock, when in one instant the whole place was lighted up, and silence was broken by the most deafening shouts, which even now are ringing in my ears. A crash was heard, and eighteen elephants tumbled into the Kraal, which they rushed round and round, charging here and there in their anger and fright. The Kraal, however, was rapidly surrounded by crowds of the beaters; and a chain of fires blazed up on all sides, so that escape was hopeless, and after a vain rush at every point, the poor frighted herd collected quietly in one corner under a thick jungle, and stood wearied and at rest.

It was now after nine o'clock, and as there was nothing more to see that night, and being all most eager for dinner, we thought it high time to return to the Bungalow. I must say, however, that I did not feel quite comfortable within two hundred yards of such companions as eighteen wild and furious elephants; notwithstanding this, we had a very merry dinner party, and enjoyed a most comfortable night's rest.

Next morning we breakfasted early, in order that we might have more time to spend at the Kraal. When we arrived at the stand, about ten o'clock, all the elephants were together in a corner as before; they had covered themselves with dust in their first rage, but now they appeared quite stupified and overcome.

There were two quite tiny little ones among them, who always ran between their mothers' legs, and it was most extraordinary to see the care the elder ones took of them, never even touching them with their large clumsy feet.

Soon after we arrived, the entrance to the Kraal was cautiously opened, and about six or eight tame elephants entered, with their mahouts or riders. This seemed to startle our wild friends a little, for they immediately formed themselves into a line, and prepared to make a charge; the tame ones were quite prepared for this, and they commenced advancing forward, throwing down several large trees and crushing them under their feet: this had quite the effect of intimidating the others, who instantly retired to their former position. One or two of the tame elephants now advanced towards them, followed by the noosers to commence the capture. The moment the wild ones saw them approaching, they made a charge; in doing this, one of the noosers was enabled to throw a noose round the hind leg of one of the largest, the other end of the rope being made fast round the neck of the tame one, who began pulling it with all her might; the wild one made prodigious efforts to escape, but all in vain, at last he threw himself down on the ground in despair, and nothing would make him rise, when one of the tame elephants coming behind him, actually pushed him up with its tusks to his hopeless and final discomfiture; he now gave himself up for lost, and allowed himself to be bound without further resistance. His hind legs were fastened together, and then bound to a strong tree, his front feet were treated in the same manner, with the exception of not being tied together. When he was quite secured, he again threw himself down on the ground, and lay there for two or three hours in exhaustion and despair. He covered himself with dust, which he collected and scattered with his trunk; and from time to time he inserted his trunk into his throat and drew from some receptacle there a supply of water, with which he moistened the whole surface of his skin. It would thus seem as if the elephant, like the camel, is provided with a reservoir of this kind; but whether similarly situated, I am, of course, unable to tell. This elephant was altogether half an hour in being caught and secured, though, owing to the excitement, we could scarcely believe it was five minutes. In this manner sixteen of the elephants were noosed and made fast, and the remaining two were to be left till the next day. One was a very large one, the other, one of the smallest, little more than three feet high, if so much: they were left quite loose, and did not make the slightest attempt to escape; they were even so very subdued that most of the spectators entered the Kraal to pull out the hair from the tails of those that were fastened to the trees, to have it made into bracelets, rings, etc., etc., as little souvenirs of the Kraal. Two gentlemen, more adventurous than the rest, began riding the little one, at which he was very angry, and commenced charging about, throwing down whoever came in his way, to the great amusement of the crowd. Notwithstanding this, it really was one of the most melancholy sights I ever witnessed to see these poor creatures, the true lords of the forest, there at our feet, humbled to the very dust, some lying down as if dead, others leaning against the trees apparently in all the stupor of despair at the loss of their liberty for ever. All seemed as though their spirit, hope, and courage, were quite gone, they scarcely appeared capable of living through the night; even the elephant which was loose seemed quite stupified, for though several times very much provoked (by those who should have known better,) it never moved an inch, but appeared as though in a dream, while its precious liberty it seemed to have lost all hope or wish of regaining. I cannot omit mentioning how much the strength and beauty of the ropes employed for noosing the elephants struck us. They are made of deer hides, and nothing seems to make the slightest impression on them. They are made by the Rhodias or out-casts, no others would do it, as they would lose caste by doing such hard and dirty work. But to return to the elephants—at five o'clock on the second evening they were taken down to the river to water, two or three of them. This is a most interesting scene; the wild elephant is fastened between two tame ones, and thus led down to the river. On the road they made several attempts to escape, but all to no purpose; they were most anxious also to lie down in the water to bathe themselves, but even this little request they were refused, notwithstanding, they seemed very much refreshed, and to enjoy it exceedingly. We returned home for dinner, and in the evening were amused with some beautiful fire-works, which the Cingalese particularly excel in. We were obliged to retire very early, as we were to return to Kornegalle the next morning. A few of our party were to remain, however, till the evening, as they wished to see the conclusion of the Kraal in the noosing of the two remaining elephants, and by their description it must have been well worth seeing. The large elephant was so furious, that it was a long while before they were able to catch it, and when caught, it broke away twice after being secured: it burst the ropes, and again it tore down the tree it was fastened to; its strength was really wonderful.

We had no rain returning, so that I was better able to remark the surrounding objects. Passing through the forest, I saw a number of Banian trees, whose shoots had formed themselves into the most extraordinary shapes possible; some looked exactly like great cables suspended from one tree to another; the parasites and creepers were very beautiful and curious. We were most fortunate in having the pleasure of Dr. Gardner, the eminent botanist, for a companion, in whose company, the most insignificant plant or flower, has some interest, in relation to which, he always told some tale of instruction. On our journey back to Kandy, he discovered the Upas tree, growing within a few miles of Kornegalle. It was not known before that it grew in

Ceylon. Its poisonous properties, however, have been a little exaggerated. Though Dr. Gardener remained under the tree for some time, he neither saw nor experienced any of those fearful effects which are attributed to it. Concerning the poison of its gum, however, it is nevertheless, quite true, that its qualities are the most deadly.

Kornegalle is, I believe, at some seasons, very unhealthy; one of our party remarked, that it was impossible it could be otherwise, seeing the deadly Upas tree grew there. Notwithstanding this, however, it is a very pretty place, and, indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Morris' demesne, is more like an English park, than anything else.

We returned to Kandy on Friday night, and I must say, that I really felt very glad to feel myself once more out of the range of our jungle-friends, the elephants. For several days afterwards, I imagined every sound to be either the trumpeting of an elephant, or the cries of the beaters. In conclusion, I must say, that a Kraal is the only sight worth seeing in Ceylon, combining at once, excitement, wonder, novelty, and instruction.

◆

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

The Meldrum Family.

(Continued from page 327.)

A FEW WORDS ABOUT NANCY TULLOCH.

But how came it that Nancy Tulloch was thus proof to the almost omnipotent power of slander? That she rose above the multitude thus brilliantly in the breadth of her charity? That she was courageous enough to defy the world and its vindictive spirit of persecution on the plea of virtue and propriety? To understand that, we must go a little into her history.

Nancy Tulloch, like Zealous Scattergood, had learnt charity through suffering. Bright and happy as she seemed to be and was, there was an epoch in her history known only to her husband and Mrs. Brentnal, which had made her ready to forgive the failings of others, and to feel for the injured with a quickness of feeling which had the true spirit of heroism in it. Gay at heart, and full of happiness as she seemed now, she had been at one terrible crisis driven by misery to the very threshold of self-destruction. A friendly hand had plucked her from it—and that hand was honest John Tulloch's. It was the spirit with which this had inspired her, that had made her active in behalf of Meldrum, though Meldrum never knew the slightest portion of the real cause. Nancy Tulloch, like our Saviour, could go a long way to seek and save that which was lost, and where she did not see an actual malignity of nature, she was unwilling to despair of any one, or to abandon her desires for his restoration. Zealous Scattergood had laid open his whole history to her, and she saw in his persecutions even the benevolent finger of God, for they had compelled him into a steady minister and counsellor of the poor by closing all higher avenues of exertion against him, if higher there can be.

Nancy Tulloch was one of the numerous family of a small farmer in Dorsetshire. As she was growing into womanhood penury was pressing with an iron pressure on her father. He had gradually grown poorer on his few highly rented acres. He was in arrears with his landlord, and threatened with an execution and ejectment; but not knowing what was to become of him if his wretched farm was taken from him, he struggled on, and laboured incessantly and enormously himself, to do as far as possible without paid labour. Within the house there was a system of the most rigid economy practised. There were often painful scenes between her parents when they were pressed with difficulties that they could not cope with. The visits of tax-gatherers, poor-rate collectors, and of the steward for arrears of rent, with the arrival of letters which her father took up with an air of aversion, and laid down with a curse, made obvious a state of poverty and perplexity, that drove all happiness out of the house, and out of life. Her father talked more and more of flinging up the farm, and going to the work-house; and told the children who stood in confused silence amid their father's violence and their mother's tears, that they must look out for some service, for he could no longer maintain them at home.

Nancy Tulloch, or rather Nancy Bains, for that was then her name, was deeply wounded by these circumstances. She was the oldest of nine children, and yet she was little more than eighteen. She was naturally of a lively and gay disposition, full of spirit, and rendered her mother immense service in the house. She was extremely pretty at the same time, and began to attract much admiration from the young men of the neighbourhood. Spite of this, however, she began to think very much of going out to service, and of going rather into a town, where she should see more of life, than in the hard service of the country. She might have a little pride too in not wishing to be a servant where every one knew her. Her mother for some time would not hear of it, saying what was she to do without her! But when Nancy saw that things went still worse and worse at home, she thought she could do more for her family by relieving it of her support, and being able to send it part of her wages.

While these things were running in her mind, she one day saw in a London newspaper an advertisement for a housemaid in a gentleman's family, where there were only himself and his housekeeper; the wages good, and a healthy maid of good character from the country preferred. Catching at this as a very likely situation for a commencement, she wrote unknown to her parents, and from the particulars given in reply, was induced to engage herself at once. Her parents, though at first somewhat taken by surprise, at length consented, on condition that if she did not find the place all she expected she should not stay.

Away, however, went light-hearted Nancy Bains, and soon reached the house indicated in Lincoln's-inn-fields. The house was no other than that of our old acquaintance Mr. Woodcroft Meadowlands, and his housekeeper appeared a large-built good-looking woman of fifty, who impressed on Nancy how much she insisted on conduct and character in a girl, especially as her master was a bachelor, and therefore she preferred a simple-hearted girl out of the country. Nancy was pleased at this disposition of the housekeeper, and found the place extremely easy, a char-woman coming once or twice a week to clean the floors and stairs, and do sundry things that the house-maid might be relieved from them.

Nancy Bains was somewhat surprised that a gentleman like Mr. Meadowlands, who, she was told was a man of large estate, and had a fine establishment in the country, should prefer to live in such a very quiet way in town, not even keeping a man-servant, and scarcely being seen at home except in an evening. But why need we prolong a common story? Nancy found Mr. Meadowlands a very agreeable man, who seemed to be very much pleased with her indeed. It was not long before he began to pay her particular attentions, and bought her several handsome presents. To a girl of her age and country experience this was all agreeable enough from a handsome man of Mr. Meadowlands' station—but Nancy was not without a considerable degree of shrewdness, and she grew very uneasy. She resolved to tell the housekeeper of the presents, and to say that she did not altogether feel right about it. She did so, but the housekeeper only replied "Pooh, child! he means you no harm, but he is pleased with your manners, and what is a present or two to him."

This did not satisfy Nancy, and things began rapidly to assume so dangerous an aspect, that she resolved to quit the place as speedily as possible. Alas! poor Nancy! she was only one of the many simple innocent creatures who are decoyed by the same diabolical means into a prison-house, from whence they never escape but with ruin, and in those cases where there is a high sense of innate virtue, with despair and death. We pass over the horrible story—London can furnish such every day in the week. Enough—that some weeks afterwards Nancy Bains was turned, at a moment's warning, with violence and insult, out of the house of Mr. Woodcroft Meadowlands. A stranger in London, knowing no one, and not daring to reveal her condition to her parents at home, or go there, the poor girl saw herself with terror standing on the pavement of Lincoln's-inn-fields with the box that contained her whole worldly property. A cab accidentally passing she called to the man to take her up. He asked where he should drive. She did not know, she said at length, to the city. Being set down at the corner of a street, she called a porter to carry her box, and as they went along she asked him to show her to some decent lodgings. The man did this very honestly, and in her little room, as soon as she was alone, she flung herself on the bed and gave way to the excess of her misery. How earnestly did the poor girl pray that she might die, but such prayers are not heard; and during several days that she continued here, without stirring out, she thought over and over in distraction what she should do. One moment she resolved to go to a magistrate and accuse Mr. Meadowlands of his crimes, but the monster, conscious of his security, had before warned her of the uselessness and the danger of any such attempt. Against a man of his wealth and station, and with people in his house ready to give evidence *for* him and *against* her, it could only result in a charge of a trick to extort money on her part. It could only bring her exposure and punishment as an impostor. Such are the securities of the innocent poor against the oppressions and outrage of the sensual rich in a country where it is said law and justice are open to every one. Well did Sidney Smith add, and so is Mivart's Hotel.

But Nancy Bains's money, far from sufficiency for the purchase of justice or for entering Mivart's Hotel, would not last her long in her present miserable lodgings. Go home she could not, and would not, and dreadful as had been the first experiment, she saw nothing for it, but seeking another service. But with whom was she to advise? She knew nobody, and the people of the house did not seem likely to assist her.

In the midst of these agitations she became haunted with a sense of the consequences of her late treatment. She was persuaded that she should become a mother, and stung to madness by the idea, she rushed out, and took her way to Lincoln's-inn-fields, and in her desperation knocked at Mr. Meadowlands' door. It was opened by the housekeeper, who, on seeing her, demanded in no very smooth terms what she wanted.

"To see Mr. Meadowlands," she replied.

"To see Mr. Meadowlands!" exclaimed the woman in terms of unmeasured and indignant astonishment. "How dare you, you impudent baggage come here and ask any such thing. Begone! or I will give you up to the police!"

The door was slammed in her face, and the wretched girl, nearly beside herself, ran down the steps, and walked away scarcely conscious of what she did. She soon, however, resolved to watch for Mr. Meadowlands till she saw him. For several evenings she went to and fro before his house, but in vain. He never came; and a policeman, who had noticed her promenading here, ordered her off. Still every evening for a week she returned, and went the length of that side of the field to and fro for hours. In one of these walks another young woman accosted her, and asked if she was looking for any one, and if she could assist her. Nancy, who was driven to despair, said frankly—"Yes, she wanted to see Mr. Meadowlands, who lived at that house," pointing to it.

"Ha! my dear!" replied the young woman with more feeling than Nancy even in her simplicity expected—"is it Mr. Meadowlands? Have you ever been in his service?"

Nancy replied, "She had."

The young woman, then eyeing her with a peculiar look, said—"And so have I, and I can tell you exactly what has occurred to you. Come along, that policeman is watching us."

With that she walked on, and in a few minutes opened under Nancy's feet a gulph of terror that seemed to make her very blood stagnate. She told her own story—the very counterpart of Nancy's. She gave her the information, that this virtuous housekeeper was his base procuress, who advertised for victims. That Mr. Meadowlands was a married man, with several children, and kept a magnificent establishment in Eaton-square. That Nancy was but one of a series of his victims, and that if she would go with her to Lock's Hospital, she could get an order—she would see to what one of them was there come.

Nancy, who had hoped, could she see Mr. Meadowlands, that she could move him to compassion, and induce him to find her some asylum till she could again seek out with a fair chance for an honest service—was now struck to the heart with what she had heard. She saw the full horror of her condition—and thanking her informant as well as she could, she turned away, and made for the city with a desperation in her soul that could be satisfied with nothing but death. She turned down towards London Bridge, went wildly up to its centre, and looked round her to see if she could mount the parapet and spring off before any one could seize her. But the eyes of a score of passengers seemed upon her—she cast one glance over the wall down into the dark and dismal depth, and her spirit recoiled. But not the less did she pursue her purpose. She descended the steps near the foot of the bridge on the city side, and made her way to the packet wharf. Here, as soon as she saw the gleam of the water, she rushed forward at full speed to plunge into the river. With a prayer to God for forgiveness in the very act, and a quick and bitter thought of home, she had got within a yard of the brink, when she was arrested by a strong arm, which seized the skirts of her gown, and a sailor who had been leaning his back against a crane said,—looking her earnestly but kindly in the face. "Whither away, matey, so fast? I fear you are meaning mischief. Is it not true?"

Poor Nancy stood as if struck into a pillar of stone. She stared at the sailor, but she uttered not a word, and the next moment she dropped on the ground as if she were shot dead.

When she again became conscious, she found herself sitting on a bench propped on the arm of the same sailor. They were still alone; and the man said—"There, matey, you are coming about—now don't fluster yourself. Take it calmly. You are not well. Something troubles you. Never mind, we won't talk about it. As soon as you can walk you shall go and have some coffee; and if John Tulloch can be of any use to you, why he will, matey, that's all. Come, don't be downcast, cheer up, cheer up—things mend when they come to the worst."

The kind tones of the honest sailor and his kind conduct had such an effect on the poor girl under the circumstances, that she could do nothing but weep and sob as if her heart would break. It was some time before the sailor could get her to calm herself, and give him some account of herself, at the same time saying, that he did not want her to tell him anything but what she pleased, he only wanted to know if he could take her anywhere, and do anything for her. When he asked her where her friends lived, it only set her off again, and her distress was so great that the poor sailor was at his wits' end.

"Well, sweetheart," he said at length, "just let me know what I can do. Try to quieten yourself, and say where we shall go to, will you? There's a good girl."

With an effort Nancy now told him enough to let him know that her friends were far off in the country—that she did not know a soul in London—that she had been so shamefully used that she only desired to die—and never could face her friends again. At hearing this the kind sailor said—

"Well, it is a dreadful place is this London. Come, we will have some coffee, and I will take you to my good old mother, and may be, by and bye, one may hit on something to ease your mind and make you wish to live. Cheer up, matey, cheer up, do."

And as he said this he took her gently by the arm, and led her to a coffee-house near, where he went into an upper room and ordered coffee for two.

The sailor appeared in the light to be about five-and-thirty, of a round ruddy countenance, with a considerable bush of brown hair on his head and a brown beard, that curled up round his chin like a border. His eyes were something large and blue, and he had altogether an air of the most thorough honesty and kindness.

"May be," said he to Nancy, who sate gazing into the fire with a look of despair—"may be, matey, you would like a glass of something strong—but I never take anything stronger than coffee. I'm a temperance man, and belong to a temperance ship, a temperance captain, and a temperance merchant. But you need a good stiff glass of grog, I think."

Nancy Bains thanked him warmly, but said she would prefer the coffee. It was with much difficulty, however, that John Tulloch could prevail on her to take any, and it was not till he had by the kindliness and delicate respect of his manner won something on her attention, that they set out for his mother's, as he called her. As they went along, John said—"I see matey, plain enough, that you are not one of these town bred'uns. You're all right and tight as any little vessel can be, only that you've fallen in with treacherous squalls and d——d pirates. Never mind—foul to-day fair to-morrow. Trust in God, and there may be a good voyage yet."

At these words, and especially that "trust in God," and the genuine heart-warm tone in which it was uttered, Nancy felt herself revived. A spirit of confidence awoke in her. She saw that this was a very honest, kind fellow, and in his way religious, and she could not help giving his arm a gentle pressure to her side as they were going along.

"That's right now, matey, come that's right," said the sailor. "Now you can believe me, and so dismiss your fears. I don't wonder at your not believing a stranger all at once—but, do you know, I believe, and I hope you do the same, that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without God's will, and I have a notion, and it pleases me, that it was not without his guidance that I was just in your way to-night."

Nancy could only ejaculate,—

"Thank you, thank you!" for her tears were flowing again as fast as ever, and they went on in silence till they reached the court where we have found them living. Here the door was opened by Mrs. Brentnal—who was no little astonished to see John Tulloch with a young girl on his arm. John, however, entered without ceremony, and said,—

"Show this young woman up to the little berth in the upper deck, and let her get to bed, for, poor thing, she needs rest, and, mother, be kind to her."

Mrs. Brentnal looked first at one and then at the other, and appeared to hesitate what to do. But John Tulloch said,—

"Quick, mother, quick, don't you see the poor child is almost fainting—quick, and come down to me, and let's have some supper."

John Tulloch wanted no supper, but he wanted this awkward scene over, and all explained to Mrs. Brentnal. And here we may say, that though John called Mrs. Brentnal mother, she was no more his mother, than he was her uncle John, though she called him so, while he was at least twenty five years younger than herself. Mrs. Brentnal had been John's nurse when he was a child. He had always been very fond of her, and though, owing to the misfortunes of his father, who was a wealthy farmer at one time, John and his elder brother had come to London, he never forgot the old woman, and when he heard that her husband was dead, and had left her destitute, he sent for her up to town, and took this house, and made her his housekeeper; though at that time he did not need a house, or housekeeper, as he had a room at his brother's in Rotherhithe, and was saving a good deal of money.

Mrs. Brentnal soon came down, and heard John's story, but for some time was not half pleased with the adventure. She pronounced it, at all events, rash and romantic, and wished no ill might come of it. John quietly said, he wished so too—and there the matter ended for the present.

In the morning he went early over to the ship, which was loading in dock, and was to sail the next week. When he returned at night, Mrs. Brentnal received him with an unusual degree of attention; she had tea on table and had got some Sally Lunns buttered, and his chair set and scarcely did he open his mouth to ask how the poor girl was, before she was quite officious in replying, that she was a good deal cheered up poor thing—and a very nice little creature she was.

"You think so, mother," said John, evidently much pleased. "Then I was not such a fool either. Well, well, it delights me, mother, it delights me; if you think so, all is right."

Over their tea, Mrs. Brentnal soon showed uncle John, that she was possessed of all Nancy Bains's story, and that she believed every word of it. She really did believe that the poor girl was as good as she was pretty, but that she was afraid she would never get over it—she would break her heart with grief.

"But she must get over it," said uncle John, "you must'nt let her break her heart—and by jingo! why don't you give her some tea, mother?"

"She's had it, John," said Mrs. Brentnal.

"Well I might ha' guessed that," replied John Tulloch, "and now we're off next week, and you must take charge of the poor thing till I'm back, and then we'll see what we can do with her friends. But that villain Meadowlands!—if I had but another week or so, rat him! if I would'nt shoot him, or chop him down, or something of the sort. He should not live—the villain!"

"John Tulloch," said Mrs. Brentnal, "do you want me to see you hanged? Have you lost your senses? Leave the villain to God, who'll punish him, and all such like in his own time. You frighten me, and I am thankful that you're going, I really am this time, though I never was before."

John continued to vow all sorts of vengeance against the villain, Meadowlands, however, till he went to bed, and the same next morning at breakfast. To shorten our story, however, the day arrived for John Tulloch to go on board. Before this, Nancy Bains had recovered something of her spirits. She had got, through Mrs. Brentnal, plenty of needlework, and she sate in her little room stitching away as if it were for her life, and it probably was, for it helped her to get rid of the thoughts that preyed on her life.

John Tulloch would have her to take her supper with them, the night before he sailed, and the sweet looks of poor Nancy, as all gratitude and ever and anon, a gush of irrepressible tears, as he spoke cheerfully to her, made him again inwardly curse that villain, Meadowlands, and think what he would do. He had to be on board that night, and so he bade Mrs. Brentnal and Nancy, good-bye, and told them to be good company till he came back, and with that he gave Nancy a shake of the hand that once more made the tears start to her eyes, and a blessing into her heart, as she hastened up stairs to hide her feelings.

When John Tulloch returned from his voyage, which had been one of unusual duration, he found Nancy Bains still with Mrs. Brentnal. She had recovered her best looks, though mixed with a degree of gravity, that told that sad thoughts lay deep down in her heart. There was a cradle in her little room, and a fine lad sleeping in it; but between Mrs. Brentnal and Nancy, there was a league grown, as of mother and daughter. Mrs. Brentnal declared that Nancy was the best little creature that ever was born. She had written down into the country to tell her parents that she had left her first place, as it did not at all suit her, and that she now got plenty of needlework, and was very comfortable. Mrs. Brentnal had also written to them to say, Nancy was the best creature that ever was born, and the mother had written in return that it was very pleasant to hear such good accounts.

Thus all pain had so far been spared them, and their poverty had prevented their coming up, by which any unhappy discovery of the real facts had been prevented. Out of doors Mrs. Brentnal had not found it so easy a matter to satisfy the neighbours as to Nancy's identity. They imagined that she was John Tulloch's wife, and that he did not say so, on account of his relations on the other side of the water, who, they fancied, were expecting his money amongst their children. Any other supposition they could not entertain, except at Mrs. Brentnal's expense; but Mrs. Brentnal explained that all was right, and time would show.

And time did show. John Tulloch went two or three voyages, and in the intervals at home, he grew more and more fond of Nancy Bains; brought her presents, and would take her out on excursions to Greenwich, which was his favourite resort, where he could talk to the old sailors, and stroll in the park, and get tea at one of the tea-houses, and the like.

Mrs. Brentnal saw all this, but only with evident pleasure, and on the third return of John Tulloch, he fairly married Nancy Bains, and made an excursion to Gravesend to hold the wedding dinner. And yet it was not called a wedding dinner—for honest John Tulloch pretended to his relations and everybody, that Nancy had long been his wife, aye, long before he brought her home. The reason of this was obvious. He was determined that not a soul but himself and Mrs. Brentnal should know an atom of Nancy's past history. It would not have been easy for any one but John Tulloch to satisfy his relations for his keeping silence so long, but as for him, it was quite enough to say that it had been his whim. Had any one been at the trouble to search the registry, they would have found Nancy's little boy registered in her own maiden name—but nobody ever thought of doing it, and the child bore, and will continue to bear the name of Tulloch to his dying day.

Nancy, by degrees, became the bright, cheerful, happy and excellent creature we have seen her. To love and help, were the two great impulses of her heart. Sorrow had a sacred power over her, that she never tried to break. To honest John Tulloch she seemed bound by ties of gratitude and respect, that only deepened her love, and made her his living genius, always thinking of him, and for him, and the one good deed that he had done in her behalf, was repaid by a daily devotion, that made his little home in this dingy court, more bright to his eye, or his memory, than the brightest scenes of southern coasts and countries that he had visited in his voyages. Besides the eldest boy, they had now another child playing on the floor, and no one could tell which John liked best,—he could not tell himself—they were both Nancy's.

(To be continued)

◆

POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

No. IV.

SAMUEL BAMFORD.

By Dr. Smiles.

(Concluded from page 330.)

At the conclusion of the first portion of this memoir, inserted in last week's *Journal*, we gave Bamford's sketch of himself about the time of his first imprisonment. And now, here is Bamford's portrait of his home, his wife, and his children at the same period :—

"Come in from the frozen rain, and from the night wind, which is blowing the clouds into sheets, like torn sails before a gale. Now down a step or two.—'Tis better to keep low in the world, than to climb only to fall.

"It is dark, save when the clouds break into white scud; and silent, except the snort of the wind, and the rattling of hail, and the eaves of dropping rain. Come in!—A glimmer shows that the place is inhabited; that the nest has not been rifled whilst the bird was away.

"Now shalt thou see what a miser a poor man can be in the heart's treasury. A second door opens, and a flash of light shows we are in a weaving room, clean and flagged, and in which are two looms with silken work of green and gold. A young woman, of short stature, fair, round, and fresh as Hebe; with light brown hair escaping in ringlets from the sides of her clean cap, and with a thoughtful and meditative look, sits darning beside a good fire, which sheds warmth upon the clean-swept hearth, and gives light throughout the room, or rather cell. A fine little girl, seven years of age, with a sensible and affectionate expression of countenance, is reading in a low tone to her mother.

"And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you; and shall say all manner of evil against you for my sake."

"Observe the room and its furniture. An humble but cleanly bed, screened by the dark old-fashioned curtain, stands on our left. At the foot of the bed is a window closed from the looks of all passers. Next are some chairs, and a round table of mahogany; then another chair, and next it a long table, scoured very white. Above that is a looking-glass, with a picture on each side, of the Resurrection and Ascension on glass, "copied from Rubens." A well-stocked shelf of crockery-ware is the next object; and in the nook near it are a black oak carved chair or two, with a curious desk, or box to match: and lastly above the fire-place, are hung a rusty basket-hilted sword, an old fusee, and a leathern cap. Such are the appearance and furniture of that humble abode.—But my wife!

She look'd; she redden'd like the rose;
Syne, pale as ony lily.

Ah! did they hear the throb of my heart, when they sprung to embrace me? my little loving child to my knees and my wife to my bosom.

"Such are the treasures I had hoarded in that lowly cell. Treasures, that, with contentment, would have made into a palace

The lowliest shed
That ever rose on England's plain.

They had been at prayers and were reading the Testament before retiring to rest. And now, as they a hundred times caressed me, they found that indeed, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Such was the home, and such the domestic treasures from which Bamford was torn, to be immured in a gaol. But he did not remain long in the Manchester New Bailey. He was sent to London, the "Manchester Rebels" exciting no small degree of interest in the towns through which they passed. They were lodged in Boro' Street prison, and shortly after their arrival, were examined before Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and others of the Privy Council; and after a short residence in Coldbath Fields prison, and several other examinations before the Council, the prisoners were discharged, as no case could be made out against them. Bamford reached home, and for a time found perfect happiness in the bosom of his family. But political excitement had its attractions for him, and again he engaged with greater ardour than ever in the movements of the time.

> "I now," he says, "went to work, my wife weaving beside me, and my little girl, now doubly dear, attending school or going short errands for her mother. Why was I not content? What would I more? What could mortal enjoy beyond a sufficiency to satisfy hunger and thirst,—apparel to make him warm and decent,—a home for shelter and repose,—and the society of those I loved? All these I had, and still was craving, craving for something for "the nation,"—for some good for every person—forgetting all the while, to appreciate and to husband the blessings I had on every side around me."

Political agitation re-commenced, on the termination of the Habeas Corpus Act suspension, and immediately Bamford was in the midst of it. Hunt came down to Manchester, and a row took place at the theatre; female political unions were started; and almost the whole population became enlisted in the movement. At length a series of great public meetings was projected, the first of which was to be held at Manchester on the 16th of August, 1819. The men in the meantime were drilling themselves by night, in marching, counter-marching, and military evolutions. They were divided into companies under captains and drill-masters—so, at least, said the depositions before the magistrates, and they were, it was further rumoured, ready for the most desperate deeds. Not so, however, does Samuel Bamford think of the intentions of the agitators; their sole object being, he says, to excite public respect, by the regularity of their march and the orderliness of their demeanour.

Well, the 16th of August arrived. Streams of men, marching in regular order, poured into Manchester, with bands of music and banners flying, from all the neighbouring towns and villages. Bamford went into Manchester—one of the leaders of six thousand marching-men—whom "he formed into a hollow square, at the sound of a bugle"—and addressed on the importance of preserving order, sobriety, and peace, during that eventful day. The meeting was one of tremendous magnitude, and was held in St. Peter's Field, nearly on the spot where the great Free Trade Hall now stands—the principal banners, (remarkable coincidence!) having inscribed on them "No Corn-laws!"

The business of the meeting had scarcely commenced, when "a noise and strange murmur arose towards the church," "and a party of cavalry in blue and white uniform came trotting sword in hand, round the corner of the garden-wall, and to the front of a row of new houses, where they reined up in a line."

"On the cavalry drawing up they were received with a shout of good will, as I understood it. They shouted again, waving their sabres over their heads; and then, slackening rein, and striking spur into their steeds, they dashed forwards, and began cutting the people.

"Stand fast," I said, "they are riding upon us, stand fast." And there was a general cry in our quarter of "Stand fast." The cavalry were in confusion; they could not, with all the weight of man and horse, penetrate that compact mass of human beings; their sabres were plied to hew a way through naked held up hands, and defenceless heads; and then chopped limbs, and wound-gaping skulls were seen; and groans and cries were mingled with the din of that horrid confusion. "Ah! ah!" "For shame! for shame!" was shouted. Then "Break! break! they are killing them in front, and they cannot get away;" and there was a general cry of "Break! for a moment the crowd held back in pause; then was a rush, heavy and resistless as a headlong sea; and a sound like low thunder, with screams, prayers, and imprecations from the crowd-moiled, and sabre-doomed who could not escape.

"On the breaking of the crowd, the yeomanry wheeled, and, dashing wherever there was an opening, they followed, pressing and wounding. Many females appeared as the crowd opened; and striplings and mere youths, also were found. Their cries were piteous and heart-rending, and would, one might have supposed, have disarmed any human resentment; but here their appeals were vain.

"Women, white-vested maids, and tender youths, were indiscriminately sabred or trampled; and we have reason for believing, that few were the instances in which that forbearance was vouchsafed, which they so earnestly implored.

"In ten minutes from the commencement of the havoc, the field was an open and almost deserted space. The sun looked down through a sultry and motionless air. The curtains and blinds of the windows within view were all closed. A gentleman or two might occasionally be seen looking out from one of the new houses before mentioned, near the door of which, a group of persons, (special constables) were collected, and apparently in conversation; others were assisting the wounded, or carrying off the dead.

"The hustings remained, with a few broken and hewed flag-staves erect, and a torn and gashed banner or two drooping; whilst over the whole field, were strewed caps, bonnets, hats, shawls, and shoes, and other parts of male and female dress; trampled, torn, and bloody. The yeomanry had dismounted,—some were easing their horses' girths, others adjusting their accoutrements; and some were wiping their sabres. Several mounds of human beings still remained where they had fallen, crushed down, and smothered. Some of these were still groaning,—others with staring eyes, were gasping for breath, and others would never breathe more.

"All was silent, save those low sounds, and the occasional snorting and pawing of the steeds. Persons might sometimes be noticed peeping from attics and over the tall sidings of houses, but they quickly withdrew, as if fearful of being observed, or unable to sustain the full gaze of a scene so hideous and abhorrent."

Such is Bamford's graphic account of the "Massacre at Peterloo," as it is called in the neighbourhood. The author was too much mixed up with the movement to escape detection, and he was again apprehended and imprisoned in Manchester New Bailey, from which he was afterwards transferred to Lancaster Castle. He was shortly after liberated on bail, to take his trial at the next York assizes. He in the meantime, proceeded to London, with the view of obtaining some connection with the press. Disappointment was in every case the result,—and after a ramble, finely described, through the rural districts of England, and being reduced to great poverty in London,—he returned to Lancashire to prepare for his trial at York. Bamford defended himself with great shrewdness and skill, conducting his case throughout with much propriety. The result, however, was, much to the astonishment of the court, that he was found "Guilty," and was bound in recognizances to appear in London the ensuing Easter, at the Court of King's Bench, to receive his sentence. He returned for a short time, to Middleton, and on his way home, at Oldham, he met his wife and child.

> "Our present joy," he says, was only saddened by the reflection that, ere long, there must be another parting. We were soon again in tender conversation by the hedge-rows and green fields; and I arrived at Middleton, 'poor in gear,' but rich in the satisfaction of having performed my duty well; in having, though condemned, largely contributed towards the vindication of the conduct of the Reformers, on the 19th of August; in having created a feeling of respect in my enemies, and a favourable impression on the upright judge who tried us,—in having disclosed to a great assemblage of wealth and aristocracy, (at the Assizes of York), as well as the nation at large, that somewhat of moral and intellectual respectability had been attained by the artizans of Lancashire, whom, on this occasion, I represented."

Bamford's journey to London on foot is full of incident and adventure, and reminds one of some of the scenes in Fielding and Smollett's novels. His adventures among the booksellers, hunting for a publisher; his cold and inhospitable treatment by Hunt and the London "patriots;" the impending destitution with which he was threatened; the suspense connected with his sentence; constitute a most painful relation, though told in a highly graphic style. At last he was sentenced to another twelve months' imprisonment, in Lincoln gaol, which he endured, comforted by the sympathy and aid of many kind friends, but also pained by the calumnies and slander of secret enemies. At length he was liberated, and in company with his wife, a noble-hearted woman, whom Bamford always speaks of in terms of the warmest affection, he walked homewards to his native village—his sixth and his last imprisonment at an end. On leaving the prison, he left "Old Daddy," the turnkey, his pair of Lancashire clogs, at which he "expressed great delight, saying he would place them in his collection of curiosities." Before leaving, the magistrates and the governor complimented Bamford and his fellow prisoners on their good behaviour; and Bamford in return thanked them sincerely for their kindness during their confinement. He went northwards by Great Markham, Worksop, and Sheffield, up the beautiful vale of Hathersage, past Peveril's Castle of the Peak, to Chapel-on-the-Frith, Stockport, Manchester, and then home. "We entered Middleton, (he says) in the afternoon, and were met in the streets by our dear child, who came running, wild with delight, to our arms. We soon made ourselves comfortable in our own humble dwelling; the fire was lighted, the hearth was clean swept, friends came to welcome us, and we were once more at home!"

We have left ourselves little room to speak of Bamford's writings as a Poet. Yet here one might descant at considerable length. Many of his best pieces were written in prison; and he has since added to them from time to time. The last edition of his poems was published in 1843, and we regret to perceive that he has excluded from it many productions, which, though inferior to those retained, and deemed unworthy of republication by their author, are nevertheless valuable as marking the historical features of the period at which they were written, as well as showing the gradual development of the Poet's mind. A kindly feeling, however, seems also to have influenced Bamford in the selection: "Many topics (he says, in his preface to this last edition) of exciting public interest, which the author does not wish to be a means for perpetuating, are either totally omitted, or considerably modified. This may disappoint some of our pertinacious friends, but neither can that be avoided, except by the sacrifice of a good and rightful feeling; if we learn not to forget and forgive, how can we expect to be forgiven?—how can we pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we have forgiven those that trespassed against us.'"

Of all the poems of Bamford, the most touching, in our opinion, are his "Lines Addressed to my Wife," equal, almost to the "Miller's Daughter" of Tennyson,—the "Verses on the Death of his Child," and "God Help the Poor," lines such as none but a man who has known and lived amongst poverty, could have written. Take the following two verses:—

God help the poor! An infant's feeble wail
Comes from yon narrow gateway; and behold,
A female crouching there, so deathly pale,
Huddling her child, to screen it from the cold!
Her vesture scant, her bonnet crush'd and torn;
A thin shawl doth her baby dear enfold:
And there she bides the ruthless gale of morn,
Which almost to her heart hath sent its cold!
And now she sudden darts a ravening look,
As one with new hot bread comes past the nook;
And, as the tempting load is onward borne,
She weeps. God help thee, hapless one forlorn!
God help the Poor!

God help the poor, who in lone valleys dwell,
Or by far hills, where whin and heather grow!
Theirs is a story sad indeed to tell;
Yet little cares the world, and less 'twould know
About the toil and want they undergo.
The wearying loom must have them up at morn;
They work till worn-out nature will have sleep;
They taste, but are not fed. The snow drifts deep
Around the fireless cot, and blocks the door;
The night-storm howls a dirge across the moor—
And shall they perish thus, oppressed and lorn?
Shall toil and famine hopeless, still be borne?
No! GOD will yet arise and HELP THE POOR!

Bamford's "Pass of Death" has also been much admired. It was written on the death of George Canning. Ebenezer Elliot, in his "Defence of Modern Poetry," has said of this piece:—"I have an imperfect copy of a poem, written by an artizan of Oldham, to which, I believe, nothing equal can be found in all the plebeian authors of antiquity, with Æsop at their head." Take one or two stanzas:

The sons of men did raise their voice
And cried in despair,
"We will not come, we will not come,
Whilst Death is waiting there!"

But Time went forth and dragged them on
By one, by two, by three;
Nay, sometimes thousands came as one,
So merciless was he.

* * * * * * *

For Death stood in the path of Time
And slew them as they came,
And not a soul escaped his hand,
So certain was his aim.

The beggar fell across his staff,
The soldier on his sword,
The king sank down beneath his crown,
The priest beside the Word.

And Youth came in his blush of health,
And in a moment fell;
And Avarice, grasping still at wealth,
Was rolled into hell.

And some did offer bribes of gold,
If they might but survive;
But He drew his arrow to the head
And left them not alive!

We must now bring our notice,—though brief, we fear too long for these columns,—to a close, by saying a word or two as to the recent history of our author. Since his liberation from Lincoln gaol, he has worked at his trade of hand-loom weaver at Middleton, occasionally enlivening his labours at the loom with exercises of the pen. He has written out and published his "Passages in the Life of a Radical," and many of his best poetical pieces, such as his "Wild Rider," Beranger's "La Lyonnaise," and "The Witch o' Brandwood." More recently he has written an interesting little volume, entitled "Walks in South Lancashire," in which he gives many highly instructive sketches of the moral and physical condition, interspersed with descriptions of the domestic life of the industrious classes of his neighbourhood. From one of the chapters in this last work, entitled "A Passage of my Later Years," we find that Bamford was personally instrumental, in 1826, in preventing a mischievous outbreak and destruction of machinery, which would certainly have been accompanied with great loss of life (as the military were on the alert) in his native place. Indeed, Bamford has throughout his career, invariably set himself determinedly against all physical force projects, which some of the working class political leaders were but too ready to recommend, and their admirers but too ready to follow. In the note to his "La Lyonnaise," which he published in 1839, when the physical force policy was in considerable favour, he says, alluding to the sentiment which runs throughout Beranger's poem,—"Unfortunately for the too brave French, their common appeal against all grievances has been—"To Arms!" And their indomitable Poet naturally falls in with the sentiment of the nation. By arms, *in three days*, (the "glorious" ones) they obtained freedom! and *they lost it in one!*—a lesson to make the heart bleed, were it not perhaps sternly necessary to admonish mankind, that, without high wisdom and entire self-devotion, mere valour is helpless, as a blind man without his guide."

"It is true the middle and upper classes have not dealt justly towards you (the working class.) All ranks have been in error as respects their relative obligations, and prejudice has kept them strangers and apart. But the delusion is passing away like darkness before the sun; and knowledge, against which gold is powerless, comes like the spreading day, raising the children of toil, and making their sweat-drops more honourable than pearls."

And in a "Postscriptum" to his volume of poems, Bamford thus concludes: "The salvation of a people must come at last from their own *heads* and *hearts*. Souls must be matured, giving life to healthful minds. Hands may be learned to use weapons, and the feet to march, but the warriors who take freedom and keep it, MUST BE ARMED FROM WITHIN."

In conclusion, we may state, that Bamford has of late been employed at Manchester, mainly in literary labours. He has for some time had an engagement with an influential London journal. He is also employed in preparing for the press several volumes, both of prose and verse. Not long ago, a testimonial of the regard of his friends and admirers was presented to him in the shape of a sum raised by public subscription, in recognition of the claims to public gratitude of this working-class advocate for the abolition of the food monopoly, at a time when to advocate such a cause was not so safe as it is now; and surely it was only right, when influential members of Parliament were similarly and more substantially rewarded, that Samuel Bamford, the hand-loom weaver of Middleton, should not be forgotten.

Literary Notices.

Helps to Hereford History. An account of the Cordwainers' Company of that city; and the Mordiford Dragon. By James Dacres Devlin. London: Smith, Old Compton-street; and Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

Our old acquaintance, J. D. Devlin, a remarkable member of the most remarkable craft of shoemakers, which makes one think that really there is "nothing like leather," for making poets, philosophers, and other clever fellows, has got down to the ancient city of Hereford, and has already in this little work, thrown much light on the antiquity and mysteries of Cordwainery in that place. Besides this, he has brought to modern daylight, many singular legends of the great Mordiford Dragon—as celebrated in its neighbourhood, as the Dragon of Wantly, in Yorkshire, or any other Dragon of them all. We hope one of these days to present our readers with this Dragon story; for the present we may add, that we have no more doubt that there were Dragons then, than that there were Mammoths, Dinotheria, or Ichthiosaurian monsters, whose remains are still found. All the stories of the habits, habitats, and characteristics of the Dragon, now agree—and, therefore, evidently point to a period when, what is now traditionary, and, for the most part, regarded as fabulous, was fact.

The Land for the Labourers and the Fraternity of Nations, etc. Translated from the French by Thomas Cooper. London: Effingham Wilson.

This is a regular communistic tract on a national scale which in this country will certainly not be adopted tomorrow nor the next day.

Adams's Illustrated Descriptive Guide to the Watering Places of England. By E. L. Blanchard. London: W. J. Adams, Fleet-street.

A very well-timed and compact hand-book to our coasts and watering-places. This summer will prove a harvest to all our innkeepers and lodging-house keepers all over the island, as it will be the ruin of those on the continent. We cannot but imagine all the great inns on the Rhine this season—what an emptiness—their proprietors—what long faces and short incomes! But if any one means to visit any of our places of romantic beauty or of health-restoring waters, we advise them to get an early copy of "Adams's Guide," and order beds at once wherever they mean to locate themselves this summer.

POETICAL RECORD.

THE SCARLET MAN.

O, ARE you not glorious, Scarlet Man!
With your lace and your cap of state;
With your glittering musket, spick and span,
And your bold and stately gait?
The white belt gleams athwart your breast,
And the bayonet at your side;
While the eyes of Beauty upon you rest
In your splendour and gallant pride.
Marching along to the rattling drum
And the sprightly carolling fife,
Crowds of admirers gaze, as you come
With your comrades in soldier life.
Brave hearts, stout bulwarks every one,
Of your Queen and your country's rights;
All ready for daring deeds to be done
On fields of a hundred fights.
O are you not happy, Scarlet Man!
In the glory of such a name!
Or could you have hit on a rarer plan
For honours, or wealth, or fame?—
The Scarlet Man look'd round to see
That no epaulette loiter'd near,
Then said, "Good Poet, I fain would be
The hero you make me appear.
"But though I may seem so proud and gay,
And feel that I really am brave,
Yet an honest heart leaps up, to say
I am but an ill-paid slave,
Hired and bound by the men of gold,
For a paltry pittance I wot;
To kill my fellows, or stand when I'm told,
As a target for hostile shot.
Like a living puppet I move and look,
Evermore at the word of command,
And the petulant cane I must tamely brook,
If in my superior's hand.—
O the scarlet upon my coat is pale,
To the flame that blisters my cheek,
As I think how the cat with ninefold tail
Might my officer's vengeance wreak.
Then if Power, of hungry mobs afraid,
Bids me act my professional part—
I may fire my bullets, or thrust my blade,
To a father's or brother's heart!—
So marvel not, Sir, if your glorious man,
With such horrible duties as these,
Hears nothing but Liberty's whisper'd ban
In '*Attention!*' or '*Stand at ease!*'
And thinks 'mid yon drum's detested racket,
How he merrily whistled of old
In his free round frock, or his fustian jacket,
Ere deluded by scarlet and gold."—
Now the drums beat out, and the Scarlet man
No longer might linger with me—
But with burning throb my heart-pulse ran,
As I felt what his thoughts must be.

E. W.

THE POOR MAN'S PROTEST.

"I ought not to allow any man, because he has broad lands, to feel that he is rich in my presence—I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches; that I cannot be bought,—neither by comfort, neither by pride; and though I be utterly penniless, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me." R. W. EMERSON.

Poor am I! poor,—and most unwise,
If wisdom dwells in books!
Yet may a mind that's docile find
"Tongues" e'en "in running brooks!"
Poor am I! yet I ask not *man*,
But *Heaven* to grant me alms!
The bread I pray for "day by day"
I earn with horny palms!

Yet though I never pierced the deeps
Of philosophic lore!
Nor boast a proud ancestral name,
Nor gems—nor coffered ore!

Yet have I learn'd the records past
Of great—and wise—and bold
That hoar Tradition loves to tell!
And sacred books unfold!

And I have look'd abroad upon
The glorious earth and sky!
And deep into my heart have sunk
Their lessons pure and high!
And from my humble cottage-hearth,
—Affection's holiest shrine—
A deep-toned voice of gentleness
Hath told of things divine!

Nor do I mourn that from my eyes
Are many mysteries seal'd!
Enough for me that DUTY'S path
Is visibly reveal'd!
Before the star that shines thereon
Rank—wealth—and wisdom flee!
And whoso follows it aright
A monarch's peer is he!

Thus, poor, I fear no proud man's sneer!
Nor envy kings their state!
Alone the *God-like* and the *True*
I seek—I venerate!
These are the riches that outlive
A throne's—a world's decay!
The stamp of *manhood* Heav'n doth give
To them that work and pray!

Liverpool. THOMAS HARRISON.

A DRUNKARD'S ANATHEMA.

By my stomach's gnawing pains,
By this aching head of mine,
By these puzzled, raveled brains,
By these sickening fumes of wine.

By the plaisters on my shins,
By the rags upon my back,
By my conscious smarting sins,
By the breakfast which I lack.

By this nose so long and pink,
By this nervous trembling hand,
By my pockets wanting jink,*
By the Bailiff's writ at hand.

Curs'd the landlord's canting looks,
Tempting to the poison'd draught,
Curs'd their cozy snugs and nooks,
Where they ply th' infernal craft.

Curs'd be brandy, rum, and gin.
Curs'd the barrels double x'd,
Curs'd be all their kith and kin,
Curs'd be I when we meet next.

Bolton. R. C.

THE BRIGHTNESS THROUGH THE CLOUD.

By M. HECKMONDWICKE.

"To-morrow is our gala-day,"
Said Emily to me;
"Oh! I shall count the lagging hours
Until the last I see!"—
The morn is come!—a day of storm!—
Bleak is the wind and loud.
"What look you for, dear Emily?"
"*The brightness through the cloud!*"

"Nay, nay, sweet one! no sunshine
Will kiss the flowers to-day;
I would such weary weather
Had not come to mar thy play!"
But clapping little hands in glee
The maiden cried aloud,—
"I know it will be fine! for see
The brightness through the cloud!"

---

* Cash.

Thou ardent child! a lesson
I on the moment took;
Never to be dispirited,
But for "the brightness" look
To hope, and hope for ever!—
Howe'er by sorrow bowed,
Behold the *sunshine* in the *storm*—
The brightness through the cloud!

THE UNEMPLOYED OPERATIVE.

Soft dews and precious showers
In every zone still weep,
The sunbeam writeth on the earth,
Heaven wills that food be cheap!
The gifts dispensed around us
Are neither small nor few,
And yet I starve in plenty's 'midst,
Having no work to do.

The famine, black and blightsome,
Is coming on in haste;
Yet ships are lying idle,
And lands are lying waste!
There's food across the ocean
To freight a thousand sail,
Yet myriads wanting work and bread
Consume away and fail!

Thus mused I, when I met a man
Well fed, well clothed withal,
I asked him meekly for an alms
To silence hunger's call!
He grew most gravely insolent—
"Fellow! I never yet
Heard any, save the indolent,
Say they no work could get!"

I turned aside desponding;—
A working man approached,
He saw my sad condition,
And oh, his heart was touched;
The tear it trickled from his eye
As from his purse he drew
Its whole contents,—"Take this my friend,
I *yet* have work to do."

O kindness, soothing angel
Thou lightenest sorrow's load!
With heart elate, I hastened
To my forlorn abode.
The news o'er each dejected face
A ray of gladness threw,—
"May Heaven" they cried, "help that poor man
When he hath naught to do!"

GO FORTH INTO THE FIELD.

To the Writers and Editors of Howitt's Journal.

Heroes of liberty and right!
Warriors of the bloodless fight!
Begirt with Truth's unconquered might
Go forth into the field!

Poets, who have strung the lyre,
Not to chaunt of battle dire,
Not to sing the deeds of ire.
Go forth into the field!

Women! glory of your kind,
With power and tenderness combined,
Remembering there's no sex in mind,
Go forth into the field!

Oh! when your noble fight is done,
No widow's cheek with tears shall run,
No mother mourn a slaughtered son,
Go forth into the field!

No vultures to the scene shall throng,
No victims' curses loud and strong
Shall mingle in your triumph-song,
Go forth into the field!

Go forth—but tremble not at man,
And fall or fail ye never can
For God himself shall lead the van!
Go forth into the field! S.

SONG.

By J. Bradshawe Walker.

I am not now what once I was,
The careless and the free;
There is not now a fairy charm,
In all I hear and see.
Each rising morn brings some new pain,
My cup of gall to fill;
But I will smile at every grief,
If thou wilt love me still.

I hear not now in hall or bower,
The lovesome lays of yore;
The banquet and the ball invite,
I mingle there no more.
The world's a cold and dreary waste,
Where winds are whispering ill!
But I will bravely meet its frown,
If thou wilt love me still.

FREELY, FREELY.—A SONG.

By J. B. Manson.

Freely, freely light outwelleth
From its silent springs on high;
Wherefore live the poor in twilight
And in darkness die?

Chorus.

Ho, the inner man hath might!
This old world is getting right!
To the Good a light is coming,
And the Bad shall come to light!

Freely come the winnowing breezes
Window-taxer, let them in,—
In the poor man's house must nothing
Circulate but gin?
Ho, the inner man hath might, etc.

Freely, freely let our heart-pulse
Wake the widening surge of love,
Till its sweep conjoineth all things
Round us and above.
Ho, the inner man hath might, etc.

Praise that takes the tone of action
Cares not, needs not, to be sung:
Prayer may find its way to Heaven
Ere it findeth tongue.
Ho, the inner man hath might, etc.

Bannockburn, Jan. 24th.

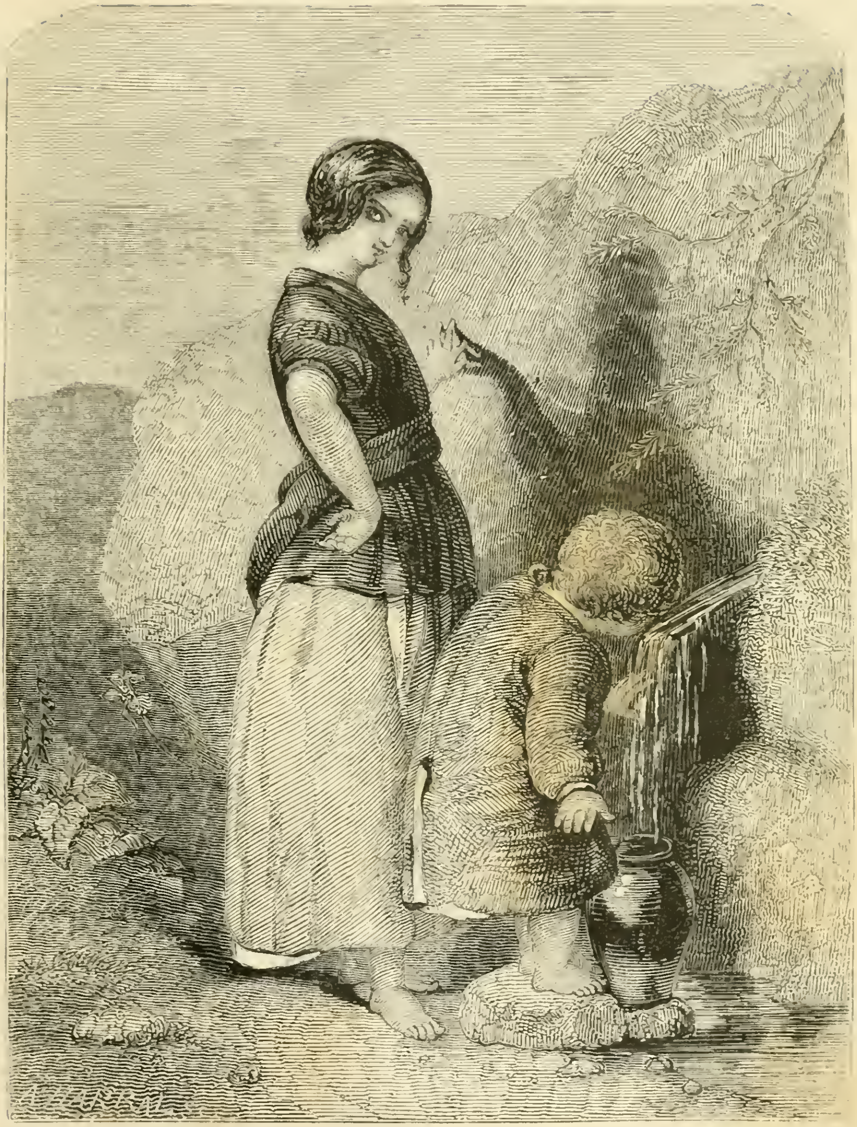
CONTENTS.

Memoir of Ferdinand Freiligrath. By William Howitt—We Know Better. By Henry Sutton, Author of "The Evangel of Love"—The Elephant Kraal—Facts from the Fields. The Meldrum Family. By William Howitt. (Continued.)—Poets of the People. Samuel Bamford. By Dr. Smiles. (Concluded)—Literary Notices: Helps to Hereford History; an Account of the Cordwainers' Company of that City; and the Mordiford Dragon. By James Dacres Devlin—The Land for the Labourers, from the French. By Thomas Cooper—Adams's Guide to the English Watering Places—Poetical Record: The Scarlet Man—The Poor Man's Protest. By Thomas Harrison—The Drunkard's Anathema—The Brightness through the Clond—The Unemployed Operative—Go forth into the Field. Song. By J. Bradshawe Walker—Freely, Freely. A Song By J. B. Manson.

Printed for the proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d

HOWITT'S JOURNAL



GIRL AT THE SPRING.

No. 75—Vol. III.

June 3, 1848.

A SWEDISH LOWELL.*

By Fredrika Bremer.

It was an active, merry, restless, strange life which prevailed there. There were now together these young, powerful human beings, who, upon different paths, had developed their different talents, and who, by means of them had attained to clearness and stability even in the outward life. They had arrived at a certain station in their life's career, and now a pause occurred, or rather a moment of rest. Most of them felt that something new must now take place, a higher a more perfect developement of life. This in a particular manner had reference to Ivar and Gerda. The professional life which they had hitherto led was not sufficient for them, therefore, either their professional talents were not sufficiently great to satisfy this, or this was not sufficiently large alone to satisfy their souls. They longed for something else, for something more.

And all the brothers and sisters, and their friends were, as it were, infected by this longing. But the word, the originating thought for this was still wanting to them.

They were altogether every day, in particular every evening, these warm, struggling souls. Then were they all alive with news from foreign lands; thoughts about mankind; the times, life, both the inward and the outward; thus did heart and brain open their chambers and give and receive new light. Drop fell to drop; fire kindled fire.

And the household gods of home guarded and watched it, whilst all the winds of the world blew up the flame.

Beloved reader! That wind which caresses thy brow, or which whistles at thy window, is indeed the same great wind which roars around the globe, and which journeys over all the lands of the earth. Thou hearest in its voice, a voice of the universe.

So is it also with the wind of the spirit; and more so than ever in our days, when steam is united to mind and loosens its fettered wings for an altogether freer flight round the world. And dost thou not hear how it speaks from coast to coast, from land to land, from city to city? Dost thou not hear feeling awake to feeling, thought reply to thought, tone vibrate to tone, and the little islands echo back the accords of the great hemispheres? Dost thou not hear the spheres rush on in altogether purer harmonies, in more inward melodies, altogether more powerful and loftier? Dost thou not hear it? then bewail thyself. For thine ear is not pure, and thou art deprived of a great enjoyment.

But if thou dost hear it—and knowest of a certainty that thou dost—then must thou also hear, at this time, a certain melody, a certain song which goes through every other, and in which peoples, remotely separated peoples, sing harmoniously together.

It is the song of union, of fraternization on earth, of a great brother-and-sister-life, in which all mankind shall recognise each other as children of the same father—born to divide with each other the same inheritance of goodness and joy.

Yes, in this great recognition mankind will be united. It is caused by the spirit of Christianity.

Societies are formed; both small and great, to carry out into life what this spirit desires. Weak human beings give to each other their hand, and thereby become stronger. The electric stream of the power of God's love more rapidly penetrates them all.

It was a spark of this fire; it was a wind from that wind of which we have just spoken which one day moved among the members of our family circle, and united them in one will and for one purpose.

One evening when Ivar and Gerda had just been speaking of their visit to the celebrated American manufactory of Lowell, and all had listened with the warmest, and most joyful interest, Augustin all at once sprang up and exclaimed,—

"Listen my friends! We are here many of us, and we ask what shall we do? What shall we undertake? Why should we not unite ourselves and establish—a Swedish Lowell? A community on Swedish ground, with Swedish customs, in which we might endeavour to elevate the work people to the highest possible improvement, freedom, and happiness, and where every one can give his talent to the common weal.

That was the word, that was the thought, that was the point of union of which there had been an undefined presentiment and for which all had sought. All at once it was felt by the whole family circle, and as the brooks roar with the unbinding of the fetters of spring, and gush forward to carry their waters to the river, so now hastened gladly brothers, sisters, and friends with their consent, their gifts and powers, to aid in the new work.

This tendency was not however *new* to the greater part of the brothers and sisters. We have long since seen in Hedvig, in Augustin, in Ivar and Gerda, in Bror and in every one of these in their own way that loveful tendency which leads man out of his own private *I*, and his own individual circle, to diffuse generally the good and the happiness which he has himself obtained.

They were all of them, in this way, children of the very best spirit of the age. Augustin's proposal had merely opened a way, by which good desires would make themselves available; had shown a central-point, a definite object around which they could gather.

In the light of enthusiasm this now grew, and became more and more beautiful and significant. Patriotism and Christian sentiments give birth to great thoughts, to beautiful institutions.

Ivar was again a fanatic, but this time in the light of a corrected understanding, for that Utopia which was the most beautiful dream of his youth. Gerda sung aloud in joy, because she should be able to introduce singing into the life of the people;—she divided already the work-people into choruses — the boys' and the girls' choruses—and taught them, beautiful, ennobling songs.

Hedvig sate with her deep, loving eyes full of tears, and her heart full of maternal thoughts. She already clasped all the children of the young community in her embrace. Bror undertook to establish a library; he would the very next morning hasten away to three book auctions to begin the collection.

There is a peculiar kind of joy which a person feels in great and good undertakings in which he is a participator. We do not believe that there is a nobler or a better on earth. It is a joy which elevates his consciousness, and strengthens all his powers. That spirit of the life of the community which permeates his individual life; that sentiment that has united him in thought and action, with the noblest interests of the age give to his existence a higher importance and a greater purpose. Now he knows himself to be one of God's instruments on earth, and more joyfully and more freely he lifts up his eyes to him.

Sweden has more than once seen spring forth from its bosom, associations, the offspring of a noble thought. That so called Gothic Association is of this kind, and we all know what beautiful fruits it has borne.

Its object was to regenerate and develope the arts of the Fatherland. And it did so. That brother-and-sister society, which is here founded, will form that perfect association, and through, and with this, develope the perfect human being.

---

* From "Brothers and Sisters," translated from the original, unpublished manuscript, by Mary Howitt, published by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough-street.

Will it succeed? The result of it is uncertain. But it is beautiful to attempt that which is great. And we are not without good anticipations; because we see in the association; good desires; good heads; and — large capital. which is a capital thing in carrying out great ideas.

We see little Bror—thanks little Bror!—with his young bride stand with their million. ready to employ it in the common enterprise.

We see Mina, the millionaire's second daughter, animated by the same spirit. stand ready with her portion. The young girl has had a clear insight into the blessing of wealth.

We see, in the end, many other persons. out of our family-circle, induced to take part in this enterprise with heart, hand, or capital.

Because all enterprise founded upon noble and true principles, has the power of attracting human beings. The noble-minded hear in them a heavenly voice, and they follow it. Others follow with the stream, and thus it grows.

A little deliberative society was formed, to bring into shape the proposal for this new association. The whole conduct and management of the business was unanimously confided to Augustin. Even Uncle Herkules went to the assembly—for even he was warm for its plans — although some of the members entertained doubts as to the harmony which would subsist between him and the others.

But at the beginning all went on well. All was life and gladness, and brisk activity in the circle of family and friends. And the following winter promised to be lively and active also, for during this time, the great plans were to be concerted in readiness for the following spring, when, with the first song of the lark, they were to be carried into operation.

* * * * *

Augustin had a little difficulty sometimes to keep the balance equal between two of his friends. The one would give too much and the other altogether too little.

To the first Augustin said,—

"Softly! Nothing for nothing! We would gladly provide our workpeople with every good thing, but they must themselves obtain them. We will therefore place them in a condition to acquire them by their industry and good behaviour. To deny oneself, to give up does no harm in the beginning. Nay, it is beneficial. Have not the most of us begun with it. I remember very well how I, many a time, at the university, went out at dinner-time, and wandered about the streets to dissipate the hunger, which I had not the means of satisfying, and how many an act of self-denial my young comrades and I were obliged to submit to. But we knew that we were labouring for preferment and for a certain after advantage. This supported temper and courage, and enabled us merrily to bear the renunciation which was at the same time a good teacher. Nay, we should not be frigid with our workpeople. but give the best that we have for ourselves; a position in life in which they can, from year to year, nay from month to month make an advance onward; in which they can improve themselves, lay up something for their children, and prepare for themselves. a calm old age. But we must firmly establish the principle—to every one according to his merits.

Yes, this must become the law.

But in order that justice may here become perfect, we must judge of merit and reward it according to the Gospel.

* * * * *

Merit shall be estimated *not merely* from the consideration of *advantage*. The honest endeavour, the good-will must also have its rank, and its value ought to be reckoned as merit.

And in this way we enter into the Kingdom of Heavenly Justice.

You see, my friends. I am so arrogant, that I claim for us in our society, that we should take the place of the great husbandman — should represent God the Father!—And this would be an unpardonably bold word, were it not spoken with a heart in the dust!—In short; we must besides the usual money-reward of labour, introduce a new one, a reward for industry and good conduct.

From this, at the close of every month or quarter of a year, shall be advanced the *wages of merit*, equally great for the unskilful workman as for him who is the most dexterous, when it is merely proved that the former as well the latter did *what he was able to do*, when honestly commanded to work.

I know that many land owners and others, who have servants in their employment, act towards them in this way. And I wish merely that what is done accidentally and imperfectly elsewhere, should become a principle in our association. and that moral-wages of merit should be given to its members. And thus in this small way the great husbandman's will might be done as in heaven so on earth.

And that this heavenly justice added to worldly prudence, would in the long run, conduce to our greatest worldly advantage, is not difficult to foresee."

To the other—the one whose views were contracted —Augustin said:—

"We are very careful about our own enjoyments; we consider it of the highest importance that every day should have some moments of refreshment and pleasure. And it ought to be so, because it is conformable with our nature and our needs. And I maintain that our Lord desires that it should be so; his wish is to see us all happy and cheerful. Has he not made the communion of love as the very heart of his church? Nothing is more certain to me than that Christianity is a doctrine of happiness, as well as a doctrine of wisdom for this life and the one which is to come; that it gives a blessing as well to our work as to our repose, and wills that water should be turned to wine. And when we thus act towards those who are dependant upon us, give them opportunities for that enjoyment which we wish for ourselves, we only fulfil our duty as Christians. Even the heathen acknowledged this duty, and had days—for example the Roman Saturnalia!—when liberty was given to all their slaves, and even to their animals, to enjoy the festival of life. But it was merely for a few days. We will infuse into the chalice of every day some drops of the enjoyment of existence, and give pure pleasure to the members of the association.

The work which we have in hand is in reality nothing but that we meditate, in an amicable spirit, a change in society, which sooner or later, *in its despite*, will be brought about. And in doing this we benefit ourselves quite as much as those whom we seek to benefit. Do not let us therefore call it doing good. Let us call it doing *what is right*. Let us call it pure, human pleasure.

And as a means of pleasure in our society we must have entertaining societies, with dance, music, games; and we must be there ourselves also, we must take part in them ourselves."

"Take part in them ourselves?" many people thought that this would not answer.

"But this would be precisely the thing," said Augustin, "which would be important and highly advantageous. That personal, cordial relationship between the more cultivated classes and those which are less so, a relationship which ought to extend to all classes of society, is precisely that which is peculiarly beneficial, and the best lever of society. And since *The Highest* descended to us, in order to raise us to himself, that is to say, to the highest movement power of society descending on purpose to elevate—He has shewn us the way. For the rest,"—continued Augustin, with his beautiful smile, "it is after *this* condescension almost ridiculous to talk about condescension among human beings!"

Lectures were also, as a matter of course, to be given in the society. Lectures belong to the arrangements for the day. A good arrangement, I think, most certainly. And Ivar, Uno, and David, they would all of them read lectures in the lecture-room.

When little Dr. Lund inquired "what were to be the subjects on which they would lecture?" and was told in reply a number of different subjects, he exclaimed with animation.

"I could not have thought it!—you will lecture on everything except the most important of all—that is to say—Theology! And in particular is it of the very highest importance, now-a-days, to endeavour to make it popular and comprehensible to the unlearned. It is high time that the reason of Christianity found its way to the reason of the people, that it may counterbalance all that unreason or half reason which endeavours to confound it, and in order to teach them how they may acquit themselves in the questions which will arise, and to be able to defend their holy belief against the attacks of infidelity and doubt.

"It makes me angry, yes, both angry and grieved, when I hear people who otherwise mean well towards their fellow creatures and Christianity preach against reason as an enemy to faith and revelation!

"Is it not to set them down as something irrational? to set enmity between the reason of God and the reason of man? just as if the latter were not the offspring of the former, created to conceive and to comprehend, and comprehending to adore its highest revelation on earth!

"Nay, I say, take reason, and understanding and science to help you, and when you, by their aid, have endeavoured to conceive and to understand the height and breadth and depth of God's wonderful revelation, so that you can see its whole connection, behold! as it is quite right man stands there, as a child in the presence of the great and good father, believing and adoring; believing precisely because he understands; believing even where he does not fully understand, because he now for the first time properly understands the Divine; because he now knows whom and what he believes. Yes, first of all enter into the child-like spirit, and with this we then—enter into the kingdom of heaven! Is it not so, sister Hedvig? Am I not right?"

"Right! right!" said Hedvig with beaming eyes. "But talk about this to the many; do you, yourself, give the lecture you speak of."

"Ah! how gladly would I do so, if I only could!" replied the old man warmly. "But I am not capable of it, I am old; my voice is weak and broken; and an old school-fox like me can scarcely express himself in a sufficiently *popular manner.* The old scholastic phrases lie continually on my lips and in my way; and I might say the very best things, and the people would believe nevertheless that I was talking Arabic, and wished to lead them into some heathenism. No, take in preference another teacher. The limits between learned and unlearned, priest and layman, exist no longer as formerly, and I know a few of my young friends here who far better than I could accomplish the important work of making Theology or Christian philosophy popular. Uno?—a great blessing has been conferred on you. Go and communicate its fruit to your brethren."

As regarded the internal administrative regulations of the Association, Augustin laid the highest importance upon the establishment of a savings'-bank, to the prudent management of which he devoted particular attention. For this purpose he adopted the most celebrated economic calculations of the time which a prudent and benevolent guardianship of the wealthy might apply for the benefit of the indigent in the association.

For the rest Augustin satisfied himself with connecting the prosperity of the workman with that of the institution for which he worked. The first ought, as a matter of course, to be bound up with the latter.

They talked about dwelling-houses. Augustin wished not to have any great Phalanstery-like establishments. "Where they have been erected they have not answered," said he, "and least of all would they answer with us in Sweden than anywhere. Because in the Swedish disposition exists the desire for each man to have his own. There is for him no comfort except in his own home and upon his own spot of ground. I will for our workpeople erect small dwelling-houses for two, at most four families under each roof. Every family ought to have two rooms and a kitchen. I know that this will be more expensive than a common kitchen and a large common dwelling-house. But we should gain in the comfort and fidelity of our work-people what we expended in money. And the advantage which we look for is not merely that of sordid interest. These dwellings shall be of wood, simple but tasteful, with difference in their design, and roofed with red tile. By every dwelling we will plant a few trees, and if possible let every householder have a little garden, or at least an enclosure where they can sow and plant something. I know how these little pieces of their own ground attach men to the places which possess them.

"I wish very much that we could obtain one thing for our workpeople, and that is a large park, where they would have an opportunity of enjoying life in the open air, and the innocent pleasures which would thence accrue. Where they would, during spring and summer, be able to recreate themselves every holiday with the freshness of rural life and the beauties of nature. For autumn and winter evenings we have the great hall of the school-house, where they would assemble, and where we must also take care to have beautiful works of art which may develope the sense of beauty, and where at the same time reading and music may agreeably employ, give pleasure, and at the same time ennoble.

One arrangement within the association, which was warmly advocated "by the brothers and sisters, was the establishment of a *tribunal of peace*, a union of that which is public in Norway and of the patriarchal great village-law in Dalecarlia. Before this all quarrels and lesser offences committed within the Association should be brought, and if possible there adjusted or reconciled. The workpeople themselves should every year elect the members of this court, and should each one possess the right of voting and of sitting in it."

"And we should endeavour so to regulate ourselves," said Augustin, "that no prison or house of correction should be enriched from our Association!"

"And one of the first laws which our Court of Justice shall inculcate and be observant of," exclaimed Uno, "shall have reference to the treatment of domestic animals. England and France have established fines and punishment for the ill treatment of animals. Why should the Swedes be behind these people in humanity?

"No! Let it not be said of us, that we thoughtlessly abandoned to the heedless or the cruel, those of our workers who are *dumb*, and who are deprived of the power of demanding their own rights, or of presenting their complaints. No! let us ourselves become their spokesmen, and not permit that the most hard-working and the most faithful of our servants should suffer an injustice. Not so! we will have around us happy human beings and happy animals!"

The motion was unanimously and warmly adopted. And Göthilda, informed of this by Bror, promised, purposely for this paragraph in the Legislative Book of the Association, to design a vignette, representing the Holy Family, with the *ass*, which should have a remarkably interesting physiognomy.

But Göthilda felt in this only half of that which was affecting and deep in the thought—which the popular sentiment* and the genius of art long since appropriated to themselves—that the animals have their place by the manger of the Saviour, and that they belong to the Holy Family.

"Yes!" exclaimed Dr. Lund one day, "now I see nothing further to be done than to christen the new town which I see springing up with the red-tiled roofs and the green trees—and sister Hedvig shall do that; she who sits there and is silent, but who secretly has kindled all their operations by the fire of her love and her good-will—*for all.* Sister Hedvig shall give a name to the new town."

"Nay, nay," said Hedvig, "that you yourself must do, my little father. Otherwise the christening will be good for nothing."

"Well then," exclaimed the doctor with vivacity. "I baptize the new town by the old Swedish name of *Birka!* It is indeed on Birch Island that it will be situated, and we will plant birches beside the houses of the workmen. It was in that old Birka, in this region, that Christianity was first preached. It is a grain of that seed, which now is growing up in the old ground, with harvests for the new time. No! not for time merely, for eternity! Not for earth merely but for heaven.

"Long live the new Birka!"

There was a joyful murmur in the company. "Long live the new Birka! and Birch Island! and the birches, and all of us together!"

◆

FACTS FROM THE FIELDS.—THE DEPOPULATING POLICY.

By William Howitt.

Extension of the English Manufacturing System, by which men are worked up into Malefactors.

The Meldrum Family.

(Concluded from page 345.)

The employer to which Mrs. Tulloch had recommended Meldrum, had his manufactory and warehouse in Fenchurch-street. He was one of those quiet, substantial, unassuming men, who go through life like a quiet, almost entirely hidden stream through the country, diffusing comforts and benefactions in the shape of employment, and not that alone. He was never seen on the foamy ridge of politics, yet he held with a wise moderation of manner, the most thoroughly liberal and just opinions. He had come up from the country a poor lad, and had made his way to immense wealth. Though little known himself to the general political world, his money was well known to that particular class of politicians who may be termed *Shilling Philanthropists*, men, who, without a spark of talent, set up for political philanthropists, and possessed themselves of great wealth, purchase a reputation by the expenditure of their loose change on political agitation; men, who, if there be a public subscription to be entered into, that will be well blazoned about in the newspapers, can come down with their £100, but who, if a political veteran a political martyr, or a political organ is to be aided and supported in a quiet, unostentatious way, are always found wanting; plentiful in excuses, but having no cash to spare.

Mr. Martin Maxwell, as we may term him, was not one of this class. This class knew the way to his purse, and made free draughts upon it. For himself, he carried out practically the advancing doctrines of the times. He had re-built his premises, in a healthy and airy style. He gave good wages, and practised early closing. He was for universal suffrage, and universal education; the equal diffusion of God's blessings amongst his children. He had established a good library, with newspapers and periodicals for the use of his people. He had encouraged them to form a mutual improvement society amongst themselves, and at Christmas gave them a dinner, and presided at it himself. He had promoted the study of music and design amongst them; and to any and as many of these advantages as he could grasp even the porter was admitted.

Meldrum, with fear and trembling went for some time through his duties; but by degrees, finding that he was not discovered or suspected by any one—that he passed to and fro in the streets with his knot on his shoulder or his arm, and went to wagon warehouses, and coach and railway offices with full security, he gave up his alarms, and with fifteen shillings a week, and such a house as that at Nancy Tulloch's, if he could have forgotten the past—he felt that he might still have called himself fortunate.

But if he could have stilled the avenging demon in his own bosom, there was but little chance but that some outward circumstance might soon put an end to his present favourable position. And such an one soon fell out.

Pursuing his way home one evening late, as he had been helping to pack a quantity of goods that must go off with all speed, he was accosted in Leadenhall-street, by a tall and showy damsel near a gin shop, who taking him by the sleeve as he passed—said in a light way—

"Come, my old friend, stand a glass, wont you, for it's very cold."

Meldrum looked at the unhappy woman, and quietly endeavoured to draw his sleeve from her grasp, when at the same moment, father and daughter recognized each other! It was Dinah, painted, bedizened, and half tipsy, who, suddenly growing pale, rushed away—and left Meldrum withered as by a flash of lightning, and, staggering under the horrible blow of that discovery, till he was obliged to lean against the wall for support. A throng of busy vagabonds were in a moment about him, asking what was the matter, and advising him to go in and get a dram to strengthen his old heart. The old man gathered together his confounded faculties, and his prostrated strength, and went on as well as he could without a reply.

To describe such misery as now crushed the heart of James Meldrum, is beyond the art or vigour of a mortal pen. The last stroke seemed given to his fate. His livid and haggard looks startled all that he came near—the two women at home, Zealous Scattergood who still came in once or twice a week, to converse with him, and his employer, and the people in the factory. Meldrum only complained of pain, but refused to give up his work, and did it. But from morning till night, and almost from night to morning, one thing only was running in his head, and that was, how he might seek out and save Dinah. O if he had had that crime from off his conscience, how easy would it be if Dinah were inclined to reform, to get her into the warehouse or factory of that good Samaritan, who had employed himself, and rejoiced in nothing more than in rescuing the outcast of humanity. But then! Every attempt of this kind, was a clue to his own detection and identity. To save his child he might lose himself:—he paused between the rescue of his own flesh and blood, and the terror of the gallows.

---

* Thus in Sweden the peasants are accustomed to give their animals a feast at Christmas, to shine a light in their eyes so that they may see "the star," and then they say to them "Now it is Christmas!"

In this dilemma, he turned again to the good Nancy Tulloch. There was but one thing—if he could but see his daughter, and prevail on her to assume his present name—but that he feared hopeless—the name of Dinah Meldrum was too notorious in certain quarters, and to too many of the lowest grade of London characters. Could he prevail on her to ignore their relationship? It was the sole hope, and catching at this, he sounded Mrs. Tulloch as to her willingness to assist in saving this poor girl, and found her, as usual, willing to do what she could. Happy herself, and seeming as if she never had known what vice or sorrow was, she was, still ever eager to aid in saving the fallen.

Encouraged by this hope, Meldrum set about to trace out the haunts of Dinah, to track her thence home, and to strive with all his power, to bring her back to the paths of virtue. The very idea seemed to diffuse a peace and a strength into his own mind. He went to his day's labour with the purpose, at its close, of commencing his endeavours to this end. But to the path of return to the right, how many are the obstacles that present themselves!

Issuing from the warehouse door during the day, with a large packing-case on his back, Meldrum saw a form flit past, that sent a thrill of icy terror through him. He felt that he could not be mistaken in that figure—that step—that threadbare black dress glazed with grease and filth. He was not long left in doubt—at the corner of the next street, it once more passed him—it was he!—Brassington, and no other!

If a tiger, a lion, or the archfiend himself had crossed his path, it would have excited less horror in him. In that man's recognition there was death and the gallows. Meldrum felt ready to drop under his load; yet he put forth all his strength, and did not pause, or attempt to rest even against the wall or a post. He laboured on, hardly knowing what he did, to the wagon office, whither he was bound. When he had delivered his load he came out expecting to encounter Brassington, with police to secure him, but no Brassington was to be seen. Somewhat relieved by this, and trusting that he had escaped the recognition of this man, he returned to the warehouse, and completed his day; though everything seemed to spin round about him, and he felt, as it were, flames burning in every vein and limb.

As he quitted the warehouse in the evening, the very first object on which his eye fell was the man-spider Brassington, who, posted on the opposite side of the street was evidently awaiting him. For a month, indeed, had he been traversing every street, alley and quay, in the east of London in pursuit of his victim. For a long time he had fixed his attention only on men in the sailor garb; but of late he had given up this in despair. He was persuaded that if Meldrum was in London, he had again changed his dress, and, accordingly, he scrutinized every man that was about the same size. He followed the great thoroughfares, reading the face of every working man that he met. He turned down all courts, and alleys, towards every quay and dock, and haunted the doors of shops and warehouses. At length he had found his man, and this time he resolved to be sure. With his usual avarice, however, he hesitated to call a policeman and seize him in the street, lest, by any chance, the man might put in an artful claim of his own, and outwit him of his fee, or at least share it to too great an extent. He determined, therefore, to dog his victim to his lodging, and then laying the information before the magistrate himself, claim the necessary aid from him, and thus unquestionably secure the whole reward. Satisfied, therefore, with perceiving Meldrum come forth, he affected not to pay any particular attention to him, but allowing him to proceed a certain distance, he then followed carefully, but with as quiet a manner as possible.

But there requires no great circumstance to alarm the vigilance of a guilty conscience—there requires much to escape it.

Meldrum perceived his enemy and his object, and resolved to encounter art with art. Instead, therefore, of going home, he took his course over London Bridge, on the centre of which he paused, as if surveying the shipping. He saw Brassington cross over the road, and proceed over the bridge on the other side. He watched him to the end of the bridge, and so markedly that Brassington did not venture to pause, but looking back once or twice to see that his prey was still there, went on. This accomplished, Meldrum, made a rapid retreat—cowering as he went, to avoid the eye of Brassington, amid the throng, and suddenly darting down the steps which lead to the steam wharf, he flew along till he could plunge into a cross street, and here, perceiving nothing of his pursuer, as suddenly wheeled into a third, going in another direction. In a little while, he was pacing along Crutched Friars, down St. John-street, Swan-street, and thence into Prescot-street, by Goodman's-fields. Before issuing from this street, he waited some time to see whether his enemy would appear, but he saw nothing of him. Fearing, however, to approach nearer to his lodgings, till more assured, he turned once more, and descending White Lion-street, he proceeded along Castle-street. Here, however, he had not gone a hundred yards, when he perceived that he had done well not to go nearer to his home. The crafty and stealthy foe was still on his track. Roused to a spirit of resentment by the sight, he now resolved to give the fellow a good run, and, turning up Cannon-street-road, he started on at his fleetest walking pace, brooding over desperate thoughts more deeply at every step. Reaching Whitechapel-road, he plunged into that wilderness of life lying between Bishopsgate-street, the Hackney-road, and Bethnal Green-road, and following first one and then another direction, continued his progress for some time. As the night had set in, and the object of Meldrum became obvious, Brassington, however, had assumed a bolder aspect, had come up nearer to his prey, and kept an undisguised, sharp look out upon him, lest he should disappear in some unlighted street or entry. Perceiving this, Meldrum again struck out right a-head down the Bethnal Green-road, crossed Bethnal-green, followed the length of Chester-place, went down Green-street, and turning at right angles, issued out upon that waste piece of ground, called Bonner's Field.

These fields have, since this memorable evening of Meldrum's life, undergone great changes. Then, the old House of Bloody Bonner, probably that in which he used to keep Protestant martyrs in his coal hole, and brought them out daily to whip them himself, was standing, with three or four other tenements adjoining in their gardens. These have since been pulled down for improving the entrance to the new Victoria Park, and their place is only known by some few straggling trees, and traces where the foundations have been dug out.

Meldrum at first wound leisurely along the outskirts of this large, and then ill-lighted common. He lingered under the shadow of the trees near the new church, then strolled past Bonner's Hall, and traversing the outskirts of the adjoining houses and gardens, hesitated whether he should cross the fields to Hackney Grove, and so out into the country, and towards Lea Bridge, and thence to the forest. Fearing, however, that Brassington, seeing this design, and not choosing to trust himself with him in the country, should take the opportunity to call some passing policeman to his aid, he abruptly proceeded across the field, and reaching another group of large trees close to a pool of water, he determined to make a stand here, and come to close quarters, if possible, with his persevering foe.

He looked round. The spot seemed exactly adapted to his purpose. It was at a good distance from Bonner's Hall. The side of the field beyond was at the back of the great Bethnal Green Union. No one could come soon from that quarter—or were indeed likely to hear. All was gloomy, silent, and remote. Here then, he suddenly disappeared behind the massy bole of an old elm tree, and rearing himself close to the trunk, he awaited the event.

It was exactly as he had calculated. Brassington, now becoming anxious, and losing sight of his object, dashed forward in alarm, and stood face to face with his intended prey.

"So you are here!" said Meldrum, gruffly addressing his enemy.

"And you!" replied Brassington.

Meldrum grasped the collar of Brassington, and giving him a fierce shake, felt the spirit of vengeance rising in his soul, and glanced a savage scowl on the thin old man,—

"What *is* it you would have with me?" he exclaimed. "What *do* you dog me for in this manner? But as you *are* come thus far, you shall not come for nothing."

With that he gave the old man another terrible shake, and Brassington, terrified at the strength of the man into whose hands he had suffered his avarice to beguile him; now said hurriedly,—

"You wont hurt me! You wont kill me! Let me go—and I'll not say anything."

"Yes," said Meldrum—"I'll trust you—I should think I *may*, after what I've seen to night—after what I saw t'other day."

And with that he seized the old man by the throat.

"Let me go, I say! Let me go!—and I'll give you—I'll——"

But here his voice was silenced by the grasp of Meldrum, whose passions were boiling, and heaven, earth, remorse, repentance, and the gallows alike forgotten. The present, which decides the commission of crime, spite of judge, jury, or hangman,—the present with all its violence of vengeance, was the only power that swayed the malefactor's soul.

A desperate struggle ensued. The old man, who had cried out with the cowardly feeling of the mean lurker for human blood, now, perceiving that there was no hope from any appeal to his enemy, with the cunning of his character, plucked his case knife from his pocket, and as he was stifling in the iron grasp of his foe, began franticly to stab at him with all his might.

Meldrum, who received one or two wounds, now grew mad with rage, and striking Brassington with his fist, felled him to the earth, and falling on him, wrested his knife from him, flung it to a distance, and again grasping the throat of the prostrate man, did not release his hold till he ceased to struggle. He then sprang up, cast a hasty glance around, and catching the gleam of the water in the hollow just by, he dragged his victim down, and plunging him in, hurried away, and over the field at his highest speed.

"Another!" said the murderer, as he rushed wildly along. "Another murder, and that designedly. The devil is sure of me now—there is nothing but damnation for me—O, Zealous Scattergood—O, Mrs. Tulloch, if you could know this! But the Devil is stronger than you and me, and all of us. He has me body and soul." Thus did this frantic malefactor rave to himself as he sped on. He knew not rightly whither he was going. It was vain to think of returning to his lodgings or his employment. He made for a lodging-house that he knew of, and concealing himself during the day, again issued forth at night, and sought the place of last night's tragedy. He wished to see whether the body still was there. He could see nothing. He entered the town again, and hiding first in one place and then in another till he could hear something—he at length learned that Brassington was not dead—but that he had recovered, and was alive. The water was not deep. It but served to refresh him and recal life. He had not entirely ceased to breathe—he recovered; and now a fresh hue and cry was abroad after Meldrum. He was now identified as the murderer of the old lady and the attempter of this second murder.

Terrified at the certain prospect of the gallows, he now made a desperate push for life. There was an emigrant ship lying at the London Docks. He got aboard just before sailing, paid his passage, and was soon descending the Thames. Wearied with his terrible transition of exasperated passions, and the agonies of a crime-haunted soul, and anxious not to be seen, he plunged into his berth, and lay for a day and a night.

He hoped when out at sea to be out of danger, but Providence had decreed otherwise. Blood cried from the ground against him, and the ocean refused to harbour him. Contrary winds prevented the vessel from getting off the coast. It continued tossing to and fro in the Downs, and the captain, unwilling to put into any port on account of the heavy dues, cast anchor. But they soon slipped cable and were off again. The following night it blew fiercely, and was intensely dark. By some mistake of the signals at midnight they ran foul of another vessel, and there was every prospect of both going down together. The masts entangled together, caused the vessels to work below as if they would suck each other down into the sea. The masts were cut away, and the next day the two dismantled vessels were towed away by passing steamers.

Scarcely did the people appear on the deck of the vessel in which Meldrum was, when amongst the crowd of emigrants, who should the flying malefactor see, but large and rosy, and well-fed as ever, his old acquaintance Big Bow-wow! He stood amid a numerous group of wife and children, who were all seeking the shores of America.

No sooner did Birkhampshire see Meldrum, than turning to the captain, he said—"There is the Jonah!"

There was an immediate commotion amongst the crew and passengers. Birkhampshire's story was eagerly listened to, and the captain ordered the men instantly to seize Meldrum, and secure him till they got back to London, whither the steamer was hauling them.

His doom was fixed. He saw that the hand of God was against him, and at once the gallows, the shouting mocking crowds, and strangling cord were before him. In the next instant he was in the sea. It was the impulse of the moment's terror of a public death and public shame—a single leap and it was done. There was a cry—a rush to the boats—one had been crushed between the two ships—the other was let down in all haste, but the felon was gone, and not a trace of him could be discovered.

Thus terminated the strange career of James Meldrum. Who could have imagined such a beginning and an ending. Who shall say what are the crimes that they give origin to when they drive peaceable men desperate, and close the avenues of life against them? What a wide distance between James Meldrum the Methodist class leader and Meldrum the murderer. There was no need that one should have become the other. Under a better system the better nature of the man had been maintained. He was ground, crushed, outraged, and he became—what he was. The same process may be readily carried out in others. It becomes a wise Government and a Christian nation, that a better system shall produce us better fruits.

CONCLUSION.

It may be imagined that the astonishment of the Tulloch and Zealous Scattergood was not small when they came to know the singular termination of the career of Meldrum. But how did they come to know? They read, indeed, in the newspapers, of the death of Meldrum, the Berkshire murderer, by his jumping overboard at the moment of detection on the emigrant ship, but it passed from their minds as such passages do in the multitude of horrors with which modern life abounds—and there was no connexion in their thoughts between Meldrum the murderer and Jabez Baxter, who had suddenly disappeared from his employment and his lodgings.

This disappearance had been a matter of much speculation, wonder, and concern, at Nancy Tulloch's. Mrs. Brentnal professed not to wonder at all, but reminded Nancy that she had never liked the man, and had warned her that sooner or later she would repent of her too great easiness with strange people. Nancy Tulloch was twitted in a gentle way too by Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell for her introduction of this man to their notice. That he had gone off voluntarily they did not doubt, but they could not perceive from what cause, or that he had taken a farthing's worth of what did not belong to him; on the contrary, he had left the greater part of a week's wages behind, which Mr. Maxwell handed to Mrs. Tulloch towards the arrears of lodging.

Nancy Tulloch and good old Mr. Scattergood were deeply concerned at the event. They bore patiently any little cause of triumph against them, and were only grieved for the man himself. They did not believe but that some sudden circumstance had caused him to go off; if, indeed, no accident had occurred to him. All this, however, might have remained a mystery, perhaps for ever, if Mr. Maxwell, without saying anything to any one, but to satisfy his own mind, and perhaps that of Mrs. Tulloch, for he had noticed her distress, and had ceased to rally her on her Quixotism—had not put an advertisement in *The Times*, offering £5 reward for the discovery of what had become of his porter, who had so unaccountably disappeared. This advertisement at once brought up old Brassington to the warehouse to claim the reward. He could at once identify Meldrum the Berkshire murderer and the porter of Mr. Maxwell, who now bore the name of Jabez Baxter. Great was the astonishment of Mr. Maxwell, not less that of Mrs. Tulloch and Zealous Scattergood. They felt almost horrified at having been in so close and continued an intercourse with a murderer. Mrs. Brentnal had got a proverb for life—"Nancy! Nancy! did'nt I say, be careful —Mercy on us—if he had killed the children—you, me, and all of us before he went off!"

The remaining history of the Meldrum family may be told in a few words. Zealous Scattergood was, during the following summer, sent for to pray by a dying woman in a London Hospital. It was Dinah Meldrum. The course of her wretched life was about to close in that misery and amid those appalling horrors which vice and gin so plentifully produce. The poor girl, like her father, had once wandered into Zealous's chapel, and the memory of what she there heard made her implore his presence by her dying bed. From her Mr. Scattergood learned that her brothers were both transported—Job for embezzling his master's money, and Sampson for a robbery at Newmarket.

Such is the history of the Meldrum family! It is a melancholy one! The most melancholy fact is, that it is not a solitary one. The same causes are producing the same results plentifully in our present state of society. In town and country these causes are every day operating with augmenting force. A Government which for generations has employed itself almost solely in wars, has covered us with debts which crush all our industry into a profitless misery. A selfish aristocracy, not content with having created this debt, and monopolized the whole land, now drives the labourer into the town, lest he should get a settlement and claim some support from the land. The town is already swarming with men without any employment. In a vast number of the back streets of our metropolis, you find a crowd of wretched creatures existing amidst the most astonishing circumstances of filth and depravity. You see men and women in thousands spending their days in utter idleness; they have no chance of useful employment, and are waiting for the night to commence their work of darkness, and spoliation of society. We see a whole army of police kept to prevent, as much as possible, this inevitable outrage. The Parliament, the executive, the magistracy, the police, we all of us live from day to day, and year to year, quite cognizant of all this, and instead of attempting to extirpate the malady from the social constitution by the proper remedies, we attempt to drive it from the surface to the vitals by the topical application of police and coercion. The end of this cannot be overlooked by any reflecting man—it cannot be contemplated without horror; and if we value our country and our fellow-creatures, without indignation.

God and man, our profession of that religion which bids us love our neighbour as ourself, call upon us to put an end to this revolting, this disgraceful, this unchristian state of things. It is time, if we would longer claim the name of men, to destroy by a sweeping reform the too-long continued business of our statesmen of merely occupying their places by defending all existing abuses. The end and object of government is different. It is to examine and amend the condition of the people. We must attempt this by easing the pressure at both ends. By extending our markets and our system of emigration. The remaining restrictions on trade must be abolished. TRADE MUST BE ENTIRELY *Free.* The monopolies, which ruin our colonies, especially those of the East Indies, and prevent their being, as they otherwise would be, vast markets for us, and consumers of our manufactures, must be abolished. We must send out our surplus population to our colonies—and not let them go over to the United States, where they are not only lost to us, but strengthen our rivals and become rivals themselves. These must be planted, say in Australia, in a fine climate, and on extensive lands, where every man and woman, not only at once cease to be miseries to themselves and nuisances to the public, but become happy people and good subjects, producing produce for our use, and demanding our manufactures.

At home universal suffrage, universal admission of the rights of all the common children of a common Creator, universal education, sanitary and social reform, must replace that selfish, foolish, and ruinous legislation, which has brought us to the condition in which we are.

In fine, the world moves, and we must move with it. The late magnificent and marvellous stirring of the spirit of God on the face of the great peopled ocean, has brought to light not merely the radical discontent of mankind with the longer continuance of the old system of feudal despotism, but what is not less significant—that the seeds of an entirely new organization of human society are not only sown broadcast over the world, but have already taken deep and ineradicable root. The revision of the laws of property, the estimation of the real nature of labour, the science of the true diffusion of the means of life and happiness on earth, are become, and must continue to be, the great topics which will occupy not only governments and peoples, but the highest and best intellects of the family of man. To the great end of making practical the whole of the sublime and beneficent doctrine of Christianity—and under its influence developing every power and every enjoyment of every human being—all must devote their faculties. For this the philosopher, the poet, the law-giver, the inventor, must unite. In the common good they will find their common honour and happiness. Fame will no longer find its roots in blood, or any echo from the adamantine rocks of oppression. The worldly and the selfish, the product of the old trading system of things may sneer and mutter their counting-house oracles—but the Bible is still true, and "Peace on earth and good-will amongst men" will duly arrive. We see the dawn of it—let us work, that our children may see its beaming and advancing day.

We had dropped the pen, when some one cried—"But we have not said good-bye to the Tullochs' and to good old Zealous Scattergood." Say it then.

John Tulloch has returned from his voyage, and has announced that it is his last. He has arranged to go into partnership with his brother in Rotherhithe. John has saved a good round sum of money. He has already taken a house on that side of the water, in which not only Mrs. Brentnal, but Zealous Scattergood is to have a room. He has already taken the whole family, children and all, to see this house, not by the Thames Tunnel, be sure, good reader, for John hates all such underground, new-fangled "mowdiewarp burrows" (mole burrows), and so long as he lives will sail over the sunshiny surface of the flood in a *natural* and rational boat.

John Tulloch expected everybody to be charmed with his house, but at first they were all a good deal disappointed, for it faced into a low and crowded and dirty street. But when they entered it, they found themselves proceeding along a long passage, and presently came to a large room with a large window with a painted blind drawn down. This blind John, with a significant smile, drew up, and exclaimed—"There then! What do you think of that, mates?" The effect was testified by a general exclamation of delight—for it gave a view out upon the broad river, all alive with innumerable craft of various kinds; large ships lying in forests near at hand, steamers careering along with crowds of people in the middle of the watery way, and beyond, the vast mass of London with its warehouses, churches, and public buildings, up and down the river. The sun was shining brightly on all, and John Tulloch, assured by the pleasure evidenced on every face, said, "Well now, this is our common sitting-room—and now I'll show you where we are each and all of us to stow ourselves away." And with that he went and pointed out a snug room where Zealous and his books might be, and another for Mrs. Brentnal. In the elation of his heart Uncle John expatiated on the plans he had laid down. Zealous was to go and preach still to his old congregation, and they would go with him. He was to teach the children here in the house, and every now and then they would make a holiday by going down to Greenwich and having a day of it. Would not the children roll down the hills in the park? Would not they have some fine cracks with the old sailors?—And would not they have some famous tea drinkings?

And there they are; and should any of my readers on one of their holiday excursions to that popular spot behold a jolly, happy looking sailor, with his pretty little merry wife, each with a child by the hand, and a thin and grave old Dissenting minister having on his arm a stout old country dame, that does not like going up hill, they need not send for me to ask who they may be—they will know at once—certainly!—and will wish as they pass them with a smile—Long Life to Uncle John and all his family!

◆

A CHARACTER

WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

By William Howitt.

A beetling crag is a most awful sight,
But what so dreadful as a beetling wight?

Alas! that such a wight should live on ground
As here sometime a bustling period passed.
None like him since the world's first day was found;
None such shall earth revisit till the last.
His legs like grasshoppers' did fleet full fast;
His body lean, his visage lank and pale;
And two small eyes a wildish lustre cast
'Neath a huge pile of hair most like a bale
Of black befrizzled wool, or a wild horse's tail.

Wonder of wonders was it to behold
His fits and starts, his actions that did mock
All regularity—now still and cold,
Now leaping up and standing like a rock,
Or rather like a steeple and town clock,
Telling the hours. So would he talk for aye;
So would he talk, God knows, to stone or stock;
The man seemed made a double part to play—
To talk and talk all night, and lie in bed all day.

His talk it was a torrent—it would drown,
Drench, sweep away all topics, but the one
He seized on, like an eagle pouncing down
Upon a mouse. He hated pro and con.
Relish for conversation he had none:
But he would fix upon a flea or feather,
And worry, argue, preach, though all were gone,
To prove some thing abstruse, such as that leather
Would make a boot or shoe if neatly put together.

Ah! well-a-day! this most afflicted man
Was cursed with five mad maggots in his hair;
And as they bit him, out of house he ran,
And roamed in woods, or peered about in lane,
As something lost he laboured to regain.
Ah, woful man! what ailed him? Rhyme. What more?
Poverty;—and, that poor he might remain,
He painted; and, instead of golden ore,
Hoarded up beetles, flies, and crickets by the score.

Ah! what a brain-struck, crazy man was he!
These were stark madness, but not half the worst;
He had the strangest fancy that could be
To do besides, what wise man never durst.
He ran, he leapt, he flew to be the first
Each powerful booby of his faults to tell.
Was there a sore? He probed it till it burst.
A strong arm raised that might a bullock fell?
He popped his head beneath, and loved the knock right well.

Dearly he loved to tell truth out of season!
'Twas noble, glorious, gainful to make foes!
Did his young brats for bread cry with good reason?
What cared he? he had beetles pinned in rows;
Daubings in paint, in poetry and prose;
And if his wife complained of want of cash,
Some distant wood for solitude he chose,
Where he would give some rotten tree a gash,
And as the grubs ran out he deemed the world but trash.

Thus oddly did he stay—as oddly went;—
By some one he was noticed at the last
Stretched a whole day upon the summer bent,
With scores of pill-boxes about him cast,
In which were swarms of insects prisoned fast.
But no one knows what afterwards befell.
Perhaps into some owl his spirit passed;
Perhaps he went with Will-o'-wisp to dwell,
Or tumbled from some crag, or walked into some well.

A SPORTSMAN'S ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

It is nearly forty years since that I took up my residence in one of the counties bordering upon Pennsylvania, and stretching along the lakes and rivers of that region. It was what is called a *new country*—very sparsely settled, and inhabited by a frontier population, of the usual *border* character.

I had scarcely unpacked my gun and prepared it for service, when the news of a strange man, with a strange kind of dog, brought me many visitors. Indeed, I am not quite sure that my canine friend (a beautiful cocker, out of Harry York's Myrtle, with ears as thick as a board, and hanging below his nose) had more than his share of this civility, if indeed, it was intended as such. Among the rest, came Bram Derwilliger, a character of very marked distinction. I am not going to use a "foreign slip slop," and say he was *distingué*, for that would not unfold my meaning; and he will be better understood, as I shall describe his personal appearance and conversation. Bram might properly be considered the "*élite*" of the settlement, for he was the *tallest* fellow, in every sense of the word, in the country—six feet two inches high, bony and muscular. His father was an emigrant, perhaps an escape, from Spanktown, or Saddle river, in the Jerseys, and had been much celebrated for the prominence of the bump of acquisitiveness upon his cranium: he "swore the legiblest of any man christened," in Dutch and English; and Bram was the son of his father. This important personage was a squatter, with pretensions as exorbitant as those of any of the tribe in modern times; since squatters and squatting have acquired the peculiar favour and protection of the government. He was of the class of *shingle-weavers*, and had taken possession of some hundreds of acres of the best pine lands in the country, and carried on that trade as a business; while hunting of every kind was his passion and amusement.

Bram's arsenal was better provided than that of the rest of his professional brethren; for in addition to a Penn land rifle, garnished with deers' heads and horns in abundance, he sported a *smooth bore* of formidable length and calibre. He entered my room, fully equipped for service, and challenged me to *shoot him* for any quantity of drink I chose. Upon being informed that I had no rifle, and that I did not value myself upon being an adept with that weapon, he said, without ceremony, that "I could not know much," and asked for a sight of my gun. The double-barrel was put into his hand, and he eyed it with no little contempt; at the same time commending his own gun as worth a ten acre lot full of such as mine. I was not a little amazed at the cool, horse-impudence of my visitor, and considered him as the most brazen specimen of the *forked animal* I had ever met. But I was mistaken in undervaluing Bram. Progressive democracy had not then been heard of; and Bram was a perfect pattern of this species, in an early state of development, and an original anti-renter in chrysalis. All the *principles* which are now clearly defined by the gentry who helped to call the present convention, and vote themselves a farm, lay in him close packed in embryo; but he would have blushed—no, of that he was incapable—but he would have hesitated openly to avow them. He had no scruple to steal the trees from the soil; but to claim the land itself because he had stripped it of its timber, was a stretch beyond even him, whose conscience, if he had any, was of the most attenuating caoutchouc. But Basta! I shall never have done if I dwell upon his excellences: suffice it to remark, that he must be *non est* at this present speaking, or he would be moving the convention for a special article for the protection and encouragement of shingle-weaving, and preparing to run as the anti-rent candidate for Governor at the next election.

As I "flunked,' as he phrased it, from the first challenge, Bram offered any odds upon his smooth-bore; and as I wanted a guide in my first introduction to the marsh, I agreed to try conclusions with him, and invited him out with me next day to beat up the quarters of the ducks, which were beginning to flock in great numbers. The morning came, and Bram was no laggard. The ducks were feeding in a pond, which afforded no opportunity for me to attempt them; and Bram, by making a circuit of some distance, obtained a chance for a long shot, and blazed away. While he was crawling up to the game I ensconced myself in a patch of wild rice, not too high to obstruct the view, and awaited the issue. I was fortunate in selecting my position; a large flock of black ducks, roused by the salvo of Bram, came very fairly flying over me, and I dropped two with each barrel. My companion, intent upon his own game, had not noticed the fall of the birds; and in his progress to the deep recesses of the pond, he roused its inhabitants, and I took toll, more or less, as every flight passed me.

The sport was declining, and gathering my birds in a heap, I covered them with sedge; and seeing that some of Bram's wounded had got into deep water, and were not recoverable without the dog, I left my spoil and went to join him. We had secured them all, and were turning homeward, when a single-crowned Merganser, the smallest of the species, came down the wind with a very rapid motion. I wanted a specimen, and immediately dropped him into the pond, where it was some two feet deep; and instantly as he struck the water he disappeared. A single rush marked the spot where he fell; and the dog swam round and round it, in expectation. "A very good chance shot," said Bram; but you could not do it again in a hundred times trying." The water was so shallow that the bird could not conceal itself long in motion; and it still remaining invisible, I became persuaded that it held on to the grass at the bottom, and sent Bram in to obtain it. Sure enough he found it there; and securing it, he was wading to the shore, when, suddenly stopping, he roared, "Heer donder! what shall I do?"

"What is the matter?" inquired I.

"I have got my foot upon a thundering great snapping-turtle!"

"Well, take it off, and come on shore," said I.

"No, I want to catch him," he rejoined.

"Catch him then, and make haste," I replied.

"I don't know where his tail lies," said he, "but here goes!"

He was lucky enough to miss the head, and raising it to the surface, brought it on shore, hissing like twenty ganders. It was the largest of the kind I ever saw; and it would have been no sport to Bram had he thrust his fingers within his *vice;* for he was uncommonly savage, and struck at every thing within his reach.

Bram now inquired for my game, and upon receiving an evasive answer.

"I knew," he said, "you could do nothing with that short gun: it won't throw far enough for ducks."

After bleeding his captive, he shouldered him and his ducks, and pointed to me a short cut homewards. My station lay in the direct road, and, making for it, we crossed a tongue of meadow land, skirted by tall weeds and bushes, and soon walked into a bevy of quail, which drove for the open marsh. They flew so fair, and were at the right distance, so that, notwithstanding the coarseness of the shot, each barrel secured a bird.

"You have good luck at chance shooting," said Bram, "but you fired into the flock. I'll bet you all my birds to a pint of whiskey, you can't hit 'em single."

"Done!" said I; and charging with No. 8, we followed the birds into the edge of the marsh, where, in the most favourable ground imaginable, I had marked them down. The dog soon put up a couple at the proper distance, and, right and left, both were bagged.

Bram was amazed, for he had left home too early to have seen much sport in the fields of New Jersey; and as, successively, I brought down bird after bird, he was disposed to admit that, upon such small game, he might possibly be beaten; but at ducks he could take the *rag* of any man. We had finished the quail, and reached the place of my deposit, when, uncovering my hoard, I exhibited to Bram treble the number of birds that he had killed.

"I give it up," said he: you *can* beat me with a *smooth bore;* but with a rifle I'll bang all creation."

And many times afterwards he was desirous of trying my skill with that weapon.

"Why any fool can shoot a rifle that has an eye in his head," was my answer; and it was for a long time available. At length I met him one day, rifle in hand, on the shore of the lake; when, after pressing me hard to try a shot with him, he swore I did not know how, and was afraid to expose my ignorance. He had hit the true reason, for I was totally inexperienced; but he cornered me so closely I had no escape. The lake was as smooth as a mirror. A grebe, of the smallest size, was sailing along, a hundred and fifty yards off, and snatching his rifle from his hand,—"Where shall I hit that bird?" said I.

"Hit him in the head," was the reply.

I drew up, and levelling at arm's length an instant, gave fire; and, to my astonishment and delight, the bird was killed.

"Heer! heeren!" exclaimed Bram, and jumping into a canoe, he paddled after the game. A new burst of astonishment came from him as he picked up the grebe: "I wish I may be ——," said he, "if you have not hit him in the eye!"

"To be sure I have," said I; "where else should I hit him?"

I had established my reputation, and very prudently rested my fame on that exploit. And it was the first and last rifle shot that I fired during my stay in that country.

Some weeks afterwards, there was a shooting match for geese and turkeys. The birds were placed behind a log, at a hundred yards distance, and their heads alone exposed. I walked down to witness the sport; and Bram, whose back was towards me, was challenging the whole posse to shoot for a wager.

"I can beat any man in the three counties, either at rest or at arm's length. So come on, all of you if you dare!" At this moment he caught sight of me. "All but him," said he: "I won't shoot with him, for he beats the devil!" And upon this assurance, I was admitted cock of the walk.

Bram was a capital fellow in his way, and was of excellent service on the marsh; and as he was always on hand, he was very frequently my companion on a duck hunt. One day, upon our return from one of these, an eagle came soaring over us. I drew up my gun. Bram, who saw the motion, exclaimed—

"Don't shoot! don't shoot! you'll strain your gun!" I gave him both barrels, however; but, though much hurt, he carried off the lead. "You've done the job," said Bram, "and spoiled your gun. You'll never kill anything more with her."

I was amazed at his absurdity; but I afterwards found more intelligent men than he imbued with the same superstition. As that was the last shot I fired at game in the country, I had no opportunity to test the truth of Bram's prognostics; but my mind was recalled to it many months afterwards, when beating the coverts of Vyfd Kill, and missing everything I fired at. But I laid no blame upon my gun; for I had just gotten rid of a tertian ague, which had deranged my nervous system, from which I never thoroughly recovered.

I do not think that I killed the eagle that was pronounced so portentous to my fowling-piece. For, a few days afterwards, having missed some young lambs, I ascribed the felony to the foxes; but, in strolling through the woods, I discovered a monstrous nest in the top of a small, insulated pine, large enough for the roc of Sinbad the Sailor; and instantly after an eagle took flight from it, with a cry very unlike the *scream* poetically ascribed to it. She was soon joined by her mate, sweeping around the tree, rising higher at each circle, and both uttering the most plaintive and feeble wailings.

The bones of lambs, ducks, and geese, lying in profusion at the root of the tree, detected the plunderers of my sheepfold; and it was evident from that circumstance, that there were nestlings in the tenement above. I therefore visited it the next day, with gun well charged with buck shot, which I directed through the nest, expecting to destroy the tenants. But three days afterwards some of the neighbours cut down the tree, and found the eaglets untouched. They brought them to me, and had I not been about to leave the country, I should have been tempted to rear one of them.

Although I did not succeed in my first attempt upon the bird of Jove, many years afterwards I brought one to the ground, and was obliged to give him the *coup-de-grace*, to put him out of pain. I will not say anything about my feelings on the occasion, for they so nearly resembled those of Byron on a like event, that it will be thought that I have stolen my ideas from him; though I never saw the passage in his book until a long time afterwards. Like him, however, I resolved never to shoot another.

I had read accounts of the game supper at Niblo's, and of an eagle being dished up at the head of the table, and my curiosity was excited to know something of the flavour of such game. The bird I had killed was a young one, and in good condition, and I resolved to have him cooked, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of my kitchen cabinet, which were never as omnipotent as that conclave at Washington. A "very ancient and a fish-like smell," invaded the parlour at every opening of the kitchen door, and in due time the eagle was put upon the table. If it were to have been tried by olfactory evidence, it would have been forthwith condemned, and would have remained untouched; but such partial condemnation would not have solved the enquiry in my mind. I cut a slice from the breast, and well saturated with the gravy, I put a piece into my mouth, and after due mastication, not without some puckering of the upper lip, it was swallowed. If the smell of this new-fangled *gibier* was like that of "not of the newest, poor John," its taste was not more attractive; and the eagle and its accessories were dismissed.

I have intimated that "I rule the roast" in my own kitchen; but it behoves me to acknowledge, that *once*, on a similar occasion, I was fairly beaten. I had brought a hawk to the ground, that had been poaching for some time about the snipe ground, and finding it loaded with fat, I resolved to make experiment upon the taste of it, and ordered it picked and prepared for the table. I was busy with a book in a room over the kitchen, when I heard a cry, and immediately after, a report was brought, that the bird had disgorged a frog.

"What of that?" said I, go on with your work." In a few minutes, another "O, lord!" and a fresh bulletin announced that a mouse had been ejected. "No matter, what's a mouse? go on without farther delay," was my message. At length a loud scream, and a most emphatic, "I won't, if I die for't;" issued from below. Upon inquiry into the cause of the uproar, my wife informed me that the cook had found a snake in the stomach of the bird, and had thrown the whole out of the window.

Thus my curiosity was defeated, and I know not to this day, how a good fat specimen of the genus Falco, would relish with currant jelly.

Home Journal.

CANT.

By William Allingham.

I.

When the Priest who talks of striving
A heavenly strife,
Thinks far more of present *Living*
Than Future Life:
When the altar-fire he's stirring,
To roast and stew;
As if for Cure of Souls, like herring,
The *smoke* would do:
When,—to one well-known hell-deserver
Most tolerant,—
He warns the rest with chronic fervour;—
Here is Cant.

II.

When the Author writes love-letters
To all mankind;
Or strikes with lightning-scorn the fetters,
That myriads bind;
When, Who is his Neighbour, truly,
He tells the proud;
Or groans for Genius most unduly
Chill'd and cowed;—
Yet, low to gilt, shrined calves will lout it;
Nor hand will grant
To Worth, till worth can do without it;—
Here is Cant.

III.

When all motives, in the Soldier,
Take holiest names;
And at the touch of death grow bolder
In lofty claims;
As if the ghastly phosphorescence
That *rotting* sheds,
Were one with th' heavenly halo-presence
On sainted heads!
When artful knaves thus flatter grossly
Fools militant;
And blockhead millions echo closely;
Here is Cant.

IV.

When Statesmen, down at foot of hill, are
All warm and bold;
But as they climb the mountain pillar,
Grow cold and cold;
When the Patriot's voice is *vox et
Præterea nihil;*
And his martyr-spirit baulks at
Each daily trial:
When Bishop's sleeves, with all their bloatage,
Give space too scant
For laughs at Mother Church's dotage;—
Here is Cant.

V.

When "Honesty;" that bragged ingredient
In every trade;
Means—just the minimum, expedient
For Interest's aid:
When beyond abstract gold, so many
"Friendship" esteem;
Yet with so few, the concrete guinea
Will kick the beam:
When "Love;" while owned the firmest, chiefest
Boon GOD can grant;
Is weighed as though the least and briefest:—
Here is Cant.

VI.

When Poem-Reader,—Poem-*Writer,*—
(This too may be,)
In living type is no inditer
Of Poetry:
When Any Man thinks GOD'S prescription
Man's ways should school;
And makes *Himself* the one exception
To prove the rule;—
Howe'er he may in sight of others
Preach, gloze, or rant;
Howe'er the conscience-voice he smothers;
His life is Cant.

Donegal.

THE WORLD'S REWARD.

One sultry noon-day a poor country lad was returning to his village, wearied and exhausted by the load of vegetables which he had carried to the neighbouring town. Although he well knew that his cross old father awaited his return with impatience, and that by each delay he should only increase the old man's anger, still the heat was so oppressive, that it was impossible for him to pursue his way without some rest; he therefore seated himself for a few minutes near a landmark.

Beneath this stone, however, which, apparently through rain and wind, had been moved from its original position, there lay a huge snake. As soon as this creature became aware of the lad, it stretched forth its head and in a hiss of anguish thus addressed him,—

"Welcome, good stranger! take pity on me, and release me from the weight of this monstrous stone, which threatens every moment to crush me. See! it presses ever more painfully upon me, and if thou dost not relieve me immediately, I shall certainly be crushed to death!"

The country lad was no little surprised by the confidential manner in which the creature, usually so savage towards men, addressed him; he was touched with compassion, nevertheless he did not over and above relish its near neighbourhood. But now when the snake besought him in a still more piteous manner, saying,—

"I beseech thee, in the name of mercy, save me! save me! I will indeed reward thee, as people always reward their benefactors." The good-natured lad no longer hesitated, but with all his strength, rolled away the stone from the body of the half-crushed serpent.

But how great indeed was his horror, when the released monster rushed upon him with the utmost fury, and breathing forth venom threatened to devour him. Scarcely conscious he stammered forth pale and trembling,—

"Is this the reward thou makest thy benefactor?" The serpent answered coldly,—

"This is the manner in which the world rewards benefits, and I promised thee no other reward."

These words only increased his astonishment still more. There seemed to him no means by which he could escape his cruel foe, no third party to come to his rescue. Feeling himself doomed to be devoured by the horrible creature, he still sought with tears and violent beatings of his heart, to address it in the following words,—

"I acknowledge myself to be thy victim, for I have neither strength nor courage to struggle with thee; but still I have not wit enough to comprehend the meaning of thy words. I am a poor, simple country lad, and am too unacquainted with the world to comprehend what thou sayest about its mode of rewarding services. Grant me a moment's reflection, or let us choose another judge in this affair."

"Well!" cried the serpent, "then let it be so.

Upon yon bare heath there grazes an old horse, in thy eyes perhaps, a more noble creature than I am; let us hasten to him, we will hear his decision."

This was no sooner said than done. The lad strode fearfully on towards the moor, and his venomous companion moved along slowly behind him. They soon reached the dry, grassless heath, and perceived before them a grey horse which was scarcely more than a skeleton; the miserable beast was cropping with difficulty the few bents which grew upon the barren ground. The serpent immediately commenced,—

"What is it that detains thee here, when at home thou mightest enjoy rich and excellent food? What has changed thy noble form into such a skeleton, that thy skin can barely cover it?" With a melancholy gasp, the horse replied,—

"Dost thou not know that this is the world's reward, and the recompense for every good service? Thirty hard years I bore a bold warrior, understanding his every desire, obeying every movement of his bridle; six times in the tumult of battle have I saved him from captivity and death. Now that I am grown weak through age and toil, and can no longer serve him, he has given me over to the flayer, who will soon loosen my skin from my bones."

"Ha!" cried the serpent to the lad with a triumphant laugh, "hast thou heard this? Prepare for death, all is over with thee!" And saying this, the snake drew himself up ready to spring upon him with renewed fury. The despairing lad sank humbly upon his knees between the serpent and the horse, and once more besought in a plaintive voice,—

"Oh, spare my life yet a little while, I have a poor old father at home; who will take care of him if thou devourest me? Let us take another judge; a human life is surely worth this trouble! Should he pronounce the same decision, I will then prepare myself for death."

"Be it so," said the crafty foe, "I will be so merciful as to grant thee this request also." And with this she drove him along a moor towards a coppice, where she had already perceived the form of an animal. When they arrived they perceived an old hound fastened to a willow-stump, and endeavouring in vain to defend himself against the swarm of flies which attacked him.

"How is it that thou art here, Sir Harecatcher, fastened to this pillar of honour, thou who but so short a time since I saw chasing the hares in full glory across the fields?" enquired the serpent. But the old hound only whined bitterly, and thus replied:—

"Such is the world's reward and the universal recompense of good! After having for six happy years served my master zealously and faithfully at home and abroad, after having rendered my name terrific to the whole host of hares, he has me fastened to this stump, where I am awaiting the reward for my good services, which in a few minutes the huntsman will send me from his gun!"

The poor lad shuddered both body and soul, for the serpent perceptibly expanded her frightful curling form, ready to swallow the miserable victim of her rage. No means of deliverance now remaining to him, the poor lad prepared himself in God's name to receive the death-bite. But lo! before he was aware there sprang forth a fox, who secretly had watched all from the neighbouring coppice. With a very friendly manner he stepped between the two, enquired what was the subject of their dispute, and, unperceived by the serpent, promised the unhappy lad by a sign his safety, in consideration of a certain quantity of poultry which he should receive. With equal caution, but most joyfully did the lad promise the reward, and now the fox besought for a minute relation of the whole affair.

The serpent, greatly to the lad's astonishment, appeared satisfied with this arrangement, and accompanied the judge and victim to the stone in the field, in order to show the former the origin of the dispute.

When they had reached the spot, the fox stood silently and thoughtfully before the stone, measured its height and breadth, and shaking his head and tail, commenced with an oratorical air:—"Beloved, beautiful, and wise serpent! although I question thy right in this matter, as little as I can disapprove of the charms of thy royal form, and the justice of thy claims lies as heavily upon my heart as the stone did upon thy shining back; still I cannot conceive how thy stately form could ever find space sufficient in this narrow cavity. If I am to be a right judge I must see the whole affair clearly before my eyes."

"Of that I will directly convince thee," said the serpent, and immediately she glided into the hole where she had lain concealed. Scarcely had she placed herself in it, than the country lad obeyed the signal of the fox, and rolled the stone so cleverly over her, that she could scarcely do more than stretch forth her head from beneath the load.

"Was it possible," cried the cunning fox with the greatest astonishment, "that thou couldst ever breathe there!"

"Yes," pursued the other, "I was quite as uncomfortable then as I am now; but lift the weight off my back again, or I shall be dead!"

She brought forth the last words with the greatest difficulty from her compressed throat, but the country lad replied all the more merrily:—"No, no, Mrs. Snake, we will let you remain there!" and he and his deliverer walked off well pleased.

When they had pursued their homeward way for some distance, the fox reminded his companion of the promise he had made. The lad promised him again six splendid hens for his breakfast the following morning, and with this the fox took a friendly leave of him, and directed his steps towards a neighbouring vineyard.

The country lad now hastened on towards his little village, but it was late in the evening before he reached his home. Loud was the old father's anger at his delay, and it was in vain that he represented to him the dreadful danger which had been its cause, in vain that he praised the humane fox to whom he owed his deliverance.

He now confessed the promise he had made to the fox, and declared that it was alone by this means he had been able to save both his own and his father's life. But at this the old man became still more wrathful, and swore to Heaven, that he would rather have lost him than one of the hens; and before the morning star grew pale, the old man stood ready armed with a heavy, sharp axe behind the garden-gate, and as the unsuspicious guest stretched forth his head into the garden to fetch his promised breakfast, he struck the weapon with all his might into the poor creature's neck.

The son, aroused by the cry of the poor fox, rushed forth from his room, but too late either to warn or to save him. He beheld the unhappy fox weltering in his blood, and with the last cry of agony, "*This is the reward of kindness!*" his life passed away.

◆

Literary Notices.

Hours of Recreation. Poems. By CHARLES S. MIDDLETON. London: Smith, Old Compton-street, Soho-square.

If we wanted a proof of the folly of young poets, this volume, or rather the preface to it, would furnish a fine example. The author tells us that "all its contents" have been written in his boyhood. Now boyhood is the age of cleverness in tops and marbles, but is not *considered* a great recommendation for poetry. Boys are fond of plunging into profound depths of rivers in hot weather, but it is rare that they plunge into very profound poetry. So thinks our author, and he puts this fact forth in the very opening of his volume. He then adds naively enough. "I have *now* arrived at an age when I can *begin* to distinguish between right and wrong, and my mind is *becoming expanded* to the *discovery of my utter ignorance of all around and above me*." The question that every one naturally asks on reading this, is—"Why then have you given us your crudities and your ignorance? If you are only *beginning* to distinguish between right and wrong—why not wait a little? This is a reason why you may do something clever some day—but is none why you should publish what you did in your days of utter ignorance, and before your eyes were opened.

We quote this, however, not to condemn the book, but the preface. In the volume itself we find more than the usual indications of the true poetic instinct, and everywhere a fine and genuine tone of feeling. In the poem on Night, with a good deal of grave commonplace, there are many fine thoughts, and a spirit of contemplation pitched to a lofty key. Warm and generous sympathies, and deep piety, amongst the noblest qualities of the poet, distinguish this volume, and give good promise for the future. These are well demonstrated in the two following sonnets:—

THE POETS.

Dear sons of genius! how I weep to trace
The sombre page which marks your rough career:
In your few days you were not cherished here
As ye should be; but to his resting-place
The weary pilgrim often turns his face,
And gives to memory, all he can, a tear!
Ages that are to come shall hold you dear,
But time your memory never shall efface.
Bleak disappointment, cold neglect have been
Your lot in life, deep misery and tears,
With few to gladden life's unhappy scene,
Or guide your footsteps down the vale of years:
And haply such, ere long, may be my lot
To rest in earth, unnoticed and forgot.

Great God! I long to celebrate thy name
But the green years of youth are yet with me;
And I must traverse not heaven's paths with thee
As have the chosen of thy sons of fame.
Oh! pour thy light upon this humble frame!
Then meditation and deep thought shall be
The harbinger of that which now I see,
Even in far years, a bright and holy flame
When thou wilt be my guide through regions bright,
Teaching my footsteps ne'er to turn astray,
And, mid the galaxies of endless light
Wilt point for ever thy eternal way:
'Till in th' Empyrean fancy's wings shall rest,
And I upon thy bosom shall be blest.

The History and Object of Jewellery. By JOHN JONES. Published by the Author, at his Watch Manufactory, No. 338, Strand; and sold by W. Orr and Co., Amen Corner, and 147, Strand.

In the midst of this prosaic, money-getting age, we are ever and anon reminded of a certain secret stream of spiritualism which is silently pursuing its course, and promises one day to overflow the world as a second deluge. Swedenborgianism is rapidly gaining ground among the enlightened minds of the age; Emerson is regarded as a great teacher. Poets and Painters are more than ever impressed with a beautiful presentiment of an inward life, which is to be the true life, pervading all creation, from man down to the flower and the butterfly.

Mr. Jones also, whilst studying his business of a jeweller, struck by the poetical and artistic beauty of gems, enquires into their history, and perceives that through all ages—more especially in the early ages of the world—certain minds, and those generally the purest and most poetical of their day, have recognised a high and spiritual significance in gems, far beyond their mere material value. This little volume is the result of Mr. Jones's enquiries, and contains, beside much that the general reader may consider mere mysticism, much that is curious and picturesque, and is altogether calculated to inspire a poetical and unsordid reverence for jewellery. But we will let Mr. Jones speak for himself.

AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF CHRIST ON A GEM.

"It is through an engraving on an emerald that we have a likeness of the founder of our religion; it was taken by command of Tiberius Cæsar, and became deposited in the Treasury of Constantinople, whence it was given by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent viii., as a ransom for his brother, then a prisoner to the Christians. Steel-plate copies of the gem are numerous."

THE INFLUENCE OF SARACENIC ARCHITECTURE UPON JEWELLERY.

The Mahomedans, banded together on the truth of God's unity, overthrew polytheism and offered their adorations in mosques adorned with a bewildering complication of geometric figures and foliage; the vegetable kingdom supplied them with their decorations. The Saracens extended their conquests into Spain, where their caliphs became the principal patrons of art and learning for some centuries. The colleges of Cordova and Madrid were the schools of Europe, and the gorgeous palace of the Alhambra became the model of a new style of architecture in Christendom and has remained to this day the treasury of that class of ornaments named Arabesque. In the elaborate tracery to be seen sculptured over the doorway of the cathedral at Rouen and other such buildings on the continent, the climax of this style seems to be reached. The entanglement of intermingling lines baffles the attempt to grasp the principle of the composition, yet both in detail and as a whole, a pleasing impression is produced. The tombs of Cairo exhibit every form of combination of which right-lined figures are capable. The Saracens converted the right lines into curves. The principle of Saracenic architecture was the construction in durable materials of an edifice similar to the Arab tent; a pole supported the centre, and richly worked shawls formed the curtains around it. Every line in its structure therefore was graceful as drapery; occasionally the Persian lattice-work—appears in the ground-work of the walls giving variety to the composition. There is a constant agreement between architectural and personal ornament. The knowledge of the idea embodied in the former assists to determine the meaning of the latter;—and no style of ornament abounds more in modern jewellery than some form or other of the Arabesque.

Narrative of William Wells Brown, a Fugitive Slave. Written by himself. Second edition. Boston, Anti-Slavery Office, U. S.

Now slaves begin to write their own history, we may calculate on the ultimate downfall of the accursed system of slavery. The United States will, no doubt, one day remove this flagrant violation of Christianity and of the principles of their own constitution, and become a Christian country. William Brown's narrative as far as it goes, is most interesting. As Frederick Douglass is the son of his master, he is the son of one of his master's relatives, and, therefore, half-caste. That one damning fact, that Americans sell their own children, renders all argument regarding slavery superfluous—and excludes the nation, so long as it exists in it, from the catalogue of Christian states.

◆

ADDRESS TO THE READERS OF HOWITT'S JOURNAL.

So much has already been written and said of our connection with the "People's Journal," that the subject is not more distasteful to the public than it is to myself, yet still at the present moment which is most important to myself, and to that which is dearest to me, my reputation, a few words must be permitted, and to these few I earnestly call the attention of the public.

I will not go into the particulars of my unfortunate connection with the "People's Journal," but merely refer the reader to the 35th, 37th, and 38th Nos., Vol. II of this Journal, for that purpose.

And now I have shortly and sorrowfully to say, that, entangled in a web of embarrassments and debts, by the desperate artifices and reckless conduct of John Saunders, swindled out of our hard-earned little capital by him, and by means of enormous exertions made by him, and the issue of hundreds of thousands of printed papers, and lithographic circulars and letters, both in this country and America with the avowed intention of injuring our reputation,[*] the consequence has been, that our exertions have been most completely crippled, and the long-cherished plan of our Journal has been blighted. Not only our plans and our money, but the names of our literary friends usurped by him, and this Journal, which began with a weekly circulation of twenty-five thousand, being also plunged into the most disastrous times imaginable, has been reduced to about one-half that circulation. In the meantime, our resources were exhausted, and though, since the exposure of the audacious frauds of Mr. Saunders, the most favourable re-action of feeling has taken place towards ourselves and the Journal, the difficulties into which his proceedings have plunged us, have become overwhelming.

In making these remarks, however, I must be permitted a momentary digression, though one painful to myself, more especially as I have to refer to the conduct of a third party, without whose aid and countenance John Saunders would have been powerless. I refer to Miss Martineau. Up to the date of the unfortunate discovery which I made of the frauds of Mr. Saunders, I always considered Miss Martineau as one who reciprocated our feelings towards herself—those of cordial friendship. When she was ill at Teignmouth I visited her: when she was attacked for her mesmeric faith I encouraged her; when myself and my wife laid down plans for the "People's Journal," and furnished a list of contributors to aid in it, Miss Martineau's was among the first names. To her we wrote requesting her assistance, and I myself, in the 11th No. of that Journal, wrote an article to accompany her portrait, in which nothing but the most cordial spirit was evinced, nothing said but what I then believed to be deservedly true. When, however, I became justly suspicious of Mr. Saunders, he immediately gained possession of her ear—she was then in London on her way to Egypt—and stranger as he was to her, so completely possessed her mind as to make her refuse to see us, or even to hear what we had to say on the other side, nor has she done so to this moment, never once having seen the documents on which the case rests. By her means he and his partner were enabled to introduce into the arbitration two of her friends against my one. They two appointing a *third* friend of hers and theirs as umpire—thus making a monstrous tribunal of five against two, and before this tribunal even the proofs of my cause never were examined. The umpire to whom the case was referred before the second article even was gone into, fortunately, however, was an upright, noble-minded man, and after the arbitration had been delayed by all kinds of quibbles for four months,[†] and it was referred to him, he dismissed it as a barbarous piece of injustice, even censuring his own friends for the part they had taken in it; and himself, there and then, drew up a deed of dissolution of partnership, which, however, Mr. Saunders would not sign, although agreeing to do so, for four months, and until he had removed out of the deed every advantage which the umpire had conceded to me. During all this time Miss Martineau supported and countenanced his Journal, and the public, willing to look up to her as authority, believed Saunders to be right, because she supported him. How different might it have been had she at first heard both sides, and judged impartially, rather than have made herself a blind partizan, and aided in ruining those who had never thought an unkind thought towards her, much less done her an unkind action.

But to return to the present state of our own Journal. It has taken firm root in the public mind, and from all parts of the country we receive assurances of its having met the wants of the time, and of its becoming one of the permanent voices of the people. Thus it stands. The slightest return of good times or the employment of a comparatively insignificant capital by any one freed from the trammels by which we are surrounded would render this Journal a splendid property.

For ourselves this is hopeless; pressed by the creditors of the "People's Journal," while they suffer John Saunders to go unmolested, there is no way out of the difficulties into which a desperate and most artful adventurer has plunged me,[‡] but to seek the protection of the Court of Bankruptcy. After a long and painful struggle with myself, and my not unjustifiable pride, and by the advice of wise and sincere friends, I have taken that step, and now, at the age of fifty-four, I have to begin life anew.

Both myself and my wife have sacrificed very large literary profits, and made gigantic exertions to establish HOWITT'S JOURNAL as an organ of sound and decided popular progress, and at the same time as a resource for our family and our old age. As to the first object, the Journal will speak for itself; as regards the second, undaunted as ever, we shall proceed to new exertions, with the sacred determination to discharge every shilling of our own just debts, and to labour, as long as life and ability shall be spared us in the cause of truth, liberty, and man.

The experience of the last two years has given us some awful revelations of human nature—yet that nature has justified itself, and out of the night of gloom and disappointed hopes that has surrounded us, there have arisen a few bright stars of truth and steadfast generosity, the knowledge of which in some measure compensates for all that we have witnessed with surprise, and suffered, as we hope, with some degree of patience.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

---

[*] See No. 35, Vol. II., of this Journal. The whole expenditure of these attacks left in the liabilities for which we are now pressed.

[†] See the correspondence of the arbitrators proving this amongst the MS. documents.

[‡] From circumstances lately disclosed to me, it appears pretty certain that not a penny of the £800 entered as advanced to the concern by Mr. Turrell ever was advanced, but had been lent to Mr. Saunders at various times previously, and was credited to Mr. Turrell as capital paid in, and that it was this fact which made the two brothers-in-law so united in their opposition to a ledger, which would at once have brought to light the whole affair as a hoax of the most complete description. This explains also the balance sheet of the official accountant, which showed, in opposition to Mr. Saunders's statement to me in his letter of March 10th, that the concern owed nothing (see documents), a balance against it, on May 2nd, only four months after the Journal commenced, of £1,221, and if the £800 was paid in, of liability incurred in that short period of upwards of £2,000.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S NEWSPAPER.

We regret to see by the *North Star*, Frederick Douglass's newspaper, that it is struggling with difficulties. If merit could surmount difficulties this paper ought; for we have rarely seen one conducted with more ability. When we recollect that it is edited by a man of colour for the enfranchisement of his sable brethren, we feel that every effort should be made by the friends of Negro freedom to support it. We hear that a bazaar is already proposed by the ladies, which is very warmly seconded both in Scotland and in Ireland. We wish it most earnestly every success.

WILLIAM AINGER,

Late Secretary of the Co-operative League, whom many of our friends will remember for his urbanity and kindly feeling, left for New York, in the "Margaret Evans," on Sunday, May 14th, on a mission of Human Brotherhood. He intends to go direct to the Excelsior Community, Cincinnatti, with the view to the arrangement of some plan that will enable the people of England to emigrate at once to locations prepared to receive them, under such rules and regulations, as shall initiate them into the communist life. It is his intention to visit most of the American Communities, and he will probably return to England, in about twelve months hence.

ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR LEAGUE.

A Congress of the friends of communism and co-operation, some of them deputed from distant parts of the country, held its sitting at Farringdon Hall during the first week in May. Expositions were given of the views of Charles Fourier, M. Cabet, the Redemption Society, Communist Church Co-operative League, etc.

The Congress passed a resolution acknowledging "the justice of the demand made by a large proportion of the British population, for the extension of the suffrage," and declared "its sympathy with the great European movement for Electoral Reform, in connection with industrial organization."

A new association was formed, entitled, the "Organization of Labour League." Its object is to create a national public opinion in favour of associative or co-operative arrangements, in which the interests of the people shall be made to harmonize, and the condition of the suffering masses elevated from ignorance, poverty, and crime, to one of intelligence, virtue, and happiness; and that with the view of impressing the legislature, with the necessity of an alteration in the industrial economy of the country, and in order to be prepared for any political change that may arise, one essential feature of the movement is, to call upon government on all suitable occasions to consider the question of the "Organization of Labour, and the duty incumbent on it to provide measures for the reproductive employment of the people."

The Council of the new League are preparing for a series of public meetings, in order that they may lay their views upon the organization of work before the public.

They have also issued the following address to the National Assembly of France:—

The Council of the Organization of Labour League to the National Assembly of France.

"CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES.

"An Infant Society in a country which has been the direst foe of your nation, but which now is your firmest friend, raises its voice to address you.

"Long acquainted with the miseries of the class the most numerous, and the most poor, long cognizant of the preventative which class legislation is to social progress, we have hailed your Republic as a political form in which the tendencies of societary destiny might more freely develope themselves.

"We have not been deceived. We rejoice in the prospect before you. We too rejoice, because France will thus set an example to England, which she needs.

"We also have those, to whom the right to work and the chance to live is virtually denied.

"We likewise have those who say to the earth—Be barren! and to the people—die!

"To you then we look. The destiny of England, of Europe, of the world, is largely in your hands. You stand at the political portal which leads to the palace-garden of social amelioration. Hesitate not to enter. The sacred words Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, which are inscribed upon its walls, should never be circumscribed in your hearts. Accept them frankly with all their consequences. Let them have meaning, not only in your political position, but also in your general relations as freemen, equals, and brothers. For we pray not only for your success, but we work also for our own. The welfare of both countries is alike concerned in the extinction of pauperism, which is the great cause of immorality, of crime, and of misery, and which is not only a sword hanging over the banquet tables of the rich, but also a pitfall at the feet of every commercialist, whose one step may be unfortunate. How is this to be remedied? By practical effect being given to those glorious words which are now on the lips of every one. The organization of labour! pronounced by the patriots of France, it is your work to render them effective. By so doing only, you will complete and consolidate the glorious revolution which you have commenced. By so doing you will cause among the masses of every country the enthusiastic cry of—Long live the Republic!"

Signed on behalf of the League,
George Vasey, Chairman,
Henry Fry, Secretary.

ELIHU BURRITT AT PLYMOUTH. THE LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

The progressists of Plymouth have at last had the pleasure of hearing the sublime doctrine of Peace, advocated by that eloquent apostle Elihu Burritt. He has been for some time in Paris making arrangements for holding a Peace Convention there, which should form and lay before the Governments plans for the decision of disputes by a supreme court, composed of representatives sent by every nation in a number proportionate to its population. He has remained a week here, though, from his bad state of health, he has addressed but three meetings, enjoying a little of that relaxation which he appears to need so much. At the first and most important meeting, on April 24th, he was welcomed with much enthusiasm, and it was resolved that a branch of the League should be formed here, and that this town should be the centre of the district, embracing Devon and Cornwall. Mr. Burritt in his speech showed very beautifully the advantages the organized branches of the League would present, in the agitation for any reform. In alluding to the international friendly addresses, he said they had produced feelings which would outlive the present generation. He stated also, that the League had now about 15,000 members in England, and as many in America, and that about 200 little branches had already sprung up in this kingdom. In showing the ruinous results of the gigantic war debts under which so many nations struggle, he made some astounding revelations respecting the sums paid by the *working classes* of Christendom in the last thirty-two years of *boasted peace*. The sum would, at 5 per cent., yield an annual income of £384,000,000 sterling. This employed in the way of education would pay 3,810,000 teachers a yearly salary of £100 each. Allowing each 60 pupils, they could impart instruction to 230,000,000 children, or to the whole population of the globe between the ages of 4 and 18. It would support 2,560,000 ministers, with yearly salaries of £150, who with each a congregation of 800, could give religious instruction to more than twice the present population of the globe. And so he went on in a plain unadorned manner, creating great enthusiasm among his auditory. From this and from the general interest his visit has excited, we shall probably have a flourishing branch, notwithstanding the strong war feeling fostered by the numerous war establishments in this and the adjoining towns. With ardent wishes for his complete and speedy success, and with a pleasant recollection of the writer's conversation with this noble man, he subscribes himself

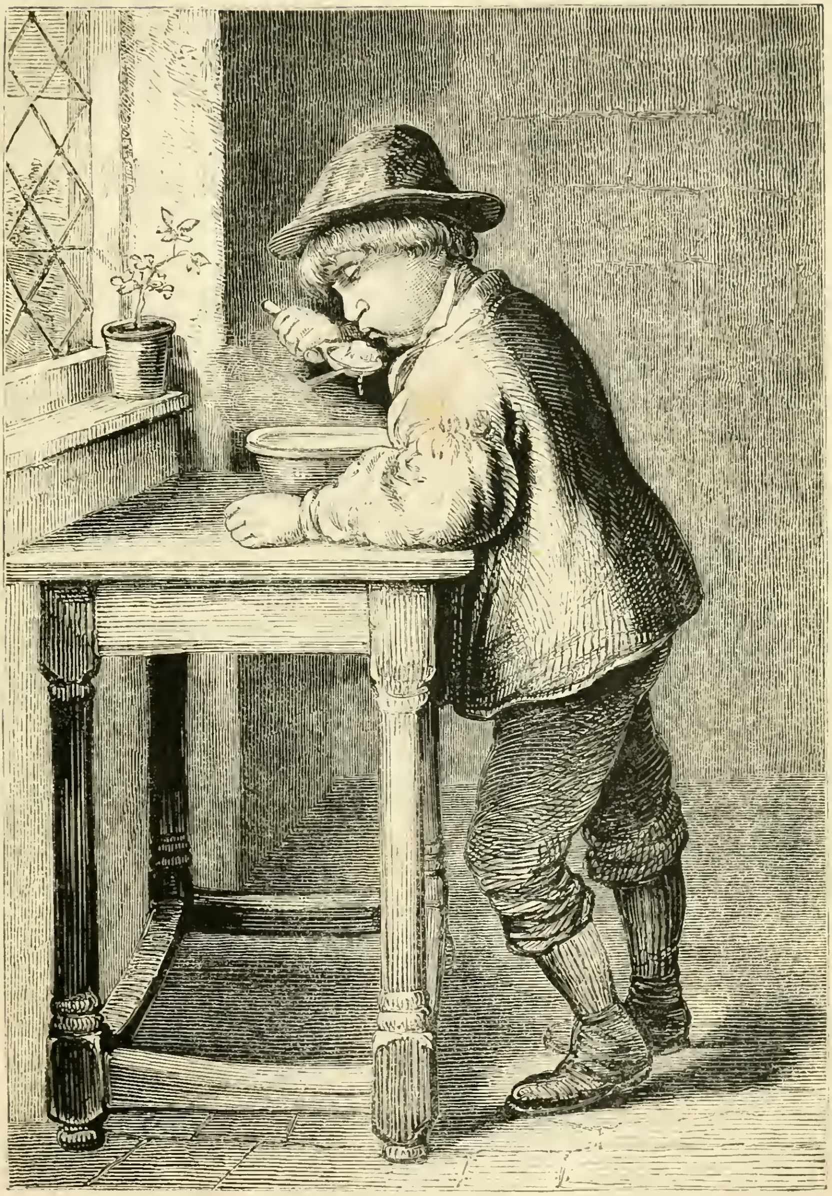
Plymouth, May 1st, 1848. T. M. B.

CONTENTS.

A Swedish Lowell. By Fredrika Bremer—Facts from the Fields. The Meldrum Family. By William Howitt. (Concluded.)—A Character which should have been in Thomson's Castle of Indolence. By William Howitt—A Sportsman's Adventures in America—Cant. A Poem. By William Allingham—The World's Reward, from the German—Literary Notices: Hours of Recreation. Poems. By Charles S. Middleton—The History and Objects of Jewellery. By John Jones—Narrative of William Wells Brown—Address to the Readers of *Howitt's Journal*—Record.

Printed for the proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d



HOT BREAD AND MILK.

FROM A PAINTING BY W. HUNT, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. ENGRAVED BY HARRAL.

POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

No. V.

VICTOR HUGO.

By Dr. Smiles.

Victor Hugo is the most able and brilliant representative of the poetry of Young France. He is one of the many ardent spirits that have been thrown hot and fiery from the seething caldron of Revolution. Yet, strange to say, he began his poetic life a Conservative and only gradually effected the middle passage, reaching at length the, to him, firm ground of complete republicanism.

He is the son of a general of some distinction in the French service, and was born in Spain, during the French occupation of that country, in the year 1802. He passed several years of his youth in that beautiful land, and the rich soil and hot sun of Spain, seem to have imparted something of their fertility and warmth to the blood of the young poet, which he still retains. One can scarcely help feeling that a Moorish and Gothic tint pervades his poetry, and even his prose pictures, —those who have read his "Notre-Dame de Paris," perhaps the greatest of his fictions, will at once apprehend what we mean.

Victor Hugo had a noble mother, who ardently loved him, and whose love he returned with passion. She watched his infancy with care, and the growth of his active and enquiring mind with anxious solicitude. He passed from under her hands to the care of a master, and from thence to the schools and colleges. He was no book-worm, and not much of a student. The restoration of the ancient learning, Greek, Latin, and French, was all the vogue at the Paris University while young Hugo was there. Planche and others had made valuable contributions to the study of Greek, and many young minds were fired by a thirst for the antique literature. Hugo brooded in poetic dreams over a system and a learning of his own. A fire burned in him which no classical lore, of Greek or Latin authors, was likely to feed. He was to be his own light—his own beacon—genius was struggling within him for an utterance. College learning, in short, became altogether distasteful to him, and he left the university, pronouncing it a bore. Doubtless, however, his mind had in no small degree been affected by the attention which he gave to the old learning. His mind was disciplined and enriched; his ideas elevated, and his soul expanded, by the study of Plato, Socrates, and the old Greek writers.

At a very early age he became an author and ventured before the public. We find, from his first Book of Odes and Ballads, that his fine ode on "The Girls of Verdun," was composed in 1818, when he was only sixteen years of age. This, his first volume of poems, was not, however, published until the year 1822. During the same year in which he wrote the ode we have referred to, namely, in the year 1818, he composed his first prose story, called "Bug Jargal," a novel written in the convulsive style then so popular in France, indicating, however, great force and energy in the author, and a wonderful command of his materials, such as they were. The story was of the Negro rebellion in St. Domingo, and many of the incidents are related with great skill and power. This novel was not published until the year 1826; in the short preface which accompanied it, he states, that he had written the story at sixteen, at the rate of a volume in fifteen days!

The "Odes and Ballads," which appeared in 1822, in which year he also married, at once placed him in the foremost rank as a poet. He was not the less warmly praised that he therein strongly avowed his Royalist sentiments. Perhaps the finest piece in the collection was his lament for the death of the young Duc de Berri, whom his assassin had marked for the last of the Bourbon race. Jules Janin has said of this poem, that it is "one of the finest things he has written—at once a truly national song, and a truly touching elegy. The fact of its publication at that time was a noble and generous one on the part of Victor Hugo—an unknown poet, who had the courage to weep aloud for the murdered prince. "Whence comes this young singer?" was the general question—" this stranger, who starts forth at once, with a courage equal to that of Chateaubriand, the old Royalist, himself?" And Hugo's courage and finéheartedness, in this matter, were the greater that he proceeded in direct opposition to the popular temper, wholly devoted to the enemies of the house of Bourbon. Another fine ode in the same collection is that "On the Birth of the Duc de Bourdeaux," since expelled from France, with all his kindred. Such, then, were the early and generous Royalist sentiments of the young poet—uttered under the inspiration of that prophecy which he himself uttered to himself when he first became a writer—"The history of men presents no poetry save as it is viewed through the medium of monarchical ideas and religious faith."

Victor Hugo, in the course of the numerous poetical and other works he has since published, gradually abandoned the Royalist ground, and rested not, till he had reached the opposite extreme. Hence the various and often contradictory views—apparently fitful and capricious—which pervade his works. He went from Legitimacy to Napoleonism, and from thence to Republicanism. In his purely poetical pieces, this blemish is not apparent; for genuine poetry is of no party, and rises high above the war of politics and the raging of factions. In the "Orientals," he gives an exquisite display of lyrical powers—rising often to the height of the grand, the sublime, and pathetic. His "Autumn Leaves," also contain some beautiful pieces, especially his "Prayer for All,"—worthy of being placed alongside of Pope's "Universal Prayer." His "Lights and Shadows," also contain some of his very finest pieces. This, we believe, is his last published book of poems.

Hugo has also written numerous dramas, some of them powerful productions, displaying great occasional beauties; but on the whole, not considered nearly so great as his poems,—which for the most part, display a simple beauty and grace, and a poetic fervour, such as he has never excelled in any of his other works. Many of his poems are of a religious tone; but the religion seems more like that of the Greeks, than of this period —he is pantheistic, seizing the god and imprisoning him in the symbol, like some old classical pagan. His poetry must be confessed to be wanting in the grand element of faith. He says, in one of his later pieces—

> Let us forget, forget! When Youth is dead
> Leave us to fly into the void obscure
> The gloomy winds our pall:
> No rest for Man: his works' a problem vast—
> A phantom he glides by, and not even leaves
> His shadow on the wall.

Nor do his hopes of the future of man, seem anything more cheering. It is a nebulous haze, a dreary void. He exclaims,—

> Man's soul! oh, whither flies it? Whither man?
> Lord, Lord! What is the hope of earth in heaven?
> What must we do—What think? Trust? Doubt? Deny?
> Dark labyrinth! route triple-pathed! black night!
> The insect sits beneath some wayside tree,
> And whispers,—"Whither, Lord, thou wilt, I go:"
> He hopes, and in the three gloom-shrouded ways,
> Man's onward march he pensive hears from far.

In his dramas, as well as his prose stories, Victor Hugo delighted to set himself directly at variance with the literary public, and to violate all the laws which they had set up. While others were aiming at the Beautiful, he took under his special care the Deformed and the Ugly. He made heroes of them—and concentrated in them, all the interest of his story. In proof of this, look at his *Triboulet* in the drama of "Le Roi s'amuse,"—his *Lucrece Borgia*, an eminent specimen of moral ugliness—his *Marie Delorme*—his *Marie Tudor*—his *Thisbe*—*Angelo*, and many characters in his plays that might be named. The public often mercilessly hissed these productions, and they were driven from the stage; and critics lashed them furiously; but Hugo cared not. In his fierce self-reliance and pride, he would not yield; the very opposition which he met with, drove him into still greater extremes than before. And yet these productions, pervaded as they were by blemishes of the worst kind, sparkle with beauties of thought, sense and expression, which gleam as twinkling lights in a dark and perturbed atmosphere.

The prose writings of Victor Hugo have achieved a wider reputation, and exercised a more extensive influence, than either his poems or his tragedies; and to them we turn with pleasure. The first of his works of this class which excited extraordinary interest, was the "Last Days of a Condemned," written in 1828. This production was aimed against capital punishment; and most powerfully pleaded its abolition. It is a most agonizing work—descriptive of the feelings of a man condemned to death, traced hour by hour and pulse by pulse. The author does not look at the crime committed, but at the punishment—death. He does not attack the law—but the monstrous expiation which it dooms. You have before you a human being, watching in slow agony the lapse of the minutes that intervene between him and the guillotine's edge — truly a frightful subject of contemplation. That work, however, may be said to have abolished the punishment of death in France. One of the first decrees of the Provisional Government announced the abolition of capital punishment.

Several translations of this work have appeared in England—one of the best was given to the public by Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, Bart.—with an excellent preface, in which he advocated the abolition of hanging as an expedient for the cure or prevention of crime.

But the most extraordinary prose work of Victor Hugo is unquestionably his "Notre Dame de Paris;" it is his masterpiece. In this work, he brings to light again the old life, the old superstitions, the old history of Paris in the middle ages. It is a resurrection—a creation from the dead. There he brings his rich stores of learning to bear, with wonderful effect, on the grim old towers of Notre Dame, the old quarters of the city, and the human beings struggling for life amidst their mazes. You would almost think that he invests that frowning, gloomy old cathedral, with the attributes of life—it looms before you like some vast and hideous demon—something you have encountered in a nightmare. Wonderful too is the power which he displays in the delineation of passion—even in the breast of the deformed Quasimodo—another of his heroes of the ugly. This work has been well translated into English, and has met with much favour—though its description of the old architecture of Paris can scarcely be expected to have the same interest to the English as to the Parisian reader.

Another curious, and, at the present time, highly interesting work of Victor Hugo, is that published by him in 1834, "Literature and Philosophy mingled," consisting of two parts—the one being a record of the ideas, opinions, and studies of the author as a young Royalist, of 1819, and the other of the ideas and opinions of a Revolutionist of 1830.

"How, and by what series of successive experiences (he says) the Jacobite of 1819 has become the Revolutionist of 1830, may be detailed by the author at some future day; when, perhaps his modest *history of the internal revolutions of an honest political thinker*, may form a not altogether useless appendix to the grand history of the general revolutions of our times. Wherefore do we not oftener bring face to face the revolutions of the individual with the revolutions of society? Small experiences often illustrate great events."

The two journals referred to, are of the most curious kind. In eleven years, we find the same man an altogether different individual—his hopes, aspirations, opinions are all changed. But perhaps there are few men who do not present equally extraordinary transformations—especially among those who have allowed their minds to be freely acted upon by facts and events. How much surprised should we all feel were we suddenly placed face to face with *ourselves* as we were, even but ten short years ago!

From the latter journal of Victor Hugo, we select a few of the more striking thoughts, which may be considered as applicable in 1848 as they were in 1830:

The Scriptures relate, that there was once a certain king who lived a wild beast in the woods for seven years, and then re-assumed the human form. It sometimes happens that such is the lot of the people. For seven years they are the ferocious beast, and then they become the man. The metamorphosis is called a revolution.

A revolution is the larva of a civilization.

Revolutions are begun by men who make the circumstances, and concluded by men who make the events.

All the individual liberty of France has accumulated drop upon drop, man upon man, in the Bastille, for many ages. The Bastille levelled, liberty spread itself in wars throughout France and throughout Europe.

Empires have their crises like mountains in winter. A word loud-spoken produces an avalanche.

Heaven preserve us from the Reformers, who read the laws of Minos *because they have a constitution to prepare by Tuesday next!*

Great men are the co-efficients of their age.

A great man is like the sun—never more beautiful than when he touches the earth, at his rising and at his setting.

Glory, ambition, armies, fleets, thrones, crowns: the Punch-and-Judies of big babies.

You have there a beautiful tribune of marble, with fine bas reliefs by Lemot; and you secure possession of it only for yourselves—very well! One fine morning, the new generation will turn a cask bottom upwards, and there they will have a tribune in immediate contact with the pavement which has crushed a monarchy of eight centuries. Think of it!

A general war will some day burst out in Europe, the war of kingdoms against countries.

Charles X. (Louis Philippe?) believed that the revolution which has overthrown him, was a conspiracy, dug, mined, and fired, after long premeditation. Egregious error! It was simply a *kick* given by the people.

We are at this moment in the midst of panic fears. A *club*, for example, terrifies, and yet it is only a simple affair: it is a word which the mass translate by a cipher—'93. And to the lower classes '93 means want; to the monied classes, the worst; to the higher classes, the guillotine.

The republic, as some people think, means the war of those who have not a sou, not an idea, not a virtue, against those who have one of these three things.

The republic, according to my view, means society sovereign in society,—self-protected, by national guard; self-judging, by jury; self-administering, by municipality; self-governing, by electoral constituency.

Societies can be only well governed in fact and in right when these two forces, intelligence and power, are placed in their due relative position. If intelligence be placed as a head on the summit of the social body, then let this head reign: theocracies have their meaning and their beauty. So soon as the many enjoy light, let the many govern; the aristocracy are then legitimate. But when the darkness has everywhere disappeared, when all heads are enveloped in light, then let all reign, the people are ripe for the republic; let it have the republic.

The last argument of kings, the bullet; the last argument of peoples, the barricade.

All social doctrines which seek to destroy the family are bad, and what is more, impracticable. Society is dissoluble, the family not. The natural laws bind together the family; whereas society is distracted by every admixture of factitious, artificial, transient, expedient, contingent, and accidental laws, which are mixed up with its constitution. It may often be useful, necessary, beneficial, to dissolve a society when it is bad, or too old, or badly arranged. It is never useful, never necessary, never beneficial, to break up the family. When you dissolve a society, that which you find as the last residue is not the individual, it is the family. *The family is the chrystal of society.*

We must never cease urging this point—to enlighten the people in order to let the people enjoy freedom. It is the sacred duty of governments to hasten the spread of light amongst the darkened masses of mankind. Every honest guardian hastens the emancipation of his pupil. Multiply then all the ways which lead to knowledge, to science, to facilities in learning. The Parliament, I had almost said the throne, ought to be the last step of a ladder whose first step is a school.

And then, to instruct the people, is to ameliorate their condition; to enlighten the people is to moralize them; to give letters to the people, is to humanize them. Every brutality will give way before the genial warmth of daily lectures. *Humaniores literæ:* humane letters! We must make the people perform their humanities.

Ask not rights for the people until the people demand heads.

In his powerful essay on Mirabeau, published in 1834, Victor Hugo casts his eye into the future of France, and gives utterance to thoughts of prophetic import. He there remarks:—that "the French Revolution has laid open for all social theories an immense book, a kind of grand testament. Mirabeau has written his word therein, Robespierre his, Napoleon his, Louis XVIII. has made a scratch. Charles X. has torn the page. The Chamber of the 7th of August has pasted it together a little; but that is all. The book is there, the pen is there; who shall next dare to write therein?"

The wonderful political improvisation (for such is the French Revolution) of the last two months,—has shown that there are hands willing enough to take up the pen; and already we have seen inscribed in this great book the most recent development of the social idea in France, written in the fine round hand of ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

As Mirabeau, Robespierre, Danton, Napoleon and his generals, were the exponents and products of the first French Revolution,—so Lamartine, De Lammenais, Arago, Victor Hugo, Augustin Thierry, Michelet, Beranger, and a host of other distinguished men, may be taken as the exponents of the most recent phasis of public opinion in France. Then was the time of destruction and of pulling to pieces, the period of vehement speech and of fiery action; and now at length has arrived, we trust, the time of building up the new fabric of society out of its former ruins. It gives us hope to perceive that the leading minds of France are engaged in this work,—men whose lives have been devoted to peaceful and ennobling pursuits—great teachers, writers of books, poets, artists, philosophers, editors of newspapers—the great movers of the minds of men in modern times.

"Ah!" we think we hear some one say—"these are not *practical* men—they are only poets and dreamers—mere literati, and nothing more! only give them time, and—you shall see what you shall see!" The sneerers would have us believe, that men are altogether unfit to lead and to inspire confidence in others, unless they have been schooled in the "practical" business of money-making. For this, the smallest possible modicum of brains, as every one knows, is sufficient. "Ah! but to govern?" Well! To govern,—and to guide—What does this require? Knowledge of men—knowledge of human nature—knowledge of history—wisdom and tact,—and above all, purity and nobility of character. These are the qualities which enable men to govern wisely, and which are requisite to inspire confidence on the part of the governed. Are the men who have taken the lead in this great social movement of the French people of this character? Look at them, and try to discover. They are not *born* legislators—they have not been destined from the cradle to be the wearers of coronets and the leviers of taxes—no seats in Parliament have been kept warm for them till they have got out of their teens and entered on the hereditary business of making laws and imposing taxes on a people: they have made their own positions—been for the most part the founders of their own honourable fortunes—are all industrious, many of them hard-working men—not owing their reputations to their great grandfathers, or to old Normans crumbled into dust long ago, but to themselves and themselves only. Is it not the best qualification to govern men, that man should have governed himself well, and thus shown his fitness to govern and guide others?

"But most of them are mere writers!" And are not our writers the men who lead the intelligence and direct the wisdom of the world? Are not these the heralds and pioneers of civilization—the watchers on the tower—the creators of opinion—the guides and true governors of men? What were England, what were France, but for their writers—their Shakespere, Racine, Johnson, Fenelon, Milton, Saint Pièrre, Gibbon, Cuvier, Newton, La Place, Bacon, Moliere, Scott, Châteaubriand? Were these men, of high and o'erarching intellect, less fitted to enact laws than lords of the red hand, whose pursuit was rapine and riot? Surely, the days of mere brute force are now passing away, and the age which recognizes in all things the power of intellect, will not longer refuse to recognize it in the enactment of laws for the guidance, the well-being, and happiness of all? We have been governed by warrior-legislation too long—'twere time that the more Christian doctrines of peace, love, benevolence, and intelligence, which the thinkers of the world have now spread abroad far and wide, were allowed greater room and opportunity for action! How much better for the peace and advancement of the human race would it be, for instance, if the noble sentiments of Lamartine could be carried into effect, as expressed in the preface to his "Recueillements Poetiques," published but a few years ago.

"It does not in the least concern me," he writes to a friend, "to know on what poor and passing individuals has rested, for a short period, the controul of certain states; nor does it matter to futurity that such or such a year of the government of a certain little country called France, was distinguished by the consulate of such or such a man. This concerns only his fame, or that of the historian. But it *is* of importance to us to know whether the social world advances or retrogrades in its never-ceasing revolution; whether the education of the human race, hitherto so neglected or perverted, will be most rapidly promoted by liberty or by despotism; whether the law will be the expression of the rights and the duties of all classes, or of the tyranny of the few; whether human beings cannot be better governed by the principles of virtue, than compulsory force; whether we shall not at length be enabled to introduce into the political relations between men and their fellow citizens, and between neighbouring and distant nations, that divine principle of fraternity which descended from heaven to earth, in order to destroy all servitude, and to sanctify all discipline; whether we cannot abolish legal murder; whether we cannot by degrees efface from the code of every nation that wholesale murder called War; whether the whole race of man will not at length be brought to consider themselves as one large family, and not as isolated, hostile bands: whether the holy liberty of conscience will not increase with the multiplied effulgence of the light of reason; and the character and the providence of the Great Supreme, becoming from age to age better understood, will not become more influentially and profoundly adored, in word and in deed, in spirit and in truth.

"These are the considerations which most or alone concern us. Think you, that in such an epoch as the present, and surrounded by circumstances as problematical and mysterious, it is honourable to withdraw oneself from active life, in order to join some small knot of sceptics; and to say with Montaigne, What do I know? or, with the egotist, What does it concern me?—No! When the Divine Judge shall, at the close of our short day on earth, summon us before the tribunal of our own consciences, neither our diffidence nor our weakness will be admitted as excuses for inaction. In vain shall we reply to Him, We were nothing; we could do nothing; we were but as a grain of sand. He will reply,—I placed before you, ere the time of probation had passed, the two scales, in which the human race would alternately be weighed; in the one was that which was good, in the other that which was evil. True, you were but as a grain of sand; but who told you that that grain might not turn the scale on the right side? You were possessed of understanding to see and to comprehend this, and of conscience to choose the better part. You should have placed this grain of sand in one scale or the other. But you have suffered the winds to waft it away, and it has been profitable neither to you nor to your brethren."

Who is there, with heart so dead to the liveliest impulses of humanity, that does not wish for Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and their fellows, the largest opportunity for carrying into effect such noble ideas of the true vocation and mission of enlightened man?

◆

EPITAPH.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Here lies a practiser of evil,
Once able to instruct the devil:
Tread, softly, then, ye foes of evil!
For who would wake Protection's devil?

SAW UP AND SAW DOWN.

A TALE.

"We must have some new furniture, and that soon," said a gentleman, taking a leisurely survey of the parlours one morning, tooth-pick in hand. "I have been looking at my cousin Madison's—very fine theirs; really ours begins to look shabby, arkish!"

"How, father?" asked one of the three boys who followed him in the survey.

"Arkish, my son, it looks as it were from the ark—quite out of date—we must have new."

"Not for the present, my dear," observed a lady, rising from the breakfast table, and following on; "this will answer for some time to come; it is hardly ten years old, and you know how handsome it was considered then?"

"Yes, and do you remember how chicken-hearted you were—afraid it was beyond our means?" said the gentleman, chuckling—but it looks old now, out of date, at least beside our cousin Madison's."

"Why make any one our standard?" asked his wife. "Look at these three boys to provide for," as she patted Phil's curly pate.

"Ah, we'll look out for them, time enough for that," he replied, as he complacently surveyed them; "but we must not be too snug; something is due to our station;" upon which he drew himself up a little pompously, perhaps.

"Yes, to support it with sufficient economy to lay up something for rainy days."

"Your rainy days, Jane! The weather will take care of itself," he said, good-naturedly, going out of the room; then, thrusting his head into the door, added, "I will send the porter up with those things, if he is not too busy."

"Let the boys go, my dear," besought the lady; "here are Madison and Philip, who would give all the world for something to do."

"Yes, mother! yes, mother! let me go!" shouted the two.

"No, no, let the porter do those things—cousin Madison's boys ———"

"Must not be a pattern for ours," playfully interrupted the wife, placing her hand on his mouth.

"But do you think it best for the boys to go?—they can't bring it."

"Yes, father, yes! let us try; there's nothing like trying, mother says," eagerly declared the two.

"I see mother is for your working; well, perhaps it is best, under all circumstances. Come with me;" and so from his handsome parlours, departed Mr. Philip K———, my father, a rich merchant, as the world reputed him, with his two eldest, Madison and Philip; pale, slender boys, of ten and eight years.

Some time passed away; and, although the subject of new furniture was frequently brought up, and cousin Madison Jones's sufficiently commented upon, yet my mother never cordially assented to its being bought—not needing it, to her, was synonymous with not buying it.

At length, a few days before Thanksgiving, a rocking-chair, in the newest and easiest style of twenty-five years ago, entered the front door, the precursor of a handsome set of furniture for the parlours. Our mother looked at it somewhat ungraciously, and drowned our exclamations by her silence.—At dinner, when our father appeared, he threw himself into it saying,—

"Ah! Jane, this is just what I want this minute. I am shockingly tired."

We looked at him, and there was a strange paleness about his mouth.

"Is it not easy?" he asked, resting his head back, and looking into my mother's face, as if her full coincidence of opinion were only needed to complete his enjoyment. She smiled pleasantly, then pressed her hand upon his forehead.—

"I fear you are not well," she said, tenderly; "your head is very, *very*, hot."

My father was not well; he soon entered his chamber, and the next day, and next, and next, grew more sick. The three weeks which succeeded I shall never forget;—dreary, dreary, dreary to me, the invalid boy, for I was deprived of my mother's care and presence, always so necessary to me before. How keenly did I feel that nobody was like my mother; never having been able to engage in the active pursuits of my brothers. To sit by her side, with my little slate or picture-book, was my chief delight. Sometimes I threaded her needle, or cut off an end, or sewed on patchwork, thankful for the little helps I might afford her. Now I was in the nursery, almost alone; my brothers occasionally came to amuse me, but, child as I was, I saw that their hearts were not there—they were thinking of sleds and snow-balls. Nancy was kind, but somehow Nancy had a world to do, when I begged a story, or my squares wanted basting. You see I have not forgot the technicalities of sewing, despite the love of the musty law-books which line my office.

Three weary weeks—weeks of anxiety and painful solicitude, and faithful devotion on my mother's part, at the sick bed—but alas, skill, or medicine, or nursing, or prayer, availed nothing. My father was sinking! Madison and Philip were suffered to roam at large, a freedom which they enjoyed to the fullest extent. The servants went about on tip-toe, and whispered one to another. The doctor came oftener. Strange faces appeared now and then in the entry. I was left to take care of myself until Nancy put me into the parlour, and bade me be a good boy. Soon a gentleman came in, and kindly taking me from the carpet, where I had sorrowfully laid down, placed me upon his knee, calling me "poor little boy." Cousin Madison Jones entered, and he so tall and big, who never spoke to little children, patted me on the arm, saying,—

"Ah! the poor little fellow; can't realize it—no, no," and then he suffered me to take in my own hand his cane, his Brazilian cane, with a dog's head carved upon the top; the cane which he had forbidden me even to touch. The cane pleased me but for a moment; then I looked up into their faces, to learn wherefore this tenderness. I felt it *meant something*, a sad something, and instinctively called for my mother.

"Poor little fellow, your mother can't come to you," said the gentleman, gently laying my head upon his bosom.

"I wish I could see my mother," I whispered with a choking in my throat.

"Your mother, child! no! don't ask for your mother she don't want to see you," declared Mr. Madison Jones, stopping in his walk across the room, with a stern and chiding look. Notwithstanding the choking in the throat, and a blur on the eyes, I resolutely rubbed my little thin hands across my eyes, and said rapidly to myself, "I must try to be a man, mother says; I must not cry—no Johnny must not cry;" it was a hard struggle, but Johnny did not cry; he lay patiently and sorrowfully in the gentleman's arms.

That night Nancy undressed and put me in my trundle bed, scarcely speaking, nor did she stop to hear my prayers, nor did mother come in to give me her good-night kiss, as she always had. What fears filled my little bosom. I was awed and frightened by the strange stillness of every-thing and every-body. I tossed restlessly about. I talked aloud to keep myself company. I said my prayers over and over again, to comfort my heart and keep up my courage. When, at last, it seemed as if my mother even had forsaken me, I kept up a stout heart by whispering, "Jesus loves little children, he does, mother says so. I am sure he does, mother read it to me."

What a world of authority in "mother says so!" Oh! mothers, say careful and judicious things, for your words never die.

Falling asleep, I dreamed of rolling off my bed, that I was tied up in a leg of my drawers, and somebody was going to dash me in pieces. With my heart beating and ready to break, I awoke. Silent, everything silent. "I will find my mother," was the heroic, half-waking resolution, as I tumbled out of bed, with my poor lame foot. My father's door was reached, beyond the long dark entry, and I crept in through the half-open door. By the pale lamp-light, I could see no one but a strange man on the bed-side. My heart fell; then I pushed a little farther in; on the other side of the bed sate the dear object of my night search. 'My mother! my mother!" I did not cry it out, but my heart beat with delight. Softly I moved towards her. She sate down, with her face bent over the pillow; there was white all about, and her face was very white too.—She neither heard nor heeded me, but I had found her, reached her chair, and was actually holding on the rounds, when I heard a strange noise, a groan, a deep hard breathing, which frightened me.

"It's all over," whispered the man.

My mother's head dropped upon the pillow, and she sobbed in agony. It was the chamber of death. I clung to her knee:—"Mother, dear mother!" I whispered, something between joy and sorrow, and terror; "do let me stay with you." She looked around, then taking me up, clasped me convulsively to her bosom, while her tears scalded my cheeks.

"My poor, fatherless boy! Oh God! thy will be done! thy will be done!" she exclaimed, as she laid her cold, wet cheek upon my forehead.

"Dear, dear mother, I love you!" was all that I knew of the language of comfort. Then when exhausted and sinking under the weight of grief and weariness, they put her to bed and would take me away from her, I prayed them to let me lie by her side; "I would be still, I would not breathe."

"Let the child come," she said to those who would have thrust me back into the trundle-bed. She opened her arms, and I nestled close into her bosom, showing my sympathies by kissing her night-gown, when I could not approach her face without disturbing her, and by grasping her arm and ejaculating "mother, dear mother!" Amid her tears and broken prayers I fell asleep. I have always thought since that painful and dreadful night, a tie seemed to link me to my mother unlike my brothers, nearer and dearer. My heart, little though it was, had been closest to hers in the darkest hour.

Sad days followed; sad to my mother, sad to my brothers, as they began to realize in the funeral pomp and procession, the affliction which had befallen them; no sadder to me, than the days when I lived alone in the nursery. Now I could sit by her side and look, when I would, up into her pale, sad face.

"You have a great responsibility, certainly, the bringing up of your three boys," said a friend who came to pay my mother a visit of sympathy; "but it is not as though you had not enough to do with," contrasting the luxuries about us with her own narrow home.

"I do not know how that will be," answered my mother with a sigh; a prophetic sigh it proved to be.

The next painful scene hastened on, an examination of my father's affairs and settling his estate. No will was discovered, nor was his reason granted long enough to say anything regarding a future provision for his family. On the last night it was said he attempted to speak, and looked with unutterable sorrow upon my mother; but what laid upon his mind his lips in vain tried to reveal.

It was not long before Mr. Madison Jones, who administered on the estate, began to utter short and significant growls, that "things were no better than they should be; that it was just as he always said; Philip lived too fast; yes, *he* knew from the first how it would be; his family would be left poor, left to come upon their friends!" Cousin Madison was famous for seeing results when they appeared; it is not every one who is thus gifted.

At last it came out naked enough, that my father was a bankrupt. We were poor, absolutely poor, but for a small sum belonging to my mother, and secured to her in a marriage contract. Its interest had never been touched, and so it amounted to something, but little enough upon which to bring up three boys. Rich relations we had but one, Mr. Madison Jones, and he only a cousin of my father; a rich cousin, who prided himself upon his money, and valued other people by the same standard.

And now what was my mother to do? The moment she knew the actual state of things she began to act. Would she open a boarding-house, that genteel and uncertain alternative for poor gentlewomen? If possible, no; her time must be given to her boys.

Would she move into the quarter of that small tenement in a back street, behind cousin Madison's, and take in sewing, letting her eldest live half of his time at his namesake's, and sending the youngest to his grandfather's; or could she not manage to keep them all with her?

"That neighbourhood is so bad for the boys; and besides, there is no yard for them to work in," argued my mother.

"A yard! What do you want a yard for?" asked cousin Madison testily.

"Then they can play a great deal with our boys, and often take their meals with us. Every little helps," added Mrs. Cousin Madison. My mother thanked her, but inwardly begged to be excused from too great an amalgamation of the boys. She said she would take time to think, and endeavour to place herself in a situation for the best good of her sons.

Behold us then, in four months' time, at home in a village, five miles from ——; a village of which my mother knew very little, except its neat, well-ordered appearance, and its excellent clergyman. A "cottage" presents too many poetical associations to indicate truly our new dwelling. It was a simple one-story house, and *had been* yellow; somewhat unpromising without perhaps, but within it had two nice chambers in the attic, a pleasant sitting-room, bed-room, and kitchen. Its chief attraction to my mother was a small barn and a large yard, a part of which, behind the house, seemed to have been the remains of a garden, by some early occupant; straggling currant bushes were discovered among the grass, and some stinted gooseberries in the corners. A small farm was on one side, and Mr. Giles's great hay-field on the other; the sparks and coals of a blacksmith's shop opposite, the blue sky above us, with the sun-rising and sun-setting all in sight, and green pastures almost within a stone's throw.

We were scarcely settled, when Mr. Madison Jones and a gentleman rode out to see us. My mother was absent but soon to return. Meanwhile they surveyed the premises; then coming in they sat down. I was in my little chair, surrounded with playthings. Regarding me as a plaything too, they talked freely.

"This big yard! what's it for?" said Mr. Madison. "I should like to know what Jane wanted it for?"

"Better taken snug little rooms in town," joined his companion.

"She says it is for the boys. What do they want of a big yard? They take care of it! They work! I never found boys good for anything yet. There are my four great boys; of what use are they to me! All they want is to be waited upon. She has missed it, or I am mistaken; but women must have their own way! Women have no judgment!" So commented our cousin, Mr. Madison Jones, unheeding the little lame boy, who devoured every word he said.

By and bye my mother appeared. Cousin Madison's opinions were not long concealed. "That big yard, Jane, that's going to be a trouble to you. What in the name of common sense is it for?"

"For the boys," she answered as undisturbed as possible. "You see the part which runs behind the house was a garden once. I hope to have it a garden again, as it will employ the boys."

"Employ the *money*, Jane! It will be nothing but an expense; gardens cost, Jane.—What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine!" I dare say she did, as I venture to say she had many times before, which fortified her in her present position.

We had been at our new home quite a fortnight, when our oldest came to us. He had been at Mr. Madison Jones's nearly ever since our father's death, somewhat against my mother's better judgment, which unavoidable circumstances seemed for a time to control. It was a chilly April twilight when he arrived. My mother ran to welcome him, and "Oh, Maddy! Maddy!" shouted forth my lips; but Maddy walked unmovedly in, and, planting himself with his back to the fire, and his cap in his hand, took his first impression. Our little sitting room certainly looked the picture of comfort; a neat book-case reflected a bright blaze from the opposite side of the room, a table with a green cloth occupied the centre, and a few valuables rescued from the sale adorned the room. Madison did not seem to know whether to suffer himself to be pleased or not.

"Where is Philip?" he at length asked. A stirring step was heard in the back entry, upon which Philip opened the door, with a log in his hand.

"Finished, mother! finished the pile. Oh, Maddy!" he exclaimed, with unexpected delight.

"Finished what!" asked the eldest, with some indications of interest.

"Finished splitting and piling my wood," answered Phil.

"Do you split and pile?"

"Yes, I hope so," answered Phil, as if he had always done it.

"I shan't," declared Madison, with an ungraciousness altogether uncalled for.

"Then you don't belong to our hive," said Phil, stoutly, as he laid on the log. "You may go back to Mr. Jones's." My mother was preparing tea.

"I shan't like here, I know I shan't," said Madison again after a pause: "it is not a bit like cousin Madison's, or our other house. Cousin Madison don't like it either."

"I like it," said Philip, "because it has a barn and such a big yard; and perhaps we shall have a cow some time or other."

"Yes, a beautiful bossy," said I, "just like Mr. Giles's.

"Who'll take care of it?" asked Madison.

"You or I," said Phil, "one of us."

"I shan't," declared Madison, "Mr. Jones's boys don't have to work. Mr. Jones says it is high time to work when we are men; that we must take all the pleasure we can when we are young, frolic, and have good times."

My mother looked anxiously, but still said nothing. Philip and I were conscious of being damped, decidedly so. At supper, Madison wished he had a taste of bread and milk; he thought people in the country always had bread and milk.

"When we have a cow, we can have a plenty," said Phil.

"And when will that be?" asked Madison petulantly.

"Just as soon as my sons can earn one," answered my mother. "You know that whatever we get, we get with our own hands now. When shall you earn a cow, boys?" she asked in an inspiring tone, just as if we could if we tried.

"Ask Mr. Jones to give us one," said Madison.

"We don't want any one to help us when we can help ourselves, mother says," cried Philip, "and, mother, we will try and earn a cow—get it our very selves;" upon which his black eyes sparkled with interest, in contemplation of the effort.

That evening, for the first time since my father's death, did she collect her family about her, without the absence of one member or the intrusion of a visitor. She began to speak of it, but her voice grew husky, and I saw a glistening in her eye. Instinctively my hand was within hers. Then she turned over the leaves of the great Bible, and arose to go to another part of the room. She came back calmed. "My sons," she said, cheerfully, "we have a dear little home here, and it will be a very happy home, if you all strive to make it so; yes, and you must help to *support* it too; you have all something to do; little by little, day by day, use your hands to work out some good and useful ends, for your mother and for each other; are you not ready to?" she asked inspiringly, and looking at each of us with her large, earnest eyes.

"Yes, mother," responded Philip quickly, "yes, mother, we have got *to do*, haven't we."

"To do and never flinch," said our mother with great emphasis; "never fall back, never grumble, never regret, when your duty is plain before you, boys."

"But when it is hard?" said Madison, looking down at his feet.

"Have more courage then, must we not, mother? I always remember you told me so a great while ago, when I went to school in a snow-storm," said Philip, looking up with fire in his eye; you said, 'courage, Philip! brave it out! don't be afraid of a snow-storm!' then I was not, mother."

(To be continued.)

A SPRING SONG.

By Edward Youl.

Laud the first spring daisies;
Chaunt aloud their praises;
Send the children up
To the high hill's top;
Tax not the strength of their young hands
To increase your lands.
Gather the primroses;
Make handfuls into posies;
Take them to the little girls who are at work in mills:
Pluck the violets blue,—
Ah, pluck not a few!
Knowest thou what good thoughts from Heaven the violet instils?

Give the children holidays,
(And let these be jolly days)
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous spring:
Better men, hereafter,
Shall we have, for laughter
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring.
Send the children up
To the high hill's top,
Or deep into the wood's recesses,
To woo Spring's caresses.
See, the birds together,
In this splendid weather,
Worship God,—(for He is God of birds as well as men);
And each feathered neighbour
Enters on his labour,—
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet and the wren.
As the year advances,
Trees their naked branches
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green apparel.
Insect and mild beast
Keep no Lent, but feast;
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy is increased.
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud carol.

Ah, come and woo the spring;
List to the birds that sing;
Pluck the primroses; pluck the violets;
Pluck the daisies,
Sing their praises;
Friendship with the flowers some noble thought begets.
Come forth and gather these sweet elves,
(More witching are they than the fays of old.)
Come forth and gather them yourselves,
Learn of these gentle flowers, whose worth is more than gold.

Come, come into the wood;
Pierce into the bowers
Of these gentle flowers,
Which, not in solitude,
Dwell, but with each other keep society;
And, with a simple piety,
Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good.
Or, upon summer earth,
To die, in virgin worth,
Or to be strewn before the bride,
And the bridegroom, by her side.

Come forth on Sundays;
Come forth on Mondays;
Come forth on any day;
Children, come forth, to play:—
Worship the God of Nature in your childhood;
Worship Him at your tasks with best endeavour;
Worship Him in your sports; worship Him ever;
Worship Him in the wildwood;
Worship Him amidst the flowers;—
In the green-wood bowers;
Pluck the buttercups, and raise
Your voices in His praise.

◆

THE MEMOIRS OF DR. CHANNING.

By Parke Godwin.

New York, April, 1848.

My Dear Friends.

Through the kindness of the editor, I am put in possession of early proof-sheets of a Memoir of the late Dr. William Ellery Channing. I have been so much delighted and improved by the perusal of the volumes, and the subject in itself is so interesting, that I am tempted to put a notice of the work before your readers in advance of the publication of it in England.

Dr. Channing was, beyond all question, the most advanced American mind of his day; he has done more perhaps to influence the opinions of an important part of this country than any other man; and he still lives in that series of noble and beautiful writings which have given him rank with the greatest writers of the age. He was the friend of every good work; his character partook of a lofty and almost ideal purity; while his intellect was one of the brightest and noblest order. His aim from his earliest years was to imbue himself with the spirit of Jesus Christ, and his whole life was a struggle after higher Christian excellence for himself, and the diffusion of Christian principles among mankind. He had a despotic consciousness of duty, but at the same time was kind, gentle, and full of love for all men. In the expression of his sympathies he was as universal as he was ardent and bold. The poor slave, the toil-worn labourer, the criminal victim of bad social institutions, and the despoiled and oppressed of all lands, were the objects of his unwearied benevolence. Yet his was not the mere benevolence of a soft and sentimental amiability. He was wise as well as good: cautious and considerate as well as brave; and a stern rebuker of wrong even while his heart bled for the wrong-doer. Never had the cause of human rights,—in all its various bearings, a more strenuous and indomitable defender. He never hesitated to act or speak when freedom was in danger. But especially he valued intellectual freedom. His words in its behalf were always thunder-claps which shook the whole trembling world.

It is to be expected that the memoir of such a man will be full of interest and instruction. Yet the narrative does not abound in any very exciting incidents. His internal life was mainly confined to his closet and his pulpit. The events of it, though of course he was at all times keenly sensitive of what was going on about him in the world, were neither romantic nor startling, nor varied. But his was still a gloriously full life. He lost not a day, except through inherited feebleness and disease, for every hour was consecrated to some great thought or work. His nature was open on all sides, and all the circumstances of his being were made to contribute to his growth in goodness and truth. How, then, can such a life fail to be interesting? If, as the wise man of old has told us, "He that controlleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," why should not the history of the progress of a great and good mind, be infinitely more interesting than narratives of the movements of armies, or the changes of states? It is the inward thought and principle which produces these tremendous outward revolutions which excite so much of the world's attention.

Be this as it may, it is certain that these memoirs could not be prepared by a more competent biographer. Mr. William Henry Channing, the nephew, worthily wears the mantle of his distinguished relative. With quite as much intellectual power, he has equal moral disinterestedness and beauty, and is therefore well qualified to appreciate the noble characteristics of the Departed. But standing as he does upon more positive grounds of social science than were known when Dr. Channing formed his convictions, he is able to carry out the mere aspirations of the latter into fixed and definite principles. He surveys the whole field of his uncle's "being and doing," from a high vantage-ground, and is consequently empowered to speak intelligently as well as fearlessly of all the bearings and tendencies of the life he records. One less intelligent and less fearless, in the present state of human opinion, might have omitted or slurred over, those grand utterances of confidence and hope in man's social future, which as now given in Dr. Channing's trumpet-tones breathe new life into our hearts. Neither on the question of Slavery nor of Social Reform has the biographer anything to conceal. Some of the professed followers of Dr. Channing will know what this means!

Dr. Channing was born on the 7th of April, 1780, at Newport in Rhode Island. The place is remarkable for the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, which seems to have awaked his sensibilities at a very early age. Late in life, in an address delivered before the people of Newport, he beautifully alludes to the influences which his birth-place had in the formation of his mind. He said,—

> I must bless God for the place of my nativity; for as my mind unfolded, I became more and more alive to the beautiful scenery which now attracts strangers to our island. My first liberty was used in roaming over the neighbouring fields and shores; and amid this glorious nature that love of liberty sprang up, which has gained strength within me to this hour. I early received impressions of the great and the beautiful, which I believe have had no small influence in determining my modes of thought and habits of life. In this town I pursued for a time my studies of theology. I had no professor or teacher to guide me; but I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented and so useful as a public library, then so deserted, that I spent day after day, and sometimes, week after week amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor. The other place was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of the winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune—the happiness of communing with the works of God. I believe that the worship, of which I have this day spoken, was aided in my own soul by the scenes in which my early life was passed.

His ancestors on both sides appear to have been persons of decided character and ability; his maternal grandfather in particular from whom he inherited many of his noblest qualities. Even as a child, Dr. Channing was distinguished for his benevolence and serious qualities, and in his as in so many other cases, "the child was father of the man." He began to preach almost as soon as he could talk, gathering his circle of admirers from his brothers and sisters, and little playfellows. They say, that at first he did not take to learning, and was considered somewhat dull, but that once initiated into books, he studied with great eagerness and rapidity. His first teacher was an old and rigid dame who was in the habit of imparting her instructions to her more refractory pupils by means of a long pole with which she could reach from one end of the school-room to the other, and from her he learned more than she perhaps intended to teach—the odiousness of all tyranny. It is characteristic, too, that almost the first sermon he heard—one of the old-fashioned brimstone sort,—filled him with the most awful apprehensions; but as his father and others went quietly about their business, in spite of all its dread and fiery denunciations, he soon came to the conclusion that what the preacher had said could not be true.

At the university, (Harvard) Channing was known as one of the best scholars of the class. He was a constant attendant upon the literary clubs of the institution, and generally took the lead, both as a speaker and writer. Questions growing out of the French Revolution then divided the people of this country, and in common with most of the New Englanders, he was filled with violent and exaggerated Anti-French prejudices. But these were to some extent corrected, after he left college, by a residence in Richmond, Virginia, whither he went in the capacity of private tutor to the Randolph family. Out of the atmosphere of New England, and especially by the presence and conversation of such a man as Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, he found that there were always two sides to a question. He never, however, seems to have wholly freed himself from what I consider the very narrow views of politics, which prevail at "the East." His position and his time of life both inclined him to study, while at Richmond, and his discursions into the fields of literature and philosophy, were varied and incessant. Yet he was not happy. He had few friends to sympathise with, and no active persuits to rescue him from the Werterism which all young men take, as children take the measles, with more or less severity. His letters at this period are quite sentimental and doleful,—though Channing's was too hopeful and religious a nature to remain long in the melancholy region. His native good sense too, led him into healthier views of his duties. Here his mind first awakened to the dreadful effects of slavery.

When Channing returned to his home, he chose the ministry for his profession, and entered upon the studies necessary to prepare him for the pulpit, at the Divinity School in Cambridge, with extraordinary ardour and perseverance. The struggles of his mind for greater purity, insight, and disinterestedness, begun at Richmond, were continued during the whole of this period, with painful intensity. His health had been impaired, and he was at the same time what we might call a victim of conscience. His yearnings after a deeper truth and holiness than were to be found in the theologies of the day—or in any theology but that of the great gospel of WORK—gave him no rest. It was only in the most entire self-surrender and consecration to God, that he found even temporary peace. No saint on the Catholic calender could have made a more unreserved devotion of himself to Heaven.

But unlike many of the aforesaid saints, Dr. Channing's piety was not satisfied with a solitary and contemplative devotion. Called to officiate as pastor to the Federal Street Church in Boston, he was soon absorbed in the more active duties of his profession. Much of his time, of course, was taken up in the preparation of his sermons, but he was not forgetful of the interests of the poor. He was then twenty-four years of age, but in spite of his youth and physical weakness, he drew about him speedily a large congregation, comprising many of the most cultivated people of the city. His learning, and the chaste beauty of his style captivated these, while his sincerity, his simplicity, and his enthusiasm, charmed the humbler sort. Every year of his ministration added to his power and his popularity; his mind grew clearer as it grew mature; while active beneficence gave him a deepening interest in all that concerned the condition and progress of society. Yet his success as a preacher did not lessen his humility, and, as his biographer observes, it was almost unconsciously to himself that he became an authority amongst men. The following sketch of his manner as a preacher, though long, will doubtless be agreeable to your readers:—

> And now let us go, on some Sunday morning, to the meeting-house in Federal-street, and hear ourselves this wonderful preacher. The doors are crowded; and as we enter, we see that there are but few vacant seats, and that the owners of the pews are hospitably welcoming strangers, whom the sexton is conducting up the aisles. There is no excitement in the audience, but deep, calm expectation. With a somewhat rapid and an elastic step, a person small in stature, thin and pale, and carefully enveloped, ascends the pulpit stair. It is he. For a moment, he deliberately and benignantly surveys the large congregation, as if drinking in the influence of so many human beings; and then, laying aside his outer garments, and putting on the black silk gown, he selects the hymn and passage from Scripture, and taking his seat, awaits in quiet contemplation the time for commencing the service. What impresses us now, in his appearance, is its exceeding delicacy, refinement, and spiritualized beauty. In the hollow eye, the sunken cheeks, and the deep lines around the mouth, the chronic debility of many years has left an ineffaceable impress. But on the polished brow, with its rounded temples, shadowed by one falling lock, and on the beaming countenance, there hovers a serenity which seems to brighten the whole head with a halo.
>
> The voluntary on the organ has been played, the opening invocation has been offered by the assistant in the pulpit, and the choir and congregation have joined in singing the first hymn;—and now he rises, and spreading out his arms, says,—"Let us unite in prayer." What a welcome to near communion with the Heavenly Father is there in the tremulous tenderness of that invitation! This is a solemn reality, and no formal rite, to him. The Infinite is here, around all, within all. What awful, yet confiding reverence, what relying affection, what profound gratitude, what unutterable longing, what consciousness of intimate spiritual relationship, what vast anticipations of progressive destiny, inspire these few, simple, measured, most variously modulated words! How the very peace of heaven seems to enter and settle down upon the hushed assembly!
>
> There follows a pause and perfect silence for a few moments, which the spirit feels its need of, that it may reassume its self-control and power of active thought. And now the Bible is opened; the chapter to be read is the fifteenth of the Gospel of John. The grand announcement is spoken, the majestic claim is made,—"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman." How often we have heard these sentences! and yet did we ever before begin to know their exhaustless wealth of meaning? What depth, volume, expressiveness in those intonations! "That *my joy* might remain in you, and that your joy might be *full*." Yes, O most honoured brother! now we have gained a glimpse of the rich life of thy godlike disinterestedness. We shall be, indeed, thy "*friends*," "when we love one another as thou didst love us." It is enough. No mere rhetorician, however trained and skilful, could have made these words so penetrating in pathetic sweetness, so invigorating in unbounded hope. The very smile and hand of the Saviour seem to have been upon us in blessing and power. Every emphasis and inflection of the reader was fraught with his own experience. The saying is no longer a mystical metaphor to us,—"If a man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him!" for the fact is illustrated before our eyes. The hymn is read. What melody! what cadence? The tone may be too prolonged, and too undulating the accent; but we can never, never forget those lines. In many a distant scene of doubt and fear, of trial and temptation, their music will come vibrating through the inner chambers of our hearts, and, at the sound, our bosom-sins will disappear, "awed by the presence" of the "Great Invisible."
>
> The singing is over. The hearts of the hearers are attuned. The spirit of the preacher has already pervaded them, and softened them to harmony. It is the "new commandment" of which he is to discourse. He begins by pourtraying the overflowing sympathy with which Jesus forgot his own impending sufferings, in his desire to cheer the little band so soon to be scattered. We are there with them in the upper chamber; we are bathed in the flood of benignity; can we ever be faithless to this most lovely and all-loving friend? Thence passing outwards, he lays open before us the universal humanity of the Son of Man made Son of God, till we see that the fulness of the Spirit in him, his oneness with the Father, was his pure and perfect benevolence,—till we begin to apprehend how such a sublime self-sacrifice might fit the Christ to be the abiding mediator between heaven and earth, the ruler over the ages to introduce among mankind the kingdom of God. What affectionate devotion, what adoring reverence, what quick discrimination, what delicate perception, what vividness, characterized this sketch of the Master! Thus ends the first branch of the sermon. And now he is to assure us, all selfish, immersed in the busy anxieties of life, habitually incased in prejudices and conventionality, as we may be, that this spirit of unlimited brotherly kindness is the only befitting spirit for any man, for every man,—that we are encouraged to aspire after it, that we can attain to it, that we are Christians only in the measure in which it sanctifies us. How carefully he meets and disarms objections! how calmly he removes all fear of undue enthusiasm! how deliberate and definite does he make the statement of his propositions! The sound sense and judgment of the speaker strike us now as much as his devout earnestness did before. There is nothing vague, dreamy, extravagant in this cool reasoner. Gradually he awakens the memory and conscience of his hearers, and reveals to them, from their own observation and experience, with a terrible distinctness of contrast, what the professed Christians of Christendom actually are. There are no expletives, no fulminations, no fanatical outpourings. But the small figure dilates,—the luminous grey eye now flashes with indignation, now softens in pity,—and the outstretched arm and clenched hand

> are lifted in sign of protest and warning, as the wrongs which man inflicts on man are presented with brief but glowing outlines. How the accidental honours of the so-called great flutter like filthy rags, and crumble into dust, as the meanness of arbitrary power and worldly ambition is exposed! How the down-trodden outcasts rise up in more than royal dignity, as the intrinsic grandeur of man reveals itself through their badges of ignominious servitude! The preacher now enlarges upon the greatness of man; he shows how worthy every human being is of love, for his nature, if not for his character. Sin and degradation are made to appear unspeakably mournful, when measured by the majestic innate powers, the celestial destiny appointed to the most debased; every spirit becomes venerable to us, as heir of God and coheir of Christ, as the once lost but now found, the once dead but now living, the prodigal yet dearly loved child of the Heavenly Father. And as our gaze wanders over the congregation, in kindling or tearful eyes, in pallid or flushed cheeks, in smiling or firm-set lips of many a hearer, is displayed the new resolve just registered in the will, to lead a truly *manly* life, by consecrating one's self to the divine work of raising all men upright in the image of God.
>
> "A brief petition and benediction end the service; and after a few warm pressures of the hand, and mutual congratulations that such a sermon has been heard, the congregation disperses. If this is the first time we have listened to the preacher, we walk home through the thronged streets, we look upon our fellow-men, we tread the earth, we breathe the air, we feel the sunshine, with a new consciousness of life. This hour has been an era in existence. Never again can we doubt God's love, disbelieve in Christ, despond for ourselves, despise our fellows,—never again sigh over the drudgery, the tameness, the tantalizing disappointments of this workday world. How solemn in grandeur, how unspeakably magnificent, how wonderful, how fresh with beauty and joy, open now before us the present lot, the future career of man! This sketch may seem to some readers extravagant, but it will be thought, on the other hand, tame and cold by those who in memory recall the reality which it so faintly resembles."—*Memoir*, pp. 289—294.

I cannot follow Dr. Channing through all the details of his life, nor refer to those beautiful domestic traits which so endeared him to his family and friends. Suffice it to say, that in every relation he sought to exemplify the great ideal of Jesus Christ. But what I wish to remark upon is, the growing interest which Dr. Channing manifested to the very close of his life in all the great social reforms of the age. With these, of course, the larger part of the volumes before us is taken up. His almost unintermitted ill health did not allow him to take any active part in the national movements of reform, but his mind was always busy in furthering the noblest schemes of good to man. Regarding Christianity, not as a means of saving the world from the punishment of sin hereafter, so much as an agency for removing sin and the causes of sin here, he held it to be the highest duty of the Christian minister, as of every man, to strive to introduce the broadest principles of Christian love into every relation of society. This was his great and leading thought; and for forty years he laboured through pamphlets, books, letters, and the pulpit to impress this thought upon the world. Love was with him the highest attribute of God—the noblest attainment of the human soul. And it was for this reason, that he proclaimed so earnestly the dignity of man. He was, therefore, most strenuously opposed to war, and all the infernal manifestations of evil passion inseparable from war; he was opposed to that hideous and detestable form of oppression, human slavery, and at the hazard of his reputation, protested against it on every occasion, and with a burning zeal he laboured too to eradicate the desolating vice of intemperance, and was fertile in plans for arresting its destructive triumphs. He was the constant advocate of popular education, endeavoured to extend its benefits to all classes, and to improve its means and discipline, both in common schools and the higher seats of learning; the ministry to the poor excited his most anxious solicitude and sympathy, while he ever encouraged by his words and presence the establishment of scientific and literary institutions for the benefit of the working classes.

But Dr. Channing's charities were not confined to these various practical methods of social improvement. He was too close an observer of events, too profound a student of history, too logical a thinker, too benevolent and brave a man, to rest satisfied with such imperfect and inadequate attempts to raise his fellow men. He soon came to feel that the evils of modern society could not be removed by any mere alleviations,—that, on the other hand, society itself required a radical modification. The gradual growth of his convictions, in this respect, are admirably traced by the biographer. It seems that when a youth, during his residence at Richmond, he was already dreaming of that Perfect Communal Society, which has formed the early aspiration of so many men of genius, and which was the first organization of the Christian Church. He then believed in a community of property, and the abolition of all distinctions among men. Time, however, corrected the errors of his intellect, though it never extinguished the ardour of his hope. Says the memoir:—

> "His thoughts were continually becoming concentrated more and more upon the terrible problem of Pauperism, before which the benevolence of all civilized states stands paralyzed and aghast; and he saw more clearly each year that what the times demanded was that the axe should be laid at the very root of ignorance, temptation, and strife, by substituting for the present unjust and unequal distribution of the privileges of life some system of cordial, respectful, brotherly co-operation."

In 1841, Dr. Channing wrote thus to a friend who was engaged in establishing a "Fraternal Community."

> "Your *ends*, *objects*, seem to me important. I see, I feel, the great evils of our present social state. The flesh predominates over the spirit, the animal over the intellectual and moral life. The consciousness of the worth of the human soul, of what man was made to be, is almost wholly lost; and in this ignorance all our social relations must be mournfully defective, and the highest claims of man very much overlooked. I earnestly desire to witness some change, by which the mass of men may be released from their present anxious drudgery, may cease to be absorbed in cares and toils for the body, and may so combine labour with a system of improvement that they will find in it a help, not a degrading burden. I have for a very long time dreamed of an association, in which the members, instead of preying on one another, and seeking to put one another down, after the fashion of this world, should live together as brothers, seeking one another's elevation and spiritual growth."

But the strongest expression of his opinion is found in the preface to the Glasgow edition of his works. He says.

> "These volumes will show that the author feels strongly the need of deep social changes, of a spiritual revolution in Christendom, of a new bond between man and man, of a new sense of the relation between man and his Creator. At the same time, they will show his firm belief, that our present low civilization, the central idea of which is wealth, cannot last for ever; that the mass of men are not doomed hopelessly and irresistibly to the degradation of mind and heart in which they are now sunk; that a new comprehension of the end and dignity of a human being is to remodel social institutions and manners; that in Christianity, and in the powers and principles of human nature, we have the promise of something holier and happier than now exists. It is a privilege to live in this faith, and a privilege to communicate it to others. The author is not without hope that he may have strength for some more important labours; but if disappointed in this, he trusts that these writings, which may survive him a little time, will testify to his sympathy with his fellow-creatures, and to his faith in God's great purposes towards the human race."

It is to be regretted that Dr. Channing did not live long enough to become acquainted with the great constructive principles of ASSOCIATION, now attracting so much attention in this country and in France.

My space does not allow me to speak as fully as I should wish of the private and domestic character of Dr. Channing. But any one who has read his books can judge of what he was, when it is said that he embodied in his life all the grand and gentle principles which are there put forth with so much eloquence and beauty. It exhibited also the same defects that on a closer scrutiny we discover in his writings. His biographer, with great justice, dwells upon the perfect unity that pervaded his intellectual and moral nature: yet it seems to me to have wanted variety. He was too uniformly sustained, both in his writings and his conduct, one feels that it would be a great relief if he would only unbend. Even in his most familiar letters to friends he preaches. ' He did not indulge enough in the play of wit and fancy. A touch of human in his composition would have made him more loveable. He was rather more of a humane man than a human man. He did not, however, fail in either sweetness or strength of affection, as his touching devotion to his mother and children, and his many instances of ready but unassuming benevolence proves, but he wanted that spontaneous, rich, genial, impulsive, frank, human sympathy, so conspicuous in Luther or Burns. In short, I will say, though it may seem paradoxical, that he would have been a better, if he had been a worse man. He had a great heart without corresponding heartiness.

But why dwell upon these deficiencies of one in whom there is so much to admire and commend,—of one whom the world must regard with reverence and gratitude? He was true to himself,—true to the noblest convictions of duty,—true to his friends and to his fellow men. The talents which God had given him were returned with a rich harvest of interest to the Giver. Thousands of men have been made better by his words and his example. His influence, so far as he could direct it, was all turned to good. He was a faithful servant of Humanity. His most intimate companions say that they cannot recollect of his ever having done or said an unkind thing. His first aspirations were for purity of life, and his dying wish for the good of man. His works are a precious inheritance for our race. Let us then be satisfied with him as he was, and bless God that he has furnished us new conceptions of the greatness of our nature and destiny in this man's life.

◆

SONNET.

By Calder Campbell.

We judge too rashly both of men and things,
Giving to-day's opinions, on the morrow,
Utter denial; Whilst we strive to borrow
Hollow apologies, that—like the wings
Of butterflies—show many colours. Sorrow
Hideth its tears, and we disclaim its presence
Where it hath deepest root: Hate softly brings
A smile,—the which we think Love's sweetest essence:
Simplicity seems Art, and Art we deem
White-hearted Innocence: misjudging ever
All that we see. Let us then grant esteem,
Or grudge it, with precaution only; never
Forgetting that rash haste, ripe judgment mars:—
What men count but as clouds may prove bright stars*

---

*Earl Rosse's telescope proves that what were deemed nebulæ are resolvable into clusters of stars.

THE WIFE OF AUDUBON.

Mr. Audubon married early, into the family of the Bakewells, in England. The family name, so familiar in this country, is a sufficient pronunciation of her probable worthiness to share the fortunes of such a man. But apart from all such extraneous considerations, her life is the best commentary upon, and her sons the best illustration of, what such a matron should be; she shared with a smiling bravery all the wanderings and necessities of her husband. Whether the temporary occupant of some log or frame hovel attached to a trading post of the great south-west, where it was necessary for the husband to take up his quarters in the double capacity of trader and naturalist, or a sharer of honours, regal so far as artistic and scientific appreciation could fashion them, bestowed upon him amid the imposing luxuries of European life, she was always the calm, wise, cheerful helper, as well as sympathiser. A noble relict of that almost exploded school of matrons who recognize the compact of marriage as a sacred union of purpose as well as life; she does not seem to have aimed at a loftier honour than that of being the true wife of J. J. Audubon. In this is her greatest glory; for a common woman, with the fears and weaknesses of common character, would soon have crossed the gossamer-life of his fine enthusiasm, beneath the weight of vulgar cares and apprehensions. So far from this being the case, she appears to have been so entirely identified with his successes, that it would be impossible to separate her loving recognition of them. She was his resolute companion in many of the long journeys he found it necessary to make in his early days, to the far-west. She crossed the Alleghanies with him on horseback, at a time when there existed no other facilities for making the journey. She shared with him the way-side hovel of the mountaineer; laughed with him over the petty inconveniences of the travel, and shared the lovely enthusiasm which burst forth, when its accidents threw in his way a long coveted or entirely new specimen. When it became necessary for him to sink his Jacob's staff here and there, and leave her with his family amidst strange associations, for long months together, he could go with the calm feeling, that, as the favourite bird of his own discovery (the bird of Washington,) his eyrie would be safe in the jealous strength of his mate, and open and warm for him on his return.

How many dark hours amidst the deep shadows of savage woods, has such reposeful trust been luminous with joy and faith to him. How many gloomy defiles can be passed, how many cold and sudden plunges be endured, how many fierce extravagant exigences be faced, by that deep abiding assurance which feels and is certain that there is beyond all this a true heart to welcome, and a home! Some of the most noble, unpremeditated expressions of tenderness we remember, are to be found in his biography of birds, referring to the anticipated delight of such re-unions with his family.—*American Review.*

◆

Literary Notice.

The Artist's Married Life, being that of Albert Dürer Translated from the German of Leopold Shefer, by Mrs. J. B. Stodart. London: J. Chapman, Strand.

This beautiful story or rather these readings of the main portions of a noble life, which, like every noble life, was purified by suffering, are full of a high tendency and will be read to edification, by every mind seeking to be taught in the grand school of human life and trial. It is the history of the married years of the brave old painter and engraver of Nuremberg, the cotemporary of Charles V., Luther, and Melancthon. Whilst somewhat of the picturesque life and manners of his age, are presented in, the work, the purpose of the writer has been to deal with the inward rather than the outward life, and it is in this respect that its great and real value consists. The work purports to be an autobiography, and without going very much into detail. we will endeavour to give our readers an idea of its style and spirit.

On Whit Sunday of the year 1490, Albert set out on his travels for the study of the fine arts; on Whit Sunday of the year 1494, he again heard the stroke of the Nüremberg clock * * * His father took him dressed in his best, first of all to the house of his godfather Anton Koburger who took great delight in him. From the house of Master Michael Wohlgemuth the painter, engraver, and wood cutter, with whom Albert had studied for three years, they crossed the street to the house of the lively harp-player and singer, Hanns Frei, who was also an optician. In this house stood a miracle of beauty, in the person of his daughter, Agnes, then fifteen, who was playing on the harp. The artist fell in love at first sight; but even before that time, the two old fathers had determined that they should wed each other, and without asking the consent of either party, the two were betrothed. The marriage, however, might have turned out well, had Agnes, the beautiful young wife, been other than she was. His nature was full of love, truth, candour, and confidence. She, though loving him intensely, was of a selfish, sordid, and common nature which was incapable of comprehending the true life and soul of this poet-artist, for Albert was this emphatically. She would have him to work, work, work! she could not understand how the soul might labour though the hands were still, and thus she teased and scolded, and tormented him through a sorrowful season of strife, which was succeeded by a little sunbeam which was withdrawn behind clouds of endless sadness. And now a somewhat long extract shall make the reader acquainted with the manner of this beautiful narrative. A little Agnes is born.

"He watched over Mother and Child. No breath of air should blow upon them; and when both the dear Ones slumbered, then he hastened away to draw and to paint; and, to his own amazement, he quickly and beautifully completed a Picture of the Nativity, and one of the Adoration, with the three Holy Kings. The Picture seemed as if speaking. And then he blessed the Path he had chosen! His own Life opened up to him an unknown portion both of the World and of his Art, and he felt that he was now the Man to produce quite different and truer Works. Nature in her Divinity had never yet presented herself before him so closely and so sacredly! And he felt fresher than in the blooming Month of May after a mild fertilizing Tempest. The Ideas which have once been cleared up to the Artist remain eternally clear in his Mind. He directs himself to these bright points of his inner Life when he wishes to model —then he can dream and create! From this source all is Real! He has felt what he wishes to represent;—he may change and transpose; then unfold, and convey his Ideas to other Men; and his Work will always spring from the Heart and go to the Heart again. Therefore he must have experienced the greatest, the simplest, the most beautiful, and the saddest Events of Nature and of human Life in general,—he must have felt the highest Joy and the deepest Sorrow—and whoever has trod the noble path of Human Life with an observing mind—and that is peculiar to the Artist—to him are none of these awanting. But it is enough for him, that his Fancy embraces Nature in its simplicity! He need not have been the Murderer of innumerable Children, in order to represent the Massacre of the Innocents—if he only has and loves one *living* Child, and thinks—it may die! He need not have drained the Cup of Vice to the dregs, that he may paint *Lucretia*—if he only has a Wife, or has ever possessed one, whom he loves, and thinks—the proud King's son may appear before her with the Poniard or with Dishonour. He need not have gone to beg his Bread that he may draw the Prodigal—if he has only been a good Son, who loves his Father;—the Tatters are found then. Thus the Artist hits everything, whatever it may be, faithfully and truly, if he has always been a genuine Man, attentive to the plainest, simplest conditions of Nature. Only in this sense, then, these words are no Blasphemy: the Artist must have experienced what he wishes to create. Thus, indeed, he has experienced everything; and though simple and natural himself, he can yet easily represent the Unnatural. The Artist's first Power, then, is his own pure heart; the second, his Fancy; the third, the faculty of conceiving everything that comes from his Heart, as from a true inexhaustible Source, to be afterwards woven by Fancy. *Albert* brought the Pictures to *Agnes*. The sight of them rejoiced her; but she looked at the Child and said: These are still nothing but Pictures after all! Who has bespoken them? and what wilt thou receive for them?—They are already paid—through you and my own joy! said he, somewhat mortified. It is true, they were only Pictures—and because he himself now possessed more than Pictures, he saw also that the Mother possessed more, and that she had spoken quite naturally and justly. So he willingly learned this also, —that a living Work of God is of more value than all the Works of Men, and that these only exist and can exist—because those are."

* * * *

"Albert prized the little creature as a rich blessing from his Heavenly Father. Be ye hospitable, said he to himself, for thereby some have entertained angels. And by these words he was transported back in thought to the day when he stood in the church, and the maiden Agnes stood beside him, and now in fancy he put the little Agnes into her arms, and the bride stood—as a mother! All that had afterwards taken place seemed to him then as a thing of the past; and the softness with which his heart overflowed was reflected backwards and warmed the long days, in which, in strange lands he had languished in vain for such happiness—also those in which he had been so cool to the mother of his little daughter. From this time forth, he determined always to look upon her as the mother, even if the child—— He did not finish the thought, but silently supplicated Heaven to spare its life."

The maternal character, however, did not soften and elevate the nature of the wife; his extreme affection and solicitude for the child offended her; she looked upon it as her rival in the heart of her husband, besides which the child was not handsome, and for that reason and therefore, says the quaint autobiography, she would willingly have sent back the dear child to its Heavenly Father—and begged him for another, but if possible to select one for herself out of the innumerable host in the store-house of mortals. The child was the image of its father, and a girl, and loved, and kissed, and caressed him, and took pleasure in toying with him—therefore she got no more kisses from her mother, and was left entirely to the charge of her nurse.

Albert loved his little neglected child intensely and perhaps he too freely indulged—his wife thought so.

"At two years old she was to have had a little golden hood, and a pretty white frock for her birth-day—but the day came, and Agnes had not got them finished. Her father took her unadorned as she was to his bosom. Thus the little girl went quite over to her father. She stood near him when he painted or carved; he played with her and neglected art as often as willingly, that he might learn something from life instead."

Yet Albert, with all his patience and his virtue, could sin for one moment against the angel of his heart, and that sin, like all the short-comings of the good occasioned the bitter repentance of a life.

"But the Feelings of Children are inconceivably delicate and just. Little *Agnes* soon saw how unhappy her Father was in his Home, how little he was valued. *Albert* had perceived and learnt, first of all from her own Mouth, how much it grieved the loving little One to see him so ill-used. He saw it also in her soft blue Eyes. But he saw it meekly and silently. When *Albert* visited a Friend one day, against the inclinations of *Agnes*, who feared that he might perhaps complain of her, and thereby make public what appeared to her quite allowable in private—and came home late, that she might not be awake, and yet found her keeping watch with the Child, who had waited for her Father that she might go to bed with him—then the Mother scolded him and called him a Waster of Time and Money—a Man addicted to worldly Pleasures, while she toiled away for ever in secret at Home, and had never had a single happy Hour with him. Thereupon he sat down, and closed his Eyes; but Tears may have secretly gushed forth from under his Eyelids. Then the Child sighed, pressed him and kissed him, but said at the same time to her Mother in childish Anger: Thou wilt one day bring down my Father to the Grave! then thou wilt repent it. Everybody says so.—The Mother wished to tear her from his arms. But he hindered her, wishing to punish *his* Child himself. These were the first blows he had ever given her. The Child stood trembling and motionless.—Do not beat her on my account! certainly not on my account! exclaimed *Agnes*, thus indirectly irritating him still more. The Father, however, struck. But in the midst of the Sadness and at the same time of the Anger which his Sufferings caused him, he observed at length for the first time that his little Daughter had turned round between his knees, and that he had struck her with a rough hand on the stomach! He was horror-struck; he staggered away, threw himself upon his Bed and wept—wept quite inconsolably. But the Child came after him, stood for a long time in silence, then seized his hand, and besought him thus: My Father, do not be angry! I shall so soon be well again. My Mother says thou hast done right. Come, let me pray and go to bed. I have only waited for thee. Now the little Sand-man comes to close my Eyes. Come, take me to thee; I will certainly for the future remain silent, as thou dost! Hearest thou? Art thou asleep? dear Father!—This danger then appeared to be overpast. Almost luckily, might the guilty Father's Heart say, the little *Agnes* had some time afterwards a dangerous Fall;—luckily!—in order that he might not further imagine that he was the cause of the Child's Death. She continued sick from that day, became worse, and no Physician could devise aught; even *Wilibald*, who had studied seven years at Padua and Bologna, only pressed the hand of the Father. That was intelligible enough. All the feelings of the Mother were again roused. The little *Agnes's* Birthday happened on the Holy Christmas Eve. Firmly resolved to have the little golden Hood and the white Frock, *Albert*, unknown to the Mother, had got them made in the City, and paid for. The Birthday Present shone in the twilight in the midst of the Christmas-tree, which had not yet been lighted up. The Mother saw it. She stood confounded as well as deeply mortified; and a Remorse seized her, which broke out almost into a Rage against *Albert*. He wished to leave the room; but at the door his Knees failed him. *Agnes* hastened after him, seized him, supported him in her arms, scolded him and wept with him, while he sobbed and struggled in vain for composure. She made him lie down. Then she lighted up the Christmas-tree, and the Father saw, but only as in a Dream, everything prepared. When all was ready, she said to him: Bring *thy* Child, and he did so. But the joy of the Child was extinguished; she lifted up the little golden Hood and the white Frock—but scarcely smiled, and hid herself on her Father. The Angel at the top of the Christmas-tree took fire; it blazed up. And the Child admired in her little hand the Ashes of the Angel and the remnant of Tinsel from the Wings. During the Night the Child suddenly sat upright. Her Father talked with her for a long time. Then she appeared to fall into a slumber, but called again to him and said in a low voice: Dear Father! Father, do not be angry!—Wherefore should I be angry, my Child?—Ah! thou wilt certainly be very angry?—Tell me, I pray thee, what it is!—But promise me first!—Here, thou hast my Hand. Why, then, am I not to be angry?—Ah, Father, because I am dying! But weep not! weep not too much! My Mother says, thou needest thine Eyes. I would willingly—ah! how willingly—remain with Thee,—but I am dying!—Dear Child, thou must not die! The Suffering would be mine alone! Then weep not thus! Thou hast already made me so sorry!—ah! so sorry! Now I can no longer bear it. Therefore weep not! Knowest thou that when thou used to sit and paint and look so devout, then the beautiful Disciple whom thou didst paint for me stood always at thy side; I saw him plainly!—Now I promise thee, I will not weep! said *Albert*, thou good little soul! Go hence and bespeak a Habitation for me in our Father's House; for thee and for me!—*Albert* now tried to smile, and to appear composed again. Then *Agnes* exclaimed: Behold! there stands the Apostle again! He beckons me!—shall I go away from thee?—Oh Father!——With strange curiosity, *Albert* looked shuddering around. Of course there was nothing to be seen. But whilst he looked with tearful Eyes into the dusky room, only for the purpose of averting his looks—the lovely Child had slumbered away. The Father laid all the Child's little Playthings into the Coffin with her—that he and her Mother might never more be reminded of her by them—the little Gods, the Angels, the little Lamb, the little Coat for the Snow-king, and the little golden Pots and Plates. Over the whole, Moss and Rose-leaves. Thereon was she now bedded. Thus she lay, her Countenance white and pure. And now, for the first time, she had on the white Frock, and the golden Hood encircled her little Head, but not so close as to prevent a Lock of her hair escaping from beneath."

Here, however, we must pause, merely saying, that the finest and most valuable part of the book, succeeds the death of the child. Albert separates from his wife for a season, and during this short separation, each gained a truer knowledge of the other than through the former long years of their union. Peace in life is at length attained—as it ever must be, through sorrow and suffering, and self-discipline, and death come to crown the work.

"Agnes scarcely ventured to approach him; she showed as much forbearance as to allow him to die in peace, instead of grieving him once more by the remembrance of his sufferings, which the sight of her would have called forth. She knelt at his bed concealing her head. He however lifted his hand, and laid it on her head, and said with a faltering voice,—"Follow thou me! thou wert good—I have entertained an angel." "No. I have!" sobbed Agnes, "and I knew it not, I believed it not!" "There thou wilt see into my heart!" said he "how I always told thee; I was not gentle, not good enough—for I suffered, for I was full of love——"

He expired with the word "love" upon his lips.

The work is beautifully printed and bound in the style of Albert Dürer's age, and the translation is very ably executed with the exception of the poetry, which has by no means had justice done to it.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

GOVERNESSES.

Sir,

You have been good enough to advocate the cause of governesses, and in your last number I see held forth, that they themselves might greatly improve their condition, by taking a higher view of their duties. Allow me, sir, to refute this assertion; I speak from experience, and that tells more than any theory. I give you the inferences drawn from facts, as they come almost daily under my notice, and form a past, which will remain a dark spot in my memory,—from years that tell ages in one's life. Yet, on my part, no self-esteem was wanting, and I had at the same time the highest notions about education, that any school or system can set up; I believed it a noble employment, that it might grace any person, who understood the sacredness of its duties, till I heard people say, when seeing some one unknown to them—the stranger was not a lady, but a governess. I started at this piece of information, and looked bewildered round, till I convinced myself of the full truth of that remark. A governess is not a lady;—for the common laws of society, considered any where and every where as a matter of course, are done away with, whenever she shows her face. But what then is she? I could not clearly see this. There is no rank, no grade, nor station, which I could discover, that such a well-born, well-bred, well-educated animal might belong to—and no class of society certainly will claim her as its own; I therefore came to the conclusion, she must be a species of her own,—a fine nonentity,—created by the Almighty for the exact purpose of teaching children, of eating, sleeping, and being extremely happy, and cheerful—a quality always to be expected as a matter of course.

Mrs. Jameson, like me, speaking on this subject from experience, asserts in her essays on governesses:—that she never met with one, who, after the lapse of two years, had not lost her health and spirits. She says this of her countrywomen, who are well able to endure more, as being in their native atmosphere in the reach of some friends or relations, but I speak of foreigners, and in particular of Germans from the shores of the Rhine and the Elbe, where one is rarely to be found, who does not aspire to mental cultivation, where every babe is taught to rate mind above matter,—and these little Germans could rarely afford a smile, after having resided six months in a schoolroom. When stating this as a fact, I speak of the rule, and not of the exception, which I can name in this case as well as in any other. I speak moreover of the young, the intelligent, of those, whose birth and education did not intend them to find in foreign lands the means for their subsistence,—I speak of refined and highly cultivated minds.

"What do they want?"—is the question frequently asked, when I have told a long "Jeremiad" of one or the other of these poor victims. It is perfectly true, that they have all the best things, that "vulgar minds struggle for"—they have money, clothes, and comfort, and food; and what can they want more? Still there is scarcely under God's sun a being existing, altogether so degraded, that it would do without this trifle, which must outweigh all the substantial advantages a governess enjoys,—this is the respect for her employment.

Till now we knew only one class of men despised on account of their work,—and this man was the executioner;—his profession was frequently not a matter of choice, but descended from father to son, as a sort of curse, and the family-tie becoming thereby stronger, might somewhat heal the wound which the contempt of the world inflicted on the wretched individual. But a foreign governess in England has not this solace. On the contrary, she is alone in her exile, with her grief and her sorrow all alone, for she will not even mention to her absent friends what she suffers.

Every servant hates the very name of a governess, and serves her unwillingly; the lady of the house is so condescendingly civil, that her manner would scarcely suit a queen on the continent, and the children must not love a foreigner too much. The eldest son may fix her through his glass, without bowing, and any gentleman walking in at luncheon does look at her, as if she were a piece of furniture, and if he did otherwise, if he showed her the civility due to any other lady, he would be laughed at—and an Englishman will rather be rude than expose himself to ridicule.

As to society, the governess must find that for herself. However young she is, she has now become a chaperon, and may serve as an escort for ladies much older than herself. If she were still a *woman*, this would be rather odd; but having become a sort of undefined animal, she may do anything, and what she wants is merely a particular sort of dress, like the policemen, that every body, who meets her, may directly know that he sees a governess, and not be deceived by her appearance, mistake her for a woman, and address her as—a lady walking by herself.

The number of young compatriots of mine, who, pale and dejected, sick in mind and body,—might sit as so many originals to the much admired picture of "A Governess," seen in the exhibition two years ago,—is not small, sir, and it is most painful to watch the effect of the slow poison administered daily to them. They feel they cannot raise themselves in a profession, that will never honour them, however much they may honour it, — and this conviction takes away the stimulant, necessary to every right-minded man or woman upon God's earth, whatever their employment may be.

Novels and "Little Rebecca" have hitherto not improved the condition of this unhappy class of beings; if facts would tell better, I should be most happy to furnish them.

I am, Sir, your's,
A German Governess in London.

ON THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF ABBATOIRS IN TOWNS.

We are rejoiced to find that that powerful engine—public opinion—is at length brought to bear upon the disgraceful old remnant of our barbaric ancestors—Smithfield—with all its horrors. Influential names are appended to a prospectus for the abolition of Smithfield as a cattle market; and for the erection of Abbatoirs in the suburbs of London. So far good, for all circumstances connected with cleanliness in our city, are of vital importance; for thus not only would the slaughter of animals be effected at a distance from its inhabitants, but as a consequence, their reeking hides would no longer clog the footways, in Leadenhall and other markets. Still the plan, if adopted, would be but temporary, Smithfield itself was selected as the most appropriate spot, for the purpose to which it has so long been applied; it was once a spacious field, outside the walls; the wants and cupidity of man have erected buildings which closely encompass this space, and have brought it into the heart of London.

Thus with cemeteries: it has been wisely enacted that they shall be situated in the precincts of large towns; but most inefficient have been the government precautions hitherto; an act should be passed, to prohibit the erection of habitations, within a certain distance of the cemetery; if a quarter of a mile, for example, were the required space; that space might, with the best results, be devoted to agriculture; and thus pure air would be imbibed by the inhabitants.

In consequence of the neglect of this necessary law, populous neighbourhoods spring up almost simultaneously with the formation of, and abutting on the cemetery. Nor can we doubt that if the projected markets and abbatoirs in the suburbs, should be commenced, they also will be surrounded by dwellings for the convenience of persons employed in the operations; and in no great length of time, every *monster* slaughter house, would become a similar nuisance to that of Smithfield and its accessory—Newgate Market.

In the course of the masterly evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, by Mr. Smith of Deanston, relative to "Railways, and their effects on agriculture," that gentleman, with his usual acumen, introduced the subject of Abbatoirs; and being interrogated respecting "the advantage of transporting the carcases of animals, as compared with the old system," the reply was,—"Without a railroad it is impossible to transport fat cattle, any greater distance than from 50 to 70 miles, without great deterioration: but railroads will afford the means of transporting cattle 300 or 400 miles, with great advantage; and in carcases they may be transported 700 miles; and in that way, may be brought from the most distant parts to populous districts, at a very small additional expense, which, with the expense of transporting either beef or mutton in the carcase, does not amount to one-third of a penny for 500 miles; so that you may have meat nearly as cheap in London, as you have it at Inverness."

Mr. Smith continued his luminous evidence; but for our immediate purpose, the foregoing will suffice. We wish to suggest that immense advantages would accrue to both London and the country, if an absolute prohibition were to be given against the introduction of *live* cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry; or, at all events, that they should be placed under restrictions, hereafter to be considered. Our reasons are numerous—namely, in the first place, the contemplated buildings for the purposes of slaughtering the animals, and disposing of the offal, could be erected at one-fourth of the expense proposed, for the suburban abbatoirs. In the second place, no rural neighbourhood whatever need be desecrated by the "sounds and sights unholy," which must inevitably attend the contention of drovers, with the victims of their brutality, when both are collected in large numbers. Thirdly, the expense of re-conveying into the country those portions of the beasts, which, in large towns, constitute a nuisance; but are invaluable to the agriculturist. Fourthly—That an extensive abbatoir cannot be conducted with that attention to cleanliness, which one on a small scale could and would be, now that Commissioners are to be appointed for the surveillance of rural districts. By the facility of conveyance afforded by railways, every small farmer, butcher, poulterer, and pig-killer, who may prefer to avoid the middle man, and trade on his own account, could supply his salesman in London with prime joints, reserving the inferior parts (all of which, under the present, as well as the projected, system of establishing suburban slaughtering houses, *must* be sent to the capital); so that cheap meat in the country, such as would be purchased by the poor—and which is now too scarce—they could then obtain in sufficient quantities. Fifthly—The village butcher has continual opportunities to adapt the refuse of his stock to the purposes of manure, if he be an occupier of land; and if he be not, may have instant communication with the farmers in his neighbourhood, to whose fields or mixens the offal could be conveyed before it became offensive; and sixthly—a shamble, whether in the metropolis, or in mere hamlets, being the nucleus round which various trades collect, would, if confined to the latter localities, tend to draw away from the overwhelming, still increasing, magnitude of London, those trades which depend on the slaughterer: thus tanners, hide factors, glue makers, bone digesters, tripe manufacturers, parchment-makers, even cats'-meat vendors, with their filthy piles of garbage, must not be omitted—these, and many other noisome avocations (which swell the objectionable bulk of foul matter, now in constant fermentation, in the midst of our dense population,) would of necessity be drained off innocuously into the country; where, from the smallness of these nuisances, and their distance from one another, no possible injury could accrue to the health of the community.

We are quite aware that we should meet with many objections to these sanitary suggestions: every man whose interest would be jeopardised, will be violent in his deprecation of them; but these persons are the dust in the balance; they constitute that small number which *must* suffer, when any public benefit is to be achieved. It unfortunately is always thus in all those great undertakings which cause innovations; and we ought not to flinch from the performance of a duty which would ensure the health and well-being of the million, because we may put to temporary inconvenience a few individuals, and cause them the loss of a few pounds.

In all sincerity of purpose, the foregoing suggestions are offered for consideration in quarters where benefit may arise from discussion of their validity; and although the advantages contemplated may never be realized to their full extent, a modification will surely be effected, and our end be so far attained.

It should be remembered that our remarks are borne out most satisfactorily, not only by Mr. Smith's evidence, quoted above, which states that "*carcases* may be conveyed 700 miles without deterioration;" but also by late complaints of extensive and serious injury done to living animals during their transit by railways. If, then, we find such cogent reasons advanced against the present plans of transporting live animals to the London market, and would prevent the cruelties and atrocities of metropolitan slaughter-houses, what other plan remains than that which we have suggested?

PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY.

Edinburgh, May 4th, 1848.

Madam and Sir,

Wishing every blessing on your efforts in the cause of humanity and equity, I venture a few remarks. In the present state of society the struggle for existence is so fearful, that all who have any hope of reaching it are eager to clutch a mouthful out of the fleshpot of that potent noun of multitude called Government. While they see others comfortably feathering their nests at the public cost, they willingly wink at wrong in the hope that their own turn may come, or at least some helping hand may reach them, more forward and fortunate in the strife than themselves. Nor is this to be wondered at, bread is not now earned by the "sweat of the brow;" the drops are wrung from the very heart till its well springs are dry, and all high and holy hopes forgotten. It appears to me that at present a large portion of the community require to be instructed in the advantages to be gained from an enlightened and just Government, guarded by responsibility from corrupt desecration like the present. And a still larger portion require to be informed of the right meaning and use of Government. They see something like the car of Juggernaut set in motion by the craft of those who profit by it, and supported by extortions and oblations from slaves and fools, whom in grateful return it crushes under its wheels into the dust, and they fancy if they could only overturn and get quit of this machine, they might without further trouble swing up to heaven in a basket. Could they effect the overturn they would find out their mistake; whereas, a little pains and patience would convert the car into a serviceable waggon to carry us all over the rough roads of this world as smoothly and comfortably as may be. It almost seems drivel in a world of change to predict changes. But that compelled by human wretchedness will be very unlike the gradual and beneficial changes that take place in the moral and physical world, when neither warped nor checked. However, it will be our own faults if we suffer; for with due preparation we might enter into a new and better state of things, noiselessly and harmlessly, and gently as into a cloud.

I remain, respected Editors,
Your obliged and faithful servant,
J. B.

ARISTOCRACY AND THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

Scotland, May 4th, 1848.

Sir,

You are mistaken if you think that the middle classes dont feel the baleful influence of the aristocracy, as much as the people—they are only "biding their time." Many of the middle classes were deceived at the time of the second French Revolution. Hack writers were employed to frighten them by articles "on Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution," (*vide Blackwood's Magazine* for 1831—2,) the falsity of which now appears. Those of them who supported the aristocracy at that crisis are now treated with contempt, and loathe the name of "Conservative" in consequence.

In the towns they are taxed for the support of the poor expatriated wretches who are forced upon them in thousands by the "clearings" of the Highland Lairds; why rather should not these deer-stalking magnificoes be compelled to receive the importation of an "Army of Labour" upon their broad acres, at present reserved for a few wild muir-fowl? What right have they to oppose the Laws of Nature, and *prevent* the Earth being "replenished and subdued" by the labour of man. Let them

"Be wise in time, 'tis madness to defer."

We are, Sir,
Your obedient servants,
TWO OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

ARRIVAL OF THE ICARIANS IN TEXAS; AND DEPARTURE OF A SECOND DETACHMENT.

M. Cabet announces the receipt of a letter from the first detachment of the Icarians, the particulars of which he proposes to give in the next *Populaire.* It is dated the 23rd of April, from Shevreport, on the Red River. From fifteen to twenty young Icarians were also to embark, on the 30th of May, from Havre, as a second detachment, full of energy, courage, and devotion. The Revolution has naturally interfered extremely with the original plans of embarkation, but it is expected that these will be gradually resumed. We shall give the details of the letter referred to if possible in our next number.

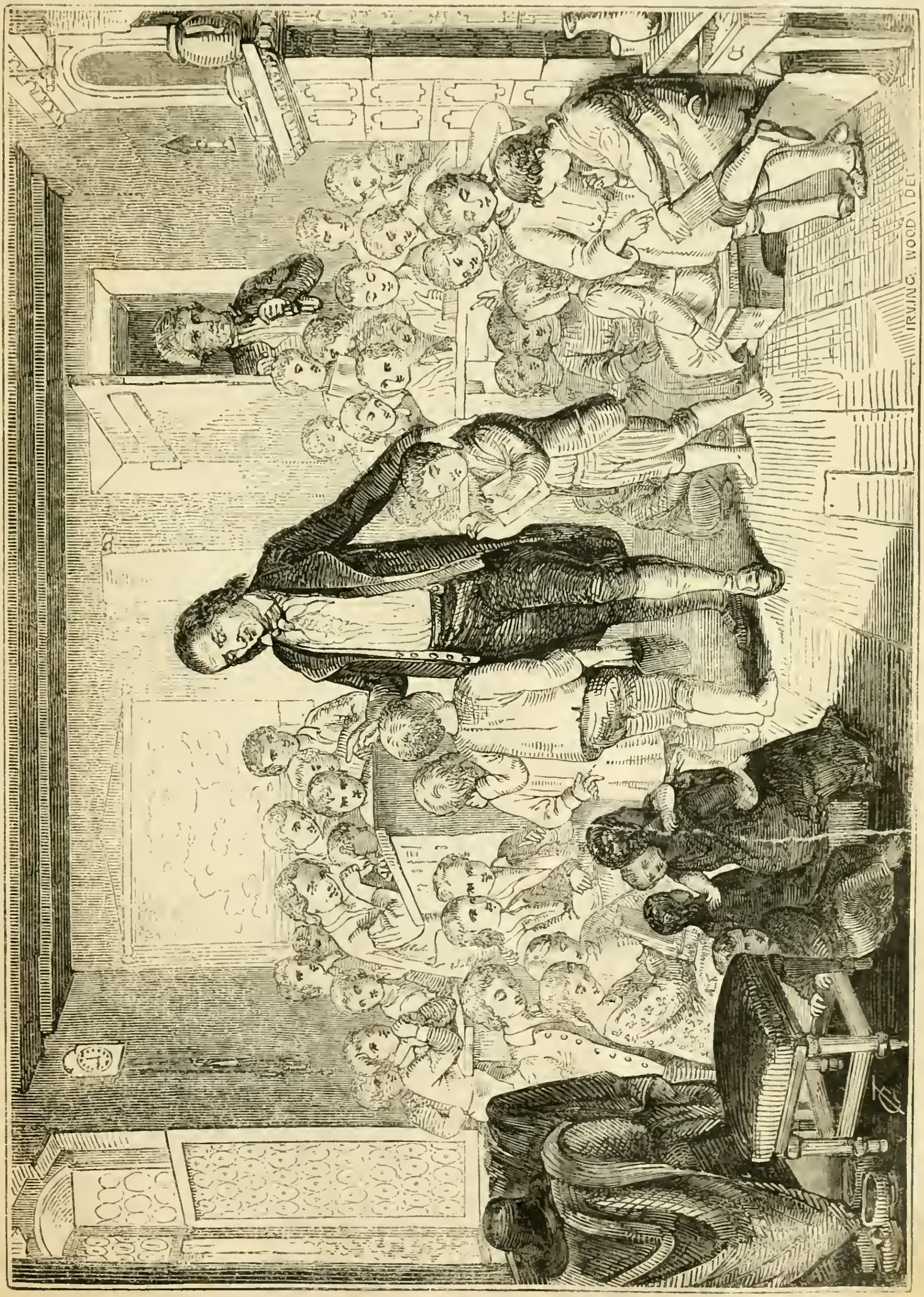
CONTENTS.

Poets of the People. No. V. Victor Hugo. By Dr. SMILES—Epitaph. By EBENEZER ELLIOTT—Saw Up and Saw Down. A Tale—A Spring Song. By EDWARD YOUL—Memoirs of Dr. Channing. By PARKE GODWIN—Sonnet. By CALDER CAMPBELL—The Wife of Audubon—LITERARY NOTICE: Married Life of an Artist; Albert Durer. Translated from the German by Mrs. J. B. STODART—RECORD: Governesses—Pernicious Effects of Abbatoirs in Towns—Present State of Society—Aristocracy and the Middle Classes.

PRINTED for the proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

PRICE 1½d. STAMPED, 2½d

HOWITT'S JOURNAL



PESTALOZZI IN HIS SCHOOL.

DRAWN BY H. BENDEL. ENGRAVED BY THOMAS GILKS.

No. 77—Vol. III. June 17, 1848.

PESTALOZZI IN HIS SCHOOL.

Pestalozzi may be termed the first founder of the Ragged Schools. At the age of twenty-two, when he had purchased a little estate at Neuhoff, in Switzerland, and determined to lead a simple country life, he became aware of the wretchedness and ignorance of the peasantry. It was then that he determined to devote his life to the benefit of the poor, and assisted by his wife whom he married the year after he settled at Neuhoff, he began to collect poor children, and even beggar children and outcasts, into his house, and instruct them. His efforts were treated by his neighbours and the world as all such efforts are. They were ridiculed and pronounced to be actual folly and insanity. Every well-informed reader knows through what opposition, misfortune, and trouble, arising from the exhaustion of his own means, the revolutionary disturbances of the times, and the wranglings of those that even came forward to assist in his plans for elevating the people, Pestalozzi passed his life. His plans, however, succeeded; and have spread over all the civilized world; they have been introduced more or less, into all popular systems of tuition, and to him the education of the people owes more than to any man who ever lived. He was born on the 12th of January, 1746, at Zurich, and on the 12th of January, 1846, the centenary of his birth was celebrated all over Germany and Switzerland with great festivity, and many Peoples' Schools were founded in honour of his memory. So it is; the benefactors of mankind go through the world with sorrow and misrepresentation—ruin dogs them, and the worldly-wise shake their heads at them—but the seed they sow grows in spite of frost or drought, and the after ages reap the harvest which was watered with their tears. Be strong, hearts of humanity! and the blessing which heaven sends, though it seem to come late, shall last long, and it shall continue to walk the earth so long as you walk the heavens, and send up to you perpetual proofs in glorious and regenerated souls, that your painful pilgrimage through Time, was a new highway to Eternity.

◆

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SHORES OF THE FRITH [redacted]

Where on rapt fancy's wing we would explore
Thy dark, thy hidden depths, that shun the sage's lore.

Emblem of dark eternity! the storms
  That riot on thy breast will pass away;
The hills exulting in their granite forms
  Before Time's touch will crumble and decay,
  Their atoms mingling with thy wild waves play;
And in thy majesty and might, proud sea,
  The rock-girt isles will own thy surges sway
As o'er their heads elate thy waters free
Resistless dance in foam to wild winds' minstrelsy.

Thou mighty mirror of the Eternal Power,
  Who holds as in a chain the orbs that fly
Thro' heaven's immensity, or paints the flower
  That courts the gaze of the lone wanderer's eye,
  With what delight, when eve has dimmed yon sky,
I seek thy sounding shores, where the rapt soul
  Borne on the breath of Nature's harmony
Bounds from the earth o'er passion's wild control
To bask where cloudless years through endless ages roll.

Paisley, April, 1848. John Mitchell.

AUSTRALIAN LIFE. PROSPECTS FOR EMIGRANTS.

Mr. Wilkinson has added one more to the valuable and attractive works on our great Australian empire, which open up so cheering a prospect for the "cribbed, cabined, and confined population of this suffering country.* We lately introduced Mr. Westgarth's useful work on Port Phillip; Mr. Wilkinson's volume is on the sister colony of South Australia, or Port Adelaide. The great distinctive feature of Adelaide is its extraordinary mineral wealth, which is as amusing in description as any Arabian Tale. Though the discovery of this metallic affluence was made only three or four years ago, the mass of ore raised and exported to this country is enormous. The Burra Burra Mine Company only purchased this tract in 1845. They gave £10,000 for as many acres of land; and, beginning with only £2,000 as a working capital, in the space of three weeks they raised two thousand tons of what was said to be a pure red oxide of copper. They have now built a village, containing, in October, 1846, four hundred inhabitants, and have raised in one year no less than 7,200 tons of copper ore, worth, on an average, at least £25 per ton, equal in value to £180,000, at a cost, including all expenses of preliminary charges, and also buildings and improvements of £16,624. But this is only one portion of the unexampled profusion of metallic wealth which not only fills the ground for scores of miles in that country, and probably to an exhaustless degree, but which lies scattered over its surface in nearly pure lumps of copper, silver, lead, and gold.

The first mine was discovered within sight of the town, on a broad bold range that rises from the plain on which Adelaide is built. The road from Mount Barker, and the different parts to the east of Adelaide, passed over this range; and, as the hill was steep, large drags were placed behind the drays to enable the bullocks to hold back and steadily descend the hill. One of these drags, striking against a stone in the road, broke off some shining substance, which was found to be good lead ore; and when this was seen, every person was in a state of excitement, until the place was opened, and the lode of ore discovered. After this event, lead was [redacted] id in other places along the range, and soon in pla- n all directions; and exaggerated accounts were nulgated, the only wonder being, that all this had r been seen before. Copper and lead were found conspicuous in land of all descriptions; one man d them in his field, another dug pieces up in his en; they were discovered in the dry water-courses, clinging to the roots of trees; and each passer by, in town or out of town, had his pocket weighed down with specimens. Nothing was heard of but mines, minerals and mineral lands, special surveys and grand mining companies.

All this turned out well; and fortunate it was that it did so; for if no mines of value had been opened, the excitement had so altered the channel of labour and steady industry, that the consequences would have been bad. In reality, then, the mines are not only plentiful and abundant, but the ores are extremely rich, perhaps exceeding in value any before discovered elsewhere. New comers are particularly struck with the great show of wealth; but it has developed itself so gradually to the colonists, that they are becoming indifferent to it, and think little of new mineral discoveries, having made up their minds by anticipation to all such, and merely say,—"Ah! no doubt, it is everywhere." The rage for carrying about specimens has, moreover, subsided, and only chimney-pieces are now burdened with them.

---

* South Australia; its Advantages and its Resources. Being a Description of that Colony, and a Manual of Information for Emigrants. By George Blakiston Wilkinson. London: John Murray.

The misery and poverty of the colonists was at its highest pitch, in the year 1843, in which year only 598 acres of land were sold by Government; and this at an average of £1 0s. 6¼d.; whereas, in the former year, the amount sold was 17,081½ acres; and in 1844, 3428 acres; since that time, the amount of land sold has been very large. Special surveys of 20,000 acres each have been purchased, besides a large quantity of eighty-acre sections. The price of land sold by the Government has been considerable, as much as £88 15s. per acre having, in one instance, been paid for eighty acres; and in many cases the land had realized from £40 to £50 per acre.

A gentleman who arrived in Adelaide, from Swan River, to inspect the newly discovered minerals and their locality, says, "The whole colony is a mass of mineral wealth—copper, lead, zinc, and silver, are known, and there is little doubt that quicksilver, gold, and precious stones abound. Quicksilver has been found in small quantities; the opal and garnet are found and there is every reason to infer the presence of gold. Copper and lead are the only mines worked at present. I have examined the two chief mines worked. The Kapunda, belonging to Messrs. Bagot and Dutton, has shipped this season 1,200 tons of ore, producing in England £25 per ton, and landed in England at a cost of not exceeding £19 per ton. The Burra Burra mine is the wonder of the world; it exceeds the celebrated Pargo mines in the ratio of a million to one. The ore is 75 per cent, of metal, a pure oxide, requiring no flux to smelt it; a common blacksmith's forge producing sufficient heat to run the metal. The lode is seventeen feet wide, of vast extent, and is quarried out like stone, in immense masses. Ten weeks working have sufficed to produce £1,700 value of ore. It is impossible to exaggerate when speaking of the minerals of this country." This was within a few months after the purchase of the mine, and before the immense value of the surrounding land was known. Since that time copper has been found on all sides, and the more the ground is explored, the greater is the result. Within the last eighteen months gold has been found in large quantities for that metal, and worked; but I am not aware with what success lately. The gold is worked by the Victoria Mining Company.

In addition to these valuable minerals, iron exists in large quantities, more or less pure, in different parts of the colony; but in almost all the hills or ranges to the south of Adelaide it is observed protruding from the land. In the Yankalilla district, it might be collected on the surface, and so pure, that the fracture is just the same as that of cast iron; and in handling it, no sensible difference is felt between the weight of the two. That the South Australian iron will come into extensive use, I entertain no doubt; the ore is of the same description as the well known Swedish iron.

Of course these magnificent discoveries have drawn, and will continue to draw, great numbers of mining speculators thither, and give, by the formation of various companies, a new field for most profitable investment of British capital. There yet wants a discovery of coal, to complete the full value of the mineral wealth to the colonists, but whether found or not, the value to this country is great, because the ore comes to it to be smelted. For all who have a *penchant* for mining, this grand discovery in so fine a country and climate, belonging to our own empire, opens for us a very attractive variety in emigrant life. For the rest, Adelaide resembles in its climate, fruits, and other productions, Sidney and Port Phillip. It gives the same ample field for a patriarchal life, amid flocks and herds, and well is it that, while aristocratic misgovernment is fast sinking this kingdom in unexampled miseries, and the deadly apathy of the people is yielding passively to this ruin of a great and once spirited nation, Providence has prepared so splendid a home for those who are wise in time to flee to, and there laid, through the means of emigration, the foundations of a most noble empire. We are glad to see that the spirit of this emigration is every day growing, and we trust a comprehensive system will be organized for distributing our industrious but unemployed, and when employed, ill-paid population, over the wide fields of this new paradise. Mr. Wilkinson gives some graphic pictures of the life which is to be encountered in Australia, on first settling, and one or two of these we will present to our readers.

In order that some idea may be formed of the cattle-owner's life at his station, let me imagine the reader to be the master, and in his bed, in a hut like the generality in the Australian Bush; and, further, suppose that about his usual time (daylight) he awakes and opens his eyes. His bed-room shall be formed of slabs of wood, and fitted into a groove at top and bottom; the top is the wall-plate, the bottom the sleeper or foundation; these slabs put close together make the walls all round, except in one place where there is a window, and in another where there is a door. The window is not often glazed, but more generally covered with calico; or perhaps it is only a kind of trap-door, that lifts up to give light when needed, which is but seldom, for the sun shines through the crevices of the hut with sufficient force to make formal apertures unnecessary; which crevices also keep the hut cool in summer, and when winter comes, are daubed up with clay if requisite. After washing and dressing, you become anxious to see the progress the hut-keeper has made in his work; and, opening the door, you find yourself simultaneously in your parlour, drawing-room, and kitchen. This is furnished with table, chairs, or stools, the latter rough but strong; and with slabs or boards as shelves, on which are ranged your stock of plates and crockery, looking meagre and scarce enough, but supplied by an extra number of tin pots and plates, which remind you of the constant breakages by your male attendant, against which you are now provided by these more durable articles. One more shelf is seen containing a number of bound books, and perhaps a late English paper or two (about five months old); for the huts generally have some shadow of a library, which strangely contrasts with the rough woodwork, the naked thatched roof, and the tempered clay or lime floor. The gentlemen in the bush are great readers, and think little of riding twenty or thirty miles to borrow an amusing or instructive work. This cannot be wondered at when we consider the monotonous life they would lead without this pastime, and the little interest one can take in the conversation of a companion or man with whom one has been living perhaps for years, and whose every tale, and even thought, have long since been exhausted. In such a place and situation, who can express the satisfaction, the intense pleasure, of finding a book containing new and interesting information, or the avidity with which it is devoured, the fortunate reader sitting into the hours of the night, and not allowing meals to interrupt him long, until the last page is finished, when the craving is to gain intelligence of the whereabouts of other such precious treasures.

After seeing that the hut-keeper has commenced clearing the hut, and preparing breakfast, you go out at the door, andare greeted by the sunrise, which should be the Bushman's signal to commence his daily work. About fifty or a hundred yards from the hut are your stock-yard, men's huts, dairy, pigsties, and other buildings; and around these you see the milch cows standing ready to be driven to the bails, while their calves are kept in a separate pen or fold, dry under foot, with a bedding of straw, and secure from their enemies, the wild dogs. The men are all up, and preparing to milk, and the stock-man, with a thin cloud of smoke issuing from his mouth, is seen in the distance, carrying his bridle in his hand, and tracking his horses, after finding which he will drive them to the huts, to be ready for use. On the side of that bank of clay may be seen a door from which a man has been passing to and fro with clean milking buckets, and tins that glitter in the sun. This is the dairy, which is dug out in the ground like a cellar. Such dairies are often about thirty feet long and fourteen wide, the walls built up with stone, and heavy beams, with boards on the top, forming the roof, which is covered over with earth, and, when finished, is somewhat like the entrance to a railway tunnel. In the interior a row of tables, or more properly very broad shelves, is placed about breast-high to set the milk upon, and down the centre may be seen a large table and other apparatus—as churn, salting-tubs, and the like. On each side is ranged the milk tins, clean and bright, and filled with yesterday's milk, which would have been sour and useless if not preserved with the greatest cleanliness in such cool places. Just outside the door is a large cask half-full of skimmed milk for the pigs; or, if pigs are not kept, a puddle is observed, where the skimmed milk is thrown away. This is sometimes done, but is a wasteful act. At a little distance from the dairy there is a shed, where a large copper is built up, with a stove underneath, to heat water for washing the milk utensils and keeping them scalded. This cleanliness must be particularly attended to, or the whole thing will turn out ill, the cheese not be saleable, and the butter be only fit to grease the dray wheels.

After looking over the rest of the establishment, as the piggery, arable land and garden, your breakfast is ready, consisting of either a damper or leaven bread, bacon, ham, beef, fowls, eggs, mutton, butter, or cream. All these ought to be the produce of your own farm; the only foreign articles are tea and sugar, but which have been supplied by the sale of your butter. During breakfast, you settle the mode of passing the day, whether you will stay at home to garden, or work among the cattle; take a horse and look over the run; see a friend at some near station; or take the dogs and hunt the wild dog, kangaroo, or emu; or sally out, gun in hand, accompanied by a pointer, to shoot quails or ducks; or creep after and get a chance at the native turkey, which is capital eating, though the best fare in my opinion is the bronze-winged pigeon, a beautiful bird, which is a general favourite at table. Perhaps some butcher or cattle-dealer has come into the neighbourhood to purchase fat cattle, and take a ride with you to the place where your herd are feeding, to look them over, find fault with the breed, and talk about the low price of meat. This you treat as "all gammon," little heeding any remarks of the kind; but you endeavour to make the best bargain you can for ready money, or at least for a check on the bank. You must beware of the buyers, for they are never pleased with a beast. If you have any animal you particularly admire, and expect to make a high price by, you are sure to hear the buyer talk in a disrespectful way of your favourite, and find all kinds of fault with it. If, after you have sold it, you want to be convinced whether your judgment be good or not, try to purchase back the beast; and you will then see the difference between the buyer and seller. After a long deal, you probably make some sales, when the whole *mob* is driven to the yards, and, the sold cattle being draughted out, you help to drive them a couple of miles along the road beyond their old run, after which they go steadily on to the town.

Whoever comes to your hut, whether a stranger or not, drinks with you, not wine but tea, for which the kettle is always on the hob, to be ready for any new arrival. Tea drinking and tobacco smoking are in vogue among all classes, and serve to while away many a dull hour. If in the bush you are hungry and without the means of obtaining food, then the advice is,—"Light your pipe and smoke;" so also, if thirsty,—"A smoke will relieve you." If tired, there is nothing like smoking; and if particularly lively and happy—smoke; if you have made a good bargain—smoke; if a bad one—still smoke; but if you despise the weed, do not smoke, but be miserable and churlish with yourself and querulous at every trifle. Some of my readers, and these not of the fair sex, will hardly admire this indiscriminate use of the pipe; and will hold that, if at any time, it is only at dusk, after the day's work is over, that the pipe should be brought out. Such is the rule of English propriety, but it is out of its latitude in the colony, where you feel that something is wanting every couple of hours, and the only *fill up* of that want is smoking. The habit is thought indeed to be any thing but agreeable by those who have not experienced its refreshing and consolitory influence, and such inexperience is common among new comers. I well remember one old gentleman using severe language to his son for smoking in the morning, and showing with respectable rhetoric that it was a blackguard habit, and indicated a low and debauched character. His argument could not have been good, for in less than a week I saw him looking after some of his cattle, with a short pipe in his mouth, although he had not then had his breakfast.

During the heat of the day, if no particular work presents itself, you remain in your hut to talk or read, smoke and drink tea; but if you are busy, either draughting, branding, or seeking cattle, you pay little attention to the broiling sun. There is plenty of excitement attending many of the common occupations of cattle farming, such as hunting and sorting out the cattle on the runs, branding and draughting them in the yards, yoking and breaking in the young steers for draught, all which have to be done among most likely a good proportion of wild and savage-looking cattle. Some of the old stock-keepers are as cool as possible, even in a yard filled with a mixed lot, among which are many termed Russians; and have only a small staff waddy, or knobby stick, wherewith to protect themselves. You may perhaps see one huge beast look at the stock-keeper for a few seconds, and begin to scrape the dirt up with his feet, evidently meaning mischief. The man shows no timidity, but watching when the brute comes at him with his head lowered, ready to throw him a somerset in the air, he gently, and commonly with the greatest unconcern, raises his stick at the exact moment, and giving the brute a tap between the horns, brings it to its knees for a couple of minutes, from which it gets up looking very stupid, but a wiser and a better beast for all that. Presence of mind is always required among cattle, which nothing but being accustomed to them and their habits can give. It is, however, rare to hear of any accident happening to the men through their ferocity; indeed, they only want determination and courage to put them to the right about.

Dinner is generally on the table at two or three o'clock, and consists of vegetables and salads grown upon the farm, and meat reared and fattened upon the pastures surrounding. It is accompanied by tea, which makes its appearance at every meal; and among the polite you may be asked to take a cup of tea instead of wine during the repast. At the tables of the rich and luxurious the difference is not seen between Adelaide and England; yet the difference ought to be great for any man who has to make his fortune and provide against a rainy day.

It should always be remembered that the master's eye makes the horse fat; which rule applies to sheep, to cattle, and to every thing. Always, therefore, contrive to look after all the concerns about the station yourself; to see that the dairy utensils are scalded and clean; that the cattle are not kept too long in the yards for milking; that the calves and pigs are dry and littered down; the horses well looked to, and their saddles duly stuffed and cleaned to prevent injury to their backs. Unfortunately too little attention is paid to this point; and almost every horse over five years old either has, or has had, a sore back, some being thus completely ruined and useless at the age when they should be in their prime. I advise the emigrant to take out one or two good saddles, but let them be strong and well made, without "fancy work," and provided with straps and buckles wherewith to fasten on a coat or a blanket.

All work is over about six P.M., and tea ready; and if no friend or traveller is passing the night at the station the evening is consumed over a paper or book, accompanied by smoking and tea drinking; or, if you please, your horse is put in requisition to carry you to a friend's hut, or whithersoever pleasure attracts or business requires.

It is, I confess, difficult to convey an adequate notion of the mode of life in the bush, so very different is it from life in England; but it may not be amiss to observe that nearly all people who enter upon it grow fond of it, and become enchanted with its freedom and happiness, its healthfulness and buoyancy; and that few wish to exchange it for the bustling, crowded occupations and life of cities. Those also who thus become enamoured of a state which can hardly be called civilized, are not poor, ignorant, or vulgar men, but often persons of talent and education, brought up in their native land amid luxury and abundance, with all their wants supplied and their cares forestalled. This class, at any rate, is met with every here and there, and a more light-hearted, happy and independent set of gentlemanly fellows is not to be encountered. Every station boasts of its hospitality to strangers, a virtue, however, which, in Australia, is confined to no one class; but, besides mere liberality, you meet with genuine kindness and good breeding in the depths of the forest, where you might expect only savagery and insult.

A FAMILY ON THE WAY TO THE LOCATION.

In travelling in the remote parts, it is not uncommon to meet a dray, or perhaps two drays, loaded with provisions, furniture, boxes, a plough, harrow, guns, axes and saws, bedding, cooking utensils, yokes for oxen, ropes, and a host of things too numerous to mention, and accompanied by a family of persons, young and old, father, mother, sons, daughters, with a greater or less number of labourers, some riding, others walking, and others again half asleep on the drays, but all looking tired, and desirous of their journey's end. These are new arrivals making their way through the bush to a section or two of land purchased or rented, but which it is hoped by them will be their future happy home; and, however tired and weary with travelling, all are buoyed up with the prospect of making a fortune, or obtaining a comfortable living: and although far from neighbours, of being able to enjoy the friendship and intercourse of their own homestead. The father and mother look with pride on the stout athletic sons, and recognise them in their altered dress as the *beau ideal* of the farmer, or bushman. The daughters think of the nice butter and eggs they will have from their dairy and poultry; and they all reckon on good crops, and speculate that they will astonish the natives with their neat house and superior culture.

They have brought with them good seed wheat and potatoes; flower seeds for a garden; vine cuttings and fruit trees to plant; and much else; not omitting a few cows and pigs, of which the latter may be heard grunting and groaning as the dray rumbles over the stones, or grinds through the ruts. A few fowls are observed in a crate on the top of the dray; and in a basket, covered from the sun by a bag or coat, there is a "cold collection," of meat, pies and other articles of food brought from town, with a bottle or two of wine for the female travellers, and something stronger for the male part of the family. If, reader, you ever find yourself in one of these drays, be careful of your spirits, or the men in charge of the cattle will drink them, and say that the bottle has fallen off on the road. Generally speaking, indeed, your stock of wines or spirits will not last long, and, if you make any considerable stay in the bush, you will forget the taste of both, not being able to procure them nearer than twenty or thirty miles off. Public-houses are rare after the first twenty miles out of town, and for this good reason men are seldom found tipsy at the out-stations; and perhaps, on account of the same constrained abstinence, they frequently take too much when they can get it.

During the heat of the day, the dray stops for a couple of hours under a shady tree, near which there is water and food for the cattle, which are turned out to feed, and a fire is made not far off, on which a kettle of water is soon boiled for tea; then the basket is brought out, and, all being tired and hungry, ample justice is done to its contents. When the heat has a little moderated, the cattle are again put to, and the journey continued till night comes on, or the convoy arrives at its place of destination. For description's sake we will suppose the arrival to be the case, and will now introduce the reader to the next scene of the drama.

The sections commonly are of eighty acres, or thereabouts, and when the party arrives the land is in a state of nature, except that all around the allotment may be observed pegs or stakes of wood driven into the ground at certain distances. These are placed by the Government surveyors, and mark out the boundary of the allotment. Saving these, all is "natural." The morning after the arrival is spent by the male part of the little settlement in looking about their land for a site for their future house, which must be conveniently chosen near water, and wood for fuel. Such a situation being found, the work at once commences of unpacking the drays to get out the axes and other tools. The settlers (as they must now be considered) work like horses, soon blistering their hands, whilst the colonial labourers they have with them (and who brought down the drays) take it much more pleasantly, and, although resting and smoking now and then, get through plenty of work without the same wear and tear as the new comers. Until the hut is finished, a couple of men cut two or more "forks" and a long pole, and placing the forks in the ground and the pole upon them, the ridgepole of a place of shelter is thus provided. A tarpaulin or piece of canvas is stretched across it, and with the ends fastened down close to the earth, forms a regular tent, such as the gipsies use; this is set apart as a sleeping place for the females; the men find their accommodation on the open section, and all they want for shelter is a blanket beside a good fire. At daybreak all are up and busy, one looking after the cattle, another falling a tree for some part of the dwelling. The females soon learn the cooking, for there is small choice of dishes; a little salt meat, fresh beef or mutton, is about all the new comers can have, and plain boiling or baking suffices, for the labourers come home ready to devour any thing eatable in whatever shape. The master and his sons having found a suitable place for the hut, a tree is soon felled, and the labourers split it into slabs and other pieces for building. The hut is up in about a week, and then the family have time and opportunity to look about them, and to fence, plough and dig; build up dairy and fowl-house; make a sty for the pigs; and, when this is done, enlarge the hut or build a new one of stone or brick, after which the old one serves for the men employed as labourers; and thenceforth every thing goes on regularly. We pass the same "natural" place in twelve months' time, and see one or two stacks of wheat, a man thrashing in a good barn, a comfortable house surrounded by a pretty and useful garden, stocked with vegetables and embellished with numerous flowers, the seeds of some of which have been brought from *home*, and are cherished on that account: in a word, where nothing but open *bush* was seen a year before, there are now the symptoms of thriving industry. Health and happiness beam on every face, and hardly any one would recognise the strong men and lads in their homely appropriate dresses, as the same with the party of shabby genteel emigrants noted on the journey down.

◆

SAW UP AND SAW DOWN.

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 374.)

Although it does my heart good to recur to these teachings of my mother, yet I will not now linger upon this evening, when she first assembled us around the family altar, and dedicated us all to the Father of mercies. I remember how she named each name, and commended us to the restraining providence and the gracious love of our Lord and Saviour. We seemed to feel that something new had happened to us, and that we were standing upon higher and more responsible ground than we had ever done before. And then, with what patience did she carry out her principles!

"Ah!" said Madison the other day, "it was sawing wood that made me."

Now Madison's duty, at one time, consisted in sawing eleven sticks of wood every morning, which duty he thoroughly hated; not that sawing was so very bad, but *working* was; he would rather lounge upon the green. It was very apt to be, in his estimation, either too warm, or too cold, or too pleasant to work, or too bad some way or other, unless, indeed, a troop of boys were aroused to inspirit him. The presence of Philip or James Giles was quite indispensible to a steady sawing, to help him or admire him, or to urge him on, some way or other. It happened one morning, that Philip was gone upon some errand, and Madison went forth to his morning's work alone. It was not long before he appeared before our mother, begging her to come and see how well he could work; but she could not leave just then. He soon appeared again, complaining that the wood was too knotty: she begged him not to be daunted by a knot. A third time he came, and it was too warm, "too warm by half;" a fourth, and his foot was lame, "dreadful lame; he must give his work up that morning, he was certain." Upon this, he flung himself with an air of satisfaction into a chair. Madison was fruitful in excuses. Our mother quietly arose, and taking him by the hand, led him back to the woodhouse. Pointing to the wood, she said, with that firmness which meant something,—

"There is your duty, my son, *do it;* one stick at a time, and it is done; it is only saw up and saw down, patiently and courageously. Now do it—conquer it—or you are not fit to be a man."

Madison well knew there was no gainsaying her, and that it must be done: besides, "it was only saw up and saw down," and what was there so formidable in all that? He began to consider, after all, that it did not appear to be much, or a very difficult work; and is it not so with all we have to do? By the bulk, our work may look large and formidable; but if we patiently and courageously *go at it*, it is only the "saw up and saw down" which lessens, conquers and finishes, and we are surprised to find what a simple business it is. Madison took up his saw and went to work; little by little, saw up and saw down, patiently and courageously, and it was done! Madison declared it was the hardest struggle he ever had; the first thing he ever persevered in, but it was done! The pile disappeared before his own resoluteness.

"Yes, it was the first time I ever felt myself worth anything," he says, laughing; "then I knew I was greater than a wood-pile."

My mother neither praised nor paid him when the work was done; she left him to the first conscious enjoyment of his ability *to do*, and it was plainly visible in the firm, independent step with which he entered the kitchen.

But a cow, a cow would add greatly to our stock of comforts, and a cow my mother was anxious of possessing. As for the boys, it formed the sum-total of their wishes; *the* consummation most devoutly to be wished for. It was ascertained that Mr. Giles would sell one of his heifers.

"But there is no way for us to earn her," said Phil, for the hundredth time, as we were talking over the matter one afternoon in the empty barn; "and earn her we must. Where there is a will there is a way, mother says."

"Yes, I suppose so," added Madison, reluctantly; "but if somebody would only give us one"—he had ceased speaking of Mr. Madison Jones in that light, for Mr. Madison seldom came to see us.

"But we must not depend upon people's giving us, or any such chance-like sort of ways, mother says. We must look to ourselves; that's the true way," said Philip.

"I suppose it is," slowly admitted poor Madison.

Behold three boys in Mr. Giles's mowing field; the smallest, a pale child, sitting under an apple-tree, with a little tin pail beside him, and watching, with delight, the movements of his two brothers, as they tossed about the new-mown hay, and longing to be with them. Alas! his lesson was patient-waiting. They worked as the sun rose higher and higher, and the last dew-drop dried on the grass.

"I am sick of it, that's a fact," at last said the tallest as he tumbled on a new-mown swath.

"Up and be doing!" said his companion; "let's not flinch. We must go through with what we undertake, mother says," as he put his last rake-full on the cock."

"But I don't want to. I would rather never have a cow, than to work for it," he declared, lazily swinging his feet much higher than his head.

"But anything that is worth having, is worth working for," answered Philip; "and you know what good things a cow will bring us."

"Well, I don't care. Come, let's eat our lunch," as he approached the tin pail, under the apple tree. "Come, Phil, come!"

"No, not until I have done more; it is not eleven yet, not until the sun gets over the upper branch of that elm," said Phil, as he kept steadily on with his work. Meanwhile, Madison peered into the pail, and, not only devoured his own part, but made ample encroachments upon his brother's. He then laid himself down upon the grass.

"Come, Madison, come! Don't give up the first day; persevere, boy," cried Philip, courageously; but no, it was too hot to work; he could not work such hot days for all the cows in the world; he was too tired to work; and presently he fell asleep.

Alas! that this should be a specimen for the rest of the week. On Saturday night, Mr. Giles paid off his workmen. Two men were sitting in the barn talking over the week's work; two men were leaning, in their shirt sleeves, over the fence, discussing the merits of Mr. Giles's cabbages; Philip, Madison, and myself—for my brothers were always anxious and willing to help me along with them—with James Giles, were standing among the cows, patting one, pulling the ears of another, and admiring them all, especially the heifer, which we wanted to buy. Meanwhile, Mr. Giles came out with his wallet, settled with the men, and laid out their plans for the next week.

"Where are the boys?" he asked, not seeing us. Philip and Madison issued forth from behind the cows, somewhat hesitatingly, into the presence of their master. He was a tall, dark, stern-looking man, and not of gentle speech. The boys all about were afraid of him, especially of invading his peach and apple orchard, for he was always sure to find them out. Mr. Giles had wonderful ubiquity about his premises, and those who did well for him, he was sure to befriend. He eyed the boys keenly. "Do you mean to go through the world as you have worked for me?" he asked, abruptly, nodding to Madison. Madison looked down abashed; "and you," he continued, "you Philip, I know your name, for I buried a little one by that name"—upon which the strong man's voice grew tremulous—"if you go through the world as you have worked for me, you will be a *man*, a rich man, and an influential man, and a good man, I hope; and that is because you are willing to *work* for it." I looked out from behind a cow to hear the conversation. "And depend upon it, boys, *as is the boy, so is the man*," continued Mr. Giles; "what you are a boy, you will be a man, Philip. I will give you two shillings a day, and your brother shall have just what he has earned, namely, fourpence a day;" upon which he began to make the change.—There was a solemn pause, broken at last by low sobs. Madison was crying through sheer mortification. I remember I wanted to come to the rescue; and, getting up to poor Madison's side, I looked stoutly up into Mr. Giles's face and said, pulling Madison's sleeve,—

"He can saw wood, sir, he can saw!"

How I got the courage I am at a loss to imagine.

"Can he?" said Mr. Giles, pleasantly turning from the money in his hand, "I am very glad to hear that he is good for something." As he gave the wages into their hands, he said in a marked manner to Philip, "I shall be glad of *your* work next week, Philip;" upon which he went back into the house, leaving us standing, and for a time, speechless. Philip and I looked at each other.—

"I won't have it! I won't have any of his money!" at length said Madison, flinging his quarter upon the ground. Philip quietly picked it up, and we walked home. Nothing was said. Mother was waiting for us with our frugal meal.

"And now I suppose you come with your first Saturday-night's earnings," she said, smiling at us, through the open window. Philip soberly laid in her lap, when we entered, the money, his own and Madison's. She looked at it and asked how it happened.

"It is too bad! I'll never work again!" said Madison, after we had given her all the explanation we could, his kerchief still in communication with his eyes.

"And, mother, I told Mr. Giles he could saw," said I, as if an important extenuation had been added. There was no mistaking our mother's look, though she said nothing. She was grieved and anxious; neither pity, or condolence, or blame, came from her lips.

On the next evening, Sabbath evening, as we all sate on a rude bench, Philip's handy-work, at the back side of the house, with the western sky for our picture, my mother recurred to the subject. Madison had been particularly meek and obliging all day, and his mind now calm, was open to reason and instruction.

"My son," said she, taking his hand, and looking into his face, "do you not know that your industrious habits must be your main dependence in this world; that any character which is worth having must be *earned by effort?* Do you not know that it is only by patient courageous working, that any good is gotten?" She paused. "Madison, what you undertake, you must go through with *manfully*. Will you lag and dally by the way, a burden to yourself and to your friends."

"I can saw," murmured he, looking pitifully down, "I like to saw."

"And do you know why?" she asked earnestly; "it is because you have mastered the saw; you have actually conquered a wood-pile; and so conquer all difficulties; work at them until they disappear before you; then you will feel manly; then you will know how great is your power *to do;* then you will love to do."

"I can't rake; I don't like to," muttered Madison.

"Can't! said she, with spirit; "will my son be conquered by a rake? What the saw could not do shall the rake do?"

"No, mother," he answered, with a decision uncommon to him, as he caught her spirit; then he added, looking down, "but I don't want to rake with Mr. Giles's rake."

"Then we shall never get our heifer, for nobody will have Madison, now Mr. Giles turns him away," said Philip dolorously, as his heifer prospects seemed darkened.

"Not have the heifer!" echoed I, ready to cry; there was a long pause. Madison looked as if he felt good for nothing, as if he would give all the world to get out of this responsible corner. Heifer or no heifer was the question, and it seemed to depend upon him, still more upon his *work*. He looked around for relief, but in the faces of neither mother nor brother did relief appear. His mother had not the money to advance, and Philip was doing all he could.

"Make up your mind to go back and ask Mr. Giles to let you try again," said our mother; "and then, Madison, take hold, with a stout heart, of what is before you, and *do it;* do it and never flinch;" and then she told us how everything truly valuable was to be earned by struggling and effort, the long striving which alone could open heaven to us.

In the morning, Madison appeared with a sorry air. He was undecided, and therefore unhappy. How many inefficient boys of older growth can sympathize with him! Coveting the fruit of industry, yet incapable and unwilling to put shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand in the great battle of life.

At an early hour he went to his saw. Little by little, one stick at a time, he finished the wood necessary for the day. "I have done this," said he to himself; I have done it—it is only saw up and saw down; what we want is to come to the point and then act, mother says." He stopped and surveyed his position; the heifer, Philip, his mother, and last, though not least, his reputation. "I must," he declared, stamping his foot firmly on a stick, "I must make up my mind, mother says, and then do it." Upon this he turned and walked into the house.

"Mother, I will go to Mr. Giles's," he said, entering the kitchen, and planting himself before her at his full height, the stoop in his back actually disappearing. She looked at him, and her countenance expressed all he could wish. I do not know what passed between him and Mr. Giles, but Madison came home that evening in the highest spirits.—"Mother," he exclaimed, "I should like to be a farmer. I like farming first rate." It was easy enough to see that his hands went with his will, and that they both went right. He felt the genuine joy of conquering himself, and achieving a work. Madison has since said, that when well-nigh giving up, or when he began to lag by the way, he cried aloud to his flagging energies, "Do it! do it! A stout heart, mother says. If I can saw, I can rake; and after all, it is only *saw up and saw down*. I must help myself or nobody will," and away flew his rake over the hay.

It was the third year of our residence in the one-story house, on a pleasant September afternoon, that Bossy entered the yard.—Philip behind her, Madison by her side, now and then patting her affectionately; mother and I were at the barn-door awaiting her arrival.

"It is ours, our cow!" I exclaimed in ecstacy.

"Is she not a beauty, mother?" exclaimed Madison, driving her so as to display her broadside to the best advantage. "One of the best heifers that ever Mr. Giles had, he says. Oh, mother where's the new pail? I learned all about milking over at Mr. Giles's. See her bag? is it not a beauty, mother?"

As Philip threw back his hat, showing his sun-burnt features, lighted up with interest, he looked the impersonation of bright, elastic, healthy boyhood.

Need I say that never was milk sweeter, nicer, richer, whiter, than was that. Need I say, that never cow existed like Bossy, never one so fat, so amiable, so excellent. Never was cow like that cow, and why? Because we had earned her. She was the product of toil, resolute, unflinching toil. In her my brothers tasted the sweets of achievement, as well as sweet milk. From that time Madison never grumbled. A change had been gradually wrought in his character. He understood what a power he possessed of *doing*, and he flung off his lounging, indolent, complaining habits. Ah, our mother understood a great secret, the importance of giving boys something to do, and making them work it out *resolutely* to the end; the activities of boyhood need to be disciplined and directed. Boys weary of continual play, yearn for something to accomplish. Give it to them, and then *compel* steady, persevering effort, until it be finished. In the end they are better boys and happier boys for it. It is the only right preparatory training to fit them for success in business, and for steady well-directed effort in mature life. And this is one reason why the country possesses advantages over the city in the training of boys. In the country there is something for them to do, and space to do it in. In teaching children to become useful, parents need much forbearance and great resolution. Their awkward, bungling, or reluctant attempts are discouraging and vexatious, and a father will often angrily send off his boy and do the thing himself, in far less time and far better style, rather than take the trouble to teach and to encourage his son to execute it. It was not so with our mother. In the garden, the barn, and the wood-house, her looks and words of encouragement everywhere presided. She gradually accustomed us to active duty, assigning to each of us some work to do, and following us up until it was done, and *well done*. She inspired us with energy and cheerfulness, and made us *relish* the work, and bade us witness the good results flowing from industrious habits. Ah, it is our mother, who has made us what we are. And now we have just returned from this dear home of our boyhood, no longer the dingy, yellow, one-story house, but a commodious dwelling of two stories, with ample portico in front, and the cool shadows of honeysuckle and acacia inviting you to linger there. It belongs to Philip, the indefatigable fruit grower. Look into his nursery and gardens; they are young yet, but is it not enough to delight one's eyes, to say nothing of the *taste?* They are the work of his own hands. His vicinity to the city affords him an extensive market, and he has already exceeded our most sanguine expectation. Look at his house, and the young shrubbery growing so luxuriously in every direction. There is a little bedroom in that house, which is a more interesting object still. It commands a beautiful view of the garden and of the western sky, and of a distant pasture, where Bossy's descendants are quietly grazing, and there, at the window sits our mother, our beloved mother, in her rocking chair. She is old and infirm now; but though her eyes are dim, her heart waxes not old. It is full of love and gratitude, and she blesses God for her boys. "Such sons!" she says. And who, under God, has made us what we are? Oh, mother! mother! Philip still seeks her direction and advice about everything concerning him; and his Mary regards her with reverential love; while in little Jane, Jenny we pet her—she seems to perpetuate her youth. Her last days seem her best days. How do Madison and I rejoice to leave the dry dusty city, for a Sabbath at Philip's.—The Sabbath is truly a Sabbath there, so peace-speaking, and full of love.

Madison holds an important post in the extensive firm of Giles and Co. He is a younger brother of old Giles the farmer, Madison's first master, who now gives him as warm a welcome as any one in the village. "Do you remember the morning that you came back to work? But thank your mother for *that*," said the old gentleman, chuckling and shaking Madison's hand with a right heavy shake. Yes, Madison *earned* the character which Mr. Giles gave of him to his city brother. Behold what it has gained for him.

It is Monday morning, and we have just returned to town. I never enter the city and my office, after leaving Philip's, without feeling myself a better man; a more tranquil, sober, home-loving, God-fearing man, and, shall I add it, a greater shrinking from the toils and perplexities of city life. But, "never flinch" sounds in my ear—"take hold with a stout heart, my son, of whatever lies before you;" and the well-remembered accents of my mother's voice, prompt me to duty.

But sad news awaits me. Cousin Madison Jones is dead. He died poor, and a broken-hearted desolate old man. His sons have ruined him. Ungoverned, idle, and dissolute, they have brought his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. The last time I saw him, it was my happiness to befriend him. "Thank ye! thank ye!" he exclaimed kindly and gratefully. I could not realize it as the proud, rich man, who was the terror of my boyhood. "You are a dear boy, a dear boy! I see your mother had the right of it—Jane was right; she taught you not to be afraid of work. That big yard and barn wasn't for nothing—if I could live my life over again!" upon which he drew a deep sigh and arose to go.

Poor cousin Madison! Ah, yes! I would say to all cousin Madisons, that we were all early indoctrinated, patiently, courageously, "*to saw up and saw down;*" that was the secret of my mother's management, and in overcoming the thousand obstacles to advancement and success, which young persons without property, or influential friends, must necessarily meet with in the great world of business; and if necessary for the business of the outward, how much more for the inward life, is this patient, courageous, *pains-taking* course? Does it not constitute that striving, which the Saviour speaks of, by which we can alone secure peace and purity, God's blessing, and Heaven, at last?

So ends the brief record of my friend's life.

◆

A PORTRAIT.

COLONEL THOMPSON IN PALACE YARD, WESTMINSTER.

By Ebenezer Elliott.

Who is that small Napoleon-featur'd Pleader?
The sage, whose metaphors, are demonstrations;
The bard, whose music yet shall teach all nations,
That ignorance is want, war, waste, and treason.
Clear-voiced as evening's throstle, o'er the booming
Of conscious forests heard when storms are coming,
Thompson, the Haydn and Moliere of reason,
Stills these vext thousands, like a people's leader.

THE NEW LORD BURLEIGH.

By Silverpen.

After a low knock which remained unanswered, she entered the bedchamber, for it was ten o'clock, and the gentleman had risen. Yes, to fill anew the marble ewer, fold the rich silk curtains, spread the laced pillows of the bed, and with poor coarse, hireling hand, minister, again and again, to the luxury and comfort of the unseen and the unregarding. As she looked round the room with natural curiosity, for the gentleman had only arrived, at this "Jamble's" fashionable west-end hotel, the night before, there was instead of the ordinary display of gorgeous waistcoats, many coats, pipes, sticks, gloves, nothing more than a very old leather portmanteau, still strapped up and locked, and a foreign cap and Turkish pipe on a chair near it. The little housemaid stood surprised by these signs of poverty; for poverty was a thing against which Mrs. Jamble herself, and Millicent her niece, and Gloss the head waiter, and Miss Dust the upper housemaid, all severally and in combination waged war: therefore to suppose that it could by any chance cross with its cold foot the aristocratic steps of "Jamble's," was about as much a probability as to expect an elephant tucked up asleep in its richest silken curtained bed. As it was but a glance from the poor portmanteau, to the cap, and the pipe, on to the toilet, on which swung the rich mirror with its waxen lights, she saw with new surprise a vase of purest marble standing there, fashioned in the shape of a rustic pitcher, held up by a tripping Naiad of the fountain. But it was not the lucent marble, or the goddess, or the pitcher, or the ivy leaves, or the drooping vine, or the Bacchanals sculptured thereon, for the untaught heart knew nothing of these things, but that some hand, whether poor or rich, whether young or old, had not scornfully trodden down a flower she had dropped the over-night, when performing some little offices about the room, but had carefully placed it with water in this beautiful fountain. It was nothing more than a simple bit of gilliflower which most would have trodden down unregardingly. Whose foot was thus gentle; whose hand was thus graceful; whose heart thus loved the beautiful! What country did this garlanded pitcher come from; what story did it involve; was he stern, or old, or young? Who was he? What was he? As in this way she thought busily, Meg, the little housemaid, tripped quickly and lightly about her duties, and never did poor coarse hand, yet withal woman's, spread more carefully pillow and curtain, and cloth; for the flower, not trodden scornfully down, linked something new of interest and duty to the daily round of indifference and hireling service. As she came back to and fro to where the vase stood, she saw a pair of strong leather gloves lying beside it; and as was very natural she took them up, and saw that one was rent. Out from her pocket was quickly brought the little huswife, and a thimble and black thread, and turning her back to the door, lest Miss Dust, on her governing perambulations, should peep, and discover, and cannonade, busily needle and thread went to mend the rent; it was but small duty for the grace of the untrodden flower. Thus standing, with her ear quite alive to Miss Dust's progressions, a stifled sound from the adjoining room was followed by another and another, till these deepened into a man's low cry of pain. Her first impulse was to open the separating door, and she had made a step towards it, when the recollection of Miss Dust's suspicions and tale-bearing propensities, and the lively clamour that would arise in Mrs. Jamble's parlour, were such a circumstance known, stayed her hand, and after a minute's hesitation, she passed from the bed-room on to the corridor to call a waiter. Miss Dust was safe in her little soap, candle, duster, brush, and linen-bedecked room, in the full depths and logic of a towel argument, with one of the six housemaids; and looking down over the balustrades, she saw Shark the waiter, who attended to the "southern suite," leaning napkin in hand over the bar window. She called, but as the one portmanteau had already been a matter for deep consultation between himself and the hall porter, he merely made answer with a cool "presently," and went on with his gossip. Going back quickly to the bedchamber, the same low cry of pain met her ear, and without thinking further of Miss Dust or Mrs. Jamble, she opened the door, looked, and without stopping, went in. It was the richly furnished ante-chamber of a drawing-room, partly darkened by the sun-blinds outside; for it was summer time and the height of the London season. On a table placed near one of the windows, an untasted breakfast was yet spread, for the tea though poured out had grown cold in the cup, and neither knife nor fork had touched the rich dishes; but some of these had been pushed aside to make standing room for two or three fragments of marvellous Greek sculpture, and beside the teacup lay a very old volume of Greek poetry. But the little housemaid might have been blind for what she saw of these, the whole spectacle within the room was the gentleman lying insensible upon the low couch, beside the table. Trembling and hesitating she lightly touched his cold rigid hands; then bolder grown as fear was absorbed by sympathy, she gently raised his dark-hued face upon the pillow, and stepped back to the toilet for a glass of water. With this she lightly laved his lips and hands, thinking that if he were suddenly to recover and look up, he might take this small act of mercy to be large in self-interest, or otherwise evil from one so poor and rude. Yet it was pure and womanly.—As she stood thus, her fear increasing as she looked down upon this man's stern and haughty face, the door opened and Mr. Shark slipped in. His first care, after shaking his head and glancing at the girl, was to make a pirouette round the breakfast table, and after duly peeping into the cream-ewer and sugar-basin, and counting the silver forks, he gave a yawn, put his hands behind him, and stepped up to the couch.

"Bad in the night, I b'lieve; bad agin now," mused Mr. Shark coolly, as if some very important idea had just come to mind, "but with one portmanteau too that'll never do. Jamble's ain't easily done, and so, my dear, you'll put on your best bonnet and take a walk next Sunday—that you will."

"I'm sure," replied the little housemaid, trembling still more, "I only came in because I supposed the gentleman was ill, and then only ——"

"You *will* walk—it's quite settled that my dear," winked Shark significantly, "or Dust and Jamble 'll be a putting their precious heads together about you doing sich a thing as stepping into the gentleman's room, eh! won't they," and so saying, and making a very strange hieroglyphic with his nose and fingers, possibly implying some further private opinion respecting the solitary "portmanteau," he slipped again from the room, and soon returned, not foremost, but in the wake of a large fat pompous man, and a tall shrivelled long-necked woman, whilst rearward of himself were three or four junior waiters, and a crowd of wondering housemaids, most of whom were armed with some insignia of office, such as a duster or a brush.

"One portmanteau and two or three small boxes only, I think you said," coughed Gloss significantly, touching the lifeless hands of the sick gentleman with his flabby fingers, "and came at seven last night in nothing better than a hired cabriolet?"

"Yes, sir, and had a bottle of soda water, sir, and went to bed directly, sir."

"He - - m!" coughed Gloss, still more doubtfully. "Of course ——."

"I'm sure," interrupted Miss Dust, drawing up her figure as if she were shouldering a musket, "illnesses as is doubtful paying doesn't do for Jamble's, and to add'em gratis to the superintending of linen and candlesticks 'll never do, for a hotel isn't to be got through as if it was a private house, where works is reg'lar, and times and seasons the same, so ——."

"I think, ma'am," spoke little Meg, who, true to her womanly nature, still stood behind the couch with the glass of water, "that the gentleman is exceedingly ill, and ought to have a doctor."

Miss Dust looked at little Meg, and Mr. Gloss looked, mob-capped housemaids looked, and Shark winked at the preposterous suggestion of supposed unpaid charity.

"The imperance of lower housemaids," gasped Dust, "shows that wickitniss is a thing as grows as fast as gooseberries, and suggesting a doctor instead of being a cleaning and making No. 14 is ——."

"A doctor," reasoned Gloss, drowning with his deeper bass Dust's shrill treble, "involves responsibility, and a doctor might be safely called in to a carriage and an imperial, but to a hack cab and one portmanteau it's doubtful."

"Let him have a cab and be drove somewhere," commanded Miss Dust, "so it's not having sicknesses as is unpaid for at Jamble's; and sheets and laced pillow slips, No. 37, Jamble's, 1842, equally ——."

"But if I might respectfully suggest," said a little stout waiter, rising on his tiptoes, so as just to get a glance of the gentleman over Miss Dust's shoulder, "portmantoes and boxes isn't always ——"

"Full," interrupted one of Miss Dust's favourite satellites, "as in a sit-ti-a-tion where I took and left upper works, five big boxes, as were particularly heavy, turned out nothing but stones, so that the ——"

"Of a banking-book," continued the fat waiter, respectfully, "and as for the sick gentleman, he may have been on foreign travel."

"He—m," coughed Gloss, a little ashamed that this sagacious idea should have been lost sight of by himself, during the carrying out of the suspicion respecting the portmanteau, "probably. In that case, why ——."

"There!" exclaimed Miss Dust, stopping her official colleague full short, "Don't let an impersition be a coming over you; it wouldn't sin-ni-fy, Mr. Gloss, as the young womens here knows if you could take and leave upper works yourself, but when it's the sheets and laced pillow-slips, as well as ——."

"Hush, hush," spoke Gloss, with an imperious wave of his hand, for the idea of foreign travel now fully occupied his mind, and during this last Dust-interruption he had looked round upon the breakfast-table, and noticed the fragments of sculpture standing thereon, "them spinx-ses and arms there, look something like it, so it may be such a thing as a well-paying gentleman travelling. Jist therefore be sprinkling his face carefully whilst I step to Mrs. Jamble."

Intent upon this praiseworthy and cautious resolve, Mr. Gloss stepped from the room, leaving little Meg to renew her foregone act of mercy, but Miss Dust, now rather shaken in her opinion of "impersition" undertook the Samaritanal office herself, with such enthusiasm, as in a few minutes to exhaust the whole contents of the water-bottle upon the face of the sick man, and to have dismissed Meg to the official duties of No. 14, with an intimation that she should speak to her in private.

Mrs. Jamble's sitting-room, though somewhat dark, and placed at the rear of the house, was excessively snug and well furnished. It was indeed over furnished, being clearly the receptacle for any supernumerary sofa or table, from more exalted regions. It had two sideboards, two sofas, a taper-legged piano-forte, a large desk with innumerable small drawers, and round its top little brass hooks with prodigious bunches of keys hanging thereon; all duly labelled and ticketed, and conveying notions of remote cellars brimful of excellent wine; chests where plate was hoarded up; deep closets crowded with all sorts of luxurious dainties; and as a climax, of a well-filled cash-box over and above assets and Three per-Cents. Mrs. Jamble was seated at this desk, already dressed for the day in a matronly cap and rich satin gown, occupied in transferring into a large green-backed ledger before her, the blotted hieroglyphics of divers little books lying at her left hand, and Millicent, her niece, a young lady dressed in very airy muslin, was seated near, knitting a purse, and occasionally assisting Mrs. Jamble to decipher the aforesaid hieroglyphics. Miss Millicent gave a little affected cough, and simpered, "Pray come in," when Gloss knocked and entered; for Mr. Wiggs, the wine-merchant, was expected on business, and this circumstance might account for the taper-legged piano-forte being already open, and "Tell me, my heart" conspicuously set forth, Mr. Wiggs being musical, and a supposed admirer.

The head-waiter, after some circumlocution, got out his doubts about the sick gentleman, the responsibility of a doctor, the hired cab, and the solitary portmanteau. In spite of a very tolerable heart beneath the black satin gown, Mrs. Jamble, imbued with due caution, was rather inclining toward the Dust-opinion, when Miss Millicent, totally irreverent to Mr. Wiggs, exclaimed

"I'm sure, aunt, if it's the one I accidentally saw from Dust's room last night, with a beautiful, dark, intellectual, yet, alas! melancholy face, I'm sure he's a gentleman. Perhaps a foreign prince in disguise."

"Well miss and ma'am," spoke Gloss with a dignity that implied that this idea was originally his own, "though I ain't got up quite so far as a prince, this is jist my opinion; and as, of course, if he's bad, we must nata'rally try to find his friends, and I felt he'd got a pocket-book as I was untying his neckcloth, why—why—why we'd better open it, and this, ma'am, in your presence."

After some little hesitation, for there was good, as I have said in the worldly heart of Mrs Jamble, she consented to visit the sick gentleman's room, and accordingly, after adjusting her gold eye-glass and chain, and unfolding a very white and fine cambric pocket-handkerchief, she proceeded leisurely up the grand staircase, followed by her niece, the head-waiter, and even by Mr. Wiggs, who had just arrived.

The sick gentleman still lay insensible upon the couch, the group yet standing round him, with the exception of little Meg, who had been summarily dismissed to the duties of No. 14; the only alteration being in Miss Dust, who, on this approach of Mrs. Jamble, had now assumed a neutral aspect of face, as well as position, near the couch, so as to be ready at a moment's notice to express either charitable commiseration or her full idea of "impersition."

After a cough, and a look at his mistress and the wine-merchant, Mr. Gloss drew forth the gentleman's pocket-book. It was a large Russia leather one, bound by a strap, nothing in it to rivet every eye as it did; but on its opening depended whether there should be laced or plain pillow-slips, or none at all; whether the far-down cellar should produce its richest wines; whether Mr. Glos should be profoundly respectful; whether Mr. Shark civil; whether Mr. Wiggs should give a favourable opinion; whether Millicent should still entertain the same sentimental idea of beauty; whether there should be a physician grave and learned; and, lastly, whether in extremity should minister the poor coarse hireling, yet withal tenderest fashioned hand of Nature's woman, and bring in action once, and once again, the true and touching story of Lord Burleigh.

In a moment all was solved; out dropped upon the lifeless hands a roll of bank notes, and in an inner pocket lay, with a cheque for a large amount upon a London bank, a diamond ring of immense value, just thrust carelessly in as if its price were of no account. There were no cards, no address, no private papers, except what were written in some foreign language, and no other name, than the one the gentleman had given the over night of Verdun, plainly written "John Verdun" on one of the leaves. But the bank notes were quite tangibility and name enough; for here lay princely resources, were the sickness to be lengthened out to days, days into weeks, and weeks into the monotony of months.

Like the changes of a magic lantern from dark to light, every hue was now upon the rosy side of charity and love; the only one left upon the dark side was Mr. Wiggs, in the opinion of Miss Millicent. The one that commenced directly the new overture of charity, was Miss Dust, the rest having sense enough to feel that a pause and line of gradation were necessary. Therefore, whilst Mrs. Jamble and Mr. Wiggs talked aside as to the several merits of learned physicians in Saville-row, Hanover-square, Old and New Burlington-streets, Mr. Gloss listening respectfully, so as himself to act in a moment on their decision, Miss Dust was deep into the matter of the very finest sheets, such as were only now and then used for the service of a marquis or a duke, the very shadiest night-lamp (I verily believe too in her charitable enthusiasm there was incidental mention of a warming pan, though it was the very height of June) with divers other minuter matters, concluded with a pretty copious summary of her own tender and "blissid-babe-like felins" and how "dooty in sicknesses was as every one knew, a part in her nature." Acting promptly upon these charitable intents, she proceeded forthwith to the bedchamber to undo all which little Meg had so lately done; and exorcise the gentle spirit that hung around the sprig of wallflower. Added to this her staff of maids were dispersed hither and thither upon immediate service for the sick gentleman; a peremptory message sent down to the kitchen respecting the probability of needed gruel, whilst in person this Samaritanal Dust kept coming back every five minutes to the drawing-room on tiptoe, to look over the couch, to sigh, and put her ear down tenderly as if she were listening to the breathings of a babe.

The physician decided upon soon arrived, and was received by Mrs. Jamble, the room being now cleared of all but herself, Mr. Wiggs, and Gloss, who had hastened back from his important mission with astonishing celerity, considering the usual pomp and slowness of his movements. The very first words the physician uttered when he had taken the rigid hand of the sick gentleman into his own, were expressive of regret that he had not been sent for earlier, as the syncope was of a most dangerous character. This opinion becoming more confirmed, another physician was sent for, the attendance of a neighbouring surgeon required, and in a few minutes the unknown gentleman, whose life or death had, to a certain extent hung upon the condition of his pocket-book, was surrounded with all needful care and skill. After expressing much sympathy, and promising that every attention should be given, Mrs. Jamble retired to her parlour, to find Mr. Wiggs much discomfited and going over his own "List of Prices" by way of amusement, and Miss Millicent in a meditative humour, as she was just then in the full concoction of a pretty little romance of marriage, in which she figured as the heroine, and the sick gentleman as the hero.

Far nearer death than any episode of life, however fraught with human interest, was the unknown gentleman. He lay still insensible, though bled, though resting on the extraordinary laced pillows, though watched over by the noble and disinterested physician first called in; and still was lying whilst the glorious Summer's day waned on; whilst evening deepened into night; whilst to this night seemed faster to roll on the unknown and mighty ocean of eternity. By this time one of the "Gamp" sisterhood had been duly inducted into office, Miss Dust's earnest entreaty to fully undertake its duties, having been negatived by Mrs. Jamble. But as she reasoned "that superintendency after other works was a Christian's dooty," she, about 12 p. m., entered the sick chamber, duly robed in deep frilled nightcap and "sitting up gown" and armed with a large prayer-book and rushlight, having first spent an hour, as was her custom in Miss Millicent's bed-room. The great subject of confabulation had been of course on this particular night the sick gentleman, his pocket-book, and the doings of the small housemaid, whom Miss Dust denounced as "bold and artful" and much too awkward for a sick chamber," whereas, the simple reason was, her determination that there should be no extraneous participation in the rich gifts that might flow forth from the marvellous contents of the sick gentleman's pocket-book.

But quite unconscious of the mercenary hopes and fears that were active round his pillow; of the relieved guard of the "Gamp" sisterhood, morning and night; of Miss Dust's bobbings in and out, sweet and tender expressions, and small ministry of various kinds, lay the sick gentleman for many days. Not wholly neglected, either by Mrs. Jamble, who every day at noon, and in her richest black satin, made personal inquiries, she having by this time, from certain small circumstances, invested the unknown gentleman with a mighty heirship, which investiture, duly related and commented on to her niece, went far to enrich the Millicent romance, and the Dust enthusiasm. In fact, this alteration in ordinary Dust-tactics soon completely took the domestic household by surprise, of a very pleasurable kind, most assuredly, for the peepings, the plottings, the war of words, the tattlings were reduced to a *minimum;* and never before had the six lean housemaids found Jamble's such a paradise. From the morning of the rare upraised fountain, and the untrodden flower, number fourteen and thereabouts had been the allotted land of the small housemaid, who, besides any entry into the sick gentleman's chamber, was forbidden, by the sternness of Dust-morality, to make even inquiry of any sort or description.

But Truth and Nature, small housemaid, are divine qualities, never to be wholly submerged in the ocean of Dust-tactics and cunning; therefore the hours waned on for thee and thy pure life's comedy of tenderness and truth!

The gentleman had now been under Dust and Gamp-sister ministry some ten days, when one morning, about 2 o'clock a. m., Miss Dust was aroused from a deep snooze behind the curtain, by the nurse, much to her mortification and displeasure, for she had instilled into the household, that such was the intense wide-awake state of her sympathies and feelings, that she never winked an eye, much more dropped off into uncharitable slumber.

"Well, my dear," said the old woman, with somewhat of a satirical grin, for she neither liked her, nor her sharp system of governance, "I'm glad to see you a dropping off a bit at last; for even them as has had riglar edication of sitting-up, can't help it sometimes.—But it's come at last, my dear. He's got the fever, and a precious catching one it 'll be; but on course you don't mind it my dear, as turns the pillow with sich kristin patience?"

Yet though Miss Dust made some answer in keeping with the vigorous nature of her foregone charity, the additional pallor that spread itself beneath the deep frilled nightcap, showed that her harpy greed had never once taken into account, burning, wasting, death-giving fever. Heretofore, she had zealously led in all the Samaritanal duties of the sick chamber, but at the word "fever" it might be observed, that she by degrees removed to a remote part of the room, and there remained till she withdrew at an unusually early hour. That such a low thing as fever should have curtained itself within the aristocratic "Jamble's" filled the good landlady with the greatest consternation. All the servants were called together and enjoined to silence; for the merest whisper that such an enemy was in the house would at once have put to flight its overflowing company. Mrs. Jamble was at the same time informed, that Miss Dust was much indisposed, and that the full conclave of housemaids, had one and all agreed, with the exception of the smallest and the most defenceless, that beside having other duties, they would not risk the danger of the sick chamber, but devolve it on Miss Dust, who had already given much offence by her enthusiastic charity, the nurse, or any one else who might like to undertake the office.

This was exactly what Dust policy had planned. It would be convenient for her to be ill whilst grim fever hung above the unknown and the uncared for; it would be convenient that the youngest, and smallest, and most unrepining of her slaves, should serve and wait, whilst the balance lay with danger and with death; it served her purpose, because *this* smallest and *this* least would do her ministerings faithfully and well; and *when* all fear was over, she, Dust, great paramount chambermaid at "Jamble's" could recover in a day, and thrusting forth the dear nature, that had seen not, or thought of, fear, or death, or self, watch the halcyon moments of recovery, and reap the golden harvest. And what if this small fragment of humanity perished. She was but an orphan, from a far-off county union, and who would shed one tear over her unknown parish coffin!

Blessings on thee small Meg! Be light of heart, be light of foot, be light of hand, he thou watchest has a divine spirit, and God and Truth are for thee!

Without consciousness of Dust policy, she entered on her office. Now no rough hand upon the curtains, none to snatch the pillows, none to roughly speak, or roughly serve, and this not because the gentleman was rich, or might be great, but because THE HEART OF THE WOMAN WAS GENUINE!

Yet within the fever worked and raged; the throes were not less deep for being inarticulate; or the tide of the mighty ocean of life less perilous!

Two days passed on; the third night came! The gentleman had sunk to sleep, the good physician had left some time, and the nurse had dropped off into a little preparatory nap after her first modicum of gin. Though worn by several nights' watching in addition to her daily round of duties, small Meg sat within a few paces from the bed, in the very trimmest and tightest of brown stuff gowns, and in a very little cap with one pink bow. She had but lately stepped to the bed, and seen how deep and calm, for the first time since his severe illness, was the sick gentleman's sleep; how less the fever raged, how a gathering dew hung round his forehead and within his before scorched hands, that for hours in the delirium of fever had moved round and round on every side, as if in search of some cool space, however small, whereon to rest, and now she moved lightly again about the room, to place many small things in order, that the nurse had displaced or Miss Dust "settled" with a taste peculiar to herself. She had come back to her seat some minutes, thinking of a small plot, just brought to mind, by moving the vase into the place where it had first stood, which plot was no other than that the fat waiter should buy her a choice bunch of flowers for it next morning; when, hearing the curtain move, and turning quickly round, she was startled to see the sick gentleman awake from his deep sleep, sitting upright in bed, and regarding her attentively. In a moment she was by the bed, with bright face looking into his haggard one, and asking if he were better.

"Yes," he very faintly said. She would awaken the nurse. "No!" was somewhat energetically said, for one so very weak, that he dropped back on to the pillow; then more faintly asking for some tea.

She quickly, though more lightly than ever, moved about; going to and fro into the ante-chamber, making the little kettle boil in no time, toasting a very thin round of bread, having the tea ready the time the toast was done, then coming to the bed with all so nice on a tiny waiter; pouring out the tea to cool, then propping up the gentleman with pillows, and putting her own shawl that hung on a chair round him, least he should take cold, then standing modestly by to hold the saucer, she might have been a nurse all her life, from the way she set about the matter. Presently the nurse woke up, and seeing the gentleman was better, and the process of tea going forward, undertook her official duties immediately, and dismissed the small housemaid for the remainder of the night.

Before, however, the nurse was aroused, or the gentleman awake next morning, she was there again, about her duties, and made everything neat and nice, even placed the flowers, which the fat waiter had brought up stairs secretly, in the vase, by the time, which was early, the good physician arrived. Pleased to see his patient better, he sate down by the bed, and talked to him, though in a very low voice, when, presently, Meg coming into the room, for they had been alone before, the physician motioned her to the bed.

"To this good girl," he said to the gentleman, "rather than to me, you owe your life, for one more gentle, careful, tender, I have never seen, and one, I feel morally certain, that has acted from no mercenary motives." She blushed and moved away. The physician's glance following her, saw the vase upon the toilet,—"What, even flowers this morning, housemaid?" She blushed still more.

"She thought the gentleman might like to see them, now he was better," was her short answer as she quickly left the room.

As soon as the physician was gone, the gentleman asked the nurse for Meg; would have her come and place the vase on a little table beside the bed, and through all that day and the next, if she were near, and could be found, he would take every thing from her hand, in preference to that of the nurse's. This proceeding, and the absence now of all danger from the sick room, soon reached the ears of Miss Dust, who recovered forthwith so speedily from her "illness," as to be enabled the very next morning, to undertake, as heretofore, her Samaritanal duties, with such prodigious enthusiasm and tenderness, as to quite throw the nurse into the shade. As a matter of course, contingent on this state of affairs, Meg, whose "awkwardness was quite dreadful" was dismissed to even more remote regions of the house than number fourteen, and whenever inquired for by the sick gentleman, was either out, or busy, or not to be found.

Things went on thus for some days, Miss Dust in the meanwhile much chagrined, that to her talkings and officious doings, rarely came answers, and rarely more than coldest thanks. As soon as he could leave his bed, the sick gentleman was moved on his couch into the drawing-room, on which occasion Mrs. Jamble paid him a formal visit, delivered up the long-sealed pocket-book, digressed much on the aristocratic patronage bestowed on her hotel, and even treated him with small episodes, concerning her marriageable niece, and the late Mr. Jamble.

(To be continued.)

DICK CROWNINSHIELD THE ASSASSIN, AND ZACHARY TAYLOR THE SOLDIER;

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

By Henry C. Wright.

Dick Crowninshield—his Employers—his Business.

Joseph White lived in Salem. He was old and rich. Joe and Frank Knapp lived in the same town. They coveted his property, and expected to inherit it at his death. The protracted life of Joseph White was considered by them as opposed to their interests. They wished to destroy it. They called on Dick Crowninshield, a young man living in Salem, who had studied the art of human slaughter at the West Point Military Academy, and said to him, in substance:—

"Will you enlist in our service?"

Dick.—What to do?

Knapps.—We wish to kill Joseph White.

Dick.—What harm has he done to you?

Knapps.—None; save that by his life we are kept out of the possession of property which we expect to inherit. We have no resource but to kill him.

Dick.—But he is innocent of all evil intentions towards you.

Knapps.—We know he is; but his life is in our way, and we wish to get rid of him.

Dick.—But would it be right to kill him?

Knapps.—Give yourself no trouble about that. We will be responsible for the right or the wrong of the deed. If you enlist to do it, you have nothing to do with that question.

Dick.—But suppose I think it murder?

Knapps.—That is our concern, not yours. If you enlist into our service, we wish you to enlist to do our pleasure, even though you think it to be murder.

Dick.—Who is to be *benefitted* by his death?

Knapp.—Ourselves, of course. We do not wish to kill him for his own good, but solely for our own.

Dick.—So then, I am to understand that you wish to enlist me into your service, *to kill an innocent man, at your instigation, and for your benefit?*

Knapps.—That is our wish. Will you enlist?

Dick.—What am I to get for doing the deed?

Knapps.—One thousand dollars.

Dick.—Do you wish me to kill any others?

Knapps.—Kill this one man, and the money is yours, and we will discharge you from our service as soon as the deed is done.

Dick.—Well, I see no more wrong in enlisting in the service of *two* men to kill *one*, at their bidding and for their benefit, than in enlisting into the service of *millions*, called a State, to kill *thousands* at their bidding and for their benefit. So I am at your service, and will execute your pleasure upon Joseph White.

The Knapps furnished their recruit with a dirk and bludgeon. At midnight he entered the back window with a dark lantern, crept up the front stairs, and entered the sleeping chamber of Joseph White. He was asleep; Dick struck him on his head with a club; then turned down the clothes, and stabbed him thirteen times in the region of his heart; then covered him up, left the house, hid the bludgeon under the door steps of a church, and melted the dagger.

Dick and the Knapps were then taken up and imprisoned. While awaiting their trial, Dick hung himself. The Knapps were tried, condemned, and hung.

What would you call Dick Crowninshield? A HIRED ASSASSIN, is the answer; and all will insist that this is the only phrase in the English language that can truly designate his character and position. What would you call the Knapps? The instigators and prime movers in the deed—the EMPLOYERS OF A HIRED ASSASSIN. The relation between Crowninshield and the Knapps was that of a hired Assassin and his Employers. The community would not endure the presence of the employers or the employed among them, and they put them all to death.

Zachary Taylor—his Employers—his Business.

There is a town in Mexico, called Monterey. It contains, say 20,000 inhabitants, more or less. They never injured the people of the United States, even in thought. Yet their existence is opposed to their ambition, and lust of gold, and of oppression. They wish to destroy the town of Monterey. So, those who compose the United States, through their agents, the recruiting officers, go forth to enlist men into their service. They meet Zachary Taylor, and ask him, in substance:—

"Will you enlist into our service?',

Zachary.—What do you wish me to do?

People.—We wish you to kill the people of Monterey.

Zach.—What have they done?

People.—O, nothing, only their existence is opposed to our interests?

Zach.—They are, then, innocent of all evil intentions and actions towards you?

People.—Yes; they never injured us, and never intended to injure us.

Zach.—Why, then, do you wish to kill them?

People.—Simply and solely because they are in our way, and there is no other method to get rid of them.

Zach.—Would it be right to kill them?

People.—That is our affair, not yours. We wish you to enlist to do our bidding, and kill whom we wish, RIGHT OR WRONG.

Zach.—But suppose I *know them to be innocent*—must I kill them?

People.—Yes; if we bid you.

Zach.—But suppose I believe that to kill them would be MURDER—must I do it?

People.—Yes; if we bid you kill them. We wish to enlist none into our service, as soldiers, who are not willing to swear by the great God, that they will kill any and all whom we bid them to kill, even though they believe it would be murder.

Zach.—How many do you wish me to kill?

People.—No particular persons, or number; but we wish to enlist you to butcher men by the day, till we have gained our end.

Zach.—So, then, now I understand you. You wish me to enlist into your service, *to kill human beings, without regard to their guilt or innocence, at your bidding, and for your benefit.* You wish me to swear by the Eternal, that I will kill men, women, and children, at your discretion, even though I know they are innocent, and though I believe that to kill them would be murder?

People.—Yes, such is our wish.

Zach.—But suppose I should enlist, and then should not be willing to kill all whom you command me to kill; and suppose I should wish to leave your service?

People.—Once enlisted, you must do our bidding, or be killed yourself; and if you attempt to leave our service without our consent, we shall shoot or hang you.

Zach.—How much money will you give me?

People.—Two hundred dollars per month.

Zach.—Well; the ministers and churches say war is a right and Christian practice. If so, then it is right to enlist; and when enlisted, to go for my employers, *right or wrong.* So I am your man. Henceforth I am ready to kill all you bid me kill, though I know them to be innocent, and though I believe it would be murder.

People.—You are the man for us. 'Rough and

Ready' is your name henceforth. We have work on hand at this moment.

Zach.—Name it, and it is done.

People.—There is a town in Mexico called Monterey. Go, slay its inhabitants, and destroy it.

Zach.—Give me the means, and the deed is done.

So the means are supplied by his employers. Now, behold Zachary before the devoted town. It is *Sunday*. This is the day chosen by him to make the attack. See the scenes enacted by Zachary, the soldier. He is acting as the agent of twenty millions. Had he bombarded the city as the agent of *two* persons—how had he been the execration of mankind!

Look at that nursery! See the mother watching her four little ones, lovingly at play in one corner. Zachary discharges a gun loaded with grape-shot at them; and the mother sits amid their mangled remains. In another nursery is an infant sleeping in a cradle: the mother sits by it rocking, and singing its lullaby. Zachary hurls a cannon ball at that mother and infant, and tears them in pieces.

Look into that dining-room. There are a father and mother and five children at the dinner table. A ball thrown by Zachary enters, and the father and children are torn and killed around the surviving mother. There is a school-house. In it are seventy-five children with their teacher. Zachary throws a bomb-shell among them. It explodes, and the torn limbs and dead bodies of fifty of those children are strewed about, and their teacher and companions are covered with their blood. There is a daughter standing by her broken-hearted father to comfort and sustain him. Zachary hurls a cannon ball at her, and cuts her body in two, and there she lies, a mangled corpse before her father.

"For the love of heaven spare that house!" cries a young man to Zachary, as he is aiming a deadly missile at a particular dwelling. "*I care not if every other house in the town is blown to atoms*—but do not destroy that one."

Zach.—What is your reason?

Young Man.—My betrothed lives there. She whom I ove as my own soul.

Zach.—All love and domestic affections must be forgotten here.

Young Man.—But DO spare that one. One of your own companions begs you to spare it.

Zach.—It is the bidding and for the interest of our employers that that house and all in it should be destroyed. We must go for our employers, RIGHT OR WRONG.

Young Man.—O spare it! To what dangers is she, whom I love, exposed! Think of the agony I must feel to find her a mangled corpse!

Zach.—Young Man, you seem to care nothing about the other houses, and are willing to see them 'blown to atoms.' Yet every ball and bomb-shell we throw, tears to pieces some wife or husband, some parent or child, some brother or sister, all of whom are objects of affection to others, and their death causes as much agony to surviving relatives as the death of your betrothed would to you. She must die. Such is the bidding and pleasure of my employers.

A bomb-shell is aimed at the house; and in an instant it is a heap of ruins. The shell comes into the parlour where the parents and their children are assembled, and explodes. A ragged piece of iron strikes the young woman, and tears away her head and shoulders.

See that *Mexican* woman. What is in her hands? She is carrying *bread* and *water* to the wounded *American* soldiers. She raises the head of a wounded man, gives him food to eat, and water to drink; takes a handkerchief from her own bosom and is binding up his wounds. Zachary aims a gun at her, and tears in pieces that angel of mercy—A FACT, and the eye-witness who relates it says,—"I involuntarily raised my eyes to heaven, and exclaimed—GREAT GOD! IS THIS WAR? Passing the spot the next day, I saw her body still lying there, with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd with a few drops of water in it—emblems of her errand. At one place I discovered the body of a *beautiful Mexican girl*, STAKED *through her heart*."

The above is substantially a truthful narrative of deeds perpetrated by him and his men in Monterey and other towns in Mexico, *at the bidding and for the benefit of his religious, republican employers*.

The Difference.

Now what is the difference between Zachary the soldier, and Dick the assassin? In the following particulars, they are exactly alike:

The assassin killed a man whom he knew to be innocent; the soldier did the same.

The assassin killed the innocent at the instigation of his employers; so did the soldier.

The assassin slew the victim for the benefit of his employers; so did the soldier.

The assassin entered into a contract with his employers voluntarily; so did the soldier.

The assassin killed his victim intentionally and deliberately; so did the soldier.

The assassin 'killed a reasonable creature,' and was 'of a sound mind and discretion;' so did the soldier in the same state of mind.

The assassin killed an innocent man 'with malice and forethought,' 'with a sedate, deliberate mind, and former design;' so did the soldier.

As to the state of their minds towards their victims; as to their motives; as to the character of their victims; as to the nature and character of their acts, there is an exact resemblance between Dick the assassin, and Zachary the soldier.

In the following particulars they differ:—

Zachery had millions of employers; the assassin had but two.

Zachary killed thousands; the assassin killed one.

Zachary's sword, balls, and bomb-shell, were accounted Christian weapons to slay men; the assassin's bludgeon and dirk were considered unchristian.

Zachary broke the limbs and tore the flesh of his victims, and left them to die in protracted agony; the assassin killed his instantly, and without protracted pain.

Zachary's deeds are said by the priests and churches to be God-approved and Christ-like; the assassin's are denounced by them as evil, and only evil.

Zachary is hailed as a Christian patriot; Dick is shunned by all.

Zachary, as he returns from Monterey, his face, his hands and garments dripping with the blood of innocent women and children, is welcomed 'by the smiles and kisses of his countrywomen; they shrink from Dick with horror.

Zachary is held up by mothers, by teachers, by priests and politicians, as an example of piety and patriotism. Dick is held up by them to execration.

Zachary is made a life member of a Missionary Society. Dick is cast out as a heathen.

Zachary is counted worthy of all honour by a professedly enlightened, civilized, republican and Christian people, and is by them elevated to the Presidency; Dick, by the same people, is elevated to the gallows.

Such are the different results of killing one at the bidding and for the benefit of two, and killing thousands for the benefit and at the bidding of millions.

Such are the points of agreement and difference between the assassin and the soldier.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

THE PHLEGMATIC ENGLISHMAN.

The phlegmatic German, the phlegmatic Dutchman, how long have these been stereotyped phrases in this country. We have flattered ourselves that we were anything but phlegmatic. We were active, lively, knowing fellows, very capable of taking care of ourselves.—But what is the fact? Are Germans, Dutchmen, or any sort of men, a tenth part so phlegmatic as Englishmen? Have the Dutch or Germans suffered an arrogant aristocracy to ride on their shoulders, and run their noses into everybody's quarrels, and made them pay for everybody's quarrels, as we have done? Where are the nations, ancient or modern, who have stood coolly and allowed a domineering faction to erect the most horrible monument of murder and violence in their midst in the shape of a national debt of £800,000,000?

Germany has flung off the despotism of its misgovernors. Dutchmen could never suffer such national plunder as we have suffered—but for ourselves, we groan and grumble under our burden and our aristocratic incubus, but take no steps to throw them off.

The Englishman, in fact, seems to have but one idea—and that is, drudging after money, without the second idea, of securing it when got, from the hand of the plunderer. His life is spent in the most incessant pursuit of gain, which is no gain to him, because as fast as he scrapes it together his aristocratic masters finger it away. He is the hen that lays the golden egg, and the aristocracy is the assiduous farmer who every day visits the nest and carries off the egg of the day.

The Englishman has created a great domestic trade, the aristocratic government has, however, spite of all his profits, run him into debt, and mortgaged his estate for £800,000,000! The Englishman has conquered an amazing extent of colonial country; the aristocracy has again laid hold on these, and covered them with armies, and placemen, and debt, and monopolies which are crushing them. In India alone we have a debt of at least £50,000,000! which one of these days will have to be added to the nice little debt at home, while the aristocratic governors, officers, armies, and the monopolies of salt, land, and opium, have sunk that glorious country to an utter incapacity of paying it.

The Englishman has been fool enough to give a property bringing in *Ten Millions Sterling* a year for a church to teach him Christianity, while he has the whole system in a book that he may buy for a shilling.

The Englishman has a sea round him, and may set the world at defiance, but his aristocratic rulers tell him that in order to take care of himself, he must pay *Twenty Millions a year* for soldiers and sailors! There is not a thing belonging to an Englishman that is not taxed twice over—even to his daylight, and yet his aristocratic jugglers tell him that he is free, and a *very* high-spirited fellow—and he believes them. What wont he believe?

The Englishman grumbled some twenty years ago about these things, and about sixteen years ago he got an Act of Parliament called the Reform Bill, but which ought to have been called the National Hoax, and a very shallow hoax too. This was to have cured all his grievances—has it?

Under colour of this hoax a little, miserable, small-souled aristocrat, called Lord John, got into power, and is now in power. Of a mental calibre which, had he not been the son of a duke would not have induced any one to entrust him with the management of a tripe stall, he has laughed outright at the Englishman, and still laughs and holds the dupe's purse. He promised to retrench the expenses of the state—to reduce offices and their salaries—has he? Ask Lord Ellenborough. He promised to reduce the National expenditure—since the Reform Bill passed it has increased so immensely that a Property Tax of *Six Millions a year* has been laid on, which the little mountebank this year wished to make about *Nine Millions* of. He promised to reduce the National Debt—since the Reform Bill, this debt has been increased *Thirty-four Millions*, or more than *Two Millions a year!* Soon after Lord John came into office, he promised to reform the church, and for several sessions he made many enormously long speeches, pointing out the necessity of these reforms—and after all—he turned suddenly round, when he thought that game had been carried on long enough, and declared that "the church was a most beneficent institution, and must not be touched!"

So now, after all his bare-faced juggling about Political Reform, after belying all his promises, and living unabashed on these proceeds of national waste and political profligacy—he turns round and declares, that neither the middle nor the working classes want any reform at all!

If they dont, then both Lord John and these classes have been making a great ado about nothing these twenty years and more.

Well, there is now a movement amongst these classes for a union to procure these reforms, will they come to anything? Will the Englishman at length prove that he is less phlegmatic than a Dutchman? We shall see, but we have great doubts of him.

With a ruined commerce, with a pauperized people, with manufacturers paralyzed, with merchants shattered by scores, like so many men of glass, with colonies covered with abuses, with the debt increasing, and the ease and comfort of life everywhere decaying—in a word, with profligacy in the government, perjury and bribery in the House of Commons, as lately most awfully shown, with laughing senators and a weeping people—if the Englishman does not *now* awake from his lethargy, and shake himself free of his political swindlers, he never will, and there is nothing for it but national decline, and every man to save himself by escape, to some other hemisphere as fast as he can. At all events, till the reforms so flagrantly needed, and so apparent to every one, are effected, let us hear no more of phlegmatic Germans, or Dutchmen with souls as stagnant as their canals.

THE REFORM MISSION IN THE COUNTRY.

On Sunday, the 28th of May, the leading members of the Co-operative League, Farringdon Hall, Snow Hill, responded to an invitation sent them by the friends of progress at Watford. They left London by the early train, and on their arrival at Watford, proceeded to hold an open air meeting, which was attended by twelve or thirteen hundred of the working men of that district, a large majority of whom were agricultural labourers. As the meeting had been previously advertised by handbills which were plentifully distributed through the town and neighbourhood, the jealousy of the inhabitants was aroused, and several of the more wealthy residents stood on the outskirts of the crowd, regarding the large assemblage with no favourable aspect. The police Inspector, mounted on horseback, was also present. Never before had the disseminators of the advanced doctrines, found their way into that secluded spot, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that their presence on this occasion should have spread dismay among those, whose interests are bound up with the "Glorious Institutions" of the country. Among the speakers were Mr. Walter Cooper, Mr. Shorter, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Newton. The multitude listened with amazement. The majority, who had been attracted by the novelty of such a meeting, never felt their serfdom before. "The idle man," said Mr. Cooper, "lives in the big house. You, who toil twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day, dwell in the little unwholesome cabin. And what are your prospects when you have lost your health and spent your strength? Why, the Union Bastille, and the Parish Coffin." "What you say is true," they shouted, "we never thought of this before." The assembly dispersed, and those who had composed it, were "sadder and wiser men," on the morrow. Before they took farewell of the speakers, they provided them with ample refreshment, insisted upon paying their travelling expenses and earnestly entreated that they would speedily repeat their visit.

HORRIBLE CONDITION OF CHILDREN IN LONDON.

Lord Ashley rendered a great service to humanity on Tuesday evening last by his expose of the condition of children, and not only of children, but of the poor in general in this metropolis. He stated that from the most careful inquiries it appeared that there were not less than 30,000 children in London who were wholly dependent for their daily existence on crime and depredation. He very fitly termed this deplorable and neglected juvenile population the seed-plot of all the theft and iniquity which distinguishes this so-called christian metropolis, and pronounced preaching and missionaries of no use till this state of things was changed. Lord Ashley described the haunts of the poor in London as places where it is almost impossible for any one to exist an hour who is not used to them, from the accumulation of everything that is offensive to every sense, both physical and moral. We beg our readers to peruse his speech at large and attentively. We have often said it in this journal, and we repeat it again, that while such scenes exist amongst us it is useless our calling this a christian country, for, let it be clearly understood that it is the public fault that these regions, extending over some square miles altogether in the metropolis in one quarter or another, exist as they are; and we will venture to say, that no quarters of the lower abodes of condemned sinners can exceed them in the foul amount of everything that is revolting in crime, in filth, or in everything calculated to destroy, to torture, or render hideous, human nature. We have had the hardihood to penetrate and explore these horrible, these stinking and pestilential dwellings of our fellow creatures, and we ask as we have asked before, what has the government, what have the clergy, what have the magistracy, and what have the public in general been about to allow this moral and physical Gehennah to grow up and spread itself thus far and wide in the midst of us? What *is the* use of a government, or a church, if not to prevent such wholesale horrors and abomination. To what purpose does government spend upwards of fifty millions a-year, to what purpose the church ten millions a-year? Do not the police see all this: ought not the clergy in their rounds amongst the sick and the suffering to have seen all this? And having seen it, can any one call himself a man who delayed for a day to make the authorities acquainted with it?

From the censure which this implies, and no severer can be pronounced on men making any claims to the christian name, we must except the Rev. Mr. Champneys, of Whitechapel, who has laboured zealously and made the strongest representations on the subject, and we must also except the committee of the Health of Towns Association, who have exerted themselves, spite of all opposition and indifference, both on the part of the government and the public, to bring the monstrous matter to the light of day. Well might both Lord Ashley and other members of the House of Commons declare that no subject of such importance could be brought before Parliament. It is one that concerns the very existence of life, property, and morals in this empire, for all authorities agree that the same condition of things extends through every great town in the kingdom. Yet, we will venture to assert that it will neither excite the government nor the public to any adequate resolve for its redress. Government got rid of the question in that very bland and polite way in which they get rid of all questions of the kind, by saying that it was already under their notice, and hoping that Lord Ashley would not press his motion to a division, which accordingly he did not. And so the misery and pestilence will go on. Thousands and tens of thousands of innocent children will daily harden into villains of the worst stamp under the noses of the police, and under our very eyes; clergymen will preach, and magistrates will condemn, and the butterfly aristocracy will crowd to morning and evening operas, and languish over delicious foreign airs and graces in the very midst of the worst regions of this "hell upon earth" till the evil has grown to that magnitude that it will at length awake them from their dreams of pleasure as their own class was awoke in Paris in the famous year '87.

People wonder at the wickedness of the age, and at the growth of infidelity and atheism. Let them make a tour through the back streets of London, and they will only wonder that vice and easy disbelief in Providence, Christianity, and humanity do not abound ten times more. The contrast between excessive splendour and luxury, and the scenes of woe, filth, stench, and every physical and moral abomination to which Lord Ashley has called attention is too startling and outrageous to the ordinary mind—and they need not go far to find it. At the back of the new and splendid shops of Oxford-street—in close proximity with Hyde Park, and all round the very Parliament house, on both sides of the water, but especially in Westminster, and under shadow of the Abbey lie these doleful regions of unexampled wretchedness. We lately went through some of them with an American clergyman who had spent two years on the continent, and explored the condition of the poor in Rome, Naples, Paris, Vienna, and almost every large capital of Europe, and he declared that there was nothing like the misery and squalor of London in the world. Still we have no faith in the sympathies of this country, demoralized by bad government, by a bad system of theological tuition, the effeminating influence of aristocratic life, and by a love of money become, through various causes, a very national dropsy—being speedily aroused to the earnestness necessary to insure a remedy. God help the people! perishing in the midst of abundance, with a Government of Fifty and a Church of Ten Millions a-year.

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

To the Editors of Howitt's Journal.

Sir and Madam,

In the excitement caused by political agitation, especially in this country, by the efforts of the unrepresented classes to obtain an extension of the franchise, I have sometimes wondered that the advocates of woman's rights have never, at least, mooted the question of the right of adult females to have a voice in the election of those who make laws which they, in common with the male population, are required to obey.

I am fully prepared for the ridicule with which such a question will be treated, by those who lack more powerful weapons; but in all good faith, I am unable to perceive any reason for withholding the elective franchise from one half the adult population, and I shall feel glad if some of your correspondents will enlighten me upon the subject. Of course, I address myself in these remarks to those who admit the claim which is being made by the male members of the working classes for complete suffrage, and I think the onus lies with these persons to show why the same claim may not be put forward on behalf of women. The advocates of complete suffrage argue, that a voice in the election of those who make laws is the natural inalienable right of those who are called upon to obey, quite irrespective of the qualifications intellectual or pecuniary, which they possess. If this is the right of every man, why is it not also the right of every woman? Want of so-called qualification, property or intellectual (idiotism and madness excluded) being no obstacle in the one case—cannot, of course, be fairly made an objection in the other—women are required to obey the laws and pay the taxes, so far their position is the same as that of men, and their claims are so far equal. If it be said that women cannot serve the State in the same way as men, by reason of physical weakness, I answer that the same line of argument would exclude thousands of men who now enjoy their electoral rights, and thousands more upon whom the advocates of complete suffrage would bestow the franchise.

I shall perhaps be told that women are contented with their position, and do not want the privilege I claim for them. I doubt not but that this is true to a great extent. I want to rouse them to a perception of their duties as citizens, and their rights and dignities as thinking independent beings. I consider that it is the duty of women to make their voice peacefully and intelligently heard in the land, and they cannot abnegate that duty. The only intelligible plea upon which a participation in the privilege of voting for members of Parliament can be denied to women, is that of absolute intellectual inferiority. I do not think there are very many who will put forward this plea—to those who do, I can only reply that, until something like a fair trial has been instituted between the intellectual powers of the sexes, and the result very clearly ascertained, I shall take leave to doubt the inferiority altogether. I might add that whilst a woman performs (in theory at least) the important part of the executive, it is scarcely consistent to deny the right of a voice in the election of the people's representatives to women. Unless it is at the same time admitted that the Sovereign is a puppet in the hands of her Ministers—which admission will hardly do in theory.

I shall feel glad if you will insert this paper. I am anxious to hear the subject discussed apart (if possible) from affected amusement or amazement.

I am, Sir and Madam,
Yours respectfully,
Bristol, 10th April, 1848. C.

CONTENTS.

Pestalozzi in his School—Lines written on the Shores of the Frith of Clyde, by John Mitchell—Australian Life; Prospects for Emigrants—Saw Up and Saw Down. A Tale—A Portrait of Colonel Thompson in Palace Yard. By Ebenezer Elliott—The New Lord Burleigh. By Silverpen—Dick Crowninshield the Assassin, and Zachary Taylor the Soldier. By Henry C. Wright—Record: Phlegmatic Englishmen—Reform Meeting at Watford—Horrible Condition of Children in London—Rights of Women.

Printed for the proprietor by William Lovett, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

Price 1½d. Stamped, 2½d

HOWITT'S JOURNAL

MARY HOWITT.

FROM A PAINTING BY MARGARET GILLIES. ENGRAVED BY ALFRED HARRAL.

No. 78—Vol. III. June 24, 1848.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MARY HOWITT,

June 8, 1848.

I.

After a blight that falls in Spring;
The young beech leaves, yet mindful of the sting,
With cautious fear
Slowly put forth their tender green,
And o'er the dull-red withering crispness wear
Their mellow foliage sheen;
Till the sun's beams make their true beauty clear,
Ready to meet the Summer's joyous wing.

II.

Never despond, oh, Spirit pure!
Good comes to all who hopefully endure
A painful lot,
While youthful health and willing hand
Early and late work round the garden-plot.
We cannot countermand
Our fate and suffering; but no mortal shot
Reaches the heart within itself secure.

R. H. Horne.

GREEN BOUGHS FROM THE FOREST.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LODGE.

THE TWO THOMPSONS'.

By William Howitt.

The bells burst forth with a joyous peal, and remind us that it is Whitsuntide! At once a world of glad and beautiful things rush over our hearts and our memories. Days of darkness and trial, scenes of fraud and faithlessness, a world of iron men and things, all that is sad and oppressive disappear, and blue skies, and green fields, and far-away woods, and villages where the merry bells too, call to prayer and to social festivity the toiling race of rural simplicity, are present with us. We rise out of the foggy atmosphere of the care-paved city—we burst from the bondage of mammon and all his gins and traps and machinery of lined books and tall stools, the perches of dolorous office-birds, and are away! once more free! once more men! Yes, in the land of pleasant memories, the sun is still shining, the grass and the trees, and the corn are green; the streams are flowing as heartsomely as ever—the lark and the thrush sing as joyously—and God and nature receive us to their arms, as from a dismal dream, to the eternal reality of beauty and of peace. No—

> Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her! 'Tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this, our life, to lead
> From joy to joy, for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of common life
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith that all that we behold
> Is full of blessings.
>
> Wordsworth.

With the pealing bells then, we break the spell of town dreariness, and are once more in the midst of the woods. We take our flight first into the near forest of Epping. We walk for miles in green glades and beneath the green covert of the close boughs of the hornbeam trees. We pass on, and wonder where are the hundreds of people that in caravans have gaily driven from town to enjoy the forest freshness. We seek them in vain. We come upon the highway, and find them dancing in the heat and the dust of the yards of the public houses, red as lobsters, and labouring harder, both men and women, than they have laboured at their shop or their household tasks for the last six months, while beer and tobacco constitute the heaven of the rest. Such are the ruralities of Londoners of a certain class. Could they not have been as rural at Copenhagen House, or the Shepherd's Bush? The schoolmaster must be surely *abroad!* Certainly he is not at home as he should be. We plunge once more into the woods, and gladly lose the sound of the fiddle in the cry of the cuckoo, and the murmur of the fresh boughs.

We are once more seated in a pleasant opening of the forest at our pastoral dinner. Our friend, Henry C. Wright, sits, as he sate twelve months ago, amongst a group of children opposite to us, and tells them of the different scenery and creatures of the vast forests of America. After an hour spent more delightfully than in any city or any king's palace, we arise and stroll into the brown solitude of High Beach. There the bare dry ground, the scattered leaves of last year, the old and noble beeches, carry us away to many a forest scene in the old and beloved Germany. We walk and dream—and miles of profoundly solitary woods, and old solitary Jager houses, and primitive villages in deep remote glens, and antiquated inns, in rarely visited regions, rise before us as we go. But the gipsy who fain would tell your fortune, though you know too much of it already, and the laughter of parties of young people pic-nicing here and there, with lots of baskets, and some fiddles, and heaps of cloaks, and horses still harnessed to gig and chaise, hanging their heads in sleepy posture near, awake us from our pleasant reveries, and we take one long view from the hill-top of the far-spread country, and mount our own vehicle, and away.

Away! but whither? To the old Lodge of Queen Bess. Old Lodge we salute thee for thy venerable antiquity, but we owe thee no respect as the one-time resort of the boasted virgin queen! No, we revere not the den of the assassin—we have no worship for the hand of the murderer, whether clad in royal or in ragged apparel. Foh! The blood of a queen and of a cousin is on the hands of that wretched old woman! Let the interested courtier doff his hat and fling his mantle in the way of that ancient hag and Jezabel—we owe more respect to hat and mantle and to our own self, than thus to desecrate them. Foh! She thought Amias Paulett a dainty fellow because he would not take off her captive cousin privily at her command. She kept Sir Ralph Sadler as her royal commissioner of murder at Berwick. She imprisoned and ruined poor secretary Davison as her scape-goat for the foul murder of a captive rival. Shall I lift my hand to do the royal tigress homage? The bloody stump of the printer who dared to print a pamphlet against her projected Spanish marriage, rises up and warns me. Get thee behind me she Satan! and all those who have painted thee as a noble mother in Israel. Old Lodge!—it is not that there the gallant but time-serving Raleigh, the wife-assassin Leicester, the man-spider Walsingham, or the grave and cold-blooded Burleigh came thither with hawk and hound in that bad old woman's train—but for the days that have passed over thee in thy forest solitude, leaving thee venerable to the eye, and welcome to the quiet-seeking heart, that I love thee: and still more that from age to age, and year to year, thou hast been the resort of the innocent and the happy for a few fleeting hours.

The hand of the past is stamped upon thee; and has given thee a character. It has invested thee with the poetry of nature. Storms roaring through the huge elms that stand near—old companions—fierce winters beating on thy steep gabled roof, and tinting thy framed walls—Autumns, and Springs, and hot and basking Summers—a long series—come across the imagination as we gaze on thee. The broad and easy oaken staircase, up which the heroine of the Armada farce and the Queen of Scots tragedy is said to have ridden to her dining-room—the tapestried chamber, and the banqueting hall please me, but far more, the ancient desolateness without and around.

The giant elms, in the hollow bole of one of which the old cat has made her abode with her kittens, and on the solid bole of another of which, the keeper has impaled stoat, and weazel, and hawk; the old oaks standing in true forest sturdiness and scattered array; the old mere filled from end to end with the tall club-rush, from which the hidden water-hen shouts short and sharp ever and anon—and the swarming rabbits that cover the ground that they have cropped to the bare gravel—all please me. In the sunny garden, guarded by rude pales from the rabbit million — the beehums — and the turnip runs wildly to seed, and the rudeness of all around reigns amongst clods, and wallflowers, and spurges.

Far around beneath the forest tree, and appearing and disappearing amongst the forest thickets, are troops of marauders—boys bent on robbing birds' nests, or capturing young rabbits—eager for prey and in uninstructed ignorance dreaming of no cruelty in the cruelties they commit. Ah! lovely Nature! what a woe is thine! The lark sings, and the nightingale; the voices of rook, and jackdaw, and running waters are full of glee; the young horse gallops in his gladness—the sun glitters happily, and the sky smiles a heavenly smile—truly, as the poet sings Nature is never melancholy! and yet—out of the curse of man's fall comes a curse to thee.—Out of the sin and crookedness of man's life, out of his towns and cities of misery, comes a blast of death across thee! How truly did that reflective old man say,—"This forest is sorely infested with youth!"

But what is here? In a green glade is a small wagon, with two sleeping infants in it, and two rustic children dressed in holiday grotesquery standing by it, red, and sun-burnt, and strong and tired.

"What, are you here alone?"

"No—there are two gals and a bye—they are ith' bushes a hunting nestis."

"Have you come a good way?"

"Yes, we are."

"Are you tired?"

"Yes, we am."

"Where's your home then?"

"It be Chingford."

And so the reader has a specimen of the Chingford English.

But now a sudden glimpse of a waving birch-tree—a thought, and we are no longer in Epping, but in Sherwood Forest. We tread the storied haunts of Robin Hood. We muse on the great outlaw and his magnanimous deeds. We are in the midst of romance, where the selfishness of the world is not lost from view, but where there is the most heart-satisfying poetical justice. The rich tremble, the poor walk the woodland scene—the bishop, spite of his assumed sanctity, is made to empty his money bags, that the orphan and the oppressed may live. There are men, and men of degree too, that in the very heart of the feudal times, defy knights and kings, and live at large, strong in the popular favour and the protecting arms of millions of green oaks. Thanks to you old tramping ballad mongers who have left us a dream of pure and joyous life in the glades and the care-free depths of this old forest.

Where are they? Greater freebooters than Robin Hood have since been here. The oaks that stood in millions are felled to fill what? The hunger of the poor? No. The pockets of placemen. They fell that they might build ships of war—but they built none—ranger, and keeper, and Heaven knows who, claimed their fees, and perquisites, and the hard old oaks were all swallowed by the boa constrictor of corruption, and the only thing which the country got was a void sandy waste, in lieu of a fine old forest. There it is! The dark heather stretches for miles and almost scores of miles, where the green gladsome oaks stood not half a century ago, and the wild deer ran free.

Yet, here and there stands a solitary veteran of the ruin woods, and Birkland and Bilhaghe give us a grand old fragment as memento of what Sherwood once was. Ha! how delicious to tread this soft, short turf. To see the drooping boughs of the ancient yet blithe birches—to scent their fragrance. What a peace! what woodland sounds of cuckoo and woodpecker, and wryneck, and cushat! What a forest odour from the trodden turf! See! those old giants! those oaks of the days of King John and Clipstone Palace! How they lift up their black and shattered heads, that have felt the tempests of a thousand years! What a depth of heather! What a rich fragrance from those golden heaps of flaming gorse! Truly this is a sample of the past magnificence of Sherwood when it stretched from Nottingham to Whitby in Yorkshire; and what individual oaks are these—huge in circumference as the tower of a village church!

Welcome, thou graceful and crimson foxglove—which in the days of Scarlet and Little John wert styled Folksglove—or glove of the fairies—now corrupted like a thousand other things. Welcome thou beautiful fern, bearing in thy root the picture of an oak as from deathless love to thy neighbour! Welcome, thou ruddy squirrel, whose ancestors sate above the heads of kings and outlaws as merry as thyself—the sadness of men has not yet reached *thee!* Welcome all ye sights, and sounds, the poetry of Nature and of ages, that give us new heart as we re-visit you, and let us feel that there is yet gladness in the heart of solitude.

And there are men too in its heart. By the way-side, not far from the town of Mansfield—on a high and heathy ground, which gives a view far-off of the Minster of Lincoln—you may behold a little clump of trees encircled by a wall. That is called Thompson's Grave.

And who was Thompson? And why lies he here? In ground unconsecrated: in the desert, or on the verge of it—for cultivation now approaches it. The poor man and his wants spread themselves, and corn and potato-plots crowd upon Thompson's Grave. But who is this Thompson—and why lies he so far from his fellows?

In the town of Mansfield there was a poor boy, and this poor boy became employed in a hosier's warehouse. From the warehouse his assiduity and probity sent him to the counting-house—from the counting-house abroad. He travelled to carry stockings to the people of the South and the Asiatic. He sailed up the rivers of Persia, and saw the tulips growing wild on their banks with many a lily and flower of our proudest gardens. He travelled in Spain and Portugal, and was in Lisbon when the great earthquake shook his house over his head. He fled. The streets reeled, the houses fell—church towers dashed down in thunder across his path. There were flying crowds, and shrieks, and dust, and darkness—but he fled on. The farther—the more misery. Crowds filled the fields when he reached them—naked, half-naked, terrified, starving, and looking in vain for a refuge. He fled across the hills—and gazed. The whole huge city rocked and staggered below. There were clouds of dust—columns of flame—the thunder of down-crashing buildings—the wild cries of men. He suffered amid ten thousand suffering outcasts. At length the tumult ceased—the earth became stable—with other ruined and curious men he climbed over the heaps of desolation in quest of what once was his home, and the depository of his property. His servant was nowhere to be seen—he had certainly been killed. After many days quest, and many uncertainties—he found the spot where his house stood—it was a heap of rubbish. His servant and his merchandize lay beneath it. He had money enough, or credit enough to set to work men to clear away some of the fallen materials, and to explore whether any amount of property were recoverable. What is that sound? A subterranean or subter-rueinan voice? The workmen stop, and are ready to fly with fear. Thompson exhorts them, and they work on. But again that voice! No *human* creature can be living there! The labourers again turn to fly. Thompson commands, and Thompson's gold arrests them. They work on—and out walks Thompson's living servant—still in the body, though a body not much more substantial than a ghost's. All cry—"How have you managed to live?"

"I fled to the cellar—I here sipped the wine—but now I want bread, meat, everything!" and the living skeleton stalked staggeringly but eagerly on, and looked for shops and loaves—and saw only brick bats and ruins.

Thompson recovered his goods, and retreated as soon as possible to his native land. Here in his native town the memory of the earthquake still haunted him. He used almost daily to hasten out of the place, and up the forest hill where he imagined that he saw Lisbon reeling—tottering—churches falling—and men flying. But he saw only the red tiles of some thousand peaceful houses, and the twirling of a dozen windmill sails. Here he chose his burial ground. Walled it, and planted it, and left special directions for his burial—his grave should be deep, and the spades of resurrection men disappointed by repeated layers of straw, not easy to dig through. In the churchyard of Mansfield, meantime, he found his parents' grave, and honoured it with an enclosure of iron palisadoes.

He died. How? Not in travel; not in sailing over the ocean, nor up tulip-margined rivers of Persia and Arabia Felix, nor yet in an earthquake. He rolled out of bed in the night, lodged between the bedstead and the wall—and there, wedged like a sand-bag in a windy crevice, he was found in the morning.

There is therefore a dead Thompson in Sherwood Forest, where no clergyman laid him, and yet he sleeps. And there is also a living Thompson.

In the village of Edwinstowe, on the very verge of the beautiful old Birkland, there stands a painter's house. In his little parlour you find books and water-colour landscapes on the walls, that show that the painter has read, and has looked about him in the world. And yet he is but a house-painter, who owes his establishment here to his love of nature rather than to his love of art. In the neighbouring Dukery—some one of the wealthy wanted a piece of oak-painting doing, but he was dissatisfied with the style in which painters now paint oak—a style very splendid, but as much resembling genuine oak as a frying-pan resembles the moon. Christopher Thompson determined to try *his* hand; and for this purpose he did not put himself to school to some great master of the art, who had copied the copy of a hundred successive copies of a piece of oak, till the thing produced was very fine—but like no wood that ever grew or ever will grow—Christopher Thompson went to Nature. He got a piece of well-figured oak, well planed, and copied it precisely. When the different specimens of the different painters were presented to the aforesaid party, he found only one specimen at all like oak, and that was Thompson's. The whole crowd of master house-painters were amazed and exasperated—such a fellow preferred to them? No, they were wrong—it was Nature that was preferred.

Christopher Thompson was a self-taught painter. He had been tossed about the world in a variety of characters—errand-boy, brick-maker's boy, potter, shipwright, sailor, sawyer, strolling-player, and here he finally settled down as painter, and having achieved a trade, he turned author and wrote his life. That life, the Autobiography of an Artizan, is one of the best written and most interesting books of its class we ever read. It is full of the difficulties of a poor man's life, and of the resolute spirit that conquers them. It is, moreover, full of a desire to enlighten, elevate, and in every way better the condition of his fellow men. Christopher Thompson is not satisfied to have made his own way: he is anxious to pave the way for the whole struggling population. He is a zealous politician and advocate of the Odd Fellow system, as calculated to link men together and give them power, while it gives them a stimulus to social improvement. He has laboured to diffuse a love of reading, and to establish mechanics' libraries.

Behold the Thompson of Edwinstowe. Time, in eight and forty years, has whitened his hair, though it has left the colour of health on his cheek, and the fire of intelligence in his eye. With a well-built frame and figure, and a comely countenance, there is a buoyancy of step and an energy of manner about him that agree with what he has written of his life and aspirations. Such are the men that England is now, ever and anon, and in every nook of the island, producing. She produces them because they are needed. They are the awakeners who are to stir up the sluggish mass to what the time demands of them.

The two Thompsons of Sherwood are types of their ages. He of the Grave—lies solitary and apart from his race. He lived to earn money; his thought was for himself—and there he sleeps—alone in his glory—such as it is. He was no worse—nay, he was better than many of his contemporaries. He had no lack of benevolence; but trade and the spirit of his age—cold and unsympathetic—absorbed him. He was content to lie alone in the desert, amid "the heath that knows not when good cometh," and where the lowly raven perches on the blasted tree.

The living Thompson is too the man of his age; for it is an age of awakening energies, of wider views, of stronger sympathies. He lives and works not for himself alone. His motto is progress—and while the Forest whispers to him of the Past, books and his own heart commune with him of the Future. Such men belong to both—when the present becomes the past—their work will survive them—and their tomb will not be a desert, but the grateful memories of improved men. May they spring up in every hamlet, and carry knowledge and refinement to every cottage fire-side.

But we come forth to gather green boughs from the Forest. Here they are. Could we pluck down fairer ones? Night hastens—the holiday is over—but we have found Nature lovely and glad as ever—and men who, in loving her, feel that they must love men still more. These are the green boughs of the forest—they are full of beauty and hope.

◆

THE PILGRIMS OF THE WORLD.

By William Howitt.

I See a city of the East,
A city great and wide;
The evening sunlight richly falls
On its pinnacles of pride.

Its marble founts and porticoes,
Its towers and temples vast,
And its pillars of memorial tall,
Shadows of beauty cast.

The murmur of its multitudes
Is like the ocean's voice;
Yet may'st thou hear the children's cries,
That in streets and squares rejoice.

How glorious looks that antique town!
How pleasant is its din!
But the evening falls—the gates are closed,
And have shut three strangers in.

Their steps are faint, their garbs are quaint,
Their travel has been sore:
With what a wild and hungry glance
They stalk by every door!

On goes the first—What cries are those?
I seem at once to hear
Rebellious shouts, despairing rage,
Woe, agony, and fear.

The second, with a mutter'd curse,
Down tower and house has hurl'd;
And the third has left a silence there,
That shall outlast the world.

Mine eye is on a broad, rich realm;
On pleasant fields and downs;
On beaten roads that run, like veins,
Unto a thousand towns.

What green and cattle-traversed hills!
What old majestic woods!
How lightly glide those merchant-sails
Along the gleaming floods!

But that pilgrim three!—that fearful three!
Again I see them, there;
And banners rise, and dying cries,
And darkness, and despair.

What cursed vision have I seen?
Is this the land they paced?
This,—where the ruins lie in heaps
Along the wormwood waste?

This, where the wild ass snuffs the wind,
The silent ostrich stands;
And the column, like a ruin'd king,
Frowns proudly on the sands?

A home! there is a happy home!
An old, ancestral tower;
And blessed is the family
That peoples it this hour.

Honours their valiant fathers won,
Fair are their lands and wide;
But the love that is in their kindred souls—
That is their wealth and pride.

Now vengeance on these wandering fiends!
Hither, too, are they come!
I see them lowering at the gate,
And a shadow wraps that home.

Oh! there are tears—wild, burning tears,
Terror, and scorn, and hate;
Mad words, dark looks, sad breaking hearts,
And partings desperate.

Can no one stop those wizards curst?
Can no one break their power?
The green boughs shrivel as they pass,
Their footsteps scorch the flower.

Stand back! stand back! thou desperate man!
Wouldst *thou* their progress thwart?
Those feet have stood in Adam's bower;
Those hands laid waste his heart.

Those gaunt forms round the world have gone,
Through centuries of guilt,
Pulling down what the wise have framed,
And what the mighty built.

Children of hoary Eld, they hold
This groaning earth in fee,
While Time shall stretch his weary wing
Towards the timeless sea.

Stand back! for who may cross the path
Of creatures void of breath?
Stand back! for who may dare the power
Of Sin, Decay, and Death?

◆

THE NEW LORD BURLEIGH.

By Silverpen.

(Concluded from page 394.)

"You would confer a further great favour, said the gentleman, "if you will allow your small housemaid to continue her services. She is silent, and that is at all times a thing I covet."

Mrs. Jamble, who had suffered much from Miss Dust's loquacity, readily assented, and some half hour after she had withdrawn, Meg brought in the basin of beef tea. More than that he was glad that she was come back again, the gentleman said little. It seemed to him a delight to lie, and have the vase brought in from the bed-room, its dead flowers removed, Miss Dust's hand had been forbidden to touch them, fresh and very choice ones, sent for directly from Covent Garden, with an order for a fresh supply every morning; when come, to see Meg dress them forth, to have them put upon the table, and his books placed beside him on the couch, all of which time few words being said, Miss Dust, whose ear was at the bedchamber keyhole, was not much the wiser. In fact, Mrs. Jamble's command, for Meg to resume her customary duties, came like a thunderbolt upon the head chambermaid, who after a good hearty cry, resolved that either through the agency of Miss Millicent, Gloss, her own, or all combined, the reign of the small housemaid should be short. To carry out this admirable resolve, she immediately commenced an elaborate system of espionage, in which she was ably and heartily assisted by Shark, who, having had a deaf ear turned to his own ardent suit, was sufficiently spiteful and vicious to make an admirable ally. There were therefore quick comings into the rooms, whenever possible; following her steps in every direction, and a continuous ear at the various accessible key-holes. One thing, however, wholly defeated any success that might have arisen from listening. The gentleman, by habit taciturn, scarcely ever spoke to Meg, though she might be for a whole hour about the room, or even waiting by his side. Yet he would look up into her face often if she were standing by, not rudely, not haughtily, not as the high might look upon the humble, but ever as one owing much that could not be repaid by money gifts; and as one whose best homage to purity was silence; yes too, he would watch her all about the room, laying down the newspaper or book *then*, by which he had shaded his upturned glance, liking to see her arrange the morning's fresh bouquet, his books, his papers; yet all this in silence. Still withal small Meg knew her services were gratefully received, it was pleasant to her to feel that for once, hireling duty was worthily received, and pleasurable to her womanly and most genuine nature, to be convinced that this same duty and service were estimated in the same spirit as that in which they were bestowed.

Wonderfully debilitated by so severe an illness, it was nearly a month before the gentleman could leave his couch to walk by painful steps across the room, and through all this time Meg had waited tenderly and well, Miss Dust listened, Mr. Shark "popped in" on tiptoe, and yet not one word had been heard satisfactory to Miss Dust's ears, or one blush, with all the "poppings'-in" seen upon small Meg's face. One night, however, after a pretty long confabulation in the brush-and-duster senate-house, the mighty chambermaid and Shark took up their usual position by the most admissible key-hole. Meg had just gone in with the evening's letters. There was, as they could hear, some wine and medicine to fetch from the ante-chamber. When brought, the gentleman spoke, and asked Meg, why she never wore the brown gown now, and the cap with the pink bow. Meg's voice trembled very much, even Miss Dust could distinguish *that*,—

"I thought, sir, it had grown too shabby, to wait upon you, and the pink in the cap, sir, is quite faded."

"Wear the gown, though, Meg, it will never be old or shabby to me—but—but—the time will be quickly here, Meg, when I shall be able to talk of that and other things, with full justice to you."

He seemed to take her hand, which must have been quickly withdrawn, and that without a spoken word, for she went again into the ante-chamber.

"Well, there," whispered Miss Dust, absolutely gasping with delight, and touching Mr. Shark significantly on the shoulder, "it's jist what I thought. Yes—the time is coming, I daresay, but it shan't be at Jamble's as never had yet a breath upon its private character, nor public neither, up stairs nor down stairs. No, miss, missis may be kind to customers and humour their wishes, but it shall never come to *that*, or else a respectable young woman like me (she was above fifty) as has a character to maintain, shall pack up her four boxes and her two trunks, and put a quarter's wages in Mrs. Jamble's hands and say, 'there, ma'am, it's a sacrifice on course, but it's what a modest young woman is driven to by an unnameable miss, as shall be buried in silence.' Yes, and a pretty taste he must have, as has had a Christian spirited upper housemaid to wait on him."

The point thus broached in the latter part of her speech, made Miss Dust so uncommonly indignant, that she was necessitated to retire to her senate-house, and there give her wrath its due vent, after which explosion she put on her best cap, produced two wine glasses, and a little something from a corner cupboard, sent down a private and confidential message to Mr. Gloss, who, arriving, was closeted with her, till Miss Millicent's bell rung, as signal for attendance on her toilette. As this young lady was much given, as I have before mentioned, to the concoction of romances, the mystery that still hung round the sick gentleman, his long illness, the many reports that had reached her of his generosity and kindness, and moreover, her settled belief that she was born to great and romantic things in the way of marriage, inclined her not merely to lend a willing ear to all Miss Dust had to communicate, but also to pass many unjust and severe remarks, upon Meg's pretty face, and humble fortunes. For it was mortifying to consider, that whilst she, the sole niece and heiress of Mrs. Jamble's, must manœuvre and plot to obtain peeps and abrupt glances, this small housemaid, whom she always passed with such supreme indifference, could talk, and look, and wait upon this gentleman, and this with effect, if the matter of the brown gown and pink cap, might be taken as a guarantee. Accordingly next day, Miss Millicent took care to inform Mrs. Jamble, of certain particulars concerning Meg, how long she stayed in the sick gentleman's room, how much she talked, and so on. But the landlady on the whole, having a good heart, and liking Meg, and feeling assured that she was both a good as well as virtuous girl, looked much more favourably upon the matter; but when from day to day, after this time, Mr. Gloss would give significant shakes of the head, Miss Dust drop astounding hints, not daring wholly to speak that which had no truth within it, and Miss Millicent say, that "it was a pity some people was imposed upon," Mrs. Jamble began to think, that there must be really something in the matter. She therefore, after due consultation with her niece, sent for Meg, much, be it remarked, against Miss Dust's desire. When come, and taxed with her sins, Meg, as she could truly, denied them with many tears, and in such earnest honest sort of fashion, that Mrs Jamble believed her from the very bottom of her heart.

"It is indeed true ma'am," confessed Meg, "about the gown and cap, but that could only become known through listening. Otherwise the gentleman, rarely, very rarely talks, or as for giving me money, ma'am, he never in his whole life, offered me so much as one sixpence, or the value of it."

"Indeed I believe you, my good girl," said the landlady, much touched, "but as a gentleman, probably of high station, and really so wealthy, can have no honourable ——"

"Indeed ma'am," interrupted Meg, "he never has offered one insult, or even made approach to one, indeed ma'am, never."

"Possibly not Meg, his meaning may be not less dishonourable for being hidden. To prevent this, and save you many bitter years, the more especially as I think you a very good and honest girl, and should be sorry to see any misfortune fall upon you, I forbid your further attendance upon Mr. Verdun, strictly forbid it, and must never again hear of your carrying flowers into any chamber of my house. It is a fault I never had to find with Dust."

True! O Jamble, Dust *was* quite incapable of much beyond a lie. But be of good hope, small Meg, he thou hast watched over, has a divine heart, and God and truth are for thee!

Thus prohibited, and there were plenty of watchful eyes to see that this prohibition was not infringed upon, Meg's services were again apportioned to her in a distant part of the house, and Miss Dust resumed her sway, assisted by Mr. Shark and a minor satellite. Everything for some days, progressed through the same clock-work round, only it was observable that the flowers when brought each morning, lay to fade upon the table, and that every time the doors opened, whether he were walking, lying down, or sitting at the table, the gentleman turned round as if to look for some one. On the fourth evening he abruptly asked Shark why he was not waited upon as usual, and when that worthy, with an obsequious bow declared he did not know, the gentleman wrote a note, sealed it, and dispatched the waiter with it down stairs. As of course was necessary, Mr. Shark could not pass without stepping into the Dust senate-house, and the worthy owner, after inspecting the note on every side, and fully convinced that it was on some affair touching small Meg, declared she would be its bearer.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, and Mr. Wiggs, somewhat low in hope and heart, was taking a "friendly cup of tea" with Miss Millicent and her aunt, that admirable young lady, not liking the worthy Wiggs wholly to depart, though the before mentioned small romance absorbed her much, but kept playing with the passion of her admirer as a cat does with a mouse, giving him now a little hope, then pouncing upon him with extraordinary cold looks and icy words, but Wiggs looking at both the Three per Cents and assets as well as at Miss Millicent, bore on with much fortitude.

Mrs. Jamble brought the candle much nearer to her, for it was dark always at an early hour in her parlour, read the note over very carefully two or three times, then, to Miss Dust's astonishment, after looking absorbedly at the tea pot, into the sugar basin, and up to the ceiling, said—

"Let Shark immediately present my dutiful respects to Mr. Verdun, and say, that as I cannot give a written answer to his note, I will wait upon him to-morrow morning at noon precisely."

After receiving this message, Miss Dust lingered for a minute or two to see if anything further would be communicated, but Mrs. Jamble remaining silent, she left the room, closed the door, and listened outside.

"Only think, my dear sir," spoke Mrs. Jamble, when Dust had closed the door, "of Mr. Verdun actually writing about Meg, asking to have her wait upon him again, and says his motives towards her are most honourable, as he shall prove. What do you think?" Mr. Wiggs looked doubtfully at Miss Millicent, but his better nature triumphed.

"He really *may*, such romantic things have been."

Miss Millicent glanced with supreme contempt upon her admirer,—

"What! as handsome and rich gentlemen marrying ugly servant maids? I'm surprised at your offering such an opinion, Mr. Wiggs, but of course aunt can but act in one way, that is, dismiss the girl altogether."

"This is really what I must do," spoke the landlady after a moment or two's reflection, Miss Millicent's humane suggestion not having presented itself to her mind. "a disgrace musn't fall on 'Jamble's,' and I shall be able to say with perfect truth to Mr. Verdun, the servant you inquire after, sir, has left this respectable west-end hotel, and I'm not at liberty to say where she is gone."

This determination so elated Miss Millicent, as it did much towards the furthering of her romance, that instead of remaining to play divers touching songs to Mr. Wiggs, as she had promised before tea, she presently adjourned with Mrs. Jamble to her bed-room. From thence she was deputed with much solemnity and secrecy to search out Meg, whilst Mrs. Jamble concocted a small moral sermon ready for delivery, and determined to add an extra pound to the quarter's wages, which were due. Small Meg in morning cap and gown, was busy in a suite of apartments just vacated, and received Mrs. Jamble's summons with much surprise. She begged to remain and change her dress, but of this Miss Millicent would hear nothing, so just as she was found, they descended to the landlady's bedchamber. Mrs. Jamble was there ready with her sermon, and the wages screwed up in a piece of paper, and intermingled with the delivery of the first, she gave in detail, certain portions of her reason why Meg should there, that very night, pack up her few clothes, receive her wages, and depart, without further communication with the rest of the servants,—

"For my good girl, gentlemen in these days are full of evil designs, and it would be such a disgrace on this respectable family hotel, and would always grieve me to think, that I had allowed you to remain in harm's way, that I have no alternative than to dismiss you, without giving any information to the rest of my servants, and with the gift of this extra pound."

"I'm much obliged," replied the little housemaid, bursting into tears, "but it's late to-night, and I haven't a relative or friend in London, and know no one, except an old woman with whom I once lodged. And as for Mr. Verdun, he never ———"

This evident desire to remain, and the denial of evil word or look from the sick gentleman, seemed so much like guilt in the eyes of Miss Millicent, and presently in that of Mrs. Jamble's also, that Meg was somewhat peremptorily dismissed to pack her solitary box with as much haste as possible, whilst a cab should wait for her in a back street, that ran in the rear of the hotel. To see that she held no further communication with the servants, Miss Millicent followed Meg to her humble garret bed-chamber, and sate down on one of the beds whilst the small box was packed. At first the heavy things were put into the box, next the gowns one by one, at last the brown one, that had been so often watched and looked after, when Meg little thought or knew, that it was more precious than costliest velvet, or richest satin, that linked long years of care, of stern and solitary thought, of life without a home or one endearing tie, to a new spiritual life that seemed like youth again; that was the sign of a new life, a new world, a host of new enjoyments, the signet and the seal of a new appreciation of nature, and the divine human heart! that was the outer covering of one, that with poor coarse hireling hand, had yet ministered with the faith and tenderness of an angel! Touch it lightly, Meg, be careful of it; he that has looked upon it, has a divine heart, and God and Truth are with you!

Miss Millicent, however, looked at it with eyes askance, little dreaming of these things; though had she known its coming day of destiny, she would have verily torn it into little pieces and scattered them to the winds. But it went into the box, other things with it, all locked; the pink cap in another box, that corded, Meg in her shawl and bonnet, the cabman come up the back stairs and taken them down, Meg following, and with no more adieu than a haughty nod from Miss Millicent, she has quitted Jamble's Hotel, and is gone on her lonely, tearful, unregarded way!

* * * * * *

Soon after this event, there commenced, in most of the daily papers, a series of advertisements, to the effect, that if a certain M, who through the months of June and July lived as under-housemaid at J—— Hotel, —— Street, Piccadilly, would call upon a certain solicitor in Lincoln's Inn, she would hear of something much to her advantage. Or any one discovering the present residence of the said M. should be handsomely rewarded. It was soon evident, however, by this advertisement appearing from week to week, that M. had never applied for this something so greatly to her advantage; possibly she was not a reader of newspapers, or had removed a long way off. The police, too, began to remark and talk it over at the various station-houses, that there was scarcely one of a division, that had not been addressed by a gentleman, more particularly if they were on duty in by-streets or unfrequented districts, and always respecting the same person, a girl some eighteen years of age, and a servant, supposed to be out of place. The description of dress and features were always the same. Then, perhaps for some weeks, the inquiry would die away, then be made suddenly again in districts of London most remote from one another, with always the same negative and failure.

At last, one very cold November's night, a cab came westward into Russell-square, and drove to its eastern side, out jumped a gentleman very lightly clad for so cold a night, followed by a small fat man, with very low quarter shoes, and with a very great habit of bringing his right hand up to his left arm as if he were tucking something under it. The gentleman turned into Berners-street, followed by the small fat man, and stopped the first policeman; there was the old question put as heretofore, only now with more certainty.

"I think I have seen such a person as you describe, come up the area step of one of those empty houses, a few yards down on the other side of the way." In a moment the policeman had crossed the street, and stood with the gentleman before the house. It was a gloomy looking place, evidently long shut up; the windows, through the interstices of dust and cobwebs, showing blank distances of wall and ceiling, more cold and dreary than the street outside. There was light, however, through the basement windows, that danced and flickered on the area wall like a sprite of cheerfulness. As they were about to ring, an old woman with a small bundle on her arm issued from the door and came up the area steps. She did not appear to heed the group, but closing the gate, was moving onwards, when the fat man pushing back the gentleman, said almost breathlessly,

"Is Meg down there. I'm an old friend."

"Yes you'll find her; the door's on the latch." And as if her heart was full of sorrow, or her errand, an earnest one, she passed as quickly onward as her feebleness would allow. The gentleman was quicker, for he was already half way down the area steps, till stopped by the small fat man.

"Bliss ye, sir, jist let me step one minute before. If it shouldn't be Meg, it will be the old sorrow and disappointment over again." He had passed the gentleman before an answer could come, had looked in at the window, and was back again. The fat waiter's (for it was he) whole heart was in his voice when he said—

"Yes, yes, yes, sir, it *is* Meg, and looking blooming too, God bless her!"

"You'll wait here," added the gentleman.

"Oh! yes, sir, I understand—a situation of the kind don't need company."

Mr. Verdun softly opened the door and entered the kitchen. It was bare of all furniture excepting two chairs, a table, and an old dresser; the fire was very scant and dull, and the girl was seated by it, with her head bent down, and some work lying idly in her lap. He had looked at her, was by her side, had spoken, before she saw him; then it was with a sort of paralyzed wonder, of pain, fear, sorrow, liking, all combined.

"Meg," he said again. She turned very pale, par[illegible]
rose; needed not wholly to do so; for she [illegible]
and in his arms.

"Dear, love, and is it [illegible]

Some though[illegible]
mind, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] more now,
[illegible]ounded you. Meg,
[illegible] the best I can give you to
God bless you, Meg, and thank you
[illegible] angel service."

And then like a child, a very little child, the stern man wept and knelt beside the girl. Ay, Meg, was I not right, he thou did'st watch had a divine heart, and God and truth were with thee!

Yet, without comment on himself or his private circumstances, he sat beside Meg, still with his arms around her, and told her of his many interviews with Mrs. Jamble, how on all occasions, and on moral grounds, she had refused to say where Meg was, how he had advertised and searched, and paid for the services of others, how, when all hope seemed lost, he had accidentally met with the fat waiter, who had been expelled from "Jamble's" on account of his advocacy of Meg, and the tale-bearing propensities of Mr. Shark, and how some clue to Meg's abode had been gained by the observance of the post-mark on a letter to Mrs. Jamble.

"Yes, sir, I have been trying for a place ever since I left."

"And have got one for life, Meg, and for which your character is not written upon paper, but upon a human heart; but where's the brown gown?" She coloured very much, and drooped her head.

"Not gone I hope, nor given."

"I have been living on my clothes, sir." At last Meg faintly said, "I kept it to the very last, but it was obliged to go to night, the poor creature who has so long and so kindly given me shelter had no bread."

"She who opened the area-gate?"

"Yes, sir, the last thing I possess, it was in her bundle."

"More noble still, Meg, to have kept some thought about the gown. But I shall leave money with your friend, not with you, it shall not be said that you ever took money of mine, till *you were mine.* So let the gown be yours again, have it on by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and I will be ready to give the trust you shall keep." In this sort of way, but with no explanation, letting Meg take him for what he was, the "rich gentleman at Jamble's," he sat and talked till the old woman returned, to be astonished to see a grand and well-dressed stranger sitting in that poor place, and more so when he gave her so much money as five pounds. But she had heard Meg often speak of the "kind gentleman," and partly perhaps guessed the truth, for she presently digressed into small episodes concerning Meg's kindness and sad struggles of late with poverty, but needed not to guess when Verdun, presently going, said good bye in words that told so much. The small fat waiter would have liked a second glance at Meg, added thereto possibly an explosion, at the cost of Miss Dust and Gloss, but as this was not permitted, he was soon once more westward with the gentleman.

Brightest of November mornings was it [illegible]
good people of Berners-street, Rus[illegible]
up from their breakfast [illegible]
dows immedia[illegible]
stand[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] area steps
[illegible] The girl had on a
[illegible]; when once within the car-
[illegible], and the gentleman had followed, he took
[illegible] costly one from the seat and placed it about her shoulders. But even then she did not look up, but sate with her face buried in her hands, as if she dared not look round upon the grandeur that had so suddenly encompassed her. Two footmen closed the door, and as the carriage drove off, the crowd, catching up some portion of the truth, huzzaed with hearty voice.

All the while the carriage was on its way to a church near Portland-place he sate with her hand within his own; the once hireling hand that had spread his pillow with tenderness, when all else was mere heartlessness and money service. Another private carriage waited before the church, out of which now came some gentlemen, one of whom took small Meg's trembling arm and led her into the church. Never once yet had she looked up, never once since she had left the poor kitchen. Scarcely did she when she reached the altar; but knelt down as if half unconscious. There was another couple waiting for the holy office, others arriving: amidst this crowd, however, she knelt, neither looking to the right nor the left, but straight up with tearful eyes, when it was asked, and she said "Yes," not doubtingly as if it were a word of bondage, but gratefully, purely, truthfully from the heart. And when the ring was on, the last word said, he raised her proudly up, and whispered "*mine.*" Who in the wedding party just arrived saw and heard this? To whose eyes was it surprise and wonder? To whose heart envy and bitterness? To whose heart a pleasure? Why to no less than Mrs. Jamble, Miss Millicent, and Mr. Wiggs, Miss Millicent in richest satin—but a weed beside the human flower, as pure and natural as the one which had not been trodden, but raised and placed within the garlanded pitcher!

For a moment the haughty man dropped the little arm within his own, spoke to Mrs. Jamble, took the small arm again, and swept loftily down the aisle. Mrs. Jamble whispered to Miss Millicent, Miss Millicent to Mr. Wiggs, Mr. Wiggs to Gloss, who was there in his blackest coat to see the ceremony, and all eyes followed the small stuff gown and the little drooping figure within it.

The strangers were parted with at the church door, and the carriage swiftly bore the bridegroom and the bride to the Euston-square station. All that day they travelled through the rich counties of England, stopping at Birmingham to dine, and from thence proceeding again in the carriage. Nightfall was early and little could be seen, but by eight or so some gates swung back, then came a softer road, then a continuous ticking noise on the carriage top, as if from the dipping branches of sweeping trees. She clinging to him closer; lights were seen, the carriage stopped, he lifting her out, taking her arm, leading her up a step or two, through a lofty ancient hall, by clusters of servants, into a magnificent old library, in which a great fire glowed, in which the night meal was spread in costly plate, in which, on another table, placed by a small low chair of richest velvet, stood the well-remembered rustic pitcher filled with fragrant flowers: they together thus alone, he clasped her to his heart, and whispered, "Meg, thine—all thine!"

"Oh, sir * * *," she lowlily began to say.

"Not sir, Meg—never that again, but *husband*. And now so long kept back, let me say what you are and what I am, the wife of Sir John Verdun, in this his Leicestershire home. Not merely Meg then therefore, but Lady if you will, though that, love, cannot add one glory to your sweet womanly nature. If you have been humble, Meg, by chance of circumstance, it is henceforth my vowed duty to raise this humility to the height that is its own from God, as raised I up, unconsciously, thy flower and placed it in the fountain. And now, by God's good grace, a happy life with thee, not knowing me for what I was or the wealth that's mine: but was merciful, gentle, tender, to one you knew not, to one so long solitary, to one long neither too well nor too happy. But now to supper, sweet bride, sweet love, sweet life."

She clung to him faintly; still whispering something of her own unworthiness.

"Not one word more, Meg—but boldly look on me and then around—*all is thine!*"

The night closed in and earth was richer, for this true and touching story of the New Lord Burleigh.

◆

OPINIONS OF CELEBRATED MEN IN FRANCE OF THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY, ETC.

LAMARTINE.

THE epoch when Aristocracies fall is that in which nations regenerate themselves. The sap of the people is there."

LAMENNAIS.

"The English aristocracy is the last remnant of the feudal institutions in Europe, and England is the battle-ground on which the contest for its extinction must be fought out."

M. PASSY,

Peer of France, and one of the Guizot Ministry.

"Wo be to those nations where the magnificence of the few displays itself at the expense of the greater number! Such is the state of Great Britain."

M. DE BEAUMONT.

"Hasten to pass laws that shall render the soil marketable—divide and fraction property as much as you can—for these are the only means *in reversing an aristocracy that must fall*—of elevating the lower classes—these are the only means of bringing the soil within the reach of the people—*and it is an inevitable necessity, that the people of Ireland* become the *owners of the soil*."

ARTHUR CONDORCET O'CONNOR,

General of France.

"*With the law of primogeniture, a real elective and representative system is impossible.* Ever will an aristocracy, with its immense fortunes, dictate to the lower orders how they are to vote; and if we take the franchise from the latter, and confer it exclusively on the middling orders, these will be found to be made up of the tenants and other dependants of the aristocracy. So long as this law shall subsist among them, I defy the English to operate on their representation any reform which will be effectual against extravagance and corruption."

SISMONDI.

"When the property of the soil is taken away from the cultivator, and that of manufactures from the workman, all those who create wealth, and who see it pass through their hands, are strangers to its enjoyment. They compose by much the most numerous portion of the nation; they call themselves the most useful; and they feel themselves disinherited. A constant jealousy excites them against wealth. * * * A revolution in such a country is frightful.

"One still asks himself, who has profited by this system? Are the peasantry more numerous? No. The first advantage there sought after is the economy of labour. Are the peasantry happier? No. They are worse fed, clothed, and lodged, than those of France; and they have not the security of the latter. The labourer is never certain of employment for the year or even the coming week. In order to subsist, he is driven perpetually to the parish. The farmer—is he better off? No. He is squeezed by the landlord. The landlord? He gets a worse rent than he would in France. The consumer—does he profit at the expense of the producer? No. He pays an extravagant price for all he needs. In sooth, the system which produces such results, is no model for imitation.

"If the prosperity of that country were once shaken—if numerous failures ruined its trade—if the increased price of its goods shut them out of the foreign markets—if the disorder of its finances forced it to diminish its army, its navy, and to carry retrenchment into its numberless government offices—if the younger members of great families were condemned to inactivity, that country would soon learn, to its fatal experience, what are the ruinous effects of entails, and that in order to their extinction, the pride of family must be attacked, and the whole children called to an equal participation of the heritage.

GUIZOT.

"I do not think that men can much longer persist in absolutely condemning these revolutions, because they are chargeable with errors, sufferings, and crimes. As to these, we must at once give in to their adversaries, go beyond them in their severity, and notice their accusations only to add to them should they forget them. But if we summon them in their turn, draw up an account of the errors, crimes, and calamities of those times and those powers, which they have taken under their protection, I doubt if they will accept the challenge.

* * * * *

"In the seventeenth century royalty, aristocracy, and the clergy in England, and in the eighteenth in France, lived together in a sort of lethargic peace—it might be said they had lost their historical character, and even the very recollection of the efforts which had constituted their strength, their renown. The aristocracy no longer defended public liberties, nor even their own. Royalty no longer strove for the abolition of aristocratical privileges, and seemed even to look with favour on their possessors in return for their servility. The clergy, the spiritual power, was afraid of the human mind, and no longer knowing how to direct it, summoned it with menaces to stop its career. Still, civilization pursued its onward course, and became every day more general and active. Abandoned by its ancient leaders. surprised at their apathy, and their inanition, and perceiving that less was done for them in proportion as their strength and demands increased, the people came to think that it behoved them to take their affairs into their own hands, and charging themselves alone with those functions which no one now discharged, they demanded at one and the same time, liberty from the crown —equality from the aristocracy—and the rights of human intelligence from the clergy. It was then that revolutions broke out.—Let us see what they have done for the development of European civilization. Engendered by the same causes, by the decay of the feudal aristocracy, of the church and of royalty, they worked for the same end, namely, the domination of the people in public affairs; they contended for liberty against absolute power, for equality against privilege, for progressional and general interests against those that were stationary and individual. * * * The English Revolution, more occupied with civil order than anything else, has, nevertheless, demanded a simpler system of legislation—Parliamentary Reform, the abolition of entails, and the right of primogeniture—and although yet baulked in these ulterior objects, it has caused an immense step to be made out of the monstrous inequalities of feudal regime."

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

"As soon as knowledge has advanced, and especially after commerce exists in a country, the despotism of one becomes impossible. Commerce, by conferring on property a new quality, that of circulation, emancipates individuals, and by creating credit, renders authority dependent.

"But as soon as a pure despotism becomes impossible, an aristocracy is a real scourge: and this explains why certain people in modern times, such as the Danes, in order to rid themselves of it, have consented to incredible sacrifices.

"The question as to the comparative value of a pure despotism, and an aristocracy is, at the present day, absolutely futile. I defy the absolute power of one to exist for ten years in any enlightened country. Buonaparte himself was unable either entirely to acquire it, or to make it last; and I defy the aristocracy to prolong its existence for another half century.

"The English constitution is a constant theme and object of admiration with Madame de Stael. I am far from denying how much we owe to the constitution, whose name also has rendered important services to liberty. France, in believing to imitate it, has acquired institutions infinitely better, and a liberty far more real. We have genuine elections in place of rotten boroughs. We are preserved from the concentration of property, which is the source of misery and the certain fount of revolutions.

"England is, in point of fact, only one vast, opulent, and powerful aristocracy. Immense estates united in the same hands; colossal fortunes accumulated in the same families; a body of dependants, numerous and faithful, grouped around every great proprietor, and prostituting to his will those political rights which the constitution would seem to bestow on them only to be sacrificed; and as a final result, a national representation composed of placemen and nominees of the aristocracy. Such, up to the present time, has been the political organization of England.

"In the midst of this combination of liberty and aristocracy, of dependency and patronage, came a period of distress. The fortunes of the great were no longer found sufficient to keep up their relations with the population that depended on them. Landlords raised their rents, and changed their tenants; masters dismissed their domestics. They saw in all this, only a measure of economy; but it appears to me to contain the germs of a change in the basis of social order, of which the symptoms are already visible.

"In every case where the mass of a nation is kept down by main force, it yields its consent to the domination of certain classes, only when it believes to see in the supremacy of the latter, a certain amount of advantage for itself. Habit, prejudice, a sort of superstition, and that inclination in man to consider what exists as what ought to continue, prolong the ascendancy of these classes, and even after they have ceased to be useful; but their existence becomes precarious, and the duration of their prerogatives uncertain. Thus the clergy saw their influence fall off as soon as they were no longer the depositories of those branches of knowledge that are required in the civil affairs of life, and the people were no longer willing to render implicit obedience to an order with which they could dispense. The empire of the feudal nobility began to decline when they could no longer tender to their vassals, as the price of the privileges which the latter consented to respect, a protection ample enough to indemnify them for their submission to these privileges. The great English lords possessed neither a monopoly of knowledge like the clergy, nor that of protection like the barons of the middle ages; but they had that of patronage, and they made that monopoly to be tolerated by the inferior classes, in surrounding and attaching to themselves a numerous tribe of dependents, which they have now thrown off. In doing so they believed, with a blindness common to all aristocracies, that they were able to shake themselves free of the burdens, and yet retain the advantages connected with them; but these dependents, cast off by their patrons, came instinctively to see that they were placed upon a footing of equality; and in this way a change has been operated in the moral feeling of the people towards the upper classes. The old tenants paying higher rents, or the new ones who replaced the old, are no longer the dependents of the landlords. They are men who have entered into a contract with onerous stipulations, and owe no obligations except what is there imposed on them. The dismissed servants have added to the numbers of the class who have nothing to lose—a class already become too numerous in England by means of the detestable prohibitory regulations, and its parish laws, so horribly inflictive on the poor. In this manner, a great portion of the people, formerly the support of the aristocracy have become its enemy.

"The first effect of the casting off of the dependent class has produced a second, and these two effects have become greater by a mutual action.

"Up to this time, a section of the English aristocracy stood boldly forward in defence of liberty. Feeling themselves beyond the reach of popular commotions, they took a pleasure in limiting to their own profit the power of the crown. The opposition peers were vain in showing themselves as the tribunes of a people whom they guided. At the present day, this section of the British aristocracy perceives that the helm has escaped out of its hands, and is terrified at the rapid progress of democratical principles; its march is therefore uncertain—it no longer demands all that it once demanded, and it does not wish to obtain what it demands."

DUPIN

On the Law of Primogeniture, dedicated by the Author, the eldest Son, to his younger Brothers.

"The abolition of the law of primogeniture in France, by establishing equality in all families, has caused a greater intimacy of fathers with their children, and of the children with each other. It has put an end to jealousies and fierce hatreds like that recorded of Esau. All receive the same education, the same treatment, and the same inheritance. There is not now one of them born to wealth and power, and the others destined to comparative privations, depression of rank and unhappiness.

"As to the land itself, every candid person will acknowledge that the large entailed properties were the worst cultivated. How many lakes, ponds, and marshes have, within the last thirty years, been converted into fertile pasturage! How many extensive improvements have been carried into effect, which would never have been attempted by a proud noble or an uninterested factor!

"The lands and forests belonging to religious and other public corporations were formerly wasted; for each incumbent naturally wished to secure the greatest amount of advantage to himself during his occupancy, without any regard to the permanent benefit of the property.

"A great impulse has been given to industry and the accumulation of property. The frequent transfer of land, while it has enriched the treasury, has facilitated the better adjustment of the boundaries of estates. If many large properties have been divided, a great number have also been re-constructed. The economy of some has made up for the prodigality of others. Each individual has been prosperous or otherwise, not from chance or from the circumstances of his birth, but on account of his industry or idleness, his virtues or his vices. Hence our cities have been embellished, our arts have been brought to perfection. Our dwelling-houses have not only been increased in number, but have been built more commodious, more convenient, and of a more handsome exterior; and, in fine, the effect of this new law has been so great that, as if by a new creation, our people have not only become vastly more numerous, but so changed for the better as to be altogether a new people, full of learning, intelligence, and morality."

JEAN BAPTISTE SAY.

"The defective administration of the Roman estates, and especially the laws which established entails and large properties, have converted the Campagna of Rome, formerly so fertile, into the present dreary and pestilential desert.

"It is not my province to inquire if, in point of right, a man has the power of disposing of a property after he shall cease to exist, in favour of another not yet in existence, nor to examine the *political* consequences which such a right draws after it; but its *economical* effects are detestable. The people of the British Isles have suffered immensely from the agglomeration of property.

"On the whole, it may be said that an unequal division in families, and the rights attached to primogeniture, condemn the eldest sons to inactivity, because they have too much, and the younger to the same, because of their want of capital; a state of existence for which the prejudices of caste prepare them beforehand. Fortunately, personal property is beyond the reach of those unjust laws, whose aim is to advantage one member of a family to the injury of the rest."

MIGNET.

"Since the coming of Christianity, which had announced to man a pious, moral fraternity, nothing has happened to them so admirable as what was accomplished on the memorable night of the 4th of August, 1789, in which in the National Assembly, the spirit of civil charity penetrated every mind—when the nobility, the clergy, the pensioners, the towns, borne away by a general emulation of sacrifices, renounced all their privileges—when the feudal system was abolished—the redemption of tithes decreed—the uniformity of taxation admitted—the emancipation of labour recognised—when particular systems of legislation were abrogated, and all inequalities annihilated; when, in fine, amidst the most profound emotions and virtuous enthusiasm, was proclaimed the social gospel of the new world.

"I am not one of those who dread that, in perfecting itself, the world draws near to its dissolution, and that the best falls to be the beginning of the worst. I do not believe that families can suffer by the affectionate equality established amongst the children—that society experiences less security where the individual enjoys a greater well-being—and that mere equity in the relations of private life can conduct the state to greater disorder. No. Liberty acquired to labour, protection afforded to weakness, justice assured to right, the essences of contracts firmly secured, property more diffused, wealth better distributed, families more united, the nation more homogeneous—all tend to augment the strength of a country, and to confirm it in that universal civil peace which constitutes the object and the blessings of laws."

We may conclude these significant extracts from some of the most illustrious modern writers of France, with a few remarks of the Translator.

"War, which a French writer has defined as '*Organized Crime*,' has ever been the cherished occupation of the aristocracy. Turn to ancient Rome, to Greece, to any country where an aristocracy has existed, and it is the same. Whoever will analyze the histories of England, Scotland, and Ireland, will see in the wars of these nations little else than so many cases in which governments, moved by a powerful aristocracy, goaded on the people to civil or foreign bloodshed. The North Americans believed that the War of Independence was entered into by our aristocracy for plunder and confiscation of estates, and who can gainsay their hypothesis? Have not our wars in India, from first to last, been marked by the same feature of spoliation? It is clear also to demonstration that the late war with France was undertaken by the aristocracy, in opposition alike to the principles of justice and the real interests of the people of this country, and for the sole purposes of maintaining the privileged orders, and putting down the demand for Parliamentary Reform. For these imbeciles the Bourbons, who precipitated themselves from the throne again by the attempts to re-establish the law of primogeniture, and the old corruptions, the British aristocracy, shed an ocean of blood, and expended some thousand millions of treasure. Sheridan's well known reply to a lady who asked him how our national debt had been created—'That part of it had been incurred in wars for putting down the Bourbons of France, and the rest in setting them up again'—was not more witty than true, and is one of the most telling sarcasms against our patrician rulers, who yet have the modesty to tell the inferior orders that they are not wise and intelligent enough to have a share in the government of the country. Well may the orders so taxed with incapacity retort on the aristocracy—'*You* have been weighed in the balance and found wanting,—*you* have proved yourselves unprofitable stewards—it is *our turn now*, and the deuce is in it if we do not manage our affairs better than you have done—at least we cannot do worse.'"

Child's Corner.

THE PAINTER'S LITTLE MODEL.

By Mary Howitt.

Within the high wall of the garden there was nothing but sunshine, beautiful flower-beds, smooth grass, and singing birds. A young mother sate with her children under a birch-tree in this garden. They formed a lovely group. Outside the wall the swarming children of the poor neighbours were at play; their shouts and merriment were heard by the mother and her children, and for some time their conversation was about them.

"You little know, my children," said she, after this subject seemed exhausted, "that when I was young I too was a poor child, a very poor child. I will tell you of my childhood.

"My father was a gardener. I was the second of seven children; we lived in a narrow court that opened by a very narrow entry into the public road. There were many gentlemen's houses round us, and the tall trees of some spacious pleasure grounds overtopped the houses on the one side of our court; but they gave us no pleasure, because in summer they shut out the light and made the air close, and in wet autumn weather the leaves lay in decaying masses in the corners of the court. The house in which we lived was the smallest in the whole court, and I well remember that my mother never ceased lamenting over the hardship of our having to pay the same rent as all the others. The public road into which our court opened, and from which it was as totally unseen as if it had not existed, was wide and open, there was, in fact, a sort of green in the middle of it, round which the road ran, and houses, shaded by old trees or standing in the midst of gardens, surrounded it. On the other side of the court lay a beautiful church, the burial ground of which adjoined it; but there was a high wall between it and the houses, by which the air was again confined, and the churchyard itself was locked, so that the children never played there.

"My father was a working gardener who was employed by the day; he was not an old man, and yet he had a slow and heavy gait from rheumatism, which was a great trouble to him; and this probably was the reason that he was so often out of work. He loved flowers and he used often to talk to us children about the beautiful gardens which belonged to the gentlemen's houses around us and of the lovely flowers, which he had a particular way of describing, as if they were living things that he loved. Often when he talked in this way, my mother or some of us children asked why he did not sometimes bring home some flowers from these beautiful gardens, where there was such abundance. But the flowers were not his; he was a very honest man, and therefore he never took any.

"The descriptions which my father gave of these gardens excited me very much. I desired above all things to go into these beautiful gardens, and to see these wonderful flowers. I often lingered about the gates and palings of the great houses to peep in, and the little glimpses I thus got only excited me the more.

"Our neighbours' children mostly went to school. There were seven of us, five old enough to go to school; but my mother had bad health, and my father had but little work, and therefore it was not always that the penny a-week could be raised to send with each to school, and unless we took the penny on the Monday morning, the mistress would not receive us. I was very useful at home to nurse the younger children, and when not needed for this purpose, or perhaps when want was very pressing upon us, I was employed to nurse the baby of a neighbour for my food.

"As the court was so close we children were always sent out into the road to play. Had we been allowed to play on the little green all would have been well, but this green was private property, and was inclosed with handsome green iron palisadoes, which looked very pretty, but which shut us out from its enjoyment. Our favourite place of resort, therefore, was an open space before a large, gloomy old stone house, which stood back from the road within great gates. This open space was inclosed with trees; and within it were two old stone benches, which nobody prevented our sitting upon. At the back of this house, I had heard my father say, there was a fine old garden, I could see the trees above the roof of the house; rooks and jackdaws built in them, but as my father never worked there I knew no more about it.

"Who lived there I did not at that time know, and as they neither kept a grand carriage as the other rich neighbours did, nor made any show either, by horses or servants, nobody cared much about them. There was one particular, however, well known to us children who played under the trees in front. An old, very old face used to be seen occasionally at two of the upper windows. It was the face of a very old woman. But little of her person, however, could be seen; merely the shoulders, which seemed to wear a sort of garment trimmed with fur, and the singular head with its remarkably white cap. The face was grave, with apparently strongly marked features, and a slight palsy kept the head in movement. Whenever the children were particularly noisy the head appeared at the window, and the tremulous palsied movement gave the idea of her shaking her head at them and being angry. Some of them thought this very amusing, and would make loud noises to bring her to the window. They called her the old witch.

"The sight of this old, singular head seen now and then at the upper windows of this gloomy old house, excited my imagination strongly; I wished very much to know what sort of a room it was in which she lived; what she did when we did not see her at the window, and who and what she really was.

"The windows of the room adjoining that in which the old lady lived had also a strange look. There were three of them, the middle one of which only was open, and that was much taller than the others, and extended towards the roof; the other windows were darkened. Sometimes the old woman was seen to look out from this strange middle window, but that was very rarely indeed.

"The children, the boys especially, seemed to delight in ridiculing the old lady; nobody had ever seen her go out, and as the grand people of the neighbourhood were very rarely seen to call at the house in their carriages, they said just what they pleased about her.

"Beside the old lady there lived a gentleman in the house, whom everybody said was a great painter. He had lived a deal abroad, in Italy and Germany, and though people said that he was a fine painter, nobody knew exactly what that meant; he was not a merchant, nor a lawyer, nor a doctor, nor a clergyman, though he lived in a large house, nor, though he was called a *painter*, was he a *house-painter*, which would have been intelligible to everybody. He was believed also to be poor, and yet, as he always paid ready money at all the shops, nobody troubled themselves about his poverty, but that was considered to explain the reason why the rich neighbours did not visit with him, and this in some degree influenced the poor.

"I used to sit and nurse and play with the children by the stone benches, and cast furtive glances at the house with fear and wonder. One day I chanced to go down with other children into some adjoining fields, through which there was a foot-path, and while standing against a stile was addressed by a singular looking gentleman with long hair, and a handsome but thoughtful countenance. He asked me many questions—of my parents, of my education; he stroked my hair; put it back from my forehead, and looked into my face; took my hand, looked at it inside and out, examined my arms, and then asked if I should like to be painted in a picture. I knew not what to say; I felt a little ashamed, and as was always the case when I addressed people of a station higher than my own, I replied in a whisper. The children that were with me laughed, and that only increased my embarrassment. The gentleman, however, inquired where I lived, and said that he would see my mother and talk to her.

"When he was gone, some of the children said that he was the great painter who lived at the house where the old witch lived; and they jeered and laughed about my having my picture painted.

"When I came home my mother said that the gentleman had been, and that I was to go next morning to his house. I was half frightened. The gentleman said, that he would send his servant over for me, and I was to be paid for my time, twice as much as for nursing the neighbour's child, and was to have my victuals into the bargain. My parents were well pleased with the arrangement, and the next morning a middle-aged respectable woman came for me. We were so poor that my mother had washed my clothes while I slept, that I might go to the great house perfectly clean; and, hardly dry though they were, I went in them the next morning.

"I cannot tell you how strange it seemed to feel the great gate open for me, and to be taken by a side door into that large mysterious house. We entered a large marble-flagged hall, and went up a large staircase, where stood huge strange-looking figures, as they seemed to me. Higher and higher we went, and at length I was led into a large, darkened room, in which was a window high up to the ceiling, the shutters of which were closed below. Everything in the room had a strange look; large pictures, some finished, and others in progress, stood on large easels; casts of the human form, some beautiful and some which seemed horrible to me, stood around; hands and arms and feet in plaster were hung against the wall, and a huge figure seemed to be sitting in a tall chair covered up with cloth, from beneath which peeped forth a black, bare foot, which I at the first moment believed to be that of a live person, but which I afterwards found to belong to the lay figure in the chair.

"The gentleman whom I had seen the day before received me kindly, he wore a grey painting-coat, and held his pallet and brushes in one hand, and a stick in the other, which at the first greatly frightened me, because I thought perhaps he might beat me with it. My fears were very great, for I was ignorant, and knew nothing about artists and pictures. I spoke as usual in a low whisper, and as I meant to be very well-behaved I said "please" before every sentence. I sate without my frock in my little brown petticoat and ragged chemise sleeves. My attitude was not a difficult one; I was to represent a child among the shepherds of Arcadia, and in the picture sheep and lambs were lying around me in the midst of a beautiful pastoral landscape. I soon became tired however, and very restless. After a while the door of the studio opened, and in came an old woman; at the sight of her the painter drew forward a large chair, arranged the cushions, and giving the old lady his hand, seated her in it; her head shook a little; but her countenance was beautiful; mild and gentle, and full of intelligence and affection; she looked first at the picture and then at me attentively for some time. I saw at once that this was the fearful old lady whose face I and the others had seen so often at the window. There she sate: in a black stuff-gown, a sort of furred short cloak, and that plain white cap, looking at me with her keen, clear blue eyes. She supported herself with a silver-headed cane, which she still held while she sate. Her head moved slightly, and her eye rested upon me. "The child is tired," said she to the painter, and then calling me up to her, she said with what appeared at that time, severity, that I was one of those noisy children who disturbed her so much in the front of the house! I was frightened, and if she had required an answer from me I could not have uttered it. Without asking her son's permission, for she was the painter's mother, she bade me go and take a run round the garden, and then come in again, for that I was not used to sitting so long and so still.

"Without knowing how to find my way into the garden, I went slowly down the great staircase up which I had been brought, past all the huge torsoes and plaster figures, and after I had stood in an uncomfortable state of bewilderment and terror in the great hall for a minute or two, the same middle-aged respectable woman, who had fetched me to the house, came out of a large closet, with a jar in her hand, and locking the door saw me standing there, and looking half frightened. In reply to her enquiries as to what I wanted, I told her in my usual whisper, that the old lady had sent me to have a run in the garden, and that I did not know where the garden was. Without returning any answer, she led me to a glass door at the end of the hall, and opening it, I saw at once a grand old garden, which, like everything else about the place, impressed my mind at first, with a feeling of awe.

"Instead of running in the garden as I had been desired to do, I walked slowly. In after years I came to know that old garden well, and everything became familiar to me, but I never forgot my earliest impressions, although I remembered them as if they had belonged to somebody else. However, there I was then, strange to everything, and full of wondering terror. There was a square grass plat near the house, and in the middle of this stood a sun dial on a stone pillar of about my own height. I had no idea what it was and it looked mysterious. Below the grass were cypresses and yew-trees, and lower still in the garden an immense cedar-tree, with a bench under its wide-spreading branches. The whole garden was quiet and solitary. There was no gardener at work in it at all, the sound that I heard was the monotonous splash of a little fountain which was encircled by a second grass-plat, but all this lower part of the garden had a wild and somewhat neglected appearance. At the bottom of all, on a sloping bed, grew strawberries at that time full of leaves and fruit. I saw the red juicy delicious berries lying abundantly among the leaves, and for a long time I resisted the temptation they offered. My mouth watered at every step; I thought after a little while that I might take one, just *one*, nobody would miss it. I stooped down, but before my hand had touched the plant, I saw a movement among the leaves, and out crawled a something which made my blood run cold. I had read at school about the serpent tempting Eve to eat the apple, and involuntarily I thought that this too was the serpent, or the evil one in another shape. The serpent however tempted Eve to sin, but this strange apparition drove at once from my mind all desire to pluck and eat.

Some way or other, I know not how, but I felt as if this was the strange, unshapely spirit of the place; the solemn yew-trees; the black-branched cedar, the mournful splash of the fountain; the large gloomy house, the old mysterious lady, with her palsied head: the artist's room with his plaster figures of beauty and terror, all at once combined themselves into one idea, and that was connected with the queer, crawling creature that was now slowly receding from me: I ran, down the walk, past the fountain and the cedar-tree, and within sight of the house, where I once more took my time, and walked slowly, looking at some large scarlet lilies that had sprung up among a tangle of jasmine, starred over with its white flowers and which partly fallen from the wall, either by neglect or accident, produced a beautiful effect and which, as I afterwards found, the artist himself had been observant of and had introduced into the foreground of that very Arcadian picture in which I myself was figuring. Here I stopped, and here again, moving slowly along the border, was, as I supposed at first, that very same unshapely monster from which I had just fled.

"I was, at that time, an ignorant little creature; I had heard of witchcraft and magic, and imps and fiends, and I knew but very little of the true history of anything; therefore it was perhaps no wonder that I at once imagined that myself or the garden was bewitched, and that the very thing from which I had just fled had, by some strange power, conveyed itself away to be ready for me when I next stopped.

"I was frightened indeed, and with a sort of frantic terror I ran back to the strawberry bed to see if it were there. But I could see nothing of it; it was gone. Where should I see it next? I did not dare to stop and look, but running now with all my might, I hastened back to the house, and passing through the large glass door once more was in the great silent hall, and at the foot of the staircase. I lingered a long time in the hope of seeing the middle-aged woman, but she was invisible, and all was as silent as the tomb, excepting the loud, and, as it seemed to me, deliberate ticking of a large old clock, the face of which was surrounded with gilded rays, and the great pendulum of which heavily swung to and fro, keeping such audible count of its moments, that I felt as if it would stun me if I listened to it. I therefore made the best of my way back to the artist's room.

"The old lady was still sitting in the large chair as I had left her, and with her silver headed cane in her hand as if she had never moved. The artist was at work at his picture, and I at once saw that the old woman had taken my place as his sitter, and that he was painting her also into his large picture. Neither they nor I spoke, and for a little while I watched him at work on that old and really grand head.

"Everything seemed strange and like a dream around me. I felt as if the picture were real, and I and everything else ideal. Out of this dream-like feeling I was roused by the old lady who, calling me to her side, asked me abruptly what I had seen in the garden. Her manner was kind, although somewhat sharp, and therefore, although I still spoke in my timid whisper and with my scrupulous regard to what I thought propriety, I answered candidly in my uncultivated English,—

"Please," said I, "there's such a queer thing in the garden—oh, such a queer un!"

"'What does she say?' asked the old lady, who was rather deaf, and to whom my whisper was inaudible.

"Her son repeated my words with a smile, and coming forward to us asked me what that was like which I had seen.

"I described, with all the exaggeration of my ignorant fear, the creature that I had seen; its strange unearthly withered sort of countenance and its four legs like distorted arms; and the strange case or "lid," as I called it, under which it hid itself and upon which were curious and mysterious looking signs, as if painted in dingy gold. I said that the creature seemed to move slowly, but that when I left it at the strawberry bed, and ran with all my might towards the house, it had got there before me, and was staring at me from under a red lily.

"The artist smiled again, and again repeated my words, with an accuracy which surprised me, to the old woman.

"'It was a tortoise,' exclaimed she, when she heard, and smiled too. 'She has seen the two tortoises, and she took them for one,' said the old lady, speaking loud and laughing quite merrily.

"'You never saw a tortoise then in your life before;' said the artist to me.

"I replied 'No,' in a whisper.

"She has never heard of a tortoise in her life," said the old lady, and then said as if correcting herself,—"poor thing, how should she!"

"The painter went to a large book-case at one end of his studio, and took down a book, and the old lady went on talking to me.

"'Well, they *are* queer things,' she said, 'to those who have never seen anything of the sort before, very queer! And those tortoises,' added she, 'may have lived a hundred years, for anything I know; and they may live a hundred more. It's a great age that, is it not?' I made no reply, but fixed my eyes on her countenance, thinking how very old she also looked, when she startled me by saying,—'perhaps you think me as old as the tortoise; perhaps you think me a hundred years old? No, I'm not that, I'm not so old as the tortoise—I am only eighty-nine!'

"The painter now came forward with his book and laid before me an engraving of just such a tortoise as I had seen. He began to read to me something about it, and then suddenly interrupting himself, he said;—'but you can't understand this; you know nothing either of natural history nor geography—it's no use reading to you.' He said truly; I understood neither one nor the other; and my mind at that moment was in a strange confusion.

"He put the book back in his book-case, and then sitting down before his beautiful picture, took me between his knees.—'There is the very tangle of jasmin out of which grows the scarlet lily, and there, under those branches, creeps forth one of the very tortoises you have seen!' I gave an involuntary shudder as I there indeed saw it, as it seemed to me, creeping forth from the canvas with its old, skinny countenance beneath the shelter of the dingy shell upon which were the mysterious hieroglyphics.

"'Poor thing, she is frightened even at the picture of the tortoise,' said he, speaking loudly to the old woman, and then again turning to me he began to tell me about beautiful foreign lands where these tortoises come from, and all that he said, seemed full of such a spirit of love and beauty, that I involuntarily shed tears. I cannot tell why, but my own life seemed so poor and wretched in the miserable court in which we lived, where we paid a high rent for the smallest house, and where we children often cried for hunger and cold. It seemed to me that somehow or other, life ought to be different when even the strange, stupid-looking tortoise was so much cared for by God as, from what the artist now told me, I felt it to be.

"But God was caring for me even then. From that day new life dawned upon us. My father was regularly employed to work in that garden; and when, in a few years, death deprived seven young children of their parents, we found the truest friends in the good artist and his aged mother.

"She lived, like the tortoises, to be a hundred years old, and as to the painter, you know him, my children, it is Mr. ———, the well known Royal Academician, my revered and beloved benefactor.

NOTE.

With this number concludes the third half-yearly volume of Howitt's Journal, and from causes now well known, and announced in No. 75, it passes into other hands. Should we have any future connection with it, the fact will be duly announced, if not, it will in name only, continue Howitt's Journal.—Eds.

END OF VOLUME THREE.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

TO THE WORKING CLASSES OF THE GREAT MANUFACTURING TOWNS.

Excellent and Earnest Friends,

If there be truth in public rumour, and an opinion unanimously expressed is usually taken to have a pretty broad foundation of this kind, most cordial and earnest feelings exist between me and yourselves. You on your part recognize me for what I am, in all sincerity, your friend; I, you as friends, to whom, and to your great interests, the duties and services of a life are unalterably apportioned. When such is the relation between noble consideration and earnest duty, the result, in years to come, must be such as both of us desire.

Feeling that I am thus addressing an increasing audience of attached friends, I enter upon this entirely political portion of my life, with an earnestness worthy of the work before me; and now for some weeks since I had the pleasure of reading your communication from Huddersfield, I have been anxious to address you, not only on the point referred to—co-operative labour —but on one or two others, which I consider equally important.

At a period like the present, when the great questions, so vital to your industrial and social interests, have reached, as I believe, too progressive a point, to be much dependent either on a form of government, or on ministerial advocacy for further progress in the same direction, I wish to strongly impress upon your attention, as a vitally important, as well as profound truth, that all reforms and ameliorations of whatever kind, will be only secured and carried onward by constitutional and legitimate methods; that is to say in plainer and other words, nothing will be gained by destruction, but all things may be hoped for, and absolutely secured by the gradual process of adding improvement to improvement, thus making every parent reformation give birth to a new reform. Destruction affords no such necessary principle of human advance. Thus speaking, I, of course, allude to the present Chartist demonstrations throughout the kingdom, and the threatened resort to physical force. But judge the threat, and the men who threaten; you will easily penetrate the disguise they have assumed, the lion's skin, to hide the most insufferable and worst of all deformities, IGNORANCE. But is this the Chartism of William Lovett, of the latter opinions of Thomas Cooper? No! They have emphatically told us, that besides widening the basis of representation, other contingent reforms are necessary, reforms of ourselves. That we must bear forth in our several conditions, the *mighty facts of temperance, self-education, and moral conduct;* and would destruction of what sort soever, pulling down parliament houses, sacking a city, or burning acts of parliament—effect what is desired, or will destruction of our great commercial trade, or the revolution of the kingdom, effect any benefit either? These men answer "yes," many of them and often, and in that sort of oratory, which is apt to seduce, men like yourselves, suffering under depression of trade, under unequal laws, under a fearful amount of taxation on the necessary articles of subsistence, under the worst demoraliser, poverty, under the lack of that sound primary education, which the paternity of a judicious government, ought, and *yet will* afford its citizens. But be not seduced by it, and you will not when I tell you the fact, that this sort of Chartism is the offspring of popular ignorance; and had the governing class taught instead of quibbling over religious dogma, every man that now in most deplorable ignorance, shouts "destruction" would have said, we need two reforms, and will have them, constitutional reform, and personal reform. Now, the laws of nature, those on which the experimental ones of government will finally rest, offer no analogy to the doctrines of those men; they add to and improve by continuous causes, and never annihilate and build up afresh; so does the same primary fact hold good to the laws and facts of social government. Moreover there are two other points which annihilate this doctrine of annihilation. The truest and best reformers have always been educated men, and this becomes a more ostensible fact as society progresses, and the greatest lawmakers and law reformers, are not only they who speak in parliament or sit in council, but far more those who by their greatness of thought, the truth of their pens, the vigour and humanity of their actions, carry forward all the great circumstances of their age; for every cause has to do with the aggregate condition of society, its happiness, its progress, its welfare; and he who elaborates the statistics of temperance, who improves the steam engine, who wars against sanitary abuse, is equally a legislator, and such ones as we require, for their reforms carry forward their generation. But where end the words of these demagogues of the market place? If they died with the breath that utters them it would not matter, but they do more than stimulate self-love, they stimulate the worst of passions, they appeal to the worst of ignorance—they thrust back needful reforms a century. Now laws to be good, reforms to endure, must arise out of the major opinion of a community, and in the case, (say even of success) they would not be the result of the opinions of the majority, and you are too just, I am sure to succumb to a minority of opinions, or to be led, except by the wisest and sincerest men of your country. As I have before said, and it is an undeniable truth, that the greatest of needed reforms, are progressing steadily and quite irrespective of ministerial advocacy, and that moreover, in connexion with the present phase of civilization ALL CLASSES are looking not to things, but to the spirit of them, to principle not to party, to the action of religion not to its dogma, to existence not to form. I heartily believe this; and depend upon it, reforms are stable and progressive, when this connexion of interest forms the basis of public action. When the other day I read Prince Albert's speech at the meeting of the 'Improvement of Labourers' Dwellings Association,' I said to myself, "here is a true sign of the times, here is a true sign of one point of civilization, here is a prince wise enough to see what is needed, and what his age demands, that of the unity of all classes in one interest. I said "German philosophy, and German liberty are not make-believes, when they make a prince wise enough to declare that the rich have their duties, and courageous enough to tell the people they have theirs." I firmly believe this unity of interests will be seen more day by day, that it is a portion of our new philosophy of facts, that it is arising out of our religion, that it is the essential spirit of our reforms; that it will be the salvation of all classes of this country.

Now as to your duties these demagogues say nothing, but I believe, that on these far more than on any other things, depend the success of the reforms we need. Do not think by what I say, that I urge to quiescence whilst one injustice exists. But let your unity be that of common sense, let it be the unity that will produce FRUIT. Now as far as regards the matter of representation, the government themselves see some necessity of reform, if at least their ostensible organ the *Times* may be depended upon, and I believe the government is at present so situated, that if even not willing, it would think it unwise to disregard your expressed opinions through your representatives. But I think there is another, and more fundamental moral force point of reform, than even this of representation, one that no government can control, no party or faction defeat, for it rests on the best ground—yourselves. THIS IS CO-OPERATIVE LABOUR, Co-operative Labour, without any religious or political dogma annexed. We need bread more than we do arguments or opinions.

The success that has attended your small beginnings in Huddersfield shows what a great thing this combinative principle is, and now looking at the present state of the country, at your own condition, at the necessity of a new adjustment of the labour question, let us look at this co-operation point applied to EMIGRATION. Now, the first point with me is always what Lord Bacon calls FRUIT, and I am so far national as to crave tangibility in every shape. I want your honest, nervous labours to bring you bread; I want to see your wives and children no longer crushed and degraded by penury; I want to see the mental capabilities God has bestowed upon you elevated and expanded, not through such horn-book and copy-book education as has hitherto been thought sufficient for the "lower orders," but by such a liberal primary education as is given in the schools of the cantons of Switzerland; in a word, I want your labour to be productive, and for this you must have a field. Under present circumstance, this country does not afford one; at least, not sufficient for that amount of reproduction your necessities require. But I think, if you would avoid all the merely speculative points of co-operation, and keep steadily to the simple and practicable one of getting together a little ready capital, that is, nett capital, after the expenses of your shop, your land, and so on, have been paid, it would be more profitably laid out in the purchase of land in North America and Australia, especially if the proposed facilities in the purchase of land there be afforded, than here at home, and by furnishing as funds, available means of comfortable emigration to, say, five, seven, or ten of your members at a time. Gradual emigration of this character is far more serviceable than when undertaken simultaneously by a large body. Through this means you would be enabled to preserve the parent association and the parent means, as a nursing place and a nursing power, for others and others to follow in your steps, whilst you would be as good fathers, preparing a larger and better home for your children. Your honest labour would thus, as it were, bridge over the Atlantic, for you to go forward to sow, and to reap, and to enjoy, and thus to bless the earth in the fulness and gladness of your natures. I am not one of those who think it necessary to wait for times and seasons. For all practical purposes, the season is this moment—now, if we will but accept and take it; and whilst others are disputing the rival plans of Fourier and Cabet, you may have kine and homesteads, and waving corn upon millions of acres of the yet untilled and unpeopled earth!

I suggest this plan to your consideration—and I am pleased to think that it was sketched out more in detail, and lay amongst my papers, several weeks before the present suggestions, now before the House of Commons, were broached. Not, however, that I am upon principle an advocate of any scheme or plan, which expatriates a people from their native soil, because it is untenantable through the imbecility of its rulers, or the existence of injudicious laws, especially such as relate to the production and distribution of wealth, but that under present circumstances, it is of vital importance, that your first and great object be that of sustenance—and this object cannot be so profitably or so immediately attained as through emigration. I think, too, that if a necessary portion of the funds was forthcoming, and were a steady and simultaneous movement made on the part of the working classes, government would most willingly assist. Of this I am sure. Its political embarrassments are too serious, to allow it to neglect a constitutional movement of this character. Such movement would be far nobler and more significant of ultimate success, than any physical force demonstration whatsoever. As I have before said, and you have shown it by the success of even so small a movement as that of Huddersfield, that salvation lies in your own hands. This truth is a solemn one to those fully aware of the real physical and mental condition of the great foundation classes of this country. For some past weeks I have been wading through a mass of parliamentary evidence that has revealed to me in all its appalling extent, the destitution and wretchedness that exist, with but few exceptions, throughout the operative and agricultural classes. Both are deeper and darker than the night. And therefore when I say, that physical destitution such as this, is the worst and most debasing of curses, you will judge how earnest is my advocacy of, and how important is, the question of subsistence, and the plans which lead nearest and soonest to its attainment. As for the general manufacturing industry of this great country, it is in a deplorable condition. Our absurd money laws, our restrictive imposts, have robbed you and your children, by causing foreigners to import our machinery into their countries, instead of our manufactures, because we insist upon a specie payment, instead of honestly rejoicing in an exchange of cotton and corn. We therefore want customers, which you through emigration would best supply. You would thus make your labour doubly productive, to yourselves and to the mother country.

I have not space here, to enter into the detail of any specific plans; though I will give my attention to the matter in one of my recognised organs, if you should desire it. But men who have made so good a beginning, as many of you have, can do without much theory, and also materially assist this great foundation point of labour by those of temperance and self-education, or rather, I should say, of school education of the very best kind, if the Temperance question be made yours. Be governed by this great fact of temperance, and your moral power is irresistible. The writer of the Temperance Tract in Chambers's Miscellany, published in 1844, brought the cost of intoxicating drinks consumed in this country to the sum of £65,000,000 annually, inclusive of wine; whilst, according to my own statistical analysis, founded on Parliamentary Returns kindly furnished to me by an official friend, I find the sum spent now, exclusive of wine consumed by the aristocracy, in intoxicating drinks, to be £71,526,445 4s. Only one-twentieth part of this sum saved annually, would not merely give your children that desirable primary education, which, irrespective of class or station, fits the individual for those moral and social duties required for the well being of society, but would also carry out emigration on the grandest conceivable plan. As it is, far more than the annual revenue of this country is spent in the gratification of a debasing vice, which, beyond all others, degrades a people, and makes them powerless in the hands of their rulers. But let this mighty moral force of Temperance increase; let it go side by side with that honest matter-of-fact part of co-operative labour, from which fruit may be expected, and not the mere brambles and thorns of religious or political speculation, and I am certain, every reform within the province of good and progressive government, may be insisted upon and expected. With these two moral levers of sobriety and capital, the opposition of a faction, even that of an aristocracy, is a shadow. For myself, I am not dismayed by the present aspect of the times; such adverse periods are always those which give birth to the noblest reforms, and if I am not a false prophet, some of the profoundest points of philosophic government, will make rapid progress in the few next years.

But above all things be steadfast to this matter of co-operative labour, it is the foundation of every thing. Never mind how small your beginnings, even if they be like those of Jason Bold and Lucy Faith. Recollect the coral insect beneath the ocean. Like that, work on, in the still deeps of your poverty, your tribulation, your many-sorrowed lot, and believe and have faith, that labour, thus silently and laboriously begun, will, like the islands and continents of the Pacific, come upwards towards the light and face of Heaven! I believe this, as I believe in the benignity and wisdom of the ever living God. Rally too, round that noble portion of the press which has never failed you or your cause; let not its writers feel disheartened through neglect and discountenance, as is somewhat the case at present. Believe me most earnestly your friend in humility and truth. One whose highest ambition is, to be now and hereafter known as the single-hearted friend of the great working classes of this country; one who will never see fear in your behalf, or fail to speak the truth, whether it be of condemnation or praise. In all sincerity, Your's faithfully,

ELIZA METEYARD—SILVERPEN.

59, Lamb's Conduit-street, London.
June 13, 1848.

STAMFORD MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

On Tuesday the 16th inst., Passmore Edwards delivered a lecture in the Lecture Hall of the above Institution, on "the pleasures and advantages of knowledge." And on Thursday the 18th he delivered another lecture on "the tendencies of the age." This Institution is in a flourishing condition and is likely to do much good in the town. It is principally supported by young men of inquiring minds. They have a discussion class, in which questions affecting the political and social well-being of man are debated, as well as others of a more scientific character. This Institution goes on hand-in-hand with the Temperance Society. The Lecture Hall is used on the Monday night for a Temperance lecture, frequently during the week for a lecture on Science, History, &c., and on Saturday the debating class occupy it.

COST OF MEXICAN WAR.

WHAT HAS THE MEXICAN WAR COST?—What has the war cost us?—120,000,000 of dollars! 120,000,000 of dollars! Is this a great sum? Is it a loss to us? Could we have made any use of it? With the interest of 120,000,000 dollars we might found a National Gallery that would rank with the British Museum as the British Museum does with the Cabinet of Pennsylvania College. The famous "Garden of Plants," founded and endowed at Paris by Richelieu, in the times of Louis XIV., and which is the greatest in the world, did not cost, from then till now, as much as three months of the Mexican war. With 120,000,000 dollars a school-house and church might crown every hill-top, from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, and teachers of knowledge and righteousness might do their mission of good without money or price from any one.—*North American*

CONTENTS.

Lines addressed to Mary Howitt, June 8, 1848. By R. H. HORNE—Green Boughs from the Forest. By WILLIAM HOWITT—The Pilgrims of the World. By WILLIAM HOWITT—The New Lord Burleigh. (Concluded.) By SILVERPEN—Opinion of celebrated Men in France of the English Aristocracy, etc.—Child's Corner. The Painter's Little Model. By MARY HOWITT—Note—RECORD: Address to the People—Stamford Mechanics' Institution, etc.

PRINTED for the proprietor by WILLIAM LOVETT, of 16, South Row, New Road, in the Parish of St. Pancras, County of Middlesex, and published by him at 291, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

PRICE 1½d. STAMPED, 2½d.

P
LE
H

454169

Howitt's Journal [of Literature and Popular Progress]

v.3(1848)

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED

STEVENS AND SONS
LIMITED